



Toxic

ATTRACTION

A DARK HOTWIFE STORY BY

Don Silver

TOXIC ATTRACTION

DON SILVER



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NOTE FROM DON

Thank you for reading Toxic Attraction. If you enjoy it and want to connect with me. Check out my website and community.

Cheers,
Don

DonSilver.org

The idea of bunking with a roommate just seemed immature to Dan. As a forty-year-old man with a family, Dan believed he was far too old and past the point in his life when he should even consider living with some stranger. He had scoffed when his wife proposed the idea to him.

"A roommate? Jesus, Sarah, I'm forty years old," he said, half laughing. "I'm not in college anymore."

Like most American families, the economic downturn hit the Williams hard. The engineering firm that Dan was employed at for the last ten years went under, leaving the father of two unemployed. Luckily, Sarah was able to hold onto her job as a hospital administrator to keep food on the table.

Dan had been unable to find another job in his field or at the same pay rate in their hometown of Middleton, Illinois. Other companies in town seemed to have had a hiring freeze as Dan never heard back from anywhere he had submitted his resume to. In desperation, he'd just worked whatever odd jobs he could find to help keep his family afloat.

After two years without steady employment, Dan finally received a call from a firm out of Chicago. While the pay was much less than

he was previously making, a regular influx of cash would help the Williams family get their lives back on track.

"Dan, we've gone over the numbers how many times? We'll be able to save a lot more money if you split the costs with someone else."

"I know, I know. I just don't want to live with some random person, Sarah. At this stage in my life, I just want to be with you and the kids."

Sarah made her way across the room and sat down on Dan's lap, circling her arms around his neck.

"I know, baby, but think of it this way. The more money you save by having a roommate, the faster the kids and I will be able to join you in Chicago."

Dan sighed. "You're right. It's going to be hard enough just being away from you and the kids, but if this gets us back together faster then so be it."

A half smile spread onto Sarah's face. "It's going to be hard on all of us, but this is the best scenario in terms of our finances." The smile on her face grew wider and she locked eyes with Dan. "And it's not like this is forever. Once we've saved enough money and I can find a job in Chicago, the kids and I will be right there with you in a place of our own."

Begrudgingly Dan faked a small smile so Sarah would feel that her efforts to comfort him were working. In an effort to put an end to his pity party, Dan joked, "I guess this move might put a damper on our sex life." He feigned a thrust into her butt with his hips for a punchline.

The smile on Sarah's face grew wider as she quickly shifted gears from comforting to flirty. She shifted her hips on Dan's crotch and playfully said, "Oh, I don't know about that. Between Skype and sexting, I'm sure we'll be able to find a way to satisfy each other." Her grin grew even wider, while naughty thoughts filled her head. Her fingers playfully danced along the skin of Dan's neck. "Who knows, it might be nice to get away from the kids and come visit you in Chicago."

Sarah and Dan spent the next week looking online exhaustively at places for Dan to live in Chicago. Due to the location of Dan's new job and their budget, housing rentals were quickly eliminated from the equation. Many of the ideal locations close to Dan's work were occupied, so the couple had to expand their search to apartment buildings in different parts of the city. After a few days, they booked several appointments to view different units in person.

Sarah took a few days off work and had her parents stay with the kids so she could accompany Dan on his hunt for an apartment. They drove up to Chicago on Friday with the plan to spend the weekend making their appointments and looking for other rental opportunities.

Over the course of the weekend, both Dan and Sarah began to become dismayed at the rental prospects in the city. Their short list of apartments grew increasingly shorter with each appointment.

The first apartment they visited would have had Dan sharing a unit with an older gentleman who was clearly a hoarder. The common area was used as a storage space for the packaging and garbage that this man had accumulated over the years. Even the room that would have been Dan's was filled with a mountain of items that would need to be relocated before anything else could be moved in.

While the rest of the appointments were attractively advertised online, they were anything but in person. Either the state of the apartment was in disrepair or the quality of the roommate did not meet Dan's expectations. After checking out all of the rentals on their list, Dan and Sarah had met several high-functioning drug users as well as some that were not so high functioning. They encountered a few cat ladies and even a man that presented Dan with a roommate agreement that he wanted to be signed which outlined how Dan was to conduct himself while in the apartment. The agreement tried to regulate when Dan would be allowed to use their shared Internet and for what purposes. It even went as far as requesting that Dan book when Sarah was to visit ahead of time to obtain the roommate's approval.

The only appointment that had been acceptable to Dan would see him rooming with a female college senior. Sarah quickly shot down that option.

After visiting every apartment on their list, the couple returned to their hotel room dismayed.

With his eyes closed, Dan slowly massaged his temples while sitting on the edge of the bed. "I don't think I'm going to have a place to stay before I start work next week."

"We'll find something," Sarah said and she moved behind her husband and wrapped her arms around his chest. "This city is huge, and there has to be somewhere that isn't completely terrible." She planted a reassuring kiss on Dan's shoulder, letting her head rest there.

Dan stopped massaging his temples and brought his hand up to slowly stroke Sarah's hair. "I just can't believe every apartment we checked out was a bust." He shook his head. "We had a list of promising spots, a few were even close to work and none of them panned out."

Moving from her place behind Dan, Sarah got off the bed and stood in front of her husband with her hands on her hips. "We're not gonna let this get us down. There is a perfect spot for you....for us, here in Chicago. We just need to find it." She shot Dan a genuinely warm smile that reminded him just how much he loved her. Even though she was strikingly beautiful, her caring and compassionate personality was what he loved most.

The smile quickly faded from Sarah's face only to be replaced with a look of determination as she marched across the room to her purse. She wasn't about to let her husband be homeless in a new city, and she certainly wasn't going to let them sit around and mope in their hotel room. As a hospital administrator, Sarah was used to solving problems all day long. Whether the hospital was running low on a certain item or had a staffing issue, Sarah was always able to find a solution.

She quickly unzipped her purse and reached in, searching for her smartphone. While making her way back over to the bed, she began navigating the internet looking for newly posted rentals in the area.

Dan watched her as she crossed in front of him, Sarah not taking her eyes off the phone as she moved onto the bed in a sitting position against the headboard. He admired her determination and quickly located his cell phone to follow suit.

After a half hour of unsuccessfully searching for a new listing that would be different from their other appointments, Sarah was almost ready to call it quits. *I can't give up. We need to find a place for Dan to live. What other websites should I check?*

The answer quickly dawned on her. Before this pivotal decision, their searches were restricted to rental listing sites for Chicago and the websites of individual apartment complexes. Sarah then remembered the name of a website she had never visited, but had heard about on the news and from her co-workers at the hospital.

It was a website that she would eventually wish she had never remembered.

She quickly typed 'craigslist.com' into her phone's browser and navigated to the page for Chicago rentals. Scrolling through the listings, Sarah quickly realized that there were a ton of apartments available for rent that she had never even stumbled across in her past searches. *Maybe this is it!*

A recent listing near the top of the page caught her eye.

"Clean spacious two bedroom, quiet roommate"

She clicked the link and was brought to a page that had several pictures with a current time stamp on them. The pictures showed off a reasonably clean apartment that appeared to have a good amount of space. The bathroom, common area, kitchen and Dan's prospective bedroom were all showcased and appeared much better kept than what the couple had already experienced throughout the weekend.

Staring intently at the screen, Sarah read over the description of the unit. *Location, check. Price, check. Male roommate, check!*

Before asking her husband his thoughts, she quickly sent the poster an email stating her interest and desire to see the unit in person. After the weekend they'd had, she wasn't about to let this apartment go to someone else.

After clicking the send button, Sarah excitedly looked over at her husband. "I think I found you a place!"

Across town, a computer monitor flickered on, accompanied by a short beep notifying its absent user of a new pop-up notification. The sudden light from the screen illuminated an otherwise dark room, exposing an unkempt mess. Piles of dirty clothes littered the floor amongst dishes caked with what was once food. Every surface in the room, from the computer desk to the nightstand, was occupied by trash or other forgotten items under a thick layer of dust.

A shape on the bed stirred in response to the sudden intrusion of light. Slowly, the shape of a man sat up and kicked his legs off the side of the bed. The light from the computer exposed a body that matched the room's level of upkeep. A t-shirt which was originally white, now a pale beige, was dotted with stains from an unaccounted number of days' worth of food and was littered with small holes. The fabric of the t-shirt was fighting to contain the protruding belly that hung over an equally neglected pair of boxers.

The man got up from the bed and expertly navigated the maze of dirty laundry and dishes scattered on the floor. As he plopped himself down in the computer chair, he ran his stocky fingers through his wiry hair. He used the mouse to click on the notification, which revealed a new email in his inbox. Licking the remains of the night's takeout dinner from his lips, he began reading the new message.

Hello there...

Soon the man's fingers were racing across the Cheeto-encrusted keyboard. The speed at which he typed amounted to the most physical exercise he had experienced in weeks. The email was from a woman named Sarah asking about his craigslist apartment posting on behalf of her husband. She wanted to come and see the unit as soon as possible. *I'll show her my unit all right.*

Satisfied with his reply that the couple could view the apartment anytime the following day, he signed the email 'Lester Marshall' and pressed send.

The rush of corresponding with a female stranger over the Internet awakened Lester's dick. He greedily clicked the Mozilla Firefox icon and began browsing his bookmarked porn sites.

Excited by the prospect of finding an actual apartment to rent, the Williams left the hotel early to have breakfast and then make their way to the apartment building. At the same time, Lester was doing his best to make himself and the apartment presentable to his potential roommate.

At a quarter past 10 am, Sarah and Dan pulled their Dodge Journey into the parking lot of the Cityfront Tower apartment building. Sarah leaned over and grasped her husband's hand. "This place looks great, babe! Can you see yourself living here?"

"Yeah, I guess," Dan replied, looking through the windshield at the tower in front of him. The tower might have been an exaggeration. The apartment building in front of them was only twelve stories tall and looked similar to the half dozen other apartment buildings they had visited this weekend. It definitely wasn't Trump Tower, but it wasn't a shithole either. "I just hope the actual apartment is better than the others you dragged me to."

Sarah feigned an annoyed expression. "I almost can't wait to be rid of you." She flashed Dan a quick smile. "Come on, it's almost 10:30. Let's go check this place out."

They exited their vehicle and made their way through the parking lot toward a narrow pathway that led up to the lobby. As they opened the glass lobby door, Sarah retrieved her cell phone from her purse and quickly located the email from the previous night. Satisfied that she remembered the correct room number, she pressed #609 on the intercom.

After a few rings, a gruff voice emanated from the intercom's speaker. "Hello?"

"Hi, this is Sarah Williams. We exchanged a few emails last night about renting out a room."

Without a reply, a buzzer went off followed by the click of the lobby door allowing them entry. As they rode the elevator up to the

sixth floor, Dan began thinking about the brief exchange over the intercom. "So what do we really know about this guy?"

"Nothing really, I guess," Sarah said, while watching the ascending numbers on the elevator's screen. "What I do know is that you start work next week and need a place to live. This building is in a prime location and the pictures online made it seem worth our time. Plus, the rent fits in our budget."

When the elevator doors opened, Dan moved to step out but Sarah gently grabbed his arm. Looking back at her, Sarah raised both her hands to cup his face and stepped closer to look into his eyes. "I love you."

"I love you too, babe," he said as he leaned in and kissed her.

After a few moments of holding up the elevator for their tender embrace, the couple made their way down the hallway to apartment #609 and knocked on the door.

Peering through the peephole, Lester took in the beauty of Sarah Williams for the first of many times. While the peephole only exhibited her angelic face, it was enough to cause Lester to adjust the rising bulge forming in his pants. Wanting to get a look at the rest of this woman's body, he quickly opened the door.

When the door swung open, the Williams were greeted by a short, overweight man a few years older than Dan. Despite his unattractive features, it was clear he was trying to make an effort to look respectable. His wiry hair was being kept down with some kind of product, and he was sporting a blue dress shirt a few sizes too big, tucked into a pair of black slacks.

Lester's outward appearance helped set the couple's minds at ease. While he was nothing special to look at, he at least seemed like a somewhat well-put-together individual. The potential roommates that they'd met over the previous few days had done little to impress them.

Dressing well upon first meeting a roommate was a tactic Lester had adopted over time. Portraying an upstanding member of society was Lester's strategy to gain a bit of trust with potential roommates. No one wants to live with a stranger, let alone one who's a dirtbag.

The respectable appearance was just one strand of the web he was weaving to ensnare the couple.

While the couple's first impression of Lester was being cemented in their minds, he quickly looked over the body of Sarah Williams. While his eyes danced up her body, he groaned internally. *Yessss...*

The woman standing in front of him was the picture of perfection. It took all of Lester's mental fortitude not to emit that groan out loud. Her calf-length jean khakis hugged her slender thighs and shapely hips. A loose black blouse hung off her shoulders but did little to conceal the outline of the firm breasts hidden beneath. While he fantasized about what her body would look like without clothes on, Lester extended his hand. *I'll know soon enough.* "Hi, I'm Lester."

"Sarah," she reached forward and shook his hand, noting some slight perspiration in his palm.

"And this is my husband, Dan."

Making physical contact with Sarah's creamy vanilla skin caused Lester's dick to swell even harder. While shaking her hand, Lester briefly broke eye contact to admire the slight jiggling effect their handshake was having on her chest.

From his past experiences as a lecherous roommate, Lester knew not to give Sarah too much attention. If he did, she may come to see him as his last roommate did – creepy. He released her hand and shifted his gaze to Dan, shaking his hand next. "So, you're the one looking for a place then?"

"That I am," Dan responded.

"Please come in and take a look around." Lester stepped aside and motioned for the couple to make their way into his lair. The couple walked through the entryway and into the living room of the apartment. They took a brief moment to look around at the state of their new surroundings. A moment was all Lester needed to take advantage of the couple's backs being turned to him as he admired the curvaceous behind of Mrs. Williams. Her perfectly round ass stared back at him as he licked his lips. Even though the material of the khakis was stretched to contain her excellent butt, Lester didn't

notice any underwear lines. *She must be wearing a thong....or going without. That naughty girl.*

Sarah was relieved to see that the pictures posted online matched the apartment's appearance. Everything appeared to be neat and tidy. The minimal furniture of the living room was neatly arranged around the TV without any dirty dishes or clothes strewn about. She was impressed that there was actually a centerpiece on the coffee table, as well as photos and candles neatly decorating the walls and shelves. *This is much nicer than the last few places we looked at.*

Dan gave Sarah a relieved glance. His apprehension about visiting this apartment from craigslist was slowly disappearing.

What the Williams couple didn't know was that the tidiness and immaculate styling of the apartment were due to Lester's last roommate. She had taken it upon herself to decorate and make the place more comfortable while she lived there. In her eagerness to move out and get away from Lester, she left many possessions behind.

"Feel free to take a look around and talk to each other. I'll be here if you have any questions." Lester forced the words out. He knew he had to seem outgoing and normal to make the Williams comfortable with him. He pointed across the living room to another doorway.

"Over there is the kitchen. It has fairly new appliances." Motioning to the other side of the living room, Lester pointed Dan and Sarah in the direction of a hallway. "Down there on the left is the bathroom. The first door on the right would be your room and the one at the end of the hall is mine."

After the brief exchange with Lester, the couple started checking out the apartment's other rooms. Each room they visited was just as spotless as the living room. Even the fridge and medicine cabinet were neatly organized.

Standing in what could be his future bedroom, Dan was very happy with the size of it.

"What do you think?" Sarah asked with a tentative smile.

"I think this place is the best one we've seen all weekend. It's pretty tidy. I won't feel like I'm slumming it here," Dan walked over and opened the closet doors. Both doors opened to reveal a closet devoid of any clothing but with plenty of hangers and hooks for most of Dan's wardrobe. "And this room isn't half bad. It sure doesn't beat our room at home, but it will do for now."

"What do you think about Lester?" Sarah asked.

"He doesn't seem like a bad guy. Definitely better than some of the other candidates we've met. I think he might be a little weird, but at least he keeps the place clean. What do you think?"

"He seems nice." Sarah thought back to meeting Lester a few minutes ago and the way he subtly looked her over. *Just because he checked you out doesn't mean he is a bad guy. He is a man, after all.*

Sarah glanced at the full-length mirror on the wall, admiring her reflection. *And I'm not too hard on the eyes. Can I really blame the guy?*

"And yeah, the place is well kept." She shrugged. "Not as well kept as our house, but I'm sure living with him will be bearable."

Dan nodded and continued looking around the room.

"So...what should we do? Do you want to take it or look around at some other places?" asked Sarah.

Dan turned to look at his beautiful wife. Her lovely green eyes showed nothing but love for him. Part of him still didn't want to commit to renting any place because it would mean leaving her. He sighed. "Well, work starts next week and I'm still going to need some time to move some of my things in. I'm not sure we have time to look at other places. Besides, this is just temporary so I don't need to live in the lap of luxury."

He strode over to her and took her hands in his. "Let's go talk to Lester."

Two days later, Sarah and Dan returned to CityPlace towers with the Dodge Journey full of items for the apartment. After a few trips up the elevator, their vehicle was empty and the couple began unboxing things and setting up Dan's new room.

Dan spent half an hour assembling an IKEA desk, while Sarah arranged pictures of their family around the room.

Having exchanged phone numbers when the Williams signed the lease, Lester sent Dan a text message apologizing for not being able to help him move because he had to work. In reality, Lester had taken the day off work and was watching the couple move Dan in through the peephole in his bedroom wall. Lester admired Sarah's womanly form as she bent over to grab picture frames from the bottom of a box.

The clothing Lester wore when he first met his new prize was scattered on his floor. He was now wearing nothing but his unwashed, yellow-tinged t-shirt as he gaped through the hole at his new roommate's wife. He rested his body weight against the wall using his left arm and was slowly stroking himself while Sarah moved around the other room in her sweatpants and hoodie. *Ahh, fuck, she is just a few feet from me!*

Lester furiously jerked himself off as he memorized every inch of Sarah's body. Whenever she would talk to her husband he pictured her talking to him and his dick. He wanted nothing more than to walk into the other room and grab her by the ponytail and force her onto the bed.

As she finished hanging the last picture, Sarah said "It's getting really hot in here".

With the two of them in one small enclosed room moving things around, the temperature was beginning to rise. Lester watched in amazement as Sarah began unzipping her hoodie. He began stroking faster as she tossed it aside to reveal a small tank top that showed off the tops of her juicy breasts. Lester grinned, his eyes glued to the naked flesh of her chest.

His eyes felt like they were bulging out of his head when she crouched to retrieve bed sheets from another box. As she sorted through the sheets, the angle of her chest gave Lester an unobstructed view down the top of her tank top. He furiously pumped his dick in his hand as Sarah's breasts jiggled to match the movement of her arms. *Fuck yeah, baby.*

"Are we almost done, Dan? I just need to put these sheets on your bed," Sarah stood up while opening a folded-up bed sheet.

"Yeah, the desk is all built and it looks like everything is set up," Dan said, looking around the room. He neglected to notice the small peephole in the wall which was allowing a pervert to ogle his wife's assets. "Once you're done with the bed we can head back to the house and let your parents go home."

Dan rose to his feet. "I'm just going to use the bathroom before we leave."

"Ok, I'll be done in two seconds and then we can hit the road." Sarah leaned over to tuck the bed sheet into the far side of Dan's double bed.

As Sarah bent over and forcibly began tucking in the sheet, Lester's hungry eyes ran up her body, trying to decide what to focus on as he was getting close to finishing. Not a single bit of extra fat was on her.

Lester's breathing became rapid as he continued shifting his eyes across her body. He wanted to cum looking at her angelic face, but his attention was diverted to the movement of her heaving, beautiful breasts as she tucked in the sheet. His eyes trailed down to her flat stomach and onto her fantastic ass, which was on display for him. *I wish you didn't have those clothes on.*

With the bed completely tucked in, Sarah sneakily made her way across the room to her purse and reached for an envelope from it. Lester watched as she took the envelope and stuck it in one of Dan's dresser drawers. *What are you up to?*

While Lester was still pondering what could be in the envelope, she picked up her hoodie and stepped in front of the mirror, looking herself over. To Sarah, she was looking at her reflection, but she was unaware that the mirror was almost in line with the peephole. From Lester's side of the wall, it looked like Sarah was standing there just for him.

Having her this close and looking right at him sent Lester over the edge. He continued to pump his dick as he ejaculated onto a well-stained spot on the wall "Argghhh!"

Lester was so caught up in pleasuring himself that he didn't care if he got caught peeping.

Lucky for Lester, Dan chose that exact moment to flush the toilet, drowning out the sounds of the older man's ecstasy.

Dan exited the bathroom and made his way back over to his wife. Wrapping his arms around her from behind he looked at her through the mirror. "God, you're beautiful. I'm really going to hate living here without you."

She turned to face him while giving Lester a close-up view of her ass.

"It's only for a little while," she smiled with her eyes becoming watery. "And I will definitely be coming to visit you as often as I can."

Lester's ears perked up at those words. *I look forward to it.*

After a brief embrace, Sarah visited the washroom and the couple departed the apartment to head back to their family.

Waiting a few minutes to make sure they were gone, Lester left his den of iniquity and quietly entered Dan's room. He made his way over to the dresser and retrieved the envelope Sarah had discreetly hidden. The words 'For your eyes only' were written on it.

He opened it and a shit-eating grin spread across his lips. *Why Sarah, you shouldn't have.*

The envelope contained a love letter from Sarah to Dan. It expressed how much she would miss him and that he would always be in her thoughts. The note also described how much she loved him and would miss feeling his body next to hers. To keep Dan from missing her too much she included several boudoir pictures of herself to keep him occupied on lonely nights. *For my pleasure now.*

Lester took the photos out of the envelope and looked them over. Sarah was posing for the camera in several states of undress. These intimate pictures were meant for only her husband's eyes, but now a deceptive stranger was looking at the most private parts of the young mother.

As he shuffled through the photos, Lester felt his dick get hard again.

Without taking his eyes off the supple breasts of Mrs. Williams, Lester made his way back to his room.

Dan moved in a few days later and started his new job. He talked to Sarah and his kids every night on the phone and sent them plenty of text messages throughout the day. Aside from the occasional small talk, Lester and Dan rarely interacted. The only time that Dan would see Lester out of his room was when he would use the washroom or to heat up his dinner.

Over the course of their few interactions, Dan began to see Lester as a little odd and much different than how he portrayed himself during their first meeting. He didn't mind Lester's odd behavior, though, because it meant he was free to enjoy the apartment to himself.

Sitting down on the couch in the living room, Dan dialed his home number for his nightly phone call.

"Hey baby, how are you doing?" Sarah asked excitedly into the phone.

"I'm good, hun." Dan was beaming. He always loved to hear his wife's voice. "Work was good today, just the same old workload. I did try a new Chinese restaurant for lunch that I think you would like. Whenever you come to visit we'll go out to dinner there."

"Speaking of..." Sarah looked around to see whether her kids were within earshot. "I think I'll be able to come to visit next weekend. My mom invited the kids for a sleepover Friday night. I'm sure she wouldn't mind taking them for an extra day or two."

"That sounds like a dream come true, babe." Dan was ecstatic. Even though he had only been gone for a few weeks, he desperately missed the touch of his wife. "I can't wait to get you up here. I have some non-PG things planned."

"Oooh, I like the sound of that. I hope you have a whole itinerary planned out, Mr. Chicago." Sarah twirled the phone cord on her finger, fantasizing about the upcoming weekend with her husband.

"Yeah, the itinerary consists of you and me visiting the double bed of mine."

"Oh Dan, stop! The kids could hear you."

“Come on, baby, it’s been three weeks since I’ve even gotten to touch you. I’m going crazy.” Dan could feel his pants getting slightly tighter at the thought of fucking his wife.

“Well, you do have my special care package I left for you to take care of yourself.”

Dan didn’t say anything for a few moments before he remembered about her envelope. “Well, I do love that care package and I *really* appreciate it. It’s gotten me through a few lonely nights, but as amazing as those pictures are, they don’t even compare to actually being with you.”

“Oh shit, Dan, the kids are coming to talk to you. We’ll talk about the details of next weekend after.”

As Dan began to talk to his children, Lester slowly sneaked back to his room. *She is coming back.*

The thought of Sarah back in his apartment gave him a raging hard-on. Plopping down in his computer chair, Lester turned on his monitor and navigated to a folder titled Sarah. In it were the special pictures meant for Dan. Lester had used his industrial grade scanner to upload high resolution pictures of Sarah to his computer. *I’ll have to add some material to this folder next weekend.*

Lester shuffled out of his sweatpants and began pleasuring himself to Sarah Williams as he had every night for the last few weeks.

The weekend of Sarah’s visit arrived faster than either Dan or Lester had anticipated. Dan was excited about the arrival of his wife, while Lester anxiously wondered what sort of compromising positions he could watch Sarah get into through his peephole.

Dan was especially excited by the fact that Lester would be working most of the weekend, giving the married couple the place to themselves. He didn’t want to reunite with the love of his life while a strange man was in the next room.

When Sarah arrived after dinner Friday night, both men were very happy with her appearance. It was clear that Sarah wanted to look her best for her husband. Sarah had come directly from work, but she appeared to be wearing a sexier outfit than Dan had ever

remembered her wearing to the office. As Dan greeted his loving wife at the door, the couple was caught up in their reconnection and did not notice the glaring eyes of Lester.

Her shoulder-length blonde hair seemed to hypnotize Lester as it swayed back and forth when she entered the apartment. The tight-fitting button-up blue blouse gave off an air of professionalism and a sexy appeal that would usually be out of Lester's league. *But she is here in my home now.*

Sarah's heaving breasts tested the integrity of the shirt, jutting out and pushing against the buttons. As Lester leered at Sarah's body, he fantasized about those buttons popping open against the weight of her breasts so his eyes could feast on the special underwear she wore for her husband. Her blue blouse was tucked into a knee-length pencil skirt that seemed to accentuate her voluptuous hips and perfectly round ass. *If she worked with me I wouldn't last a week before being fired for sexual misconduct. That ass....*

Lester licked his lips as his eyes danced down her stocking-clad legs to her stiletto-bound feet. Taking her entire figure in once again, Lester was adding her image to his mental spank bank. *I'm going to have to get more material for my Sarah folder.*

Dan carried Sarah's luggage into the apartment as she took off her shoes. Lester was standing awkwardly by the entrance to the kitchen, almost standing too still as he continued with his voyeurism. He quickly snapped out of it. "Hi Sarah, it's nice to see you again."

"Oh, hi Lester, and how are you doing?"

Aroused now that you're here.

"Good...good, just staying busy with work you know."

With the forced exchange over, Lester turned and shuffled back into the kitchen to locate his backup bag of cheesy chips. Dan saw Sarah to the couch and poured her a glass of her favorite wine.

Lester could hear the couple speaking while he eavesdropped from the kitchen. Before making the journey across the living room back to his room, the pervert had to compose himself so he wouldn't alert suspicion. He concealed the bulge in his sweatpants and moved back out to where the couple was.

Dan was giving Sarah a foot massage while she told him about that day's adventure as a hospital administrator. Lester walked across the living room toward the hallway, pausing awkwardly to look at the couple.

Sarah was distracted from her loving husband's foot massage by a strange, blob-like shape she noticed out of the corner of her eye. She glanced over the edge of the couch to see Lester staring at her. When she made eye contact, he didn't look away but seemed to be transfixed on her.

After a few seconds, Lester seemed to snap out of it and hurriedly mumbled, "I work early. Goodnight." He broke eye contact and quickly walked out and down the hallway to his room.

"Well, that was weird," Sarah laughed, a puzzled look on her face.

Dan shrugged his shoulders. "He is a bit of an odd guy."

Lester sat at his computer chair with his bedroom door slightly ajar. He listened to the couple discussing trivial subjects, and when they grew silent all he could hear was the sound of his own smacking lips as he munched on his snack.

Bzzt. Bzzt. Bzzt. Bzzt.

Someone's phone was ringing in the living room.

"Hello?" Dan answered.

Lester leaned closer to his door, trying hard not to miss any details of the conversation.

"Are you sure, sir?" Lester could hear the nervousness in Dan's voice. "Absolutely, I'll be there. Goodnight."

"What's the matter, honey?" Sarah was concerned about the tone of the conversation.

"Fuck. Baby, I'm so sorry. That was my boss. He is having everyone come in tomorrow morning. There's some issue with one of our clients and he says it's an emergency."

An evil smile spread across Lester's face. He tuned out the rest of the conversation when he realized that Dan would be going to work tomorrow, leaving Sarah alone in the apartment. *Not alone. I'll be here.*

While part of Lester wanted to continue listening to the couple, it was quickly overpowered by Lester's desire for Sarah Williams. He gently closed the door and rolled his computer chair back into its place in front of his monitor.

When Lester was close to finishing himself off to one of Sarah's private boudoir pictures, he heard the door in the next room close. Breaking himself away from the full-screen image of a scantily clad Sarah on his monitor, he made his way over to his peephole.

Dan was holding Sarah in the middle of the room, his hands pulling her body to his as he kissed her. Lester watched the couple passionately kiss while running their hands over each other's bodies. He slowly stroked himself, not wanting to cum before the good stuff started.

Sarah broke off the kiss and pushed Dan into a sitting position on the bed. Backing away from him, Sarah began to slowly unbutton her blouse. Lester's greedy eyes followed Sarah's fingers as they danced over each button until her bra-clad chest was exposed.

The live sight of Sarah's magnificent breasts caused Lester to release an audible gasp. Luckily for him, both Sarah and Dan were too engrossed with their long overdue reunion to notice.

While Lester had seen Sarah exposed in her private photos for Dan, having her naked skin mere feet from him was tantalizing.

Sarah let her blouse fall to the floor. She ran her hands up from her thighs until they cupped the sides of her bra-clad chest. The only thing preventing Lester from viewing her lovely mounds of flesh, kept private only for her husband, was a lacy white bra that accentuated her natural curves.

Sitting on the bed, Dan watched his wife seductively sway her hips to imaginary music. They hadn't been together for so long that it took all of his might not to take her and throw her onto the bed.

While she continued to rhythmically move her body, Sarah locked eyes with Dan as she moved her hands to the hem of her pencil skirt. Slowing her movements down, she hooked her thumbs under the tops of the skirt. She bent over at the waist and without breaking eye contact she slowly lowered her tight skirt, exposing her fantastic ass and long, slender legs.

The jaws of both Dan and Lester dropped at the incredibly sexy display in front of them. With her pencil skirt now discarded on the floor, Sarah closed her eyes and began slowly grinding her hips once more. She ran her hands up her naked thighs slowly making a trail up her body.

Her hands briefly paused around her breasts to tease her husband before resting on the back of her head. As she swayed her hips, she ran her hands through her hair.

Lester watched as the mother of two unknowingly danced in her bra and panties for a complete stranger. His eyes darted all over her body, trying to memorize every detail, not wanting to miss anything.

Sarah turned her back to her husband and teasingly lowered one of her bra straps. She looked over her shoulder at the lustful expression on Dan's face and knew she was moments away from having long overdue sex with her love. What Sarah didn't know was that directly in front of her was an obscure peephole that Dan's weird, oddly proportioned roommate was watching her through. The seductive dance meant for her husband that left the innocent wife in only her white lace bra and panties was being observed by a perverted stranger.

Giving Dan a wink, Sarah turned her head back to the wall as she swayed her hips and lowered the other bra strap. She then reached behind her back and undid the clasp on the bra, letting the straps hang loose as her other hand held the front of the bra in place. Dan was now staring at the smooth skin of Sarah's exposed back. Realizing that she was now almost completely naked he began to disrobe, not wanting a single delay in their copulation.

Knowing that she was driving her husband wild, Sarah gently took her bra off her chest and held it at her side before dropping it to the floor.

Aside from the pictures that Sarah had left for him, Dan had not seen his wife's voluptuous breasts for weeks. They were one of his favorite parts of her, and now they were bare just a few feet from him. The swaying of her body let him catch glimpses of the sides of her breasts but painfully kept them obstructed. Sarah knew exactly what Dan wanted and chose to tease him for a bit longer.

While Sarah's husband had been desperately waiting for weeks to see Sarah's beautiful heaving breasts, Lester would be the first man to lay his eyes on them. As Sarah was concentrating on teasing her husband, her chest was on full display to his lecherous roommate.

Much like Dan, Lester had also used Sarah's private boudoir pictures to satisfy himself over the past few weeks. As Lester pumped his cock faster while gazing at Sarah's bare breasts, he knew that the pictures he stole would never compare to seeing her magnificent chest in person.

Lester continued to stare through his peephole, mouth agape, at the beautiful, naked mother standing just a few feet away from him. His perverted eyes were locked onto the nakedness of her supple breasts as she rhythmically moved her body seductively. What felt like a private exposure for him was taken away when Sarah covered her breasts with her arm and turned to face her husband.

The view of her naked back and panty-clad ass was tantalizing, but Lester was angry that she turned away from him. Being able to view her naked form along with her angelic face was intoxicating, and Lester needed more. The moment only reaffirmed Lester's determination to get much closer to his roommate's wife.

Keeping her breasts covered, Sarah closed the distance to the bed and stood directly in front of her sexually frustrated husband. Locking eyes with Dan, she slowly removed her arm from her breasts, letting Dan see the treasure he so desperately wanted. She watched as his eyes broke contact with hers, his gaze shifting to her bra-free chest. Sarah decided that she had teased her poor hubby long enough.

She moved onto the bed, straddling Dan's crotch and embraced him in a passionate kiss. Dan pulled his wife as close as possible to feel her body against his. Her breasts were pressed against his chest while his stiff prick was fighting against the material of her panties.

Watching the couple reunite filled Lester with jealousy and lust. He couldn't tear his eyes away from the scene that was unfolding on the other side of his peephole, nor could he stop himself from masturbating. He wanted Sarah. He wanted to kiss her and run his hands all over her naked flesh.

I'm going to fuck her.

He didn't know how he would get between her lovely legs, but he was going to go to any length to get inside her.

Frustrated by the weeks spent apart and her seductive teasing, Dan decided he was done waiting. He thrust his hips up into the air while holding onto his wife and flipped her over onto her back. Dan greedily kissed her, their tongues probing one another's mouth. His lips moved onto her neck, exploring every bit of flesh that had been denied him for weeks. Sarah closed her eyes in bliss, treasuring the renewed feeling of her husband's tender caress. She held the back of his head as his hand journeyed downward to remove her panties.

Sarah began to run her hand down Dan's chest, her fingertips caressing every inch of his torso until they reached his dick. As Dan sat up to better remove the lacy white panties from Sarah's hips, she grasped the base of his shaft and slowly stroked him. Lester glared at Sarah's hand moving up and down. He subconsciously slowed his stroking to match hers. For a fleeting moment, he almost believed that he was watching her play with his dick. The fat, grubby digits wrapped around his cock were replaced with her long, slender fingers.

Enjoying the sensation of his wife's hand grasping his dick, Dan dipped his head down and again kissed her. Sarah began to stroke Dan's dick faster and faster as the passion of their kiss ignited. Their lips smashed together as their tongues wildly moved about – devouring as much of the other as they could.

Sarah broke their kiss and gasped as she felt her husband's fingers begin to trace a circle around her womanhood. Dan slowly extended one finger and began to slide it into his wife. Sarah slowed her stroking of Dan's cock, distracted by the feeling of being penetrated. She began to moan lightly as Dan pushed his finger further into her wet passageway.

Smiling at the effect he was having on her, Dan lowered his head and started tracing circles on her breast with his tongue – purposely avoiding her nipple. Sarah no longer stroked Dan's hard cock, but held it gingerly in her hand as both her private parts were expertly manipulated.

When Dan's finger met less resistance, he pushed it deeper into her and slowly retracted it. He continued to finger her, building up his rhythm. Each time he pulled his finger back toward her entrance he made sure to put pressure on her g-spot.

Sarah's hips started to lift off the bed to meet each slow thrust of Dan's finger. Each time he pushed into her, more of her juices coated his finger and she grew closer to orgasm. Sarah was experiencing sensory overload.

She tightened her grip on Dan's cock, trying to keep the source of her pleasure right where it was. She was close to exploding and didn't want Dan to move. Her eyes were shut, concentrating on the feeling of Dan's finger inside of her and his tongue on her breasts.

Suddenly she felt the tongue flick the nipple of her right breast and it sent her over the edge. Sarah thrust her hips high into the air, burying Dan's finger deep within her. She clutched his cock with one hand and crumpled the bed sheets with the other.

Her back arched off the bed as she let out a powerful moan. She was so caught up in orgasmic bliss that she completely forgot about trying to stay quiet. She forgot about Dan's bizarre roommate in the next room.

Lester watched through the peephole in awe at the beauty of Sarah Williams' orgasming. Her face contorting in pleasure was the most magnificent thing he had ever laid eyes on. The way her body stiffened in pleasure as her orgasm exploded was something the perverted Lester would not soon forget. *Fuck, I wish I was recording this. I could listen to her cum all day.*

Coming down from her bliss, Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Dan. She pulled his dick toward her, "Get inside me, big boy."

Not needing any more encouragement, Dan removed his fingers from Sarah's dripping-wet sex and positioned himself between her legs. Sarah guided her husband's dick to her entrance and waited for him to penetrate her for the first time in weeks.

Looking down at his wife, Dan smiled. He loved watching her beautiful face react to the feeling of his cock as he slowly pushed it inside her. This time was no different. As his dick began to part her outer lips Sarah closed her eyes to concentrate on the immense

pleasure. Her mouth hung open, unconsciously taking sharp, short breaths.

As Dan pushed his full length inside of his wife's love passage, her hands encircled his neck once more bringing his lips to hers. Their mouths smashed together, passionately trying to keep pace with the other. Sarah's tongue twisted itself around Dan's.

The intensity of their kiss made Dan increase the pace of his thrusting. He was lost in lust, finally intimately reuniting with his lovely wife. Gentle lovemaking was out the window as Dan wanted nothing more than to fuck.

After weeks without feeling her husband's touch, Sarah loved the desperation of Dan's actions. He wanted her badly and could barely contain himself. The animalistic aggression of Dan's thrusts caused Sarah to instinctively wrap her legs around his back, pulling Dan as close into her as possible.

Breaking their embrace, Dan once again looked down at his wife in the throes of ecstasy. Bringing such pleasure to Sarah made him feel like a man. "Oh fuck yeah, baby."

"Oh god, Dan, don't stop!" Sarah exclaimed loudly. The sound of her own voice caused a brief thought to filter into her mind. Could Dan's roommate Lester hear them? The couple had been so caught up in devouring each other that she had forgotten all about the odd little man in the next room. The sound of their bodies fucking, along with both Dan and Sarah's grunting was not exactly quiet. *How could he not hear us?*

"Fuck, baby, how much do you like this?" Dan asked, staring into her lust-filled eyes.

"I love it," Sarah whispered.

"What? Come on baby tell me how much you love my dick inside you."

Sarah desperately wanted to answer her husband. To satisfy his desire to hear her verbalize her pleasure. But she also thought she should keep quiet, now realizing that there was no way their coupling wasn't audible through the wall.

"Tell me how much you love it, Sarah."

Despite her desire to stay quiet, Sarah was lost in the moment. The feeling of her husband's dick inside of her, the weight of his body pinning her to the mattress, the length of time since they last had sex – everything else didn't matter.

"Ohhhhhhh god, baby, I love how you feel. It's so fucking good!" Sarah exclaimed loudly. As the words left her mouth, Sarah knew she was loud enough for her husband's roommate to hear her.

The thought of some stranger listening to their private reunion seemed to excite her.

"Oh god, Dan, FUCK ME!"

Sarah began pushing her hips up to meet Dan's thrusts. As she pushed her hips up, she used her legs to pull Dan into her.

"So good," Sarah whimpered and she continued to fuck her husband. Dan was surprised by Sarah's sudden actions. He gripped her hips and back tightly as he continued to meet her thrusts – trying to keep up with her enthusiastic actions. *She must have really missed my special attention.*

Little did Dan know that his normally conservative wife was getting extra stimulation from the thought of someone listening in.

"Ohh God, Dan, don't stop fucking me!" Sarah knew she was being loud and she didn't care. *I bet the people above and below can hear us fucking along with Lester.*

The thought of someone else hearing her screams of pleasure drove her over the edge. "Ahhh, oohhh, Dan! FUCK!"

Sarah suddenly stopped thrusting, every muscle in her body tightening up. She held onto Dan, her nails digging into his shoulders as her legs clenched his back. A mind-blowing orgasm exploded and sent waves of pleasure coursing through her body. *Oh fuuuck yes.*

She arched her back off the mattress as her orgasm continued to wash over her. All of her muscles were so tight that it prevented Dan from continuing to thrust – he had no choice but to stop and stare in awe at his wife's orgasmic bliss. Her toes curled and her eyes rolled back into her head.

Lester watched from his peephole as the couple stopped moving. His view of their coupling had been disappointing since Dan's back

and naked ass cheeks were obstructing Sarah, but her sexual grunts and screams of pleasure made his cock throb in his fat hands. He had no idea that Sarah had briefly thought of him while fucking her husband.

As Sarah's muscles slowly relaxed, Dan took the opportunity to resume sliding his cock in and out of his wife. Feeling her seize up and the intense pleasure that spread across her face brought him close to cumming. Dan held her hips tightly as he increased his pace.

Dan had never seen Sarah orgasm like she just did.

The intensity of it made his dick swell inside of her. Thinking that his actions and absence caused her to have such a violent orgasm stroked his ego and intensified the feelings of his cock head pushing into his wife's sweet opening.

Sarah had little time to recover. She was just coming down from one of the most incredible orgasms of her life when Dan resumed pushing his cock deep within her. The mother of two felt the sensations of her husband's dick and could feel yet another orgasm slowly building. She recognized the shallow breaths Dan was taking and the speed of his thrusting. She knew he would finish soon.

"Oh god, keep fucking me, Dan. Don't stop!" Sarah knew her encouragement would help push Dan over the edge. She also realized she loved the feeling she received from talking during sex, knowing it might be heard by someone else.

As Dan was rapidly approaching climax, Sarah feared that she wouldn't be able to attain her third orgasm of the night. She wanted to experience the feeling of an intense orgasm again – she was immediately addicted to the feeling.

Sarah tried desperately to reach another orgasm. She again started thrusting her hips off the bed to meet Dan's. "Oooooohhhh yees, DAN! Fuck me, baby. Fuck me."

Lester continued to stroke his cock in the next room. He was falling madly in love with listening to Sarah scream out in pleasure.

Dan was thrusting his cock into Sarah like a man possessed. He was on the verge of cumming and wouldn't let anything stop him. Part of Dan's mind had registered the volume of Sarah's screams. He

really didn't want his roommate or anyone else in the building to hear them having sex, but he pushed these thoughts to the back of his mind and concentrated on emptying his sack.

Knowing that Dan was very close to finishing, Sarah didn't want her build up to an orgasm to go to waste. As she breathed loudly through her mouth while Dan plowed into her, she thought of the faceless neighbors above and below listening to her and Dan having sex. She imagined them listening intently as she screamed, "Don't stop, Dan, I'm so close."

"Fuck, Sarah, I'm gonna cum!" Dan said through clenched teeth.

"Ahhh Fuck, Cum baby, CUM!" Sarah almost shouted. *I'm so close. So close.*

Dan was going to cum and she was going to miss her third orgasm. She wanted that feeling. She craved it. She desperately tried to think about strangers listening to her have sex to get her off in the seconds before Dan blew his load. To try and recreate the powerful orgasm she just experienced due to this newfound stimulation. *The people below us are listening to the bed slam into the floor. God, they can hear everything. They can hear me shouting.*

"That's it! I'm cumming, baby. Arghhh, yes!" Dan grunted.

Sarah could feel the shaft of Dan's dick begin to throb. *So close. So fucking close.*

She felt Dan's pace begin to slow – *I need to cum! NOW! Dan's roommate. Lester. The walls are sooo thin. Lester can hear everything. He has been listening to us the whole time we've been fucking. HE is only a few feet away. HE is probably jerking off listening to US.*

The thoughts of someone not only listening but pleasuring themselves triggered an instant explosive orgasm more powerful than what Sarah had experienced before. She didn't find Lester remotely attractive, but the thought of someone getting off just listening to her drove her nuts. She bucked her hips off the bed, grasping at her husband with her legs.

"Arrghhhh, ohhhh!" she screamed as she began to convulse under another orgasm. This one shook her to her very foundation as

it rocked through her body. Electricity exploded from her sex and radiated outwards, causing her muscles to contract. *He is jerking off to me right now! Stroking his dick as I come.*

An image of Lester's oddly proportioned body lying in bed masturbating slid into her mind. *He is lying on his back, stroking his dick listening.*

Her powerful orgasm crescendoed into yet another orgasm, her body going rigid again from the waves of pleasure. In a matter of milliseconds, Sarah's body had experienced two extremely powerful orgasms unlike any she had had before.

"Oooohhhhhh, FUCK!" Sarah shouted breathlessly. He heard that. *He heard me scream. He is cumming. His dirty spunk is spewing out of his cock everywhere.*

As Sarah was unable to contain the thoughts that set her orgasm off, Dan began to explode inside of her. Sarah's sudden multiple orgasms sent her husband over the edge. The tightening of her vaginal muscles gripped his cock, causing him to ejaculate in a powerful eruption. Sarah's crazy throes of intense pleasure drove him wild. He felt like he was shooting his cum into her like a pistol.

Sarah was so caught up in imagining Dan's weird roommate cumming that she was shocked when she felt Dan explode inside of her. She felt his hot cum filling every inch of her love canal. The orgasmic bliss she felt clouded her head.

She screamed like a banshee as another orgasm rocked her body.

Dan collapsed onto Sarah, exhausted. The lovers were struggling to catch their breath, both having experienced one of their most intense love-making sessions in years. Dan rolled onto his side and looked at his wife.

"Jesus. That was insane honey. God, I've missed you."

"Mmmm, I've missed you too. I needed that." Sarah curled into Dan's chest. "Do you think we woke the neighbors?"

"Oh, babe, I'm sure we woke up the whole damn block."

"What about your roommate?"

Dan laughed. "We were so loud I don't see how we didn't."

He was feeling playful and decided to tease his usually conservative wife. "I bet he jerked off to those animal sounds you were making."

While Dan was waiting for his wife's reaction, on the other side of the wall Lester was slowly stroking his rigid member. Even though he had just blasted a new stain into his wall at the same time Sarah achieved her last orgasm, he was still transfixed by the mother of two.

Sarah never liked Dan getting the upper hand or catching her off guard, so she shot back, "Well, I'm glad I can still get two guys off at once."

Two guys off at once? Had she, in the past...? The thoughts danced through Dan's mind. Sarah felt triumphant at her husband's speechlessness. To her surprise, she felt Dan's cock begin to stiffen against her. Something that had never happened so fast in the entirety of their relationship.

"Wow, somebody really does miss me." she reached down and gently began playing with his balls.

Dan didn't understand why he was getting hard again, but her teasing comment kept playing back in his head....'I'm glad I can still get two guys off at once.' He couldn't help it, but images flashed into his mind. Thoughts of a young Sarah with two men, thoughts of Dan and Sarah in a threesome, thoughts of his bizarre roommate stroking himself to Sarah, thoughts of Lester creeping into the room at that very moment.

Before either one of them fully registered what was happening, their tongues were exploring each other's mouths and their hands were greedily exploring the other's body again. Lester continued to watch them through his peephole, contemplating the need for a video camera.

Dan slid himself into Sarah and slowly rocked back and forth as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Against his better judgment, Dan whispered loudly, "Mmmph God, baby, we need to be quiet or someone might hear us."

She didn't know why, but this new game was really turning her on. "Maybe I want them to hear."

Dan was taken aback by Sarah's boldness. This wasn't like her. What had gotten into her? At the same time, he was too aroused to turn back. He wanted to see how far she would let him take this.

"And our creepy little roommate? You want him to hear us fuck?" Dan grunted, now no longer whispering. He knew he'd probably pushed things too far, but the response from Sarah's body made him think otherwise.

She was madly grinding herself against his cock, hitting that sweet spot over and over. Building towards her next imminent orgasm of the night.

"God, Dan. Yes, I want him to listen and jerk off to me." As the words escaped her lips she felt the tidal wave of orgasmic bliss descend on her yet again. Her vagina gripped her husband's dick so tightly that Dan couldn't hold back any longer, his balls emptied into her for the second time that night as Sarah howled at the moon.

"Awwrrrgghhhh, FUCKK," screamed Sarah. Lester added another stain to his wall that now oozed onto the floor.

The unknowing threesome all collapsed in piles of sweat, exhausted. Sarah and Dan into their recently set up bed, Lester into his Dorito and cum stained computer chair.

The silent vibrating chime of Dan's cell phone alarm slowly awoke him from a bizarre dream. In it, Dan was making love to his wife Sarah back in their Middleton bedroom but felt the presence of someone watching them.

The dream was so vivid. Dan could feel his wife's legs wrapped around him. Could feel her arms pulling on his back, trying to bring him deeper into her. The lust in her eyes as she looked up at him.

He could feel the hair on the back of his neck as he knew he was being watched. Somehow he knew the person watching was his strange roommate Lester. He imagined him watching from their walk-in closet and then in the room with them. As his dream swirled around where this voyeur was standing, Dan began to realize that he was the one standing there. He was the one watching.

The scene of the bedroom illogically shifted in the ways that only dreams do.

Dan watched as his overweight roommate had taken his place on the bed. His pasty white and hair-covered figure was a stark contrast to Sarah's tanned and toned legs which were wrapped around his waist. Her fingers pulled on his back. Her piercing green eyes looked lustily up at the monster above her, beckoning him for more.

"Ah, what the fuck," the cellphone's vibration finally woke Dan from his sleep. *What the fuck was that about.*

Dan smiled as the events from the night before came flooding back into his mind. His subconscious was playing tricks on him with his dreams. He and Sarah had a wild session the night before that brought some of their playful bedroom fantasies much closer to real life.

Sarah's words were still seared into Dan's brain. *I'm glad I can still get two guys off at once.....God, Dan. Yes, I want him to listen and jerk off to me.*

Was she just playing into the fantasy she knew would turn him on or was there more to it? It seemed like playing with fire in such an enclosed space with a relative stranger.

Dan silenced the alarm on his phone and looked over at his wife. *God, she's beautiful.*

Like Dan, Sarah had fallen asleep right after the events of the previous night. The bed sheets were draped around her torso leaving her shoulders and legs bare.

It was only after seeing her bare skin that Dan realized how hard he was. *Fuck, that weird dream...*

Dan sat up and checked his cell phone. It looked like while he had been busy with Sarah, his team at the office had been equally busy exchanging emails and looking for his input. Dan wasn't happy that his boss was cutting into this rare weekend with his wife, but what choice did he have? It had taken him this long to find a job to support his family. He couldn't risk messing things up.

He tried to quietly make his way around the room to get dressed until he heard Sarah begin to stir in the bed.

"Where are you sneaking off to, Mister?" She lazily sat up on her elbows with the sheets still covering her nudity.

"Hmmm," he made his way back over to the bed, leaning over and kissing her. "You just looked so damn good I didn't want to disturb you."

"Do you really have to go into the office today?"

Dan sighed. "Yeah, unfortunately, honey. I just checked my work email and it looks like everyone is going nuts trying to get everything

ready for this client of ours. They need me."

Sarah made a fake pouty face and playfully crossed her arms. "Well, what about what I need?"

A smile spread across Dan's face. "Here I thought you got what you needed last night."

"Oh, Dan, I've been stuck in Middleton by myself without you. Last night was just scratching the surface." She narrowed her eyes playfully at him. "And now here you are running off to work, leaving your wife all alone."

Dan was not about to let Sarah win this, even if she was just being playful about it. He leveled his eyes at her in a serious manner. "Well, you won't be entirely alone....."

Recognition and amusement appeared on Sarah's face and she almost laughed out loud. She whispered, "Do you think he heard us?"

"Oh, well," he paused. "I don't see how he couldn't, you were pretty loud."

"God, Dan, that's so embarrassing. I wasn't that loud was I?"

Dan smirked. "Oh, yeah, you were," he started to whisper and plant kisses on her shoulder. "I tend to have that effect on you."

Sarah closed her eyes, her body responding to Dan's kisses, "Mhmm, yes, you do, baby."

Pausing to see how far he could push his wife, Dan added "Or maybe it was just knowing you were being listened to that turned you on so much." He continued to work his kisses up her neck, which he knew drove her crazy.

Sarah knew Dan was trying to push her buttons. She also knew the thought of being heard last night had turned her on like crazy

. His kisses on her neck were getting her all worked up again. She decided to turn the tables and whispered in Dean's ear "Or maybe it was knowing that I was pleasuring two guys at once."

She pulled back from Dan's touch to look him in the eye. She reached down and grabbed his hard cock through his boxers. "It seems like you like that, too."

Dan closed his eyes, picturing his dream.

She gave his cock another squeeze. "Does that turn you on, Dan? Knowing I got someone else to cum for me?"

Dan involuntarily groaned and pulled himself free from her touch, conceding defeat to his wife.

"Oh, you are a bad girl." He stood up and began putting on his pants for work. "Save that for tonight."

Sarah smiled victoriously knowing she had won their little game. She wanted to add a little insult to injury though. She loved teasing her husband. "What is your bad girl supposed to do all day while you are gone? At least I won't be completely alone. Lester will be here to keep me company."

She grinned as Dan stopped getting dressed and looked at her with a shocked look on his face.

Sarah added, "Who knows what will happen while you are away."

Dan recomposed himself. He knew he'd lost their little game but still wanted to feel like he'd won. He rushed onto the bed and started tickling his wife through the bed sheets. "Oh yeah? Is that what you plan on doing today? Putting on a little show?"

Sarah couldn't stop laughing. She hated being tickled. Between laughs, she momentarily caught her breath and said, "Who says I would stop at a show?"

She kept laughing. "Your roommate is just *soooo* hot," she said sarcastically.

Dan stopped tickling her and just stared down at her. "You are such a goofball, Sarah. I love you."

"I love you, too, Dan." She reached her hand behind his neck and pulled him down for a kiss.

She broke their embrace. "I'm going to miss you today."

"I know," Dan sighed. "I'm going to miss you, too. Hopefully, I won't have to be there all day."

"I hope not." Sarah laid back down and closed her eyes.

Dan eased himself off the bed and began putting on his dress shirt and tie. "What are you going to do all day?"

Through her closed eyes, Sarah said, "I don't know. What I do know is it's too early and I'm going back to bed."

Fully dressed, Dan walked back over to the bed and kissed Sarah on her forehead. "All right, get some sleep. I'll text you when I get to work. I love you."

"I love you, too." She pulled the sheets up over her shoulders, ready to drift back to sleep.

Before Dan left the room he whispered in her ear, "And don't spend too much time with Lester today."

With her eyes closed, Sarah smiled. "No promises, big boy."

Dan chuckled, kissed her forehead again, and made his way to the door. He made sure to lock it from the inside and closed the door. From the hallway, he tried the knob again to confirm it was locked. He gathered his things and left for work.

As Sarah lay there falling back asleep, she thought about Dan's kisses on her neck and their playful teasing. She then thought about the night before and how loud she had been. *He definitely heard me.*

Unbeknownst to Sarah, Lester had also heard their exchange this morning. Through his peephole, he had seen the way Sarah had responded to Dan's kisses on her neck. He heard how he factored into their little game.

Standing naked at his peephole, Lester continued to stroke his cock watching Sarah's sleeping form. After 20 minutes he made his way into the hallway. *It's too soon, don't spoil this.*

He quietly wrapped his meaty hands around the doorknob to Sarah's room and tried the handle.

It was locked.

Fucker.

Lester slinked back into his room. He sat down in his ratty computer chair and pulled open his file on Sarah. He continued to stroke his cock looking at the pictures on his screen meant only for her husband. *She is right here, alone in the next room.*

He paused mid-stroke. *Not today. I'll save my cum for Sarah. Somehow.*

Lester closed the window containing the photos and opened up a word doc titled SarahWilliams.doc.

The document contained several pages of notes Lester had taken on Sarah. These were compiled from the conversations he'd overheard Dan having on the phone and the social media stalking he had done on Sarah and her friends. Lester had successfully created a fake profile of an old classmate of Sarah's and friended her on Facebook. She had accepted.

At the bottom of the document, he added, "Is turned on by kisses on her neck and shoulders." Grinning, Lester also wrote, "Enjoys being watched. Plays a game with her husband involving Lester."

Lester sat back and read that last line. It intrigued him. Usually, the women that entered his lair were unwilling participants in his machinations. He would spy on them for weeks, slowly inserting himself into their lives. Stealing their things as trophies. He would sneak into their rooms at night and pleasure himself. If the stars aligned he would take them after they ingested drugs hidden in their food. He was always careful not to get caught and not to take unnecessary risks.

This was different.

From what he could make out the couple seemed to have a bedroom fantasy about being watched or heard. Dan also seemed to enjoy the thought of his wife with another man, something Sarah enjoyed teasing him about. She was loving though and this must play into the fantasy of her husband. Maybe she shared it to a degree. *How can I turn this in my favor? Can I take her willingly?*

Plans began to form in Lester's mind. He had to play his hand correctly. This might just be his best conquest yet.

Lester realized he was slowly stroking his cock thinking about the possibilities. He still needed release now.

He made his way across the room to his peephole, expertly navigating the mess of dirty plates and discarded clothes on the ground. He looked through his peephole. He could see Sarah's naked form obscured by the sheets. As she lay on her side he could make out her shoulders and her luscious hips. He imagined himself grabbing onto those hips as he thrust into her. Sarah gasping in pleasure. *This won't do.*

Still naked, Lester made his way back into the hallway. He once again tried the doorknob to her room. It was still locked. *Fuck.*

Out of the corner of his eye, he noticed something out of place. The bathroom door was open and a pink bag sat on the counter. *Bingo.*

Lester took one last glance at the locked door as he stealthily made his way into the bathroom. Gripping the doorknob, he quietly shut the door. His dick was as hard as a rock. It wasn't just a pink bag, it was *her* pink bag.

He quickly unzipped the bag and began to explore its contents. He rummaged through the bag somewhat dissatisfied. He sniffed her hair brush and shuddered at her scent. He put her toothbrush in his mouth to taste her as he looked through the rest of the bag.

Grunting in frustration, Lester returned the items to the bag. There wasn't anything in there he could use.

As Lester was about to leave, dismayed at the contents of Sarah's toiletry bag, a thought occurred to him. *What about what wasn't in the bag?*

He rummaged through it one more time, his mind racing. *There are no birth control pills in here.*

A wicked grin spread across his face. That's *interesting, I'll have to double-check for these elsewhere to confirm.*

Lester got a wicked idea to hold her over. One other item was missing from the bag. He quickly zipped it shut.

He turned around and opened the glass door leading to the enclosed tiled shower. There, hanging from the faucet was a pink loofah that was entirely out of place in Lester's lair. *Oh yes. Yes, this will do quite nicely.*

Lester grabbed the loofah and immediately brought it to his cock. *This has touched her. It has touched her everywhere.*

He imagined the loofah running over her long-toned legs. Around her sexy shoulders and down her beautiful breasts. He imagined her holding it under her chin, squeezing out the soap in ecstasy but instead of soap, it would be his cum that oozed out all over her.

He pictured his end goal. Taking Sarah willingly in his room on his dirty bed. Her radiant beauty a sharp contrast to the dark and murky

dungeon he slept in. He would pull her deep into his web and she would be his. She would moan his name. She would milk the cum from his cock. He would impregnate her.

Lester's heavy balls tightened, and his cock exploded streams and streams of his cum all over Sarah's loofah, drenching it in his seed.

Lester braced himself against the wall of the dark shower, panting. He lazily hung the loofah back around the faucet. *I need to play this right but she's getting my cum today one way or another.*

He took a second to catch his breath and then closed the shower door. After cleaning up the cum from his hands, he quietly exited the washroom to go back to his peephole and check on Sarah. She was still sound asleep.

Lester returned to his Cheeto-encrusted command center to ponder his next move.

—

A few hours later, the morning light shining through the window caused Sarah to stir slowly. Being a mom of two meant she rarely got to sleep in, so she had taken full advantage of the situation.

She reached out to the end table to grab her cell phone. She saw a text from Dan stating, "I made it safe to work, baby, I love you." She responded by telling him to hurry back and that she loved him, too.

Checking her other messages, she saw some updates from her mom on her kids, so she gave them a brief call to check in.

After catching up with her kids, Sarah hung up the phone and lay back in bed thinking of the night before. *What a wild night.*

She sat up and stretched her arms, causing the thin bed sheets to fall down, revealing the tops of her breasts. Lester licked his lips at the sight. The plans he had been formulating on his computer would have to wait now that his prey was awake.

Sarah swung her legs out of bed and stood up, letting the bedsheets fall back onto the bed and giving Lester a full view of her naked body before him. She walked over to her mini suitcase and began examining its contents to find the right outfit for the day.

She wasn't sure what to do to keep herself occupied while Dan was at work. She had hoped to do some sightseeing and spend the day with him outside of the apartment. Without him, she didn't feel much like exploring solo but she also didn't want to stay in and make awkward small talk with Lester. *I'll just have to keep myself busy around here one way or another.*

With that, she selected an outfit. A comfy pair of mid-thigh sweat shorts and a loose-fitting white t-shirt. She looked through her underwear, noting some of the sexy ones she planned to model later for Dan, and grabbed the set she had worn the previous day.

Lester watched as Sarah slowly stepped into her white panties and covered her breasts with the bra. *Why bother hiding those from me? I'm going to feast on them soon enough.*

Retrieving her phone, Sarah made her way to the door to get some breakfast. She was surprised to find that the door was locked. *Why is this locked? Must be one of those old building quirks.*

She gently unlocked the door and poked her head out into the hallway, trying to gauge whether Lester was awake or not. Assuming he was still sleeping, she made her way into the hallway, through the common living area, and into the kitchen.

As she did, Lester cracked open his door slightly, watching the snug sweat shorts stretch across her perfect ass. If she had listened more carefully, she would have heard an audible groan.

Instead, she opened the door to the fridge and began searching through its contents to see what was available. She settled on a raspberry yogurt, closed the fridge door, and sat down at the kitchen table to eat and check work emails.

In the middle of reading a thrilling email about a donation drive at the hospital, her phone buzzed in her hands.

Dan had just sent her a text message. "So what are you wearing?"

So he hadn't forgotten about her after all. "Wouldn't you like to know? Who says I'm wearing anything at all."

She knew that would make him squirm. He was probably stuck in a conference room hammering some deal. Sarah would make sure he ended his day early.

Her phone buzzed again. "Well, I'm sure Lester appreciates that outfit."

Sarah smiled, shaking her head. *So we're still going to play that game, huh?*

"Oh, he isn't up yet. Should I go wake him up and see how appreciative he is?"

—

Across town in a small office building, Dan sat alone in a conference room staring at his phone. *How the hell do I respond to that?*

She had him and he knew it. The idea of Sarah knocking on Lester's door wearing who knows what gave him a jolt of excitement and made him very uncomfortable at the same time. He had no idea how to respond, but the sounds of his coworkers coming back from their break made him fire off a quick message before tucking his phone away.

Back at the kitchen table, Sarah laughed. *He can never just give up, can he?*

She reread Dan's last message. "Have to run, honey. Whatever you decide to do, take pics :P"

Obviously, he wasn't serious but it did give her some ideas on how to spend her day. She would torment and tease her husband through text messages and make him regret going into the office.

Distracted by her husband and turning herself on with her wicked ideas, Sarah seductively licked the yogurt off her spoon.

Having waited long enough, Lester decided it was time to initiate phase one of his plan.

He opened his door, ensuring he did so loudly enough to alert Sarah to his presence, and headed for the kitchen with only his socks on.

Sarah heard the heavy footsteps of Dan's roommate making their way toward her. She snapped out of her daydreaming as she realized that this was going to be her first encounter with Lester after her loud sex with Dan last night. *God, this is going to be awkward. Dan, why aren't you here?*

As his footsteps drew closer, she debated between pretending not to notice him right away or to be overly enthusiastic and attempt to move past it, ignoring the elephant in the room. She was not prepared for what came next.

Just as Sarah was about to have another spoonful of her yogurt, she was treated to an eyeful as Lester made his way into the kitchen butt naked.

She involuntarily took in his hairy shape, her eyes quickly glancing up and down as he moved toward the coffee maker. She found a spot on the kitchen table to stare at.

Lester pretended he hadn't noticed her and busied himself making a coffee. She hadn't made a sound.

When his coffee was finished brewing, he turned around to face her. "Oh hey, Sarah, I didn't know you were here. Is Dan still sleeping?"

"Uh, no. No. Dan is at work." Despite the awkwardness of the situation, Sarah's upbringing and manners made her look up from the kitchen table and meet Lester's eyes.

"Really? On a Saturday that's not normal." Lester was enjoying every second of this. He was intoxicated by being naked in front of a woman like Sarah, watching how uncomfortable she was while still trying to be polite.

"Yeah, no, his boss called him late last night and asked him to come in. Some kind of emergency." Sarah couldn't help it. It was too awkward of a situation. His eyes quickly flicked down and looked at Lester's dick.

She let out a small inaudible gasp as she saw his large member swaying between his legs. Lester saw her look and flexed a little, making sure she saw it twitch.

Sarah composed herself quickly and looked back up at Lester, avoiding his gaze and settling on a point on the wall behind him.

"Uhh, Lester, you're naked you know."

Lester smiled inwardly. *Obviously.*

"Oh I'm sorry, does this make you uncomfortable?" He feigned concern. "I'm just so used to having the apartment to myself, I guess it's sort of a habit."

He didn't move. He let his eyes wander over her body until she responded.

"Yeah, if you could put some clothes on that would be great." She made eye contact as she spoke and then flicked a look back down at his dick. She quickly adjusted herself and looked back up at his eyes. "I would appreciate it."

"Yea. no problem, I'm actually going to run out and grab some breakfast. Do you want anything?"

Sarah smiled and shook her head. "No, I'm alright. Thanks, though. Just going to catch up on some work emails." *He totally saw me look at his dick. Goddammit. Talk about awkward. Way to go, Sarah.*

"OK, I'll leave you to it. See you later." Lester walked out of the kitchen smiling. *Phase one complete: make Sarah aware of your cock.*

Sarah sat there in silence trying to busy herself on her phone but not comprehending what she was reading. She could hear Lester moving around the apartment, apparently getting ready. She wasn't able to breathe until she heard the sound of the front door closing and the lock engaging.

What the hell just happened? Did he come in here on purpose or was he really used to just walking around his apartment naked? She'd have to ask Dan about this later. *I wonder what he'll say...I'm never going to hear the end of it.*

She scrolled back through her phone and opened her chat with Dan to read the last message.

"Have to run, honey. Whatever you decide to do, take pics :P" it read.

Well, at least now she had a good response for her husband that was sure to leave him speechless for a bit.

"Guess what? Lester wore the same outfit as me. I guess clothing is optional today ;)" she smiled slightly and pressed the send button.

The image of Lester's cock twitching popped into her head. She shuddered. Did she cause that twitch? If Lester found her attractive,

why wasn't he hard? Didn't she make him hard? *What would his cock look like hard?*

Sarah got up from the table and made her way to the bedroom. She needed to clear her head and nothing worked better than a nice long hot shower.

She began to get undressed, peeling off her hip-hugging sweat shorts and dropping her white t-shirt to the floor, when her phone buzzed. She glanced at it, a message from Dan.

Smiling, she unlocked her phone and opened her messages. She had to stifle back a laugh at his response. "WHAT!?" *Looks like I won.*

Dan was still stuck in the meeting with his colleagues. It was more of a working session between them trying to figure out the best angle to take with this client and reformatting their strategy, but after reading her vague last message, Dan was beside himself.

What did she mean Lester wasn't wearing any clothes? Was she serious about not wearing any? Are they both naked, together in the apartment? What's happening? Are they talking? Which room are they in?

"Hey, Dan, you with us?" one of his colleagues asked.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm just reviewing some of the last emails with them to make sure we didn't miss anything."

"Could you run us through your pitch deck again so we can see if there are any holes in it?"

"Yeah, let me fire it up." Dan grimaced. *Goddamit, running through this deck is going to take at least half an hour. I need to go call Sarah.*

Sarah stared at Dan's message, waiting for him to follow up and ask another question or call but nothing came in. *Let's turn the screws a little more then.*

Sarah finished disrobing, grabbed her towel from her luggage, and wrapped it around herself. She made her way over to the door and peeked out to make sure Lester was still gone.

Not hearing him at all, she made her way across the hall into the bathroom.

Closing the bathroom door, she dropped her towel and opened her phone's camera app. She would rarely send Dan a racy photo. Whenever she did it always led to a hot session between them. This was her nuclear option to get him home from the office.

Which pose will really drive him crazy? She played with a few different angles taking various pictures until she found one she liked. Then the little devil on her shoulder suggested something even crazier to drive Dan wild. *What if I sent him a picture from Lester's room?*

The idea sent a tingle of excitement through her body. It was so wrong and she knew it would drive Dan wild with questions. She was enjoying tormenting him and playing the naughty wife character.

She didn't know how long Lester would be at breakfast or where he was going so she had to be quick. She inched open the bathroom door and peeked out. Holding her towel around herself she tiptoed into the living room to double-check that the front door was still locked. It was.

Naked, except for her towel, she quickly hurried back down the hall stopping in front of Lester's door. She had no idea what lay beyond this point. She raised her fist and knocked on the door.

Nothing.

She tried the handle. It was unlocked.

After pushing the door open, it took a minute for Sarah's eyes to adjust to the dark and dingy room beyond. She reached for the light switch and nothing happened. The only light source came from the screensaver of Lester's computer. It illuminated a mess of a room filled with old plates, dirty clothes, and empty Cheeto bags. *What the fuck?*

If Sarah had left her bedroom light on, she might have noticed another light source streaming in through Lester's hidden peephole.

How could anyone live like this? How was the rest of the apartment so clean? She stood paralyzed at the door, not knowing

what to do next. Where would she even take the picture in this mess?

She slowly crept into the room, stepping between piles of garbage on the floor until she stood in the middle of the mess. Looking around there were really only a couple of options. She could take a photo where she was standing in the middle of the room, take one in front of the computer or the only other open space was Lester's bed.

Reminding herself she was working with a limited amount of time she decided to quickly do all three. The point was to tease Dan after all.

Working quickly, she gently dropped her towel in a clear patch on the floor and held her camera out in front of her. Not wanting to give Dan too much excitement, she framed up the photo to capture just the tops of her breasts and face, making a kissing gesture with her lips. Even though these were going just to Dan, she still didn't trust sending nude photos over cell phone networks. Or worse, what if one of Dan's coworkers saw?

She snapped a pic looking seductively at the camera. Even though the background was clearly a foreign place Dan had never seen before, he ought to recognize the familiar hallway through the open door.

Sarah grimaced as she made her way over to the computer chair. *How did Lester find anything with a desk this messy?*

The light from the screensaver provided the best lighting for her next picture. This time she wanted to ratchet up the tension for Dan. She placed her towel onto the computer chair before sitting down.

Now naked in Lester's computer chair, she framed up the photo the same way but instead of looking at the camera, she looked up and off camera, as if she was focusing on something else. Someone else. She made her best 'fuck me' eyes at this pretend stranger and pushed the camera button.

Now worried that Lester might return any minute, she quickly made her way over to the bed and paused to think of the best shot to drive Dan wild.

In for a penny, in for a pound. She gently laid down on top of what she assumed were unwashed sheets. *The things I do for my husband.*

With the computer screen still casting the perfect amount of light, Sarah held the camera next to her, like the view another person lying in the bed would have. She closed her eyes, squeezed her legs together, bit her lip in bliss, and took a photo. Then she took another doing her best imitation of the face she made when having an orgasm.

She smiled as she scrolled back to look at the photos. *These are going to drive Dan crazy.*

Sarah slid her toned legs off the bed and stood up. Still naked, she made her way back over to Lester's computer chair to retrieve her towel. She took special care to tiptoe around the mess on his floor.

Sliding the towel around herself, she quickly made her way to the door. She was so focused on sneaking back out of the room and planning what to text to her husband she didn't notice the shadowy figure lurking in the open closet.

Closing the door behind her, Sarah let out a sigh of relief. She didn't realize how quickly she had been breathing or how turned on she had become. *Dan better come home soon.* She wasn't sure if it was her anticipated reaction from Dan to her texts or the fact that she was just naked in a stranger's room. *A stranger who was just naked in front of me 10 minutes ago....* But she was ready for a repeat of last night.

Back in his room, Lester stood still in his closet waiting for Sarah to reenter. *That was close. What the hell just happened?*

Lester had luckily been preparing to watch Sarah shower through the peephole in his closet. She hadn't showered after she'd had sex with Dan last night, so it was only a matter of time. Faking that he was leaving the apartment would only make her more comfortable showering there for the first time.

He had not expected her to enter his room. Not yet. He hadn't prepared it for her. Normally he didn't mind the mess he left around

but he didn't want her to see it. A woman like Sarah liked cleanliness and now she'd seen how he lives.

Still, it hadn't stopped her from getting naked in his room. Or from lying naked on his bed taking sexy pictures for her husband. If only she had known that a few feet away in the same room, Lester was naked, slowly stroking his cock and watching her private photoshoot.

Lester was used to preying on women who were alone. Dan was a new element he didn't fully understand but there was a way to leverage him to Lester's advantage.

She clearly liked to please him and she enjoyed the fantasy of being watched. Dan clearly had a thing for showing Sarah off and the thought of her with another man. Maybe she enjoyed it as well. He thought back to the plans he'd made earlier in the day and began thinking about his timeline.

His thoughts were interrupted by the light from the peephole illuminating his face. *It's go time.*

From his peephole's vantage point, Lester had the perfect view of the shower but couldn't see the rest of the bathroom. He could hear Sarah moving around but wasn't able to see her yet.

After what seemed like an eternity she appeared and turned on the water. She tested the temperature with her hand while looking at her cell phone. To Lester's dismay, she still had her towel on. **GET NAKED!**

Once she was satisfied with the temperature of the water, she slowly walked back to the counter with her full attention on her cell phone. She had sent Dan the first picture, the one of her standing naked in Lester's room, but he hadn't responded yet. She waited for the three little dots to appear but they never came.

She scrolled back up and smiled at his last message, "WHAT!?"

She loved teasing him and getting him riled up. It always made the ensuing sex so much hotter. And tonight's would be intense.

With the hot shower calling her name and no reply in sight from Dan, Sarah sent him the three other photos. He was going to lose his mind.

Sarah put her phone down on the counter and made her way over to the shower. She reached in to test the water one last time. It was perfect and the water pressure felt great.

She undid her towel and hung it on a hook on the wall.

Lester watched as Sarah got into the shower. She was completely naked right in front of him. He pressed his beady eyes up to the peephole to take in as much of her as he could. He had taken great care to ensure his peephole wouldn't be discovered and once again it had gone unnoticed by the shower's occupant.

He licked his lips as his eyes traveled up her toned calves to her beautiful ass. Beads of water streamed down her body and Sarah began to rinse off. Her body rivaled that of the other young women Lester had previously preyed upon. She clearly worked hard to keep her body in shape.

In shape for her husband. All the effort that I get to enjoy.

Lester slowly stroked his cock as he admired Sarah's perfect breasts. His cock twitched involuntarily at the thought of sliding it between them. He was so focused on her body that he was taken aback by the look on her face.

Sarah didn't look like a woman normally would in the shower. No, her mind was elsewhere. Thinking about something naughty.

Maybe it was the apartment or maybe it was just the fact that she finally had some quiet time alone. Away from the kids and the stress of work, alone in an exciting city like Chicago with her husband. She felt more alive than she had these past few months.

The difficulty and stress of their financial situation seemed to melt away as she thought about all the fun she and Dan would soon be having. Had he checked his phone yet and seen the pictures? How would he respond? Would he text or just call?

Would he think that she was actually doing something with his roommate? She shuddered. She liked to tease Dan but she would never step out on him. Especially with someone like that.

Even though she didn't regard Lester highly, the mental image of his large cock from this morning appeared in her mind. The way it

twitched when she looked at it. It was the first dick she had seen that wasn't her husband's.

Dan was going to go crazy when she told him what had happened. What would he say to Lester? Would he be pissed or would he be turned on? Maybe both?

Sarah wished she could check her phone. She was dying to know how Dan had replied. Maybe he had blown off work and was on his way home to her now. After seeing the photos, he would be coming in with questions and wondering what the hell had happened while he was at work. He'd know deep down that nothing had happened but he'd still feel the thrill.

He would force her into the bedroom and rip off her clothes, push her onto the bed and smother her mouth with his.

Sarah continued to daydream as she lathered shampoo through her hair. Thinking of Dan taking her. Pushing himself inside her as punishment for her teasing. Sarah moaned loudly enough for anyone to hear. For *him* to hear.

Rinsing the shampoo from her hair, Sarah massaged her scalp with her nails. The feeling combined with her dirty thoughts was electric. She slowly began caressing her skin. She needed release. She needed to see how Dan replied. She needed him home. Now.

Sarah grabbed her body wash and applied it to her white loofah. In her heightened state of sexual tension, she ran it all over herself, her body responding to its delicate touch. She only applied a small amount of body wash but her loofah felt like it was absolutely gushing as she ran it over her breasts and her tight stomach.

Lester salivated watching Sarah use the loofah. He rapidly stroked his cock as she ran it over her tits. His cum was touching her skin. It was in her hand. He had marked her. She was his.

'Mhmm' Sarah was indeed enjoying her shower. Lester watched as Sarah ran the cum drenched loofah over her shoulders. He moaned from his hiding place as it caressed her long-toned legs. She thought she was getting clean but she was getting dirtier than she knew.

He held his breath as she brought the loofah in between her legs. She gently cleaned herself but her fingers lingered.

She quickly raised the loofah to her chest and squeezed it. The water flushed all of the soap and cum out onto her. She was trying to clear the soap from the loofah but was instead showering herself in his cum. His little soldiers ran rampant down her body.

As she hung the loofah back in its spot, she braced herself with one hand against the wall while the other traveled down to her slit.

Sarah played with her clit. Slowly, gently massaging circles into it. She was clean now and could really enjoy this shower.

Dan's hands running all over her. The warmth of his cock inside of her sliding in and out. Faster and faster. Hungry to explore every inch of her. Dan's hands pulling the hair at the base of her neck, his other hand holding her hip down, letting her know she was his and that he wasn't stopping.

The grunts and sounds he made as he fucked her. Her nails digging into his back. How loud she would moan as she felt his cock grow larger. Someone hearing her.

Someone listening to them. Enjoying themselves to them. To her. Someone pleasuring themselves to her. Lester in his room stroking his cock as he listened at the wall.

Ugh.

That little, weird inconsequential heavysset roommate with the twitching cock opening their bedroom door and watching them. Sarah's breath catching in her throat but Dan either failing to notice or simply not caring. Just thrusting on into her. Ready to fill her.

Sarah screaming in pleasure as she watches both men cum at the same time.

With the warm water raining down on her Sarah let out a long moan as she came. "Mhmm, oh fuuuck."

Hearing the moans from Sarah and watching her beautiful angelic face as she came sent Lester over the edge. He stroked his cock faster. His balls tightened as he unloaded load after load of his

cum onto his closet wall. They came together in unison like they were making beautiful music.

Who was this woman and how did she get into his lair? She would be mine.

He immediately regretted not putting his camera up to the peephole to capture this session to view it later. *There will be other opportunities....*

His eye still pressed up against the peephole and his mind now clear from cumming, Lester began to think of how he could get more. He needed more. As Sarah recovered from her orgasm, he was finally able to break his trance-like gaze away from her.

He had planned to wait but he had to touch her. He had to feel her. To make her feel his cock.

He tore himself from his peephole and quietly marched out of his room into the hallway beyond. He stood naked at the door to the bathroom. His cock was rock hard again, knowing she was alone in his apartment on the other side of this door.

He grasped the doorknob and began to turn it. It was locked. *FUCK FUCK FUCK.*

He could pick it. He knew how. She was still so hot and bothered that if he stormed in there she might just take it. He turned around to go back into his room and get the lockpick set hidden in the bottom drawer of his desk.

He noticed the door to Dan's bedroom was open. He paused. *Be smart. Think of the plan.*

He remembered Sarah, naked in his bed. Soon she would be back there but underneath him. He just had to pull the right levers.

Speaking of levers. *Fuck you for locking your door earlier today, Dan.*

Lester opened the door to Dan's room, reached around and engaged the lock, and quietly closed the door. He tested the knob once. It was locked.

Sarah went right to the bathroom after being in his room. If her clothes weren't in there she would be locked out and in a towel. *Time to play the helpful roommate.*

Sarah slowly counted to ten as the warm water hit her. In post-orgasmic bliss, once she hit ten she would get out of the shower.

Ten came and went but Sarah didn't move a muscle. The warm water felt amazing on her skin. She didn't want to get out until Dan came back and joined her in the shower.

Eventually, she turned the water off and reached for her towel. After quickly drying herself she wrapped the towel around her body. She had been so focused on taking those pictures for Dan earlier that she had left her clothes in the bedroom. *I hope Lester isn't back yet.*

Unlocking her cell phone, she was disappointed to see no response back from Dan. It had been 30 minutes and nothing. She looked back at the last message she'd sent and how sexy she looked in those photos. *It'll drive him crazy, just hopefully none of his co-workers see them.*

Sarah turned off her phone screen and held it to her chest, where the towel's edge was tucked into itself covering her. She opened the bathroom door and peered out into the hallway. She was alone but sounds were coming from the kitchen. Lester was back.

As quietly as she could, she tip-toed across the hallway to her bedroom door. Peering down the hall, she turned the handle and pushed on the door. It didn't budge.

She tried again. The door was locked. Just like it was this morning when she woke up. Maybe there is some trick or issue with this door. She glanced at Lester's closed bedroom door and then crept back into the bathroom to text Dan.

She hated to break the sexy game they were playing, especially since Dan hadn't responded yet. "Is there some trick to the bedroom door?' I'm locked out."

She stared at the phone waiting, almost willing for a response to come. Then she noticed the check marks. The check marks indicated that Dan had read her messages. He'd seen the sexy photos and hadn't responded.

Three dots appeared on the screen from Dan's side of the chat. *Finally!*

After what felt like an eternity of waiting for those three dots to be replaced by a message, they disappeared. Sarah continued staring at the screen for a minute waiting for a response.

None came.

What the heck was he doing?

“And this is our money slide,” Dan gestured to the image projected on the wall behind him. “After Javier runs through the proposed designs and scope of the project, we’ll show them how with the right team this project can be completed under their budget and well within their timeframe.”

His colleagues, packed into the small conference room, were all nodding their heads. Dan had put a lot of work into this pitch deck and it seemed to be going over really well with his colleagues and new boss. He had done dozens of these at his last company and was a seasoned veteran when it came to —

Bzzzt Bzzzt

What was that noise? He looked around the room for the source of the sound. With the projector on, the lights were dimmed so he couldn’t get a good look.

“And we are sure these numbers are airtight?” Dan’s boss Walter wore a neutral look on his face. Dan had a hard time getting a read on him but he knew what he was doing.

“We double and triple-checked them. It will still come down to which contractor they decide to go with, but we can make recommendations. We’re confident it can be done.”

Unlike most other people at the firm, Dan didn’t falter when Walt asked him hard questions.

“Alright, I like where this is going, let’s see —” Walter looked behind him and across the table.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

He was distracted by the same sound Dan had heard earlier. “Jesse, can you please turn your phone off?”

The colleague who brought almost nothing to the table, Jesse looked up like a deer in the headlights. He obviously hadn’t been

paying attention to anything Dan was presenting. Why was he even here today?

"It's not mine, Walter, it's Dan's," he pointed at the phone sitting in front of the empty chair next to him. Shit, it was his phone all along.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

"Okay, sorry, Jesse. Please can you mute it or something? Dan, let's continue so we can all get on the same page for Monday." Walter turned his attention back to Dan's presentation.

Dan watched as Jesse reached to mute his phone. "As I was saying, this is the money slide. The numbers are good. From here we can move into slides that spur discussion..."

Jesse still had Dan's phone in his hands. Still not paying attention to the presentation but looking down. All you need to do is click the mute button on the side of the phone dummy. "We'll ask about their past projects, what they found worked well and what didn't, and see if they have any preferred vendors. We can also explore if their project has any sustainability goals we haven't accounted for."

Jesse finally looked up and seemed to be paying attention to Dan's presentation. Good, maybe he wasn't a complete lost cause.

And then he smirked and put Dan's phone back in its original spot.

The microwave beeped as Lester's meal finished heating up. It wasn't fancy but it did the trick. He hated cooking and when he was hungry he didn't want to wait. The microwavable dinner in front of him would do just fine.

While he was hungry, the microwave was intended to make sounds so Sarah would know he was 'back'. Despite his urges, he had to stick to his plan. He couldn't be a creep and try to force something or Dan would kick his ass and leave and he would never see Sarah again. This experiment would bear fruit one way or the other.

He heard a faint creak of a door. This was his domain. He knew every inch of the place. Sarah was quietly moving around and had likely discovered that the door to her bedroom was locked. Now it

was time to see what she would do next. Lock herself in the bathroom and wait until Dan came home or saunter on over to her knight in shining armor eating his hungry man dinner?

After ten minutes of waiting, Lester grew impatient. It was time to get this show on the road.

Trying to make his presence known, he cleared his throat and began walking toward the bathroom. He wasn't sneaking like he normally would when a female roommate was in there. He had gotten quite adept at moving around the apartment without being heard. This time he wanted Sarah to know just where he was.

As he made his way down the hallway all the doors were shut. He paused outside the bathroom, adjusting his rising erection into the waistband of his sweatpants, and licked his lips.

"Uh, hey, Sarah, was just wondering if you might be done in there soon. I have some business to attend to."

The door cracked open an inch and Sarah's fuckable face appeared. She looked uncomfortable, like she didn't know how to respond to the situation. "Sorry, Lester. I didn't mean to be in here so long, it's just that -," she looked him up and down, undoubtedly disappointed his bare cock wasn't on display like earlier, "- the door to my bedroom is locked and all my clothes are in there."

"So you're naked right now?" He let the words hang in the air. He loved seeing a woman's discomfort in these situations.

"Yes. No, I have my towel." Sarah regained her composure quickly. "Is there a trick to that door, I swear it wasn't locked when I left the bedroom."

Lester studied her facial features, superimposing over them the look of her face as she had come in the shower. Why the fuck didn't he record that? Realizing that there was now an awkward silence, he replied, "You know, sometimes my door gets stuck and I have to unjam it. I can try and see if I can get yours open if you want?"

Sarah cautiously nodded her head. "That would be great, thank you."

Lester took one glance at the radiant beauty in front of him and then turned around and walked over to her bedroom door. She

hadn't shut the door so she must now be watching him. Time to put on a good show.

He tried the handle and pushed on the door. Obviously, it wasn't going to open. He'd locked it, after all. He tried again putting more force on the door. Again, this time pulling on the door. He knelt down next to the handle and made a show of trying to look into the hole and then listening as he twisted and turned it, trying to get it to work.

After what felt like an appropriate amount of time of trying, but hopefully just enough time for Sarah to feel guilty for all the hard work he was expending on her behalf, Lester turned back and asked her, "Do you have a bobby pin or something like that in there? I can try to get it open."

A flash of happiness washed over Sarah's face. "That's a great idea, here, let me check." She moved away from the door to look through her things. She didn't shut the door. Lester took good care to ensure that all the hinges in the apartment were well-lubricated. Especially the bathroom hinges. The door slowly swung open as Sarah leaned over the counter searching through her pink toiletry bag.

Lester hungrily looked over her body. His eyes devoured her toned calves and bare thighs. The towel obstructed his view of the rest of her body but he could still make out her fine bubble butt through the material. The towel hugged her body like a pair of yoga pants, barely containing her ample cleavage that was fighting to liberate itself.

He could do it. He could march in there and rip that towel off and take her right now. She was probably still horny from her shower adventure. His cum was probably still on her somewhere. He could bend her over the counter and watch her face in the mirror as he pounded her meticulously.

Patience. Stick to the plan.

He sighed. The plan. It was a good plan but he didn't like waiting.

"Found one!" Sarah exclaimed, looking over at Lester. She paused as she held it up in front of her. Only now realizing the door was

open and seeing the animalist lust written on Lester's face.

No one moved for what felt like an eternity. *You're ruining the plan, get your head in the game.*

"Sorry, I'm not all there right now," he said, reaching one hand out with his palm up in a non-threatening gesture. "Here, let me give that a try."

Seeming relieved at the broken tension, Sarah walked over and handed the bobby pin to Lester. Her fingers gently touched his palm and during the transfer electricity seemed to jump from his hand straight to his dick.

"Okay, let's give this a go." He straightened out the bobby pin and kneeled down again in front of the door. He inserted it into the mechanism and pretended to fiddle around with it. This was a simple lock to open. It wasn't like the one you'd find on the front apartment door with a complex series of tumblers that needed to be picked. These interior doors just needed a bit of focused pressure applied to the lock plate to unlock it. Dead simple, which was what he was looking for when he purchased this handle.

He felt the plate through the end of the bobby pin. Purposely pushing in the wrong places to ensure he wouldn't get it open. "Crap, I can't seem to get it."

He looked over his shoulder. Sarah was standing in the doorway, arms crossed in front of her as she watched him work. Apparently, she didn't seem to care about her current wardrobe in front of him.

Lester took a sharp intake of breath and stood up, handing the bobby pin back to Sarah. "Here, why don't you give it a go. I'll go see if I can find another pin or something in my room."

Without leaving room for debate, he left her standing there in her towel, holding the bobby pin. Stepping into the recesses of his room, he stood there in the dark until he heard her move to the door and try her hand at picking the lock.

After a few seconds of her having obvious difficulty with the lock, Lester crept back to the door and peered out through the crack.

There she was, kneeling in front of the door, trying in vain to unlock the door. She was fiddling around too much, obviously trying

to pick it like some thief when all she needed to do was push the pin straight in with some force.

Lester silently slid his bedroom door open. The well-lubricated hinges made no sound and he was still beyond Sarah's peripheral vision. He gently stepped over the creaky spot on the floor and made his way back into the hallway, slowly coming up next to where Sarah was kneeling.

"No luck?" he said as he looked down at his beautiful roommate's wife. She jumped, looking up at him. From here Lester had the perfect view of her pretty face and round green eyes, not to mention a great angle down into her cleavage, barely contained by the towel she wore. He made a mental note to buy smaller towels.

"No, it doesn't seem to want to open," she trailed off, then turned her head and attention back to the lock. Lester could feel the bulge in his pants growing. The fact that she was kneeling just two feet away from his cock was driving him crazy.

"Well, keep at it I guess. If we can't get it open, you're more than welcome to borrow some of my clothes," he said as his eyes roamed down the rest of her towel-covered body.

She gave Lester a quick glance. "Thank you, but let's see if I can get it open first."

"No problem, just putting it out there. Besides, who knows what your husband would think if he came home and saw you wearing one of my band t-shirts." He grinned, waiting for her response, but she just kept working on the lock.

"Here, let me give it another go." He closed the distance between them and crouched down next to her. Their bodies were almost touching.

She moved to the side and handed the bobby pin over to Lester. Her breathing grew quicker.

Lester stuck the bobby pin into the lock and purposely missed the locking plate again. "So are you wet?"

"Excuse me?" she sternly whispered next to him. He didn't look at her but he could tell she likely had a look of shock on her face.

"Are you wet?" he paused, turning to look her in the eyes. She didn't respond but the heavy rising of her chest made Lester wish he

had arranged some way to record this interaction. "Ya know, from the shower? You came out here trying to get into your room. I just want to be sure I don't need to clean up any puddles on the floor here."

He resumed his fake lock picking.

"I was, but I'm all dry now. No puddles here," she mimicked, looking around and deciding to stand up. She wanted to give herself some extra room from Lester.

He spared a glance at her. The towel went down to her mid-thigh but the visible length of her tanned legs didn't have a blemish on them. She obviously took great care of her body. *Really need to buy those smaller towels.*

"Shower good then?" he asked.

"Yeah, it was fine," she said. "Why do you ask?"

She was wondering if Lester had heard her pleasure session. Oh, he had more than heard it. He had seen the whole thing and emptied his nuts to it. "Just making conversation and hoping you are making yourself at home."

"It's been a while since I've had a good roommate. Just want to make sure you and Dan are happy here." He smiled internally. Great comment to defuse the situation and put her on her back foot.

"Things have been great, Lester. It's just been a stressful time with Dan away from home but the thing that's made it all bearable has been moving in here. So far, so good." She smiled, trying to be reassuring.

What an angel.

Click.

Lester unlocked the door and stood up. He gestured to the door and took half a step back. Not enough to entirely get out of her way.

She moved to enter the room, brushing up against Lester as she passed. She had probably expected him to move further back.

"Awesome! Thank you, Lester, you're a lifesaver. I guess I won't need your band shirt after all." She stood in the doorway waiting for Lester to leave.

"It was dumb luck, I don't really know how I did it." A lie, of course. He'd spent months learning how to pick locks after one of

his past roommates had installed a deadbolt.

"Anyways, I'm just glad I could help a damsel in distress," he grinned. Still standing there in the doorway. After a few awkward seconds he stepped back "Alright, I'll let you get changed."

Sarah began closing the door "Thank you again, Lester." She smiled at him. "My knight in shining armor."

With her door now closed and another raging hard-on ready to explore, Lester made his way back into his room and took up his favorite spot at the peephole.

"Well, I'd go with us," Walter exclaimed. Dan had just finished running through his presentation. "I can't see any reason why the Lincoln Group wouldn't follow through with this. Thank you, Dan."

Walt began addressing another one of Dan's colleagues as he made his way back to his seat. As he approached, some of his colleagues gave him subtle thumbs up. Not bad for the new guy. This is how you do it. When he reached his seat, Jesse didn't acknowledge him. Instead, he was laser-focused on what Walt was saying.

Dan was eager to see what kind of message had come through on his phone. What the heck was going on back at the apartment with Sarah? He recalled her last message about being naked in the apartment with Lester.

He could feel his heart beating faster as he grabbed his phone. Walt was still talking and he knew better than to check his phone in front of him. The guy was still the boss and was old school.

His phone seemed to be burning a hole in Dan's hand. He needed to see what was on there. Had Jesse seen whatever it was?

"So, Dan." Dan's thoughts were broken by hearing his own name. Walter looked at him pointedly. "I'd like you to reach out first thing to their team over there and set up some time this week for us to go over this with them."

"Happy to, I'll get that set up," Dan said.

"Excellent. And great work again, Dan and everyone. Thank you for coming in on your Saturday. I'm sure you can agree it was worth

getting on the same page here.” He stood and began gathering his things. “See you all Monday.”

With that people began filtering out. Notably, Jesse was one of the first out the door even though he was on the opposite side of the room.

Dan began packing up as well but took his time. As soon as the last of his colleagues had left, Dan sat back down and unlocked his phone with a simple swipe on the lock screen. *Maybe I should put a pin code on this thing.*

Dan’s eyes felt like they were going to burst out of his head as he opened his messaging app. Sarah had sent him four racy pictures. She rarely did this. What had gotten into her? He scrolled back up and saw his last reply

WHAT!?

This was followed by the first picture. Sarah took a selfie of herself somewhere he didn’t recognize. It looked dark. Her shoulders were bare and the tops of her breasts filled the bottom of the screen. She was making an incredibly sexy kissing face. Wait a second - he recognized the hallway in the background of the picture. That was the hallway in his apartment but it looked different. No. Not different, it was just taken from a different perspective. This wasn’t taken from his room, or the bathroom. It had to be from Lester’s room.

His heart and jaw felt like they were going to hit the floor. He could feel his heart starting to beat faster as he scrolled to the next picture. He noticed he was as hard as a rock and his breathing was getting quicker. *What had she been doing in there?*

Dan hadn’t even seen into that room let alone walked into it. And she was naked. In Lester’s room, just like her last text had said. He wanted to run out of the room and get back to the apartment but he stayed glued to his seat to see the next photo.

Sarah was sitting and looking up at someone. Had Lester caught her? She was still in a dark room but it looked like a light was shining on her. There was a bed in the background of the photo. It looked like it hadn’t been made up in weeks.

Who was she looking at? Those eyes.....

She looked so fucking sexy when she looked at him with those eyes. That look on her face screamed 'fuck me.' But who was she looking at?

Dan was absentmindedly caressing his hard cock through his dress pants. Something he'd never done at work before.

He scrolled down to the next picture. Sarah was lying on what looked like that dirty bed from the last picture. The face she was making sent shivers down his back. This was the angle he loved. When they had sex in the missionary position and he got to look down at her just like this and see her face contorted in pleasure from their lovemaking.

A sudden motion caught his eye. Through the glass window of the meeting room door, Dan saw Jesse walking with his coat and messenger pack on. He glanced his way and the two shared an uncomfortable second of eye contact before Jesse broke it and continued on his way out of the building.

"That little fucker totally looked at these." He began thinking of the implications of that realization and how he would react on Monday. He'd have to say something to him, but how much had he seen? Does he think there is something more going on here?

These thoughts quickly receded to the back of Dan's brain as he thumbed to the last photo.

Another shot of Sarah on that bed. This time she was making that face. The most beautiful face in the world. The face that, when Dan saw it in real life, always sent him over the edge, no matter how strong-willed he was.

The face of Sarah cuming. Cuming on his dick as he fucked her. Always followed by her opening her eyes and looking at him like he was the only thing that mattered to her in the world. But this was different. He hadn't been there for this face.

He thumbed down again for the next photo - but that was it. In its place was a message.

'Is there some trick to the bedroom door?'

That was a weird follow-up to those photos.

Dan stood up and then sat back down. He had to get back to the apartment, but should he call her on the way? Should he send a

text?

He stood up again and purposefully gathered his things. He left the conference room and made his way to his desk, dialing Sarah as he walked.

—

Sarah let out a long breath as she finally shut the bedroom door.

When she had woken up this morning, she hadn't expected to get locked out of her bedroom in her towel. She also hadn't expected that her husband's new roommate would saunter around the apartment naked in front of her.

Lester had clearly been pushing some boundaries with the way he looked at her and by standing a little too close. She hadn't liked the way she'd caught him eyeing her. Sure, it was okay at first because he was a man and she looked the way she did.

She wasn't overconfident about her looks but she took care of herself and worked hard for them. She liked when people noticed. But she didn't love it when it happened while she was alone with a stranger in an apartment wearing nothing but a towel. *He did help you get the door open.*

Sure, he had helped, but she couldn't shake the feeling that he had enjoyed helping her a little too much. The way he had stood over her. He had clearly been taking advantage of the situation to look down at her breasts. He probably got off on her kneeling down in front of him. In front of his —

Her phone, she had left it in the bathroom. She cracked the door open and sheepishly took a step out, looking around like she had earlier. No sign of Lester, his door looked like it was shut. It was irrational to be afraid of him seeing her in her towel now when he had just been standing there right next to her.

Still, she tip-toed quickly over to the bathroom to retrieve her phone and some other toiletries. Looking back more than once to make sure her bedroom door was still open.

With her phone in hand, she quickly dashed back into her room and closed the door, locking it.

Dan had to have seen her photos by now. She tapped in her PIN code and opened up messages. Still nothing from Dan. No response,

even when she had asked about the trick to the door. At least Lester had been here to help, even if he was a bit of a creep.

She was about to put her phone down when she noticed the checkmarks. The checkmarks showed that Dan had read her messages. *What the hell Dan, it's been like 20 minutes here.*

As if being summoned, the phone rang in her hands, causing her to jump. Dan was calling.

"Hey, Honey," she answered.

"Hey – what's going on?" Dan didn't sound like himself. He sounded out of breath, with a slight edge to his voice.

"Hey, nothing much. Are you okay, babe?" Sarah was now a bit worried. Was everything okay at work? She hoped nothing bad had happened or that his job wasn't in jeopardy again. It had been a tough time since he'd lost his job and they were just now getting back on their feet.

"What? Yeah, I'm fine. I'm just getting out of here now. I'll be there soon." The sound of a door shutting and footsteps in a stairwell came through the phone.

"I can't wait for you to get back here, I've missed —"

Dan cut her off. "What happened today? Where did you take those photos? Were they from Lester's room? You said he was naked – were you naked? Sarah, what's going on?"

Oh, right, their game. With the locked door crisis, she had forgotten all about the teasing and the exquisite photos she'd taken to strengthen the pretense. She quickly switched back into teasing mode to rile him up. Hopefully, he wouldn't get into an accident on the way home.

"Oh, those photos? Sorry, I didn't mean to send those to you." She paused there. How would he respond to that? The sound of footsteps in the stairway stopped immediately. She had him. This was too easy.

"What do you mean?" He had to know what game she was playing by now, but he sure was bad at it.

"Those photos weren't meant for you." She smiled wickedly.

She was pacing around the small bedroom. She stopped in front of the mirror and realized she was still wearing her towel. She

looked at her reflection in the mirror, taking a second to admire her tanned shoulders and the silhouette of her figure.

"Well, who were they meant for then?" His voice had a bit of playfulness in it. He was catching on to their game.

"Hmmm, oh, no one in particular. Just a *close* friend." She moved back over to the bed, looked at her clothes that were laid out there, and then began to unwrap her towel. "And to answer your question, yes, I was naked in the apartment today."

She held the phone with her shoulder as she took off the towel and patted dry any areas of her naked body that still felt wet.

"What...When...When were you naked?" It sounded like Dan had a toad in his throat. He was breathing quickly now. The same way he did when she told him stories like this in bed.

"Oh, when I was in the shower. I was here by myself so I took a nice long shower. It was *really* great."

"And you were alone? Alone in the shower? By yourself?" Dan had started moving again. It sounded like he was outside.

"Yes, dear, that's generally what being by myself means." Smiling, she began to slide a fresh pair of sexy white lace panties on before grabbing the matching bra.

"The shower was great but afterward I did get locked out of our bedroom. I was stuck in nothing but a towel. Didn't you see my text? I could have used your help." She thought she heard a gulp over the phone.

"Sorry, babe I just saw that text now. The meeting was running long and I had to present for a lot of it. I wasn't able to check my phone..." he trailed off. "Did you manage to get into the bedroom? I locked the door before I left this morning but it shouldn't have stayed locked."

"Yeah, I'm in here now and changing." She grinned. "Actually, Lester helped me open the door."

"Lester?" Dan asked sheepishly.

"Yes. Lester. You know, your roommate?" She had finished putting the white lace bra on and moved back in front of the mirror to look at herself. She bit her lip and ran her thumb along her panty

line as she prepared to rock Dan's world. "He's quite good with his hands."

"Jesus Christ, Sarah. Alright. Alright. I'm on my way back now," he half laughed, nervously.

She had won. She was always able to one-up him and get him to break.

"Hurry up and come back to me. I've missed you today." She was lightly swaying back and forth.

Still looking at herself in the mirror, she turned back to her clothes and began to get dressed. "You really shouldn't leave your wife alone with a stranger, you know."

"I'm sorry, Sarah." Dan sighed. "You know this isn't how I planned this weekend. Last time, I promise."

"Good. Now hurry up and get home to me. I want to hear about your day and I'm hoping for a repeat of last night."

"Yes, Ma'am." Dan replied, "On my way."

"I love you," Sarah said, pausing in her selection of clothing for the night.

"I love you, too. I'll be home soon." Dan seemed eager to get back to her. "Bye, baby."

"Bye, my love." As Sarah hung up the phone, she looked over the clothes she had packed. *Now, which outfit will make Dan want to jump my bones?*

—

Lester backed away from the peephole, a new deposit added to the stained drywall.

The notes he had taken earlier about Dan and Sarah's relationship still rang true. Dan seemed to have a thing about Sarah being seen by someone else or of her being with another guy. Sarah liked to play into Dan's fantasy and maybe shared a bit of it herself. She also liked being heard and probably would like being seen while in the act.

They also seemed to be subtly including Lester in their private games. He wasn't delusional. He knew he wasn't a super attractive guy; the sole reason he was included was because of convenience and this new situation they found themselves in.

Dan and Sarah were going to have sex tonight. That much he knew for sure. The question was, how was he going to up the ante and push the boundaries with them without having them run for the hills?

Restraint and appear respectful.

Admittedly it was a tactic he hadn't used much in the past. Sure, he'd always shown restraint and respect at first with his previous roommates before devolving into his usual self. But this time was different. A man was involved and their situation was proving to be unique.

Lester looked around his room. He had never much cared for what others thought; nor did he care to clean up after himself. He was happy and content with how things were. Still, if there was a chance he could have Sarah, perhaps he should make some changes to lower any inhibitions she might have.

He was probably due to take a look in the mirror as well, something he didn't enjoy doing too often. *If you can soften your edges a little bit, it might go a long way towards making this happen.*

For now, it was time to do some recon. He jiggled his computer mouse and sat down at his command center. Dan would be home soon, and first he wanted to do a little bit of light research on husbands who have fantasies about their wives with others and ways to subtly intrude on the loving couple.

The lights in the elevator that indicated the current floor seemed to be moving at a glacial pace for Dan Williams. He was staring at them, willing them to display '6' so he could run out and enter his apartment.

He was alone in the elevator with nothing else to distract him but his thoughts.

He knew his wife had been teasing him with the photos, texts, and discussion earlier. She was merciless. Still part of his brain kept drifting back to the what-if scenarios that could have unfolded today while he was at work.

Had Lester really been naked? How the hell did Sarah know that? And how did he help her with the door? Had she been stuck there in a towel when it happened? These thoughts and more kept racing through his head.

He found a bit of a reprieve when the display came up as '6'. He rushed out before the door had completely opened and turned towards his apartment. Walking briskly down the hallway he checked his phone while snagging the keys from his pocket.

No new text messages from Sarah. He was both relieved and somewhat disappointed at this. What had happened since he had last talked to her?

His mind was in overdrive. If his apartment hadn't been the only one around this corner of the hallway he would have walked right past it. He fumbled for the right key on his keychain.

Breathe.

He took a deep breath and entered his apartment.

Leaning against the back of the couch was his wife Sarah. No matter how many times he came home to her, he always found her absolutely stunning. This time was no exception.

His eyes were immediately drawn to her long, smooth-toned legs that seemed to go on forever. He drank in the sight of her.

She was wearing those cute little black booty shorts that framed her ass so well. It was a shame he couldn't see her butt right now. It always perked him up after a long day at work.

Tucked into the tops of her booty shorts was a tight-fitting matching black tank top that hugged her bust and outlined her flat stomach. Her hair was up in a bun to be comfortable but Dan still thought it looked incredibly sexy showing off her neck.

He immediately gulped seeing the plunging neckline of the tank top, slowly realizing that she was wearing this outfit while alone in the apartment with Lester. There was no way he hadn't been checking her out all day long.

The little spaghetti straps of the tank top did not do anything to conceal the lacy white bra straps. That bra was one of his favorites and she knew it. This wasn't a coincidence, it was a preview of things to come.

In the split second it took for him to drink her appearance in, Sarah looked up from her cell phone and a large smile spread across her face.

"Finally you're back." She quickly made her way over to him, throwing her arms around his neck and pulling him in for a strong hug.

They held each other tightly, Dan resisting the urge to reach down and grab her butt. "I'm glad to be back, babe. I'm really sorry again that I had to take off this morning."

She pulled back briefly to look up into his eyes. Dan met her gaze but his eyes instinctively dropped to look at the tops of her breasts that her hug were pushing against him. In half a second his eyes were back up, looking into hers, but a playful smile crossed her face knowingly.

"Did you guys at least get a lot done today?" She asked.

They slowly let go of each other as Dan said "Yeah, actually it was pretty productive. Walt seems pretty nervous about an account we're working on. An out-of-state company called the Lincoln Group. They have this ambitious project and we're one of the final firms in the running to lead it."

Dan put a little bit of space between them. "And guess who Walt wants to lead things with them?" He gestured to himself as if it was a big reveal.

"Oh, that's great, baby. I'm so proud of you." She closed the distance and embraced him again. "Mr. Chicago taking the city by storm."

She kissed him. A soft wet kiss that lingered on his lips. "I knew you'd do well here, we just needed the chance to show everyone what you bring to the table."

"Yeah, I was surprised they didn't give it to someone that's been around the place longer but I think Walt realizes that if he wants to take on some of these bigger projects, he can't keep doing business the same way he has been." He grinned proudly at what he had accomplished in such a short time. "But work has taken enough of my attention today and you are heading home tomorrow, let's make the most of today - what should we do?"

"Honestly, there are a ton of cool things I'd love to experience here with you in Chicago." She looked up at him coyly. "But tonight I want to keep you in this apartment and have you all to myself."

"Now that I can do. Especially after how..." He searched for the right word, "Limber things were last night."

"Limber, Dan, really? That's what you got." She laughed. "I'm not a gymnast."

"I know, I was just trying to be sexy." He gave her his best faux-suave look which caused her to shake her head even though she was beaming.

"Speaking of sexy," he ran his finger up and down her bare arm. "I need to know more about those photos and what happened today."

A mischievous grin spread over her face. "Well, there is a lot to tell." She got close to him. Just shy of her lips touching his. "But where to begin? It was quite an eventful day."

Dan realized he was breathing quickly. His mind struggled to figure out what to say next to match how sexy she was being. He took half a second too long in responding as she turned away from him.

"But first, I have hardly eaten today and I am starving. Let's get some food ordered and then we can chat." She looked back over her shoulder at him playfully and she thumbed her phone. "How about that Chinese place you were mentioning before?"

"Why? Are you in the mood for the cream of sum yun gai?" he immediately groaned internally. Dad joke.

Sarah didn't take her eyes off her phone and she looked through the take-out app. "You never know, the night is still young."

Dan immediately felt his erection. He didn't know when it sprang up but her last comment caused it to make itself known.

He was making his way across the room to press it into her juicy backside but stopped when he heard a door opening.

Lester was coming.

A complete mirror opposite of Sarah, Lester looked like he just rolled out of a bag of Cheeto chips. Loose-fitting sweatpants that had seen better days and an oversized t-shirt that was once white

but was now beige with colored splotches here and there. The guy looked like the epitome of a neckbeard and a mouth breather at that.

Dan suppressed a grin and chuckled to himself. *This is what has been driving me crazy all day? Really?*

There was no way anything had happened while he was gone. Sarah was leagues above this guy. They wouldn't even be in the same sport. Heck, not even on his worst day did Dan ever come close to resembling something like this.

"Hey, Lester. How's it going?" It was a good idea to try to stay on at least amicable terms with his roommate, even if he mostly kept to himself.

"I'm all right. Hungry." He walked past the couple but Dan caught him eyeing Sarah's cleavage. *Come on, man.*

Sarah looked up from her phone and said, "We're going to order some Chinese, do you want anything?"

Lester stopped in his tracks, one foot into the kitchen. He slowly turned his hungry eyes on Sarah. "How long will it take?"

"The app says 20-30 minutes if we order right now. I'm ready to eat, too." She made a gesture of showing the phone to Lester. He quickly walked over to get a better look, oblivious to how he was invading her personal space.

Dan stood there dumbfounded at the contrast between the two of them. Even at 35 and sticking around the apartment all day, Sarah looked like she could be on the cover of a women's fitness magazine or magazine like Maxim posing in her underwear. Sarah's toned muscles, tanned skin, and those high cheekbones could easily have graced the cover of one of the magazines Dan discovered as a teenager.

And, here, standing next to her, breathing down her neck, looking at her phone was Lester. He looked like he couldn't care less about taking care of himself and didn't give a shit what others thought about him. He had probably given up on life and was content to look at women like Sarah on his computer screen forever. It was probably driving him nuts having her around.

Dan's breathing was shallow again and he had to subtly turn and adjust himself. Seeing them together like that got him rock hard and also got him thinking again about the naughty texts and scenarios they had been playing with.

"Dan, what do you want me to order," Sarah asked.

Dan turned, she was looking up at him and Lester was still looking at her phone. "You know me, I'm good with anything. Their sweet and sour chicken was pretty unreal last time I had it."

"Okay..." she pulled the phone closer to her, looking at the menu. Lester couldn't see the phone any longer and seemed to take the cue to step back away from her. "Sweet and sour chicken, got it. Anything else?"

"Honestly, I can't think of anything else right now. My brain is still a bit fried from work." He lied. "I trust you."

"Yeah, no worries, baby." She looked up at him. "Why don't you go get changed and shower or whatever and I'll get this ordered. By the time you're done it should be here."

Leave Sarah alone, again, with Lester. "That sounds good. I'll be quick."

He moved down the hallway, undoing the tie from his deck. As he entered the bedroom to get changed, he heard Sarah say, "Lester, what do you want to eat?"

And he shut the door to change.

Twenty minutes later, Dan emerged from the bathroom. He'd showered and changed into some nice loungewear. Nothing fancy but a comfortable pair of shorts and a fitted black t-shirt. Most important of all, they were clean and stain free, unlike his roommate's.

Walking back towards the apartment's living room, Dan was still beside himself at the situation. He felt bad leaving Sarah alone again so soon after getting home but a thrill rose from another part of him.

For a long time, Dan had harbored a fantasy about seeing Sarah flirt, tease, and more with another man. It was a frequent theme

they played with in the bedroom and now Sarah was an expert at saying the right things to push his buttons.

Thinking about Sarah with Lester and seeing them standing so close together and ordering Chinese food had caused this fantasy to creep back up with force. The idea of Sarah giving someone so beneath her and Dan her attention just riled him up. It was such a taboo concept that Dan couldn't stop thinking about it. Lester was also completely unthreatening to Dan which was a nice safety net for this fantasy.

As he made his way into the living room, Dan was a bit disappointed to see Sarah sitting by herself on the couch. "Where's Lester?"

"After he told me what he wanted to order, he went back into this room." Sarah eyed her husband's outfit approvingly. "Black suits you, boo."

"Thanks." Dan smiled, "I'm pretty sure you picked this out for me."

"I did." Sarah gestured for Dan to sit down next to her. "The app says the food is on its way, we ordered your sweet and sour chicken, I grabbed some Cantonese chow mein and barbecue short ribs and Lester wanted...."

While Dan's stomach was certainly hungry and making itself known, another organ was in the driver's seat.

While Sarah was still giving Dan the rundown of what was coming for dinner, he blurted out "So tell me for real, what happened here today?"

Sarah paused and eyed him. The look on her face made Dan think she was both annoyed at being interrupted and amused at his inability to be cool under pressure.

She stared at him silently for a few seconds and with a smile began to recite the day's events. Dan waited patiently as Sarah updated him on the phone call with her mother. She was deliberately giving extra detail about the phone call to torture him.

She then told him about her yogurt and how Lester had interrupted her in his birthday suit.

"I have never seen him walk around here naked. Granted I am at work most of the time, but it's still weird."

"Mmm-hmmm." Sarah nodded her head agreeing. Then she told him about the lovely shower she took and how when she was done she realized she was locked out of the bedroom and Lester had to help her get the door open.

"And you were wearing just a towel while this was happening?" Dan asked.

"Mmm-hmmm," Sarah confirmed in a very matter of fact way. "Lester did offer to let me borrow some of his clothes but thankfully it didn't come to that."

Dan was speechless. Not only did Lester get naked in front of his innocent wife but he had also seen her in just a towel, standing inappropriately close to her. A million questions were running through his head and he didn't know which one to ask first. Which detail or clarifying question was most important?

Sarah was eyeing him waiting for a reaction. She didn't pick up on Dan spreading his legs to suitably adjust himself.

Dan opened his mouth to speak but was interrupted by a knock at the door.

Sarah gave him a teasing smile "I guess the food is here." She stood up making a show of swaying her hips as she walked towards the apartment door. Dan's eyes were so glued to her ass swaying back and forth that he almost missed Sarah looking over her shoulder at him, catching him staring.

Shaking away the daze of Sarah's mesmerizing butt, Dan got up and moved to grab some drinks from the fridge. As he returned to the living room with two glasses of water, he stopped in his tracks.

Across the room standing at the entrance to the hallway was Lester. He hadn't seen Dan, his eyes were looking intently at something. Dan followed his eyes which led to Sarah's butt as she finished up paying the delivery guy.

When he looked back at Lester, his roommate was staring back at him. Dan had had his share of confrontations at school and in the workplace but this was different. He felt it in his gut. It felt primal. Like two lions on the savannah competing for a single zebra.

Dan confidently stepped forward into the room making his presence felt. He put the glasses of water down on the coffee table. Lester's shoulders were hunched and he appeared smaller. *That was easy.*

Dan strode across the living room to Sarah, who was turning around holding two big bags of takeout as she shut the door. In his peripheral vision, Lester seemed to melt back into the hallway. Dan took the bags of food from Sarah, which were heavier than they appeared, and brought them over to the couch.

"Food here?" Lester asked, as if he had just entered the room.

"Yes, just getting it out now," Sarah said as she opened each bag and started unloading its contents onto the table.

Dan laid out three plates and utensils on the table. He didn't love the idea of dining with Lester, but here they were. One of the perks of having a roommate.

Lester began peeking under the lid of each dish Sarah had unloaded. Eventually, he seemed to find what he was looking for. He grabbed the dish and walked away, down the hallway towards his room. There was an audible click as his door shut.

Sarah and Dan exchanged a confused look.

The couple sat down and began to get ready to eat.

"So, I guess it's just us for dinner then," Sarah said when it was apparent Lester wasn't coming back.

"I'm honestly fine with that." Dan shoved a piece of sweet and sour chicken into his mouth. "I'm guessing he didn't offer to split the bill with us earlier?"

"Nope," Sarah said, taking a bite of chow mein.

The thoughts of their earlier discussion were replaced by Dan's hunger. Now that the delicious-smelling food was here, all he wanted to do was devour it. Sarah seemed to be hungry too as she reached over and took some of his sweet and sour chicken.

After several minutes of indulging himself and overeating, Dan sat back and said, "I was thinking. Maybe we can cuddle up here on the couch tonight and watch a movie."

"Oh, that sounds nice. I can't even remember the last time we just sat and watched a movie together." She began clearing the dirty

packaging and putting any leftover food in one container. "Any good movies you want to see?"

"Lady's' choice," Dan said, trying to gesture in a chivalrous way.

"Ugh, you know I'm just going to be scrolling through Netflix for like an hour."

Dan stood up and took some of the dirty containers from Sarah's hands. "Well, you better get started looking then. Sit down, I got this."

"You sure?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, besides you're the guest here in my place." He winked at her.

"This is very true. I hope you roll the red carpet out like this the next time I visit." She sat down, grabbed the remote and turned the TV on.

"I'm just glad to hear there is going to be a next time, after all you went through today." Dan tossed this out there trying to get back to their earlier conversation..

"Oh, it wasn't all bad. Nothing I couldn't handle." Sarah answered. She didn't elaborate further, fully intending not to say any more. She held all the power here and she knew it.

Dan continued to empty the table, putting dirty plates into the dishwasher, throwing out the garbage, and packing the leftovers away in the fridge between the towers of Lester's microwavable meals.

As he finished up and reentered the living room Sarah said, "Found one."

"Yeah? What are we watching?" Dan asked.

"I think I found the perfect movie. It's based in World War Two about an American soldier who gets injured and is taken care of by a French nurse..."

Dan cut Sarah off "...and they fall in love but he has to go back to the front lines and she writes to him every day. Right? Something like that?"

She eyed him with faux anger. "Yes, something just like that in fact."

Dan shrugged "Alright, cool, let's do it. As long as I get to squeeze you close while we watch it."

They sat down and had begun to play the movie when Sarah asked, "Do you think that's the last we've seen of Lester tonight?"

Dan didn't take his eyes off the screen. "Well, I assume he's going to come back out with his dirty dish soon."

"I wouldn't be so sure. When I was in there earlier he had old dirty plates all over..." she trailed off realizing she was opening the door back up to him.

He gave her a pass for now. "Well, I'm not about to get interrupted here, I'll go grab his dish and ask him if he wants to watch the movie."

She laid a hand on his thigh as he went to get up. "No, what if he says yes? I want it to be just us."

Dan stood up despite her protests. "He isn't going to say yes, trust me."

Sarah paused the movie as Dan headed down the hallway to Lester's room. He could hear some sounds emitting from inside but couldn't place them. He knocked.

No answer.

He knocked again, this time harder displaying a hint of aggression. He winced hearing how loud it ended up being.

"Enter," said Lester's voice through the door.

Dan turned the knob and opened the door. It was dark and he couldn't see much. Lester was illuminated by the light coming from his computer screen. The light also showed Dan the mess that was Lester's room.

Dirty clothes were strewn just lying on the floor amongst piles of dishes and other objects Dan couldn't place. The bed behind Lester looked like it had never been made and Dan swore that he could see a bag of Cheetos tucked under the pillowcase. He was frankly surprised no obnoxious smells hit him when he opened the door. *How the hell did Sarah take those pictures in here without breaking her neck?*

Having decided he had gotten a full appreciation for this room and a new level of disrespect for his roommate, his eyes settled back

on Lester who hadn't looked up from his computer screen. Dan stood there for a few seconds waiting for Lester to speak.

When it was clear he just wasn't going to, Dan cleared his throat and asked, "Hey there Lester. We're going to watch a movie, wondering if you might want to join."

"Which movie?" Lester's hand was moving his mouse and he kept his eyes glued to the screen. Not acknowledging Dan's presence at all.

"'Letters to the Frontlines'. It's a World War Two action romance movie Sarah found." Dan stared at Lester waiting for him to look up.

But he didn't. "I'm raiding in WOW tonight."

Dan was starting to get annoyed that Lester wouldn't even give him the courtesy of looking up at him. He was completely different from the Lester who showed them this apartment to begin with. "Okay, cool. Alright, well, have a great night then...."

Dan slowly began to close the door. Lester stayed silent and continued staring at his computer screen.

Dan shook his head and walked back down the hallway. *Little jerk.*

"We're good. He isn't going to be coming out the rest of the night." Dan sat back down putting his arm around Sarah.

She nuzzled into his frame, dragging a blanket across her bare legs. "How do you know?"

"He is deep into his World of Warcraft at the moment." Dan smiled. "I doubt even you could distract him right now."

"Don't be so sure, Mister. I have a lot of tricks up my sleeve, you know." She pressed play on the remote to restart the movie.

"Oh, I'm not saying you don't, I'm just saying he is in hardcore nerd mode right now." Dan looked down and saw a pouty look on her face.

"Not even these could distract him?" She brought her arms together, pushing her breasts against one another, threatening to spill out of their black tank top.

Dan cleared his throat. "I stand corrected."

"Good, that's what I thought." She turned her head back to the movie and settled in.

After about an hour it was clear to both Dan and Sarah that 'Letters to the Frontlines' was a bust. The movie dragged in all the wrong places and the lead characters made questionable decisions that, in reality, no one would have done.

Even if the movie hadn't been so bad, Dan's mind was still preoccupied with the events of today. The worse the movie got, the more he kept running through them in his head.

Sarah shifted her weight to get comfortable, her hand grazing Dan's thigh. She felt the hardness of his dick. "Well, what do we have here, Mister?"

She looked up at him with a serious face and in a sultry voice said, "Is this because of me or are you just really enjoying how bad this movie is."

"Oh, it damn sure isn't this movie." Dan started stroking her exposed lower back. "This just happens when I have my hot, sexy wife so close to me."

Sarah purred and moved her face close to his, her hand now lightly caressing his dick through the fabric of his pants. "Mmmmm hmmm, good answer."

Her soft lips gently connected with his, their tongues slowly venturing out and exploring each other.

Dan cupped Sarah's face with his left hand as the other snaked around and pulled her body close to his. His fingers reached to the base of her neck where his nails slowly caressed the hair there.

Suddenly he tightened his grip on her hair and pulled her right on top of him.

His mouth opened hungrily, kissing her fast and hard. Sarah responded in kind, matching his passion and pushing herself down into him.

Dan could feel Sarah's tight shorts rubbing up against his dick as it strained against him. He knew her ass would look so good from the other side of the couch. He ran his hand down and grabbed one of her ass cheeks and squeezed as he pulled her harder into him.

Sarah moaned into his mouth and kissed him harder. She loved when he grabbed her ass and he pulled her harder onto his dick. It

was pressing right into the inside of her thigh. She could feel how warm she was getting down there and the heat from Dan's dick was making her grow hotter.

She stuck her tongue into Dan's mouth and slowed down their kissing. She explored his mouth. His tongue darted out and danced with hers as they moved into a long, slow open kiss. She continued kissing him like this as she reached down and slipped her hand beneath the waistband of his shorts.

Fumbling to get beneath his boxers, Sarah eventually found her prize when her hand made contact with the rigid hardness of Dan's dick. He broke their kiss and took a sharp intake of breath as she wrapped her fingers around his dick and slowly began to stroke it.

Dan leaned his head back in ecstasy. Her touch was electric. He had been so pent up all day that the sudden attention was sending him into overdrive. Sarah added fuel to the fire by licking and kissing his neck while she stroked his dick.

After about a minute she got tired of the awkward angle and how difficult his shorts' waistband was making things. "Take these off."

She sat back as Dan raised his hips and began lowering his boxers and shorts simultaneously. She helped him pull them the rest of the way off.

Dan's dick sprang into view at full attention. Sarah enthusiastically began stroking it with her hands and she kneeled between Dan's legs on the couch. She locked eyes with him. The way she looked at him gave him no doubt where things were heading tonight. She wanted him and his dick badly and she wasn't about to take no for an answer.

"Do you want to move to the bedroom?" Dan whispered. Not because he was scared of making too much noise but this is just how it came out. It sounded like a confession and that he was pleading for the opposite of what he asked.

Sarah continued to stare at him with her burning eyes of desire and she slowly lowered her head towards his dick. "I. Don't. Care."

She engulfed his dick with her mouth, running her tongue along its underside and her hand continued to pump his shaft.

The words made Dan go crazy. He bucked his hips up as soon as her mouth made contact. He held his hands to his head and groaned in pleasure.

Sarah took her mouth off his dick but she never stopped pumping his shaft with her hand. Her mouth found one of his balls as she gently sucked it. Her tongue began swirling around it, tasting and caressing. Dan let out another low groan and she moved and began working on the other side and she switched to gently caressing and teasing his shaft.

Dan was in ecstasy. This woman knew what she was doing. He would do anything she asked as long as she never stopped sucking his dick the way she was.

Dan reached over and grabbed the remote, pausing the movie. Sarah didn't bat an eye and continued to lick and suck all over his balls, slowly and deliberately. Dan could hear the muffled music and action sounds coming from down the hall. Lester was still in his room playing World of Warcraft.

Holding his dick in her hands, Sarah began licking and kissing her way from his balls, up his shaft. Her beautiful face puckered and kissed every inch of his dick until she made her way to the head of his cock where she twirled her tongue around it, sending little shocks through his body. She kissed the head of his cock in the same intimate way she had kissed him earlier.

Dan watched all of this, transfixed and immobilized by the pleasure he was feeling. He couldn't move a muscle, except for his mouth. "Did...did you really see Lester naked today?"

Sarah's eyes opened. Her concentration was broken. She looked up at Dan for the first time since she had started in on his dick. She didn't smile. She just continued to suck on his cock, looking at him with those eyes that read pure sex.

She slowly removed her mouth from the tip of his cock and began planting soft kisses on his shaft as she stroked him. "Mmhmm. I did..."

She stopped stroking him and slowly licked his dick from the base all the way to the head where she swirled her tongue around again.

"Is that going to be a problem? That your sexy wife saw your roommate naked?"

Dan gulped. It was one thing to play this game with Sarah on the phone. It was another to do it live and in person with her. It was an entirely different thing to do it while she was kneeling in front of him, licking his dick and looking at him the way she was.

He didn't respond, so Sarah leaned back away from him and began tugging at the tank top tucked into her shorts. She peeled it off over her head, slowly revealing Dan's favorite white lace bra underneath.

Her soft perfect breasts were held perfectly in place for him to stare at. "So is this going to be a problem, Dan?" She threw her shirt to the side and began to crawl her way back up to his cock. "Are you going to punish me for being bad?"

She began to lick his dick again. Slowly. Her eyes not breaking from his, waiting for a response.

He whispered, "Did you see his dick, too?"

Sarah stared into his eyes, her tongue coming off his dick as she slowly wrapped her hands around his shaft. She grabbed onto it hard and began stroking it. "You mean his cock?"

Dan was speechless. He always loved the dirty talk from his wife but this was on another level. *What was she going to do next?*

"Uughh..." Dan started and then stopped. Blanking on how to respond.

Sarah broke eye contact to look down at her hand stroking his cock. Her breathing was fast and the way she was positioned made her breasts press together like they were on display.

She continued looking down, enjoying the sight of her hand making Dan hard as a rock. Looking at his dick full of cum that she desperately wanted.

"I didn't see a dick today." She continued watching her hand rising up and down. She looked up at Dan with her sex-starved eyes. "What I saw today was a cock."

She whispered to him, "A thick cock."

Dan groaned and reached forward, grabbing the back of her head and pulling her down onto him. She obliged, removing her

hand and letting his dick disappear into her mouth. He held the back of her head gently as she sucked his dick.

A few more minutes of this and Dan would be cumming. *She called it a cock.*

She knew just how to get him riled up.

Sarah suddenly pushed herself up and stood next to the couch. Dan was surprised and sat up, not sure what was happening. She bent over and peeled off her tight-fitting sports shorts and underwear all at once and moved towards him.

"I need you to fuck me." She mounted him, grabbing his dick and guiding it towards her opening.

Dan pushed himself up from the couch and they connected, his cock sliding deep into her wet pussy in one shot.

She moaned loudly and gripped his cock, never intending to let go.

Dan grabbed her hips in his hands and began to eagerly thrust up into her. Sarah forcefully pushed his shoulders down, to stop his thrusting. "You just watch right now."

He stopped and sat there as Sarah rode his cock. He looked up at her beautiful face, eyes shut, contorted in pleasure as she slowly worked herself up and down on his cock.

He watched as her breathing quickened and her bra-clad breasts began to rapidly rise and fall right in front of his face. He could feel her pussy strongly grabbing onto his cock, milking it for all it was worth.

The games she had been playing today with Dan had her waiting for this. Longing for it. She ground herself on his cock so that it kept hitting the right spots to get her to cum. She loved when Dan took charge and he was great at what he did but sometimes a girl had to do it her way.

She wanted to tease Dan and rile him up some more but right now she wanted to get lost in her impending orgasmic bliss. *So close...*

She opened her eyes and looked down at him and immediately locked eyes. He was staring up at her. His hands were casually

behind his head like the stud that he was, looking at her with a self-satisfied grin. *He is so fucking hot right now.*

As he stared at her, he slowly raised his hips off the couch, pushing himself deeper into her.

Even though she had told him to sit back, the slow controlled move he had just made turned her on. She bit her lip and his smile grew, knowing she wasn't going to fight him. He was touching the right spot.

He slowly dropped his hips and then slowly raised them again. Over and over. Completely in control of what he was doing. What he was doing to her.

She gripped him tighter as his hands found their way back to her hips, holding them firm, not intending to let go.

The way he took back control. The look of confidence and cockiness in his eyes. That smile. The way his cock was touching everywhere at once set her on fire.

It came quickly and washed over her entire body. She gripped his cock even harder as she came.

"Ohhh, fuck, Dan," she breathed as she came hard. Dan didn't stop but kept up his slow deliberate pace, his cock rubbing against her sensitive spots again and again as her orgasm washed over her.

As she was beginning to come down from it, he picked up the speed of his thrusts as his hands moved to her ass, pulling her deeper into him. She felt it begin to rise again. Another orgasm was on the horizon.

"O, shit. Fuck." she said louder than she intended to.

"Cum for me, baby. Cum." he whispered. "Give it to me."

That encouragement was all she needed, as she came for the second time that night. Her nails digging deep into his shoulders.

Her pussy was gripping his cock so hard that he had to stop thrusting into her. He felt her cum on his cock and had to control his breathing or else he was going to cum with her.

Both of them were breathing hard now. They could still distantly hear the sounds of video games coming from down the hall but they didn't register in their brains. All that mattered was what they were feeling.

Sarah wanted another orgasm but needed a second to catch her breath. She wanted to stay in this position so she kept herself firmly planted and tried to regain control.

He looked up as she slowly began to ride him again.

"I was waiting a long time for you to respond." She whispered. "I don't just send those pics to anyone, you better show your appreciation."

He grunted as he flexed his cock, making her moan. "Mmmmmmm....I guess that means you liked them?"

"They were hot," he said as his hands began to explore her back and legs. "I can't believe you took them. You know, in there."

She grinned and resumed slowly riding him, setting the pace for him.

"I was feeling naughty today," she whispered. "You make me do bad things."

"I'm just glad you didn't get caught." He challenged her. He let it hang there, not elaborating, waiting desperately to see what she would say.

She leaned close to his ear. "I don't know what I would have done."

"What do you think Lester would have thought if he'd found me naked in his bed like that?" she purred and bit his ear lobe.

Dan didn't respond but she could tell he was thinking about it by the way his hips bucked and his cock flexed after she said it. God, was he really thinking about Lester walking in, seeing her like that in his bed? What did Dan imagine she would do?

She loved seeing him like this. The face he made when he was insanely turned on. He made this face when she sucked his cock in their house and told him pretend stories of her adventures with other men or during their roleplays. It was such an intense, lust-filled face.

Seeing him look at her like that always turned her on. He looked so animalistic, like nothing would get in the way of him getting what he wanted.

She could feel another orgasm building. This one was coming on quickly. The taboo nature of their roleplay, his face and the way his

cock felt inside of her, was sending electric shocks through her body. It felt like a giant wave of an orgasm coming in, getting ready to crash down on her.

"This is much better than that movie, I bet."

Dan and Sarah turned their heads. A figure was standing a few feet between the couch and the hallway. They only now noticed the unmuffled sounds of video games.

The figure's pasty white, hair-covered skin was illuminated by the movie on the television.

Dan's brain took a few seconds to register what he was seeing. He was so focused on Sarah and fucking her that the shapes that made up this figure's body looked strange and alien to him. His eyes were drawn immediately to a familiar motion.

The motion of someone slowly stroking a cock.

It was Lester. He was naked, stroking his cock just a few feet away from them.

Dan quickly looked away and back at Sarah. The image of Lester's dick burned into his mind, subconsciously noting its size.

Sarah took an extra half second to appraise what was happening before she too turned and looked back at Dan.

Neither one of them moved, still connected to one another. Both of them on the cusp of cumming.

"Don't stop on my account." Lester took another step into the room. "It's okay, I'm just going to watch."

Dan and Sarah looked at each other. Trying to read the expression on each other's faces to decide what to do.

And then Dan's body did something that would alter the course of their lives forever. The situation was too much for Dan to process. Lester was here, watching them have sex. Seeing Sarah in just her bra.

His cock twitched and Sarah felt it. She gasped as it sent a bolt of electricity down her legs.

Her body responded by gripping him tighter. He let out a soft moan and pushed his hips slightly off the couch.

Sarah closed her eyes, her mind racing. *Fuck, Dan feels so good but Lester is watching us. Watching me. Watching us have sex.*

Something that had always been private and just between them was now being shared with a spectator.

It was so bad and so unlike her. She shouldn't be doing this. She should grab Dan's shirt and wrap it around herself and run into the bedroom, leaving Dan to figure it out. But it felt so different. So foreign and so base to be watched.

Their bedroom fantasies had often touched on them being watched and the idea had always intrigued Sarah. She had never known how she would actually react if it ever happened and couldn't even fathom how it could happen.

Sarah realized she was slowly fucking Dan.

While lost in thought her body had taken the lead and was gripping his cock as she rode him. Dan was looking up at her in amazement. This was happening.

Consequences were for tomorrow.

Dan was beside himself. One of his fantasies was actually coming true. Sarah was on display for another man, while she was fucking him no less. She wasn't stopping and seemed to be just as into it as he was.

He watched as she bit her lip and threw her head back. Her hands left his shoulders and moved into her hair.

Her pussy gripped him tightly. Her breathing grew rapid. Her breasts rose up and down in quick succession.

"Oooohh, fuuck," she tried to whisper but failed.

Dan looked over at Lester, trying to avoid the sight of him and his cock. The spot where he was standing was empty. *Where the fuck did he go?*

Had Lester gotten bored and gone back into his room? Dan was surprisingly disappointed by this and his eyes continued to scan the room. He wasn't in the other chair. He was nowhere to be seen.

"Mmm, that's right. Cum, baby," Lester said from behind Dan.

Dan looked up and around but still couldn't see Lester from his vantage point. Lester was standing directly behind the couch out of Dan's view.

Sarah came down from her orgasm and immediately felt another begin to build. She opened her eyes and saw her husband's odd

roommate standing right in front of her on the other side of the couch.

He was looking at her with the same animalistic lust-filled face that Dan would make. The look that turned her on so much. Lester's was more intense somehow. And it was because he was looking at her. There was no fantasy or roleplay attached to it, it was just because of her.

She could tell by his arm movements that he was stroking his cock. She couldn't see it behind the couch but the fact that someone was touching themselves while looking at her...

She ground herself into Dan harder. She kept the same slow, deliberate pace as she recovered from her last orgasm but tried to push down onto Dan to take him further into her.

Dan looked up at her surprised. At first he didn't think she had heard Lester's voice but she just opened her eyes and looked at him. At Lester. She knew he was there and was pushing into him harder. *She must like showing off.*

Sarah only looked at Lester for a split second before her eyes snapped down and locked with Dan's. Her mouth hung open as she breathed, her eyes needful. She's getting ready to cum again. But her face also wore an expression of concern.

Dan could read the look on her face. Without speaking she was looking to him for reassurance. Was this okay? Should they stop or keep going?

She was still grinding on him as she waited for some kind of indication from Dan. The situation was surreal, Dan didn't know how to process it or his thoughts. He wanted to shield Sarah and protect her from Lester's hungry eyes...

But he wanted Lester to see her. He wanted to see how Sarah would react. Where would she draw the line and how would she react to all of this?

He hadn't thought this through, he didn't know what he really wanted. All he knew was that Sarah's pussy was grabbing onto his dick harder than ever before. The way her chest was rising and falling and the look on her face, it was intoxicating. He didn't want to stop.

Without breaking their intense eye contact, Dan's right hand found the bra strap on Sarah's shoulder. He slowly pulled it down her arm until her bare shoulder was on display. On display for Lester.

Sarah gasped, surprised and turned on by Dan exposing her. They exchanged a look – *this was happening*.

Sarah closed her eyes and focused on the feeling Dan's dick was giving her.

One of his fantasies was actually happening, albeit not as he thought it would. Definitely not with who he had expected. His hips rapidly lifted off the couch as he met Sarah's rhythm in earnest.

Lester stood there looking at Sarah. They knew he was there and they weren't stopping. This spot behind the couch gave him a great view of Sarah. He didn't have to look at Dan at all. He actually liked how it must have set Dan on edge, not being able to see him. He wanted to get closer but he had to be patient.

She was still riding her husband with her eyes closed. Lester's eyes feasted on the smooth skin of her breasts, rising and falling. He focused on her face, watching it contort in pleasure as she went along with the situation.

Lester licked his lips. "Mmmhmmm."

The couple didn't stop. Lester wanted them to know he was a part of this. He continued to slowly stroke his cock, not wanting to cum too quickly.

He heard Dan whisper something but it was too low to hear. Sarah made no reaction, she hadn't heard it either.

"Look at him." Dan croaked. Shame and arousal colored his voice.

Sarah rode Dan, not reacting to what he had said.

Her hands moved to Dan's chest, briefly settling there before she placed them on the top of the couch above Dan's head. With her newfound leverage, she continued to push down to meet Dan's thrusts. Sarah slowly opened her eyes and met Lester's gaze.

She didn't break eye contact. And she didn't look down at Dan. She knew how much this would drive him crazy and she wanted to make his fantasy come true.

Lester kept stroking himself slowly, matching the pace the couple was setting. Sarah's eyes burned into his. It felt like they were

sharing something, but he didn't know what. He hadn't experienced this with any of his other conquests. She was getting fucked and staring at him. Her husband's dick might be in her but she was focused on him.

She looked at him lustfully with the bedroom eyes that so far had been reserved for Dan.

And then she did it. While staring at him she slowly licked her lips. He heard Dan quietly groan.

Lester took a step forward, closing the ground between them. He was close to touching the back of the couch with his cock, inches away from where Sarah's hands were.

Sarah flinched back ever so slightly but quickly recomposed her sexy demeanor.

Dan could feel himself getting close. He knew he had to hang on a bit longer, for Sarah but also to get the most out of this moment. *Who knows if it will ever happen again?*

"Blow him a kiss."

Sarah kept rolling her hips on Dan's cock. Without breaking eye contact with Lester, she slowly puckered her lips and mimicked a kiss.

Lester was beside himself. Involuntarily, he started stroking his cock faster, his breathing quickening. The thoughts of everything that happened today began to flood his brain. *I played this perfectly.*

"Mm-hmm, did you like that, baby?" she asked while finally closing her eyes.

"Fuck, yes," Dan breathed. He looked up at her as his sweet and loving wife was fucking him in front of this stranger. She always went along with his fantasies in the bedroom and would often surprise him with the things she would say.

This sweet and loving woman could turn on a dime and become a sexy vixen between the sheets. He had always known she was doing it just for him, getting him riled up to get off, but he had never imagined she would actually do something like —

"I wasn't talking to you." Sarah's eyes were back down looking at him as she rode his cock.

Just like their game earlier, she knew exactly what buttons to press to get him off. The look she gave him made him question everything he knew. She seemed like this unpredictable character who just happened to look like his wife.

Lester grunted from somewhere behind Dan. "Oh yeah, baby, I liked that. I bet you could do a lot more with those lips of yours."

Sarah looked up at Lester and bit her lip. "Mhmm, I don't know what you mean."

"I mean those lovely lips wrapped around my big cock," Lester said impatiently.

That comment was too much for Dan. The heat of the moment, Lester talking to Sarah like that, her exposed here in front of him and the way she was milking his cock. It was all too much.

With a sharp inhale of breath, Dan came. He shot out load after load of cum, drenching the inside of Sarah's pussy.

The feeling of Dan's cum inside her started to put her in overdrive as it always did. She ground into him harder, taking as much of his dick inside her as possible as she squeezed every last drop of cum from his cock.

"Sorry, big boy." she breathed. Her eyes playfully looked Lester over. "These lips are just for my husband."

Fuck patience. Lester quickly moved from behind the couch until he was standing next to its arm, right next to the couple.

"Stay the fuck there, Lester. No touching." Dan said, trying to rise from his elbows but Sarah's hard pounding kept him seated in place. She was getting close to cumming herself and wasn't about to lose this one.

"Don't worry, Dan, I won't do anything Sarah doesn't want," Lester smirked, still stroking his cock. The real Lester coming out on display. "Besides, I just wanted to make sure she got a good view of this."

He gestured to his cock and both Sarah and Dan involuntarily looked at it.

Sarah gasped, taken aback. She had seen it earlier in the kitchen when it was soft and from across the room. But now, here so close

to her, it looked massive. Lester's cock was long, girthy, and looked as hard as a steel pole. And it was hard because of her.

It jutted out over the arm of the couch, a drop of precum running down the bottom of its shaft before Lester stroked it away.

Dan blinked. The cock he was looking at did not compute with the mental image he had of Lester. This shy, meek loser he shared an apartment with was packing. Dan was above average and Sarah had always considered him well-endowed but Lester's cock was something else.

"She can't take her eyes off it, Dan." Lester grinned.

Sarah immediately blinked. Her eyes darting to Dan's, then back at Lester not knowing where to look. She closed her eyes to escape the situation and focus on the feeling of Dan's cock inside of her. But behind her closed eyes, the image of Lester stroking his impressive organ was seared into her brain.

Dan was spent but the situation was keeping his cock hard as a rock. Sarah continued to ride him with desperation. She was going to cum soon.

"Hey, wait," she heard Dan say.

Suddenly she felt her other bra strap being lowered. Her eyes flicked open, looking down to see Lester's finger looped under the left strap of her bra. The back of his fingers grazed her soft exposed skin as he slowly and deliberately pulled it down to rest on her bicep.

She looked up at his lust-filled face as he licked his lips.

"I'm going to cum for you, Sarah," he said in a commanding voice. He didn't sound like the Lester she had spoken to earlier in the day. This was someone different.

That's when it hit her. The orgasm that had been building inside of her exploded, radiating across her entire body. It hit fast and hard and didn't stop. Pleasure washed over her. Dan could feel Sarah's pussy clench into his cock, holding it tighter than he had ever experienced before.

"Ohhhhh, fuck," she groaned through gritted teeth as her face contorted in pleasure. "Fuck."

Her eyes involuntarily closed. Her breasts were rapidly rising and falling, her nails dug into Dan's shoulders. He was trapped beneath her as her legs clamped down.

Dan sat there speechless, staring at the events unfolding in front of him with post-orgasm clarity. *How did this happen?*

"Mmm, that's right. Come for Lester, baby." Lester growled while stroking his cock with abandon.

Mid-orgasm Sarah looked up at Lester. His balls tightened.

"Fuck." Stream after stream of Lester's white hot cum shot from his cock, hitting Sarah square in her chest. His cum soaked into her white bra and ran down her cleavage.

Sarah had never seen a cock cum so much. Her orgasm hit a higher crescendo as another stream of Lester's cum sprayed across her bra. Her legs and pussy tightened even harder onto Dan as she looked into Lester's eyes.

Dan's favorite view in the world was watching Sarah look at him as she came. The beauty and vulnerability in it was such an erotic private secret she shared with him. And now Lester was looking down and taking in one of Dan's most prized treasures.

Lester shot his last load of cum but it dropped onto the arm of the couch without hitting Sarah. He took a few steps back, breathing hard, looking at the site of debauchery in front of him. A shit-eating grin spread across his face.

With her chest covered in Lester's creamy cum, Sarah finally broke eye contact. She stopped moving and tried to catch her breath.

Dan sat there, not knowing how to react. What he did know was that his cock was still hard.

Sarah's eyes opened and she looked at Dan. Both of them sat there for a moment trying to read the other's face. This was the craziest thing that the couple had ever done together and both were terrified of how the other would react.

Dan could see the guilt spreading onto Sarah's face. She needed some reassurance after what had just happened. "I love you, Sarah."

"Holy fuck, Dan, that was crazy, I don't know how that happened." She said, almost pleading.

"It's okay, it's fine." He looked at her cum soaked chest. "Let's get things cleaned up and then we can talk about it."

Sarah looked down at her chest and gasped. "Jesus....I'm a mess."

"Yes, yes you are. But you're my mess." He smiled up at her, trying to keep his best poker face.

He didn't know what to think of everything that had just happened but she had to know that he wasn't mad and that they were okay.

Sarah smiled back at him. "I love you so much, Dan."

" I love you too, boo."

They both realized their tender moment was being observed by Lester. Sarah and Dan both turned their heads to look at him but he wasn't there. The muffled sounds of video games down the hall meant that his door was shut. At some point, he had disappeared without a word.

Sarah dismounted from Dan. "Well, you're right, I better go get cleaned up."

She leaned forward to kiss him but then thought better of it. *I don't want any cum dripping onto him.*

Dan watched Sarah's ass bounce away as she went down the hallway towards Lester's room, but turned into the bathroom. The light came on briefly before going out as she shut the door.

He was left there stunned and alone. He was naked on the couch after having just seen his odd roommate paint his wife's chest with his cum. *What the fuck just happened?*

He moved to stand up, and was pushing up off the arm of the couch when he felt something sticky. He stood, looking back and forth between the couch and his hand. "That mother fucker."

Lester had retreated without cleaning up his mess.

The sounds of video games muffled Lester's movements. He wasn't going to miss a golden opportunity twice in one day.

He held up his ultra-high definition camera to the pinhole in his closet. He watched from the viewfinder as Sarah got into the shower

with her naked breasts exposed and covered in his cum for the second time that day.

Tying a double Windsor knot used to be a challenge for Dan, but it had long become second nature to him. Standing in front of his apartment's bathroom mirror, he effortlessly finished with his tie while thinking back to that eventful evening a few weeks ago.

His mind all too often drifted to what had happened in his apartment's living room on the couch. Thoughts of that event had started to consume a lot of his work hours and had even begun to seep into his dreams at night.

The act of having sex with Sarah in front of someone had been such a turn-on for both of them. They'd talked about doing it in the past and even did some role-playing with the topic, but the real thing had felt like opening Pandora's box.

The fact that their watcher had been Dan's roommate, Lester, had led to some thought-provoking revelations about themselves. Dan didn't care for Lester, but he couldn't help but find the thought of him seeing Sarah incredibly erotic; someone so utterly beneath them seeing her, touching her – fuck, even cumming on her...

Sarah and Dan had briefly discussed what had happened that night and the next morning, but it centered on how crazy things had

gotten and reassuring one another that they were okay and that their marriage was still solid.

With Dan landing the new client at work and leading that project, while Sarah was busy back at home balancing her own work-life/mom-life with the kids, their life had quickly forced his fantasy to take a backseat. He yearned to talk to Sarah about it, but their conversations always consisted of daily updates without getting much deeper.

However, he was determined to talk to her about it this weekend. Heading back to Middleton tonight for the first time in what seemed like forever, Dan would finally be able to spend some time with Sarah and the kids.

Finishing with his tie, Dan undid his belt and lowered his zipper quickly to go pee.

"What the fuck, man." Dan looked down in disgust at the toilet.

Sprayed across the seat and onto the floor was a copious amount of urine. Even before Dan was domesticated by Sarah, he was never this bad.

Since that night in the living room, Dan's tolerance for Lester had continued to degrade. His roommate had put on a good act when they first met, but his true colors were slowly beginning to show.

"I'm not fucking cleaning this again." Dan relieved himself straight into the toilet without hitting the seat.

As he finished and was washing his hands, he heard his cell phone ring from the bedroom. He quickly ran over and saw that it was Sarah. He smiled and quickly accepted the call.

"Hey, baby! What's up?" Dan said as he began to look himself over in the bedroom mirror.

"Well, I just wanted to call and say I love you and to have a great day at work," Sarah said. "And I can't wait for you to finally come home tonight. I'm going to make use of that package you sent me."

Dan smiled. Last week he had ordered a black silk robe that ended mid-thigh for Sarah. He got the notification that it had arrived the night before.

"Oh, I can't wait to see you model it." Dan smiled. "I have lots of plans for you and that robe."

"Then hurry up and get home, big boy. I can't wait to –"

"Shit! Sorry, Dan, I have to take care of something here; text me updates on your way home, okay?" Sarah said.

"You got it, honey. I love you and I'll see you soon." Dan finished looking himself over, satisfied that he was ready to take on the day.

"I love you, too, boo." Sarah mimicked a kissing noise. "Bye."

"Bye, Sarah."

Dan grabbed his bag and headed to the kitchen to get his lunch. He looked sideways at the pile of Lester's dishes in the sink. *I think I liked it better when he would just leave those in his room.*

Ignoring the dishes for now, he grabbed his lunch from the fridge, put it in his bag and headed out the door.

As soon as Lester heard the apartment door shut, he sprang into action.

He opened the messaging app on his phone and typed "Go time" to Ned, one of his DnD and WoW buddies who did whatever Lester needed him to.

Today, that involved making Ned take the day off from his board game store and helping Lester with the next part of his plan.

Checking his watch, Lester waited impatiently for Ned to arrive. He didn't invite people into his domain. Not ever. But sometimes new opportunities require evolution.

Lester heard a limp knock rattle gently on the door. He rolled his eyes and opened it.

"Come in, I need to get going," Lester said, annoyed. He took a second to glance over Ned. Disgust flashed across his face.

Lester looked and behaved the way he did by choice. Ned was the opposite; life just seemed to happen to him. Sure, he was more outgoing and friendly than Lester, but he looked like the ultimate man baby.

Ned was around his height and sported the quintessential dad body. He was probably close to his own age, but Lester didn't know for sure. He had never bothered nor cared to ask.

Today he was wearing baggy cargo shorts and an oversized, faded t-shirt that read 'The Cake Is a Lie!' His eyebrows were just as bushy and unkept as his beard and his face was framed by thick, horn-rimmed glasses. He was also failing at masking the bald spot starting on the top of his head.

His shoulders were perennially hunched and his short neck gave him the appearance of a turtle staring down an 18-wheeler truck, unable to do anything but stare back as the headlights got closer.

"T-thanks for asking me to help Lester," Ned said excitedly. "I won't let you down."

"Of course you won't, Ned, a monkey could do this." Lester waved him to follow as the smile disappeared from Ned's face. Lester led Ned down the hallway to his bedroom.

"In the next 20 minutes the junk guys will be here. They are to take everything on the floor and the bed. Don't let them touch the chair or desk - got it?"

Lester eyed Ned.

Ned gulped, "Got it."

The floor of the bedroom was covered in filth. Dirty clothes and dishes piled everywhere. There were only a few spots open on the floor between the door, computer, and closet. It seemed like Lester had recently thrown more objects and clothing on the floor - almost like a dumping ground for unwanted things.

"Is there a problem, Ned?" Lester asked with a pointed look on his face.

"N-no, no problem. I just didn't know why I was coming here." Ned replied.

Lester had no intention of letting Ned in on his plans. He liked to keep his business and his social life completely separate. Still, he did feel the need to brag to Ned to ensure word got back to his group. "This is all for a woman, Ned."

Ned's eyes grew at the mention of a woman. This was a detail Lester had never shared before as members of their group were not usually in position to boast about the opposite sex.

"Now, they need to hurry up and clear all this shit out as fast as possible. At noon some house cleaners are coming to tackle this

room and the rest of the apartment.” Lester began to walk back to the door. “Make sure the guys take the bed and mattress, too. Another one and some furniture is coming that I’ll need you to assemble.”

Lester put on his shoes. “Oh, and all this furniture in the living room goes as well. Nothing stays. Got it?”

“Got it, Lester.” Ned paused. “Is she hot?”

Lester smiled. “A total smoke show.”

Ned gleamed “The guys won’t believe this, I can’t wait to hear what they say.”

“Do a good job today, Ned, and maybe I’ll show you a picture.” Lester left to attend to his busy day.

“Dan, I just got off the phone with Marcus at the Lincoln Group,” Walt shared as he paced back and forth in his office. “They love the direction we’re taking them in and they’re confident we’ll be able to deliver on our promises.”

Walt stopped, looking at Dan, and smiled. “Great work son, you really outdid yourself.”

“Thanks, Walt.” Dan said, “It was really a group effort here. You’ve built a great team, and they pulled this all together just as much as I did.”

Walt moved behind his desk and sat down “They are a great bunch, you’re right about that. But none of them are willing to step up and lead an unknown account like you did, Dan. You’re really the missing piece to the puzzle. I just wish we’d found you sooner...”

“Well, I’m glad to be here now. If there is anything else you need – aside from the Lincoln Group – just let me know. I’m eager to contribute.” Dan said.

“No, you focus on them for now. I need this one to go well.” Walt eyed the closed door. “Dan, can I tell you something in confidence? It stays here in this office.”

“Yes, of course. I can be discreet.” Dan was unsure what was coming next, but he didn’t like the direction this conversation was heading. It was great that Walt would trust him with something like this, though.

“Some of our other clients haven’t been overly enthusiastic with the work that has been delivered lately.” Walt made a gesture with his open palms as if laying bare all his secrets to Dan. “A few of the other team members have dropped the ball, and it’s hurt us.”

Walt leaned forward, “I really need this project to go well.” He removed his glasses and looked Dan right in the eyes, “The Lincoln Group can mean a lot of repeat business if we get this just right, followed by a lot of referrals to other firms. In our industry, one both lives and dies by those referrals.”

Dan paused and thought about this revelation. It seems like Walt was looking at the Lincoln Group as a golden goose while some of their employees and – by extension – other clients were faltering. His gut twisted at that news.

Dan tapped down his emotions and smiled warmly, “I’ll make sure this project exceeds their expectations, Walt. You don’t have to worry about it.”

He leaned back slightly in his chair, “And you also don’t need to worry about me. I won’t say anything about the other projects. My job is to make sure we shine with the Lincoln Group so you can keep an eye on other issues.”

“That’s a relief to hear, Dan.” Walt had a faint smile but looked exhausted. “I know they are in good hands with you.”

Walt paused with his eyes on the office door, seemingly lost in thought. Looking back at Dan, he let out a breath he had obviously been holding. “Actually, I wanted to ask you a favor.”

Dan groaned internally. *Alright, what did I accidentally set myself up for now?*

“Sure, Walt, name it,” Dan answered.

“Some of the other issues we’ve been having...” Walt let the words sit there in the air for a moment. “There have been some assumptions and missteps by one of our junior team members, Jesse. I know you haven’t worked with him directly, but he was in the meeting on Saturday a few weeks ago and sat next to you, I think.”

He knew exactly who he was. Dan was pretty sure Jesse had seen the sexy pictures on his phone that Sarah had taken for him in

Lester's room. He never did get the chance to bring that up with him, and it seemed like the time for that confrontation had passed.

Walt sat back down and continued, obviously a little uncomfortable. "Jesse's made some mistakes, and it cost us. I'm not sure how many people even know what I'm about to tell you, so I'd like to ask for your discretion here as well. You see...Jesse is the son of a family friend who I'd promised to help out, and I really feel like I will be failing them if I have to terminate him. I was hoping you could take him under your wing and help mentor him."

Dan was flabbergasted. If he had asked him to do this a few months ago it wouldn't be a problem, but Jesse had obviously been avoiding Dan and the unresolved issue of the pictures still sat over his head like a storm cloud.

"Yeah, Walt, that's no problem." Dan tried to figure out a way out of this. "But are you sure you want him working with me on the Lincoln Group project? If he messed up other accounts and this one is so important..."

"I know, I know." Walt put his hands up defensively "But he'll have you to look after him and double-check things. I'm confident you can handle this."

Dan shrugged, pretending nothing was wrong. "I got this, Walt. Don't worry about it."

"Good. Great!" Walt stood, extending his hand to Dan. Dan rose and shook it. "Now, Dan, if you'll excuse me, I have some things to attend to. Oh, and have a great weekend with the family."

"Thanks, Walt. If I don't see you again before 5:00, have a great weekend." Dan left Walt's office, closing the door behind him.

Dan's thoughts were all over the place. He had been happy to avoid Jesse and pretend like nothing ever happened, but now he was going to have to work directly with him. *Better put that pin code on my phone soon.*

More disconcerting, though, was the news that some clients were unhappy with the firm's work. That was a red flag that Dan would need to delve into further. If there was a chance of layoffs, he wouldn't be caught off guard again.

It was getting close to noon and, needing a breather, Dan headed to the break room.

The room was empty, so it looked like he was the first one there. On Friday, most of his colleagues went out for lunch, a luxury Dan couldn't afford at the moment.

He retrieved his lunch pail from the fridge and got ready to microwave some Chinese leftovers from the night before. "What the hell?" he murmured.

The Tupperware containing his Chinese leftovers was missing. Dan now vaguely remembered seeing the container in the sink filled with dirty dishes this morning. "That fucking guy..."

"Arrrggghh, FUCK!" Lester bellowed as the wax was ripped from his nostrils, extracting his nose hairs with them. "That fucking hurt."

"Shall I do your ears as well?" the polite, little woman asked.

"Do it." He gripped the arms of the chair, bracing for pain.

Ten minutes later, Lester exited the waxing parlor and strode across the mall floor. His nose involuntarily twitched and his eyes watered as he made his way to the barber across the hall. It was time to update his appearance and remove barriers that could dissuade Dan or Sarah from succumbing to his machinations.

"Honey, I'm home!" Dan called out as he dropped his bag by the front door. Seconds later his daughters ran up and hugged him. Since he didn't have any lunch to eat, he worked through the lunch hour, managing to duck out and head home early.

"I've missed you guys." Dan embraced his girls. He couldn't get used to not seeing them every day. As such, once he finally held them, he really didn't want to let them go.

"We missed you too, Mr. Chicago." Sarah was leaning against the door frame to the kitchen. Her hair was pulled up in a bun, likely because she was busy cooking dinner. Her tight-fitting, white t-shirt with the plunging v-neck was tucked into her jeans.

Dan smiled up at her. "Get over here."

She smiled back brightly and almost skipped across the floor before giving him a bear hug, sandwiching one of their daughters

between them. "I've missed you."

"I've missed you, too." He planted a long kiss on her lips.

"Hmmm...and I've missed that." She whispered.

Sarah stood back and looked him over. "Well, I've got dinner on the stove, chicken cacciatore. The girls have some stuff they want to show you. I'll call you when dinner is ready, boo."

"Mmmm chicken cacciatore, my favorite," Dan said.

"Why do you think I'm making it, Mister?" Sarah smiled playfully.

Dan let his daughters guide him over to the living room where they showed him all the things they had been up to in his absence. He was shown their schoolwork, new art they had worked on, and the games they'd been playing. Each one was talking over the other, excited to get as much of their father's attention as possible.

Dinner arrived quickly and Dan savored every bite of his chicken cacciatore. As he was enthusiastically scarfing down mouthfuls of his favorite dish, he'd occasionally catch Sarah watching him with an amused smirk.

After dinner, he spent more time with Sarah and the kids before getting them ready for bed. Reading the girls several more story books than usual, he then tucked them in for the night, turned out their light and closed their bedroom door.

With their daughters safely sound asleep, he made his way back downstairs to the living room where Sarah was waiting for him with some red wine. Her glass was already half empty.

Taking the wine, he sat down next to her and sighed, "God, you don't know how much I've missed this."

She sipped her wine and looked at him. "Me too, baby. I've missed just sitting here talking with you so much."

She stretched her legs over his lap and leaned back. "We'll figure this all out soon, but for now we just need to get through it. As long as you keep crushing it with that new client, I'm sure things will turn around."

"Ugh, yeah," Dan replied.

"What is it?" Sarah asked.

Dan laid out that conversation he had earlier with his boss. She was glad that Walt was impressed with him and was now relying on

him to strike it big with the Lincoln group, but she became worried as he also told her about mentoring Jesse and some of the issues he'd caused with their other clients.

"Well, that doesn't sound great." Sarah paused, mulling over the news. "Do you think things are okay for the company? Financially, I mean."

"I'm not sure, but I am definitely going to find out." He replied as he studied the wine in his glass.

"What about this Jesse guy? What's he like? He better not mess up your project." Sarah asked.

Dan took a long sip of wine in order to delay his answer. He hadn't told Sarah about Jesse probably seeing her pictures -- he wasn't even sure he wanted her to know. A part of him wanted to tell her, but it had been so many weeks now that it might appear as if he was keeping such an exposure a secret from her, which, in fact, he was. Having just gotten home after a relatively long time away, though, he didn't want to risk any kind of fight. "I don't know, really. I haven't worked too closely with him. He kind of seems like a weasel, though."

Dan noticed a look of concern on Sarah's face. "A harmless weasel, who is apparently incompetent. I can handle it."

"I have no doubts, my love." Sarah smiled. "What else is new in Chicago? Things are pretty boring here."

Dan sighed. "Nothing much. I really just go to work and then come back to the apartment each day. Rinse and repeat. The only highlights are when I get to talk to you on the phone."

"Awww, that's sweet." She leaned forward and planted a kiss on his lips and then sat back. "So nothing else new, then? No good restaurants or anything?"

This could be the opening Dan had been waiting for to work the conversation back to that night. "Nope, no new restaurants. There has been some weird stuff going on at the apartment, though..."

Sarah raised an eyebrow. "Weird stuff? Like what?"

"It's Lester..." Dan trailed off, trying to gauge Sarah's reaction.

To her credit, her face showed no emotions at hearing Lester's name. Sipping her wine, she asked, "What weird thing is going on

with him?"

"I don't know. It just seems like ever since the last time you visited..." Dan paused to look at Sarah again. "He seems to have become more of a shitty roommate than before."

"How so?" Sarah asked.

"Just annoying things, like leaving dirty dishes in the kitchen for days. He certainly hasn't been helping clean or taking care of the place...and I'm pretty sure he ate my lunch today." Dan breathed out in a huff.

"What a dick." She eyed her wine glass, which was now getting dangerously empty.

Dan didn't respond. He was momentarily stunned by Sarah saying the word dick in reference to Lester. *Last time she called it a cock.*

She finished her drink and then gestured to her empty wine glass, holding it out to Dan, "Could you top me up?"

"Of course." Dan took her glass and made his way to the kitchen. As he refilled it, he tried to think of a subtle way to broach the topic of that night.

He made his way back to the living room and handed the refilled glass to his wife.

Sitting back down on the couch, Dan pondered aloud, "So...that last night in Chicago was a little crazy, huh?"

Real subtle, dumbass.

Sarah cocked an eyebrow and sat up. "Oh, whatever do you mean?"

His wife was clearly toying with him now. She had seen the angst on his face as Dan asked the question.

"You know damn well that I'm talking about. Lester and him watching us."

Sarah smiled and eyed him while she took another slow sip of her wine. "It really was crazy. I still don't know how it all happened."

"Yeah, exactly." Dan said. "I know we talked a bit that night and the next morning about it. I know that we're good and that we both felt like we got carried away with how tense and taboo the situation was, but..."

"But?" Sarah asked pointedly. She was looking at him with that expression that Dan could never fully interpret. The look implied that Sarah would either give Dan everything he ever wanted, or tell him off and completely shut down the conversation.

"But," Dan emphasized. "We've been going about the last few weeks like nothing ever happened. And I am fine with getting back to normal, I like normal – I like it a lot. I just wanted to, I don't know – see where we both are."

Silence hung in the room for a moment. Dan looked at Sarah, waiting to see her reaction while he did all he could to control the verbal diarrhea that was ready to explode from his mouth.

Sarah swirled her wine and took a small sniff. "How much do you think about it?"

"What?" Dan asked. *Shit, this isn't going as I expected.*

"Over the past couple of weeks with things being normal, how many times have you thought about that night?" She continued to shift her position on the couch, now fully facing Dan. "I know it hasn't been ideal with the distance between us. And I know that the longer you go without some kind of relief from me, the more you start thinking with other parts of your body."

"I'm not going to lie, Sarah. I have thought about it quite a bit." Dan admitted. "I can't help it, replays of that night just pop into my head both when I'm at work or alone in the apartment. It was just such an intense experience."

"Mmmhmm, it was pretty intense as far as things go. Do you regret it?" She asked.

"Yes and no, I guess. You know how we've talked about a situation kind of like that before, but it was just when we were playing around. Being there and actually seeing it in person...it's just a lot to process." Dan sighed and took a large swig of his wine.

"Your...our fantasy about someone watching us. Seeing me exposed like that. Having someone else there with us in the room. Does thinking about it still turn you on?"

Dan paused, briefly trying to figure out the right answer to the question. He didn't want to seem overly eager or too regretful, but

he also didn't know where he wanted this conversation to go; at least, that's what he was trying to tell himself.

"Yeah. Yeah, it does." Dan almost whispered. "And I sort of hate that it does. It's just so wrong and weird, but it's also exciting and unpredictable and feels like we're playing with fire."

He raised his eyes to look at her. "A part of me feels ashamed for even putting you in that situation, but another part loves that we did it. When I realize I'm getting turned on by it, I can't stop beating myself up thinking about how not normal I am."

"Oh, baby." Sarah laughed and closed the distance between them, putting her hand on his forearm. "You *are* normal and your thoughts aren't weird at all. Everyone has their own triggers and things that turn them on."

She looked at him reassuringly, "And I'm a big girl, okay? You didn't make me do anything. I could have gotten up off that couch and walked back into the bedroom anytime. You even asked if I wanted to and I told you no, remember?"

Dan looked down into his wine glass. "Yeah, but you did that because of my fantasy. Because of having another guy –"

"I did it for us, Dan. Not just for you, alright? If I didn't like where things were heading, I would have stopped it. The idea of getting caught, I've always found that hot. Don't feel guilty, I probably wanted it just as much as you did." Sarah squeezed his arm.

The conversation was getting a little too somber for Dan's liking. "You did look pretty damn hot riding me like that."

"Did I, now?" She raised an eyebrow at him, "Which part of the night did you like the most?"

"When I asked if you wanted to go to the bedroom and you basically said no and just jumped me on the couch. That was pretty hot."

The mischievous look had returned to Sarah's face as she eyed Dan over the rim of her wine glass. "Oh it was, was it?"

"The way you talked to me, while he was there watching..." Dan felt the floodgates in his mind open and he couldn't stop. "The way

you talked to him was even more erotic. I have never seen your face when you orgasm while looking at someone else.”

Dan shifted in his seat and Sarah noticed.

Her free hand moved from Dan’s forearm to his crotch. She was not surprised to feel that Dan was already hard. “I see that just thinking about that night seems to have brought you to attention.”

Dan groaned. His cock liked how things were progressing, but he had wanted to ask her one last question. “It has. That night was crazy, but it was so hot, too. I just really want to know your thoughts about it being him who saw us. In all of our fantasies acting that scenario out, I never imagined it being someone like him.”

Sarah’s hand stopped moving over his crotch, but she left it there. She half smiled. “Me neither, to be honest. He’s not my type at all.”

Dan could sense there was something left unsaid. “But?”

She looked at him, realizing she had unintentionally left herself open. “But...maybe him being what he is made it even hotter for me. He isn’t good looking or really much good at anything it seems, so having someone like that watching us... Watching me...”

Sarah trailed off, but Dan stayed silent and waited, giving her a chance to compose her thoughts.

“We both work hard, right? We both have good careers, and we do what we are supposed to do. We do things by the book. We work out, we eat well and take care of ourselves, and I think we both enjoy each other's hard work in and out of the bedroom.”

She paused. “So having someone participate in our fantasy who isn’t like us in any of those ways, just... God, it sounds like I’m a huge bitch for saying this, Dan, but having someone who is beneath us or who isn’t on our level seeing me exposed like that must be a trigger of mine. For someone like that, who doesn’t take care of themselves at all and is completely undeserving, but still gets to experience something they aren’t supposed to... The idea of that just gets to me.”

Dan smiled. “No, you’re not a bitch. I get what you are saying, and I’ve always thought that idea was hot. It’s like beauty and the

beast, or the nerd and the cheerleader sort of thing, right?"

Sarah blushed, "Exactly. The cheerleader and the nerd or loser type, I've always liked that."

"Oh really?" Dan raised an eyebrow. "Weren't you a cheerleader in high school?"

"I was," Sarah said. Dan opened his mouth to speak but before he could Sarah added, "And before you ask, no, there were never any losers or nerds I got with in high school. I would catch some of them looking at me, and yes, it did give me a little thrill knowing what they might be thinking but would never get."

"Well, that is a role-play scenario I am going to have to add to our list." He smiled.

She laughed and her hand slowly began to trace along the length of his still erect dick. "What about you, Dan? What do you think about it being Lester who was the one who saw us?"

Dan took a moment to appreciate Sarah's touch. "I get all the reasons that you said, and I can see how it being someone like him added a little fuel to the fire. For me, it's much the same, but also somewhat different, especially after that night and over the past few weeks."

She stared at him seductively. "Different how?"

Dan sighed. "Well, at first he was just this little, inconsequential kind of guy who kept to himself, but starting that night I became aware of how he looked at you and then the smug sort of way he would look at me. I don't quite know how to describe it. And lately he has just been such a pain in the ass around the apartment. He is just getting on my nerves, he's inconsiderate, he's a crappy roommate who just doesn't give a shit and –"

"And this guy who is pissing you off has watched us have sex and came all over my chest."

Dan's cock twitched at Sarah's words. Sarah felt it and could feel Dan grow even harder.

"Fuck," Dan groaned.

Sarah's fingers continued to dance along the outline of Dan's dick. "So my loving husband likes it when someone he considers

beneath him, who doesn't treat him with respect and is just an all-around shitty person gets to see his wife on display?"

"Ugh," Dan hesitated. He didn't want to admit it to himself, let alone Sarah. He had wanted this conversation, but it was becoming all too much, too quickly. "What about you?" He countered.

Dan leaned over and began planting kisses along Sarah's neck, working his way up to her ear lobe. "You, almost fully naked like that, sitting on display in a strange place in front of a strange man. I think you liked it, maybe even a little too much."

Sarah's hand worked its way into Dan's pants until it made skin-to-skin contact with his dick. "It was hot. What made it hotter was having you there with me, showing me off like that."

She abruptly pulled away from him and downed the last few gulps of her wine. She reached over and started tugging on his pants, pulling them down to his calves. "What made it even hotter was seeing the look on your face."

Her hands pulled down his boxers and she eyed his dick. She reached out and began to caress it. "Seeing the way you looked at me on display for him... God, you were so sexy. I love seeing you that way."

She leaned forward and licked him, from the base of his shaft up to the head. "Now tell me, did you like Lester watching me?"

She slowed her strokes, waiting for him to answer. Dan was staring down at her, riled up beyond belief. She was playing chicken with him. He had to answer, or else she might deny him what comes next. "Yeah...I did."

She knelt forward and took his dick into her mouth while her hand continued to stroke him. After a few seconds she backed off and looked up at him with an intense gaze. "Is that all you want, Dan? For Lester to just watch?"

Dan was stupefied. He knew what she meant, but he didn't know how to respond. "What do you mean?"

A half smile spread across Sarah's face. "I mean, did you like it when Lester took down my bra strap? God, the balls he must have to do that. You know his hand touched my skin."

She took off her shirt to reveal a black lace bra. Slowly reaching up, she pulled down each strap and let them hang loosely over her arms. She looked just like she had that night. Her hand snaked its way back to his dick and began to slowly pump him again. "Why didn't you stop him, Dan?"

"You had me pinned down, I couldn't get up." Dan lied.

"Maybe. Maybe." She took a long look at the hard dick in her hand. "But you could have put the strap back up. You could have swatted him away."

"I want to go upstairs with you soon, Dan, but I want to hear it first." She slowly stopped stroking him and looked up into his eyes. That lust-filled face that turned her on so much was looking back at her. "Do you want Lester to touch me, Dan? Does that turn you on?"

Dan couldn't comprehend how to respond. *Is this some kind of trap? Why is she asking me this...*

"Ugh, God." Dan breathed as Sarah gently tightened her grip on his cock. "The thought of Lester touching you, it just drives me over the edge. I don't want him to even be in the same room as you, but when he was there while you were exposed like that...fuck."

Sarah raised an eyebrow at him and slowly let go of his cock.

Dan sat there stumped. *Did I just fuck things up? Shit.*

She stood up and straddled his lap. Dan's hands found her thighs just as her lips found his ear. "Do you want it to happen again?"

Dan gulped.

"Do you want Lester to see us like that again?" she whispered huskily.

Conflicting emotions ran through Dan. His angst, anger, and jealousy mixed together with his overwhelming lust. "I want to see it again. I want to see you again."

Sarah pushed off Dan's chest and stood up, moving towards the stairs. She turned her head to see Dan still sitting there frozen on the couch. "I'm going to go upstairs and put on that special present you got me..."

"Wait 10 minutes and then come up." She started to ascend the stairs.

“Oh and Dan, it won't be you I'm fucking tonight.” She smiled at him mischievously. “I think Lester might just creep his way in before you.”

With that, she disappeared out of sight leaving Dan alone in the dark living room. He went to the kitchen to top up his wine glass and check the time.

The elevator doors opened and Lester stepped into the hallway, breathing hard. He hadn't expected the clothes he bought would weigh so much. Carrying several large bags, Lester finally arrived at his apartment.

Setting the bags down inside the door, he was greeted by Ned who was sitting on the floor of the living room assembling a piece of furniture.

“Hey Lester, everything is taken care of. All that shi...your stuff in your room is gone. And they took your bed and everything in here, too.”

“Great.” Lester looked around at the state of the living room. Ned had clearly gotten everything set up for him. Mounted on the wall was a new LED TV along with a coffee table, brown leather couch and ottoman, two other comfy-looking leather chairs, and a new rug that ran between the furniture.

Lester had hired a virtual interior designer to help him choose the apartment's new decor carefully. He wanted it to evoke a certain emotion in Sarah. For inspiration, he had given the designer photos from Sarah's Pinterest page that she kept for her own home.

He wasn't about to paint the walls or do any big changes, but swapping out furniture was easy and a small expense for him.

Before purchasing anything he reviewed the video he had taken of Sarah in the shower to determine how tall she was. While the new furniture created the aesthetic he wanted, it was also the perfect height. No matter which seat Sarah sat in, her eye level would always be directly in line with Lester's crotch when he was standing.

The couch and ottoman also had a large enough base to accommodate the couple having sex comfortably and then some. The couch and chairs also had lower backs than the previous set.

This ensured that if the events of the last night Sarah was in town repeated itself, she could see his cock the entire time.

Everything was also placed strategically to give Lester a prime line of sight from his bedroom.

Lester moved around the room taking pictures of the setup to send to the designer for confirmation. "How's the bedroom?"

"The bed and mattress are all set up. I did have to move your desk a bit since it's a king bed." Ned said as he finished assembling the side table. "So, do you want to –"

Ignoring whatever it was Ned was about to say, Lester made his way to inspect his bedroom. It still smelled like his room, but it looked quite different.

Gone was all the waste and refuse that had cluttered the floor. Dishes, dirty clothes, and uneaten food were things of the past. There wasn't even a single Cheetos bag in sight.

Lester had ordered more than one maid company to come today, giving each specific instructions on what to tackle. Each surface was now dusted and polished. His floors were bare apart from a couple of stains that must have been impossible to get out, likely from something he'd left there for a long time. *Note to self, get another rug to cover that.*

A brand new king size bed took center stage in his room now, topped with luxurious Egyptian cotton sheets that boasted a 1,000 thread count. *I'll have to throw some starch in with Dan's sheets to make them more uncomfortable.*

Like the furniture in the living room, the bed frame was the perfect height so Lester could comfortably stand next to it while thrusting into someone lying on it.

The only remnants of Lester's old room were the desk and chair. Even though the chair was ratty, it was *his* chair and the cornerstone of his command center. He'd ordered a slip cover to go over it that matched the bed frame which would be arriving that night.

The maids were given explicit instructions not to touch the desk or anything on it. That was especially the case for the locked drawers, which contained his most prized possessions - trophies of his conquests.

Lester's phone vibrated in his pocket. He opened it to see a notification saying his last package would be arriving soon.

Ned meekly appeared in the doorframe, peering in from the hallway but not daring to enter the room. "Is there anything else you need, Lester? I really need to get to the store, tonight we're hosting a group of –"

"Yeah, one last thing." Lester didn't look up from his phone. He had opened Instagram and was scrolling through the latest updates from Sarah, who had posted a picture of herself with Dan in their home. The caption said something about how happy she was to have him back home.

"I need you to patch that. There should be some drywall and mud in the front closet." He pointed towards the yellow, cum stained drywall beneath his peephole. *I'll have to cover that, too.*

Ned hesitantly stepped into the room towards the section of wall Lester indicated. He made a face and asked, "What is that?"

"I dropped some food there and the cleaning stuff made it yellow." He pinched the screen on his phone, zooming in on Sarah's face. *Soon...*

Dan watched the clock on the microwave with a raging hard-on. *Are we really going to role-play about Lester? God, that's fucked up.*

After ten minutes had finally passed, Dan finished his wine and headed for their bedroom upstairs.

As he ascended the stairs, he could feel his erection straining against his pants. He began to disrobe until he stood outside his bedroom in only his boxers. He placed his hand on the doorknob and quietly turned it while opening the door.

Holy shit.

Sarah's hands were firmly planted on the end of the bed as she stood there, pushing her ass out on display for whoever walked through the bedroom door. She was wearing the black silk robe that he had bought for her which barely covered her beautiful ass in her current pose.

Dan's eyes feasted on her toned legs on full display and quickly shifted his attention to how good her ass looked, even with it being

covered by the robe. *That woman's ass would look good in whatever she wears.*

He stood there a few moments, just taking in the sight before him.

Sarah was gently swaying her ass back and forth, inviting Dan to step up and take it. "Oh, Dan, I've missed you so much. I just had to come and surprise you in your apartment."

She never turned around to look at him but kept gently swaying her hips, as if slowly dancing to inaudible music. Dan finally took the hint and crossed the room, stepping up behind her. He grabbed her hips with both hands and pressed his still boxer clad dick into her backside.

"Oooh, it seems like someone is happy to see me. Did you have a *hard* day at work, baby? I'm going to take good care of you." Sarah pushed her hands into the bed as she grinded herself back on Dan's dick.

Dan groaned as he felt his dick being enveloped by the silk of Sarah's robe as it pushed between the tops of her thighs.

"We have to be quiet, Dan, I don't know if Lester is home or not. I think he is probably out, though." Sarah whispered.

Dan, as Lester, stayed silent.

She shuddered as his hands began to explore her body. His left hand snaked its way inside of the robe and massaged her breasts. His other hand parted the slit in the robe and pressed against her panty-covered sex.

"Mmmmm" Sarah moaned. Feeling Dan's hot cock on her backside and his fingers pressing into her was getting her going.

Dan's hands began moving again. The fingertips of his left hand began to trace along the line between the lace bra and her bare skin before moving upwards. His fingers danced between her cleavage as it rose to her neck.

When his fingers got close to her face, Sara instinctively turned her head and took his index and middle finger into her mouth and sucked on them.

Dan shuddered at the feeling. Sarah grabbed the back of his hand to pull his fingers deeper into her mouth as she alternated

between sucking them and running her tongue along them.

His other hand found her panty line and gently eased inside. His fingers made contact with her bare pussy, making Sarah take a sharp intake of breath. She only had a second to pause before Dan continued to thrust his fingers into her mouth.

Dan found Sarah's clit and began to slowly massage it. His fingers pressed gently on it as he moved them in a circular motion.

She moved her head away from his fingers, eyes shut while she concentrated on the sensation.

Dan's fingers dropped down even farther, sliding along Sarah's smooth slit until they found their prize. As he gently put one finger inside of her, he felt her go up on her tippy toes and push her ass back into him.

"Ugh, Dan, that feels so good." Sarah moaned.

Dan wanted to fuck Sarah. The way her body was reacting to his touch was making his heart beat faster. In his mind, it wasn't his hands touching her, but Lester's. Lester had snuck into the room and was taking advantage of the situation without Sarah knowing. He was the one causing her to respond like this. *God I'm fucked up, but I need to do this.*

He wanted to get deeper into her. This position and the fact that her panties were still on were preventing his finger from fully pushing into her. He quickly removed his hands from their current spots and placed one on her hip while he used the other to apply pressure on the back of her neck.

Dan pushed and bent her down fully until Sarah was on her elbows, her head bowed and resting on the bed's comforter. With one hand keeping her firmly in place on the bed, the other reached under the robe and pulled down her panties.

Feeling her panties fall down her legs made Sarah moan, "Ooooooh."

Dan used one hand to pull his boxers down and did an awkward, dance-like motion to slip them off and step out of them. His cock sprang out, hard as a steel rod as he looked down at Sarah in front of him. He raised the back of her silk gown up and rested it on her hips, pausing to admire his wife's gorgeous, bare ass.

"God, I can't wait to fuck you." He growled.

One of Sarah's hands reached back and she turned her head with a well-acted look of alarm, "L-L-Lester?"

Holding her hip firmly with one hand, Dan lined himself up and pushed his cock head into her entrance. "Damn right it's me, baby."

"Nooo, Lester, stop! I thought you were Dan." She kept trying to reach back with her hand in a seemingly valiant effort to push him off of her.

Dan put his hand on her back once more as he pushed her down again and slid more of his cock into her. "You don't have to pretend anymore, Sarah. Dan isn't here, and I know you've been curious to feel my cock."

Sarah shuddered as mental images of her last night in the apartment flooded her mind. There was no way she could have forgotten *that*.

"I saw the way you looked at me that night, the way you looked at my cock. Do you know what the look on your face said?" Dan said in his best Lester voice.

"Whaaat?" Sarah asked as she gripped the comforter in both hands.

"Hunger!" Dan said loudly as he pushed himself entirely into her. He pounded several strokes into her, causing her to shriek. Sarah inadvertently edged herself further onto the bed.

Never disconnecting, Dan followed her forward until his knees were resting on the bed. "You were hungry to experience my cock."

"Nooo, that's not true." Sarah moaned.

Dan took his hands off her hips and watched as Sarah continued to push back onto his cock over and over. "Then why are you still fucking my cock?" he said, mockingly.

Sarah didn't stop. She pushed back into him harder. Lester, er... Dan's cock, she corrected herself with a little shame, was filling her completely and hitting all the right places. Her first orgasm of the night was approaching rapidly and she wasn't about to stop now. "God, just shut up and fuck me."

"I thought you'd never ask." Dan grabbed Sarah's hips with both hands and started hammering into her.

Sarah loved when Dan fucked her hard like this, the way he held her and wouldn't let up no matter what she did.

Dan growled. "I knew I had you the moment I walked into that kitchen naked."

The mental image of Lester's bare cock swaying in front of her popped into her mind again. The way it had twitched when he caught her looking at it set her off now.

"Ooooh, Fuck! Fuck!" Sarah screamed as an orgasm quickly rose and washed over her. Her arms got weak and she sunk into the bed, laying down on her stomach. Her pussy clenched down on Dan's dick, slowing his movements as he tried to keep thrusting into her.

Suddenly, she felt her robe being pulled off of her. Dan tossed it next to the bed and momentarily pulled his cock out as he flipped her over. He wasn't sure if she would continue to pretend to put up a fight or not. *God, I need to fuck her more.*

He pulled her legs apart and pushed in again as he laid himself down on top of her. Instinctively, her legs wrapped around him, pulling him even deeper into her.

Dan thought of that night in the apartment again. He remembered the shit-eating grin on Lester's face as he came on Sarah's chest. *That fucker...*

He did his best to mimic that grin and said, "I knew you'd like my cock. Tell me how much you love it."

"Oh, I love it so much. Lester, don't stop fucking me." Sarah moaned.

Lester. She said his name. She had said *his* name while Dan was fucking her. *"Lester, don't stop fucking me."*

Hearing Sarah moan Lester's name sent his body into overdrive. He started rapidly thrusting into her, his cock quickly sliding in and out of her soaking wet pussy.

"Say my name again," Dan panted. *Holy shit, I'm going to cum soon.*

"Lester." Sarah groaned. She looked up into the eyes of the man she loved. "Lester, fuck me."

Dan looped both arms under her shoulders and pulled himself as deep inside of her as possible. He was like a man possessed. The

look on Sarah's face had always driven him past the point of no return, but this time he imagined she was looking up at someone else, up at Lester. *Fuck, she said "Lester" again.*

Sarah closed her eyes and Dan's face was immediately replaced with that of Lester and the animalistic hunger he'd had on his face as he watched them have sex. She had certainly planned on doing this role-play for her husband, but she hadn't intended to actually imagine having sex with Lester. She now couldn't stop picturing his face from the apartment looking back down at her as she felt his cock rapidly fucking her.

She bit her lip and felt another orgasm beginning to swell inside of her. "Don't stop, don't stop."

"I don't have a condom on, Sarah," Dan whispered. He knew from past role-playing sessions that unprotected sex always turned her on.

"Don't stop, Lester, don't stop." She moaned.

Fuck, that was hot.

Dan kissed Sarah hungrily on the lips, his tongue pushing into her mouth. Sarah grabbed the back of his head and pulled him in closer. Her tongue danced with his as they both fantasized that it was Dan's odd roommate, Lester, who was actually between her legs in bed with her right now.

This was it. "Fuck, I'm going to cum Sarah," Dan grunted as he pulled back from the kiss while hammering into her as hard as he could.

"Fill me." Sarah moaned, her fingernails digging into his shoulder. "Fill me, Lester."

"Fuck, I'm going to knock you up." He bellowed as he felt his cum beginning to boil up in his balls.

"Oh, do it," Sarah said breathlessly as she felt the sheen of sweat cover her body. "Do it, Lester."

Dan roared as he exploded into Sarah. Hearing her say Lester's name and telling him to cum inside of her made him explode harder than he ever had before. Dizzying thoughts of Lester being in this position on his marital bed, with Sarah screaming out Lester's name

from underneath him, filled his head as pure pleasure rocketed through his body.

The second Sarah felt his cum hit the back of her pussy, her mind flashed back to the experience of Lester painting her chest with his cum a few weeks ago. She could still almost feel the warm goo running all over her breasts. That same cum was now drenching her unprotected insides. The cum of someone so base and beneath her was violating her most protected treasure right now. She had begun to confuse her fantasy with reality as her climax approached.

Sarah's nails dug farther into Dan's shoulders as her legs wrapped tighter around him in a vice grip. The feeling of cum inside of her had set off the ticking time bomb of her orgasm as she came. Waves and waves of pleasure radiated out from her sex. She arched her back, her bra-clad chest pushed up into Dan's body.

"Holy fuck..." she wailed through gritted teeth as her orgasm washed over her.

She collapsed, breathless, as Dan let out one final grunt as he fully emptied himself inside of her.

After a few moments of labored breathing, Dan rolled off of Sarah onto his side of the bed. "That was...intense."

Sarah didn't even open her eyes; her total and complete exhaustion wouldn't let her. "Mmmm, Lester..."

Dan's tired brain tried to tell him he should be bothered that the role-play with Lester was continuing after sex, but he had just climaxed harder than ever before, fantasizing the entire time that it was his roommate who was pounding away at his wife in place of him.

His eyes were also closed as he summoned one last, Lester-like grin to face. "Just wait until I have you back in my apartment, Sarah..."

"Mmmm..."

Without saying another word, both Dan and Sarah, still coming down from post-orgasmic bliss, drifted off to sleep.

"Okay Lester, I think I'm done here," Ned said, looking at Lester for approval. "I really do have to get going, they are probably

already there waiting for me.”

Lester eyed the patched drywall. It looked like crap. Ned obviously wasn't a handyman and had needed to refer to YouTube several times while doing this small job. Still, it was better than years worth of cum stained into the wall. “Can you come back tomorrow to sand and paint it?”

“Well, Saturday morning I usually do inventory, and then...” He caught the look on Lester's face and stopped himself. “Yeah, I can come back tomorrow, no problem.”

“Good.” Lester walked back to the living room and began unboxing the packages that had arrived. As he opened the first box, he felt Ned's presence behind him trying to get a peek inside. *Always lingering.*

Without turning around Lester asked, “Are you still here?”

Ned gulped. “I'm about to go, Lester, but, uh I was, uh just wondering. You, uh, mentioned earlier that you might show me a picture of this woman you were doing all this for.”

Lester sighed. He really wished Ned would just leave already, he had more shit to do. But he did like the idea of showing Ned the picture. He knew Ned would talk and tell all the other guys in the group about it. He always liked to have one up on the others.

He sighed and stood up. “Fine, fine.” He thumbed through his phone, debating whether to show Ned one of Sarah's pictures from Instagram or one of the more racy photos she had taken for Dan when he first moved in. “But don't tell anyone about this.”

He didn't want Ned looking up anything and finding Sarah's Instagram, so he opted for one of the boudoir pictures. He pinched the screen a bit so it just showed off her face and a bit of cleavage.

He held the phone up to Ned who instinctively reached for it. Lester pulled his arm back and gave him a stern look. Ned nodded and Lester extended his phone again, giving him a chance to see a side of Sarah meant only for her husband. “Wow, Lester, how do you know her?”

“Soon-to-be girlfriend,” Lester bragged and turned around to go back to his packages. Ned just hovered there for several seconds,

like a lost puppy looking for someone to guide him. "You can go, Ned."

"Right, right. I'll see you tomorrow. Bye, Lester. Have a good night." Ned paused by the door, waiting for a reply from Lester. It never came.

Lester heard the door shut behind him and finally opened the package in front of him. He took out several other boxes and laid them out on the table. There was a DVD player, a few wall plug night lights, and three empty wall socket covers. Each box was labeled with a variation of '4k,' 'spycam,' 'security cam,' and 'wi-fi enabled.'

Lester spent the next hour installing these throughout the house. There were now some in Dan's room, the bathroom, the kitchen, and, of course, the living room. Satisfied that they were all working as intended, he threw out the packaging and headed back to his command center.

After a few minutes of tweaking the settings, he was able to pull up all the camera feeds on both his computer and his cellphone. The next time Sarah came to visit, he would be able to track all her movements. He wouldn't be surprised if she decided to take more nude selfies for Dan in Lester's room again, and he wouldn't let another golden opportunity like that pass him by.

He would also now be able to monitor any calls Dan took in the apartment. *I'll have to set these cameras up to auto-record if it detects voices, somehow.*

Lester laced his fingers as he leaned back looking over the camera feeds. He had good coverage of the entire apartment. He pursed his lips and thought about his next move.

How would Sarah and Dan react the next time she comes to visit? Will they have sex in the apartment again? If they do, will it be in their room or back on the couch? If it's the couch, do they want him to come watch again? If it's his own room, how can he take advantage of that?

He pressed a few keys on the keyboard, exiting the camera feeds. He pulled up a folder labeled 'Sarah Williams' and scrolled

past the various note files and pictures until he clicked on a video file.

The screen filled, playing a video of an empty shower. After a few seconds, Sarah made her entrance, completely naked and with reams of Lester's baby making batter covering her chest. He watched expressionlessly as he studied the video.

Sarah let the water hit her and wash the cum off her chest. She probably didn't realize that the water would cause his cum to run down the rest of her body, likely even over her vagina. He watched as she rubbed her breasts, trying to remove any remaining trace of Lester's potent seed from her skin.

When she was satisfied that she was clean, Sarah stood there with her eyes open, looking at the wall in front of her. She stood like this for several minutes, just letting the water wash over her as she appeared to be contemplating something.

Lester had come to watch this video every night, studying her face and trying to discern what she was thinking. He needed to know what was running through her head and how he could exploit it.

Lester grabbed his cell phone and dialed a contact from his address book. After a few rings, someone picked up.

"Hey Lizzie, it's Lester." Lester rolled his eyes and put his feet up on the desk. "Yes, I know we agreed I wouldn't contact you again, but I have an offer for you. A favor, you might say."

Lester grinned evilly. "No, it doesn't involve anything like that, but you know I am always here if you change your mind."

He laughed. "Yeah, right. I know you still think about me."

"Okay, okay, calm down." Lester switched tactics and tried to sound reassuring. "I was wondering if you wanted to earn back the hard drive."

"Yes, that hard drive." Lester listened as the person on the other end of the line spoke.

"You'll have to come back to the apartment. No funny business, I promise, but there are a few things I'll need you to do for me."

Lester took off his pants and sat back in the chair. He took out his cock and began to stroke it, listening to the person in his ear

while watching Sarah's shower on his computer screen. "Do you still have that little red dress?"

Back and forth. Back and forth.

B Dan couldn't help but be mesmerized by the subtle sway of Sarah's hips as she walked down the hallway toward his apartment. He knew she was saying something but her words never reached his brain.

The only thing it could process was how great her ass looked in her tight denim jeans. It didn't matter which pair of pants she wore, her ass always made them look better.

"What do you think?" Sarah said, looking over her shoulder. She raised an eyebrow and smiled, catching him checking her out.

Even though he was married to this goddess, he still found himself at a loss for words. "Yeah honey, whatever."

"Stop staring and start listening." She playfully chided him. "Dinner tonight. Did you look at any of the places nearby that I sent over?"

Dan sighed. "Honestly no, I never got to look at them in depth. Today was a little crazy with our client changing some stuff and Jesse not delivering some of his tasks on time."

"But I'm sure you have a preference?" He caught up to her as they approached the apartment door.

"I do, and I'm sure you are going to like it. But right now let's check out this new apartment of yours." She stood patiently on the door frame waiting for Dan to unlock the door. She had her own key but it was likely packed away in her carry-on luggage.

"You've already seen the pictures," Dan said as he put his key in.

"I know, but it just seems like an entirely different place," Sarah responded.

"Well, here it is. Home sweet home." He pushed the door open and stepped back, letting Sarah take a good look.

It was still the same space as before, but everything about it looked different. A few weeks ago when he had been in Middleton, Lester had redecorated. While Sarah loved the look, Dan was still a little peeved that Lester had done it without consulting him. It was their shared space after all. It made Dan feel like he was just a guest in Lester's home, not a roommate.

"Holy shit." Sarah stepped in and took a look around. "You weren't kidding, it's like a completely different apartment."

She left her bag by the door and sat on the new couch. "I love this couch. It's so comfy."

Dan smiled, closing the door and joining his wife on the couch. "I hate to admit it, but yeah, it is pretty nice."

"Don't be such a downer. It's like you got an apartment upgrade for free. We're just lucky that we're locked in at the current rate." Sarah's hands moved over the material of the couch. She gave Dan a mischievous look. "Do you think anyone has broken in this couch yet?"

"You mean..." Dan eyed Sarah who raised an eyebrow to confirm his suspicions. "No, I don't think so."

She got up and sauntered over to her husband, leaning over to whisper in his ear. "Well, maybe we'll just have to break it in tonight."

Dan was flabbergasted. Sure, they had played with the idea. They've talked about it often since he returned to Chicago. After their last night in Middleton, Dan had hoped to repeat the events in the living room, but now it was really going to happen again. His

heart was beating quickly, he couldn't contain his excitement. His nerves were going crazy. "Are you sure? What about last time?"

Sarah stood up and stretched, her breasts straining against the material of her t-shirt. "Well, maybe you're right. It was pretty intense last time. You'll just have to get me liquored up at dinner and see what happens after that."

Dan could feel his heart beating in his chest. His face must have telegraphed what he was thinking because Sarah gave him a knowing smile. She had him wrapped around her finger.

"I'm going to get changed quickly and then we can go. Say, 20 minutes?" Sarah retrieved her luggage and moved backwards towards the hallway leading to the bedroom without breaking eye contact. She mouthed, "Is Lester here?"

"Who knows. Haven't seen him since before I left for Middleton." Dan replied.

Sarah made a surprised face and disappeared down the hallway to Dan's bedroom.

The sharp crystal clear image of Dan and Sarah in the living room illuminated the dark room.

Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

Lester stared at the screen from his well-worn chair, one hand diving into the Cheetos bag on the desk beside him. He grabbed another handful, absentmindedly dusting himself with cheetos as he put them in his mouth. He was too fixated on the screen to notice such trivial details.

He couldn't quite make out the entire conversation, they were whispering after all, but he gleaned what it was about. They were going to fool around in the living room again tonight. *Perfect.*

That means things didn't go too far last time. Maybe they wanted a repeat performance. He would ensure they got it and more.

Dan never spoke to Lester since that night, other than complaining loudly to himself about the mess around the apartment. It had been weeks since Ned helped redecorate his apartment and each day waiting on Sarah's return was hell. Why couldn't she have come back sooner?

Sure, the maid service that came in after Dan left for work helped, but they weren't allowed in his room. Cleaning up, and walking the trash to the garbage chute were such annoying activities. He still hadn't worn any of the clothes he purchased yet because he didn't want to have to figure out how to keep them presentable.

Lester watched as Sarah made her way down the hallway to Dan's bedroom. He pulled his hand from the Cheetos bag and sat forward intently. He pressed a couple of keys and his monitor switched to another view.

This one was low to the ground, one of the power outlets he had replaced in Dan's bedroom.

Initially, he was worried Dan would notice the substitute but after a few weeks, he was confident it had gone unnoticed.

On the screen, the door to the bedroom opened. Sarah walked in, pulling her luggage behind her. She quickly set it in its place and began to go through her things.

Lester watched Sarah's ass as she bent over, pulling out clothes and setting them aside. His hand was slowly stroking his growing cock through his sweatpants.

His lips formed into a wicked smile as Sarah began to disrobe. She peeled her t-shirt off, revealing her magnificent breasts clad in a boring, beige bra. The smooth tops of her breasts jiggled as she undid her belt.

Lester got an eyeful of her chest as she lowered her jeans, her juicy ass coming into full display on his monitor as she stepped out of her discarded pants.

Something wasn't quite right. He was salivating watching his roommate's wife on his monitor, but it felt different.

He stood up and quietly marched over to the wall. Lester carefully removed the picture revealing his hidden peephole. Pressing himself up against the wall, he simultaneously closed one eye while lowering his sweatpants.

His hand found his cock and his eye found Sarah's alluring form standing before him. She slowly unclasped her bra and pulled it off,

revealing her bare chest. Lester licked his lips and gripped his rock-hard cock as his eyes roamed over her.

"I can't wait to fuck you." He groaned into the wall.

Sarah slowly lowered her panties and wiggled out of them. She moved to her suitcase and bent over, giving Lester the perfect view of her voluptuous ass cheeks. He realized how quickly he had begun to stroke his cock and slowed down. He didn't want to stain the new drywall Ned installed. *On the other hand, he can always come back and fix it again.*

Lester watched as Sarah slid her slender legs into a pair of turquoise panties that accentuated her magnificent ass. She pulled a matching bra out of her suitcase and began to put it on. He cursed under his breath that her bare breasts were hidden from his sight but marveled at the way her chest looked. The bra pushed her breasts up, putting them on display and was low cut enough that it looked like they could spill out at any moment. It was truly a marvel of modern engineering.

He didn't have long to take in the sight of her in her underwear. He stroked his cock rapidly as she put on a textured, form-fitting white dress with sleeves that extended to her wrists. It was a crime against humanity that the dress didn't show off any cleavage with its high neckline. The dress stopped mid-thigh, leaving plenty of her legs on display.

Sarah approached Lester's peephole to look at herself in the mirror. The dress was sexy as fuck. Even though it didn't show off her breasts, it hugged them tightly, showing off the impressive work of her bra. She looked stacked and the dress would have every man she encountered imagining what they would look like underneath.

She turned around and looked over her shoulder. Lester's mouth hung open as he continued to stroke himself, staring at how snug the dress was on her hips and ass. It seemed to be the same material as a pair of yoga pants judging by the way it made her ass look.

Sarah moved to the bed and pulled a pair of long, high-heeled rose-coloured boots out of her luggage. She slipped her flawless legs

into them and stood up. The boots went high on her legs, a few inches below the hemline of her dress.

She looked at the outfit again in the mirror. Even though her skin was mostly covered, Lester thought it was one the sexiest outfits he had ever seen. It simultaneously accentuated all of her best features, putting them on display in a subtle way.

Lester watched as she retrieved a matching rose coloured clutch and left the bedroom, her heels clicking on the ground as she walked.

He stumbled back to his command center, almost stepping on a paper plate he had left on the floor earlier. Lester sat down and cycled through the camera to find her. She was in the bathroom applying makeup.

She didn't need much makeup. She was already a knockout. Still, Lester watched her, fascinated.

After a few minutes, she had finished and made her way back to Dan in the living room. They spoke briefly and left the apartment, presumably heading out to dinner.

Lester stared at the apartment door on his screen. He made a steeple with his fingers as he rocked back and forth in the chair. Would they have sex again in the living room? On the new couch built for three? Does that signal they want him to come out and watch them again? Maybe more?

Lester contemplated this as he slowly began to stroke his cock.

A night out in Chicago always felt like a mini-vacation to Sarah. Getting away from the stresses of work and home life was a welcome change.

So when Dan suggested they grab a few drinks after dinner, she was more than happy to oblige. One drink turned into three, until the couple stumbled into the elevator of the apartment building, giggling.

Dan began kissing Sarah's neck while he pressed himself into her ass. "You looked so damn hot tonight baby. Everyone couldn't keep their eyes off of you."

Sarah pushed herself back into his crotch. "The only one I care about watching is you."

A wicked idea popped into her mind; she loved to toy with her husband, after all. "...and maybe Lester."

She heard the sharp intake of his breath and a small groan escape his lips as his hard cock pressed into her backside.

"You are such a bad girl." He whispered.

"I'm your bad girl, baby." She responded while gyrating her hips against him.

To their disappointment, the elevator door opened. They stepped out into the hallway but Dan made sure to keep holding Sarah's hand, his finger caressing the back of it.

With a bit of liquid courage, Dan asked, "So, were you serious earlier? Did you really want to do it again on the couch?"

Sarah glanced sideways at him and smiled. "Well, that new couch does seem pretty comfortable..." She stopped in her tracks. They were in the middle of the hallway, likely out of sight from any door's peepholes. She reached out and gently touched the fabric crotch of Dan's dress pants.

His eyes momentarily rolled back in his head before he composed himself.

She got up on her tippy toes and whispered in his ear. "Isn't that what you wanted, big boy? To let your weird roommate see your sexy wife? Watch us together, to touch..." She trailed off as she slowly backed away towards Dan's apartment door.

He gulped and followed her.

Before the door to the apartment was fully open, Dan was on her. He pulled her into him, his lips hungrily kissing hers.

Kicking the door closed, Dan grabbed Sarah and pulled her towards the couch. His hands and lips never left hers. He could feel how hot her body was through her dress and she could feel his throbbing erection through his pants.

Sarah's hands found Dan's belt and began to unbuckle it.

He kicked off his shoes as his belt came undone. Sarah reached in and found his hard dick and grabbed it. Dan moaned. Gravity helped his pants fall to the floor.

His lips were back on hers as his tongue explored her mouth. She continued to stroke his cock as he pulled her close into him. His lips moved across her cheek and down her neck until they found the edge of her dress.

He grunted in frustration that he couldn't go further. He wanted his lips to dive into the depths of her breasts. He sharply grabbed the hem of her dress at her thighs and pulled the tight-fitting material up.

Sarah's perfect ass bounced out of the dress and into view of the waiting living room. Not far away it also filled the monitor in an otherwise darkened bedroom.

She continued to stroke his hard cock under the waistband of his boxers. Dan pulled more of her dress up, past her midsection and just over her bra-clad breasts. She let go of his cock as he tore the dress over her head.

Standing there in just her bra and panties Sarah made a move to pull off her thigh-high boots but Dan spun her around and pushed her into the couch. She arched her back as Dan's hungry lips began kissing her neck.

His mouth was sending electric shivers down her body. He hungrily dragged his wet lips down her back, unclasping her bra as he continued downward.

She pushed her ass back into his mouth as his tongue started drawing circles on her ass cheeks. His hands worked to unzip and remove her boots from each leg.

Once the boots were discarded across the floor, he rose back up and lowered her panties. Sarah drew in her breath as she knew what would happen next. His boxers joined her panties in a pile on the floor.

Dan's hard cock was free. He held it with one hand as he lined it up with his wife. Grabbing the hair on the base of her neck, he pushed her down onto the top of the couch. She braced herself with her hands, but he was too strong and they just collapsed under her as she was draped over the couch facing the TV.

With one quick thrust, Dan pushed himself into his wife.

“Oooh,” she moaned as she felt her husband’s hard cock slide into her wet and waiting vagina.

Dan kept his hand on her neck, the other on her hip as he pushed into her like a man possessed. Would Lester come out again? If he did, what would he do? Where would he stand?

Dan had purposely decided to take Sarah in this position. The last time in the apartment he didn’t like that Lester stood back here out of his field of view. It felt like Lester was trying to dominate him by pulling a power play like that.

Dan wouldn’t be manipulated. He would be the one standing here, able to see everything when Lester came out. Who knows what he’ll do.

Sarah could feel herself getting close to an orgasm. It must have been the anticipation, the build-up to the moment. She loved when Dan took her roughly like this, it was something he seldom did. Each thrust driving into her was like setting little fireworks off in her body, all building towards that glorious eruption of an orgasm.

She felt Dan’s fingers making a fist with the hair on the back of her neck. He roughly pulled her up off the couch by her hair. The pain at the base of her neck was overridden by the pleasure of how dominating he was. His torso leaned into her. She felt his hot breath next to her ear.

“You think your friend is going to come join us?” He breathed.

“Join us or watch us?” She countered. She felt his cock twitch inside of her at that.

He quietly moaned as he continued to thrust into her. Both of them looked down the hallway towards Lester’s bedroom.

In his dark room down the hall, Lester sat pensively watching the scene unfold on his monitor.

He leaned forward as he heard the couple talking about him. Talking about him watching them again. They both stole glances down the hallway towards his bedroom, wondering if he would come out.

Lester glanced at his bedroom door. It would be so easy to get up and walk out there. To be there in the room with her again. To

show her his cock and how hard she made it.

He was absentmindedly stroking his cock through his pants again. His eyes shifted from the door, back to the monitor and down to his pants. *Fuck.*

The Cheetos dust from his fingers had transferred to his new sweatpants. *Fuck.*

Despite the new stains on his pants, he never missed a stroke as he continued to watch the couple.

He yearned to throw open his door and stomp down the hall holding his raging hard cock in his hand like the weapon it was. But he had a plan.

He sighed. *Be patient, Lester.*

Lester knew that the couple was excited about being watched again. He knew they wanted his attention. How bad would they want it if he denied it to them? How far could he push things then?

"What do you think he'll do when he comes out?" Dan grunted into Sarah's ear. "Where do you think he'll go?"

Sarah could feel Dan's thrusts quickening. She wanted to turn the screws a bit and tease him. "He'll probably stand right here in front of me to show me that big cock of his."

"Oh fuck, Sarah." Dan released her hair. His other hand found her hip and he gripped her tight, hammering into her. "Shit, I'm so close."

The fireworks were just beginning to crescendo inside of Sarah. She could feel they were building towards a big orgasm. "Don't stop, Dan, don't stop."

"Fuck!" Dan exclaimed as he thrust into her hard. He came. His cum shot out of dick and exploded into Sarah.

She felt it hit the walls of her insides, washing over them. Sarah felt fuller than she had a second ago. The cum helped to quicken the onset of the orgasm, but Dan's thrusts quickly came to a standstill.

The increasing tempo of her impending orgasm slowly began to recede.

She had to cling to something. Her body wanted to cum. She flexed all the muscles she had and gripped Dan's cock hard, not

letting it go. She pushed herself back onto him as his cum continued to spurt out. She thought of Dan's roommate walking down the hallway towards them and standing there in front of her. She could imagine the hungry look in his eyes as he stroked his cock that was right in front of her face.

She stood up on her toes and she came. "Ohhh fuck, Dan."

Her body was rocked by a tsunami of an orgasm that caused her arms to give out as she collapsed back onto the couch.

Dan's hot breath was bathing her neck. His body weight pressed into her and she was pressed into the couch.

After a few moments, Dan withdrew his cock and stood straight up. Sarah stayed there briefly before turning around and looking at her husband.

She gave Dan a warm smile. "God, I missed doing that with you."

He closed the distance between them and held her in his arms. "I've missed you, too."

Both Dan and Sarah were still breathing heavily. He let her go and began cleaning up the mess of their discarded clothes. Sarah picked up her turquoise panties and put them on.

She reached down to grab her matching bra when she heard Dan speak. "I dare you to walk back there just like that."

She paused for a moment before letting the strap of the bra slip through her finger, back onto the floor. She stood up and glanced over her shoulder at her husband. His wide eyes slowly raised from her ass to meet to gaze.

She held his stare with a level gaze. Her face showed no reaction to his challenge.

Then, without a word, she walked towards the hallway. Wearing just her turquoise panties, she swayed her hips to tease him. If Lester were to open his door he would be met with her naked breasts fully on display for him. He would be the only man other than her husband to ever see them bare.

The attractive couple on screen were breathing hard. They had just cum simultaneously and the afterglow of orgasmic bliss was beginning to fade from their faces.

Lester leaned back in his chair, spent. Not only were his new sweatpants stained with Cheeto dust, but they were now soiled with his cum as well. Oh well.

He stood up and peeled the sweatpants down around his ankles so he could step out of them. He grabbed the sweatpants and used them to wipe the leftover cum off his pale flabby leg. Making a face of disgust he tossed them into a small pile across the room.

He would decide later whether to wash them or throw them out. Sure, he had spent money on them, but he hated washing his clothes. The laundry room was down in the basement of the building and he couldn't get reception down there. *I'll probably just throw them out.*

The new clothes and furniture were just one part in his plan to take Sarah. It didn't matter whether she liked them or not, the purpose was to remove one barrier from the path of their copulation. He didn't want her to see him as gross, he just needed to be neutral.

Once he had her, it wouldn't matter how he dressed or what he did after that. She would be his.

Still, it was a waste of money to just throw those pants away. Lester looked sideways at the paper plates on the floor. His true nature was still battling with this latest scheme. Hopefully, he wouldn't need to keep this act up much longer.

He glanced back at the monitor. The couple were grabbing their clothes when he heard Dan say something.

"I dare you to walk back there, just like that."

Lester stopped breathing, his heart suddenly beating a million miles a minute in his chest. He felt like one of the xenomorphs from the movie alien was about to burst out.

He watched as Sarah seductively walked down the hallway towards him, like a meal being presented to a king. She never looked back at Dan. Instead, she was focused on her destination.

Dan watched Sarah's sexy ass sway as she walked away from him. Sweat was glistening off her back as she made her way down the hallway, topless. She passed the bathroom door and then, to Dan's surprise, she passed his bedroom door as well.

She walked a few more feet until she was standing there half-naked in front of Lester's door. She took half a step forward and reached towards the door knob. Her finger barely grazed it as she finally broke from her trance and looked back down the hallway at her husband.

She smiled seductively as she saw his slack-jawed expression. She raised an eyebrow at him, waiting for his reaction. It was almost like she was challenging him on what he wanted her to do next. She had already upped the ante on his dare.

Dan was transfixed and didn't know how to react.

Lester was standing frozen still, his gaze alternating between the door and his monitor.

She was right there, holding the doorknob and staring back at her husband. If he opened the door now, how would they both react? *Fuck it.*

He started to move towards the door, his cock sporting a tent in his ratty boxers sweatpants where the Cheetos smudge was. Movement out of the corner of his eye stopped him in his tracks.

Lester glanced at the monitor as Sarah let go of the doorknob and slowly stepped away from the door. She never broke her husband's gaze as she made her way to the bathroom and shut the door.

Sarah smiled as she closed the bathroom door, chuckling to herself at the reaction she was able to get out of Dan. She knew exactly how to push his buttons and win their game. She always won.

Still, what if Lester had opened his door and seen her right there? Part of her was disappointed he hadn't caught her and Dan out in the living room. Another part of her was relieved; not knowing how things would play out was anxiety-inducing.

She had no idea how she or Dan would have reacted if Lester had opened his bedroom door with her standing right there. She probably would have screamed and run into the bathroom.

Still, it was an exciting night. I wonder what tomorrow night will look like.

Sarah quickly cleaned up the mess Dan made inside of her, did her business, cleaned the makeup off her face and left the bathroom to head to bed.

“You fucking idiot.” Dan said aloud as he looked down at his phone.

He knew he shouldn't, but he was reading his work email as he waited for Sarah to return from the bathroom. He had taken her out to a hole-in-the-wall Italian restaurant that Walt had recommended. So far, it was everything he wanted for tonight. It was private, romantic, and had an extensive wine list to go along with the drop-dead gorgeous bombshell date he had in Sarah.

Unfortunately, Dan had to check his work email and saw the latest fuck up from Jesse. The moron had jumped into an email thread to try and look like a superstar by supplying the Lincoln Group with an answer to a question they sent at the end of the day on Friday.

The spreadsheet he attached was a couple of weeks out of date and the numbers were no longer accurate. “You were just CC'd on the email, Jesse, why the hell would you even respond?”

As Dan was visibly rolling his eyes at the email, he noticed things grow quiet on the other side of the restaurant. He looked up and noticed several heads subtly, and some not so subtly, turning to look at something.

His eyes followed theirs until a dark, red shape came into view. A beautiful woman in an intoxicating red dress was moving amongst the sea of tables towards him. The dress had a plunging neckline that went down to the middle of her chest, revealing the tops and sides of her breasts. The dress was flowy but still hugged her breasts, accentuating and drawing attention to them.

Her bare legs were on display as the dress came to an abrupt stop at her upper thigh. If she were to bend down to pick something up, everyone in the restaurant would get an eyeful. Dan's eyes

roamed down her perfect legs to find her feet bound in gold stiletto heels.

It was Sarah.

As she approached their table, he saw several women turn to see what their dates were looking at. Many men seemed to be engaged in heated conversations of denial and apology.

She was careful about concealing the hem of her dress and she sat back down at their booth.

"You sure know how to get attention." He said slyly to her.

"Oh, yeah? What about you? Do I have your attention?" She asked as she looked down at his phone and back up at him.

He smiled and held his hands up in surrender in front of him. He quickly put the phone away in his jacket pocket.

She smiled triumphantly. "So, what are you thinking? Desert here or back at the apartment?"

She eyed him mischievously.

"Well, that depends on what's on the menu," Dan replied suggestively.

"Everything." Sarah quickly responded before taking a long sip of the white wine in front of her.

Dan didn't know what to say. She was always so much quicker at this than he was. How could she be so perfect, so modest, so prim and proper, yet so sexy and naughty at the same time? He was like putty in her hands, she could do whatever she wanted to him.

He knew when to admit defeat.

"Jesus christ, Sarah, you are so fucking hot," Dan whispered.

"I know." She batted her eyelashes at him and smiled. Her hand moved under the table until it found his crotch. Her fingers began tracing gentle circles on the material of his pants, careful not to come in direct contact with his dick to give him any stimulation.

She could still feel the material of the pants constrict as his dick began to rise.

"You better stop that, or I won't be able to walk out of here." Dan didn't stop her but he sat up straighter like he was pretending she wasn't stroking his dick under the table. "As it is, I'm probably

going to have to sit here for 20 minutes until I can get up without anyone noticing anything.”

“Well, if you take that long I might just have to go back to the apartment by myself.” Her fingers pressed into his crotch a little harder, purposely running up the outside of his length. “Whatever would I do there while I waited for you to come back?”

“Hmmm.” Dan softly moaned as Sarah continued to trace around his dick. “Sit tight and wait for me on the couch so we could have a repeat performance of last night.”

Her eyes lit up. She could continue to toy with him or take the teasing in other obvious directions. “Last night was pretty great.”

She paused, looking up at the man she loves. “Would you want it to be exactly the same as last night, or is there something else you’d want?”

It was getting hot in the restaurant. Or maybe that was just Dan. “Similar to last night, but maybe we can introduce that other new element into things.”

“Oh, really?” She withdrew her hand from his crotch. “It didn’t seem like they were interested last night. Just what do you have in mind?”

She sat back and drank the remainder of her wine. Dan didn’t call attention to the fact that she had just finished her third glass of wine.

Dan leaned over to whisper in her ear. “Well, did you bring that present I bought you? The black robe?”

He leaned back into his seat with a smirk.

“As a matter of fact, I did.” She eyed him suspiciously. “What exactly do you have in mind?”

Judging by the look on her face, Dan may have finally won a skirmish with his wife. His smile widened as he diverted his attention to their passing waiter. “Check, please.”

Enemy trolls filled the screen, but they were no match for Lester and his party. Ned was incessantly droning on about what to expect in the next chamber, trying to rally the team toward the dungeon’s boss.

Lester's character slashed through an enemy orc. He reached for the open Cheetos bag in front of him when an alert popped up on the screen. He clicked it.

Suddenly the world of Azeroth disappeared and was replaced by the view of his living room. Entering through the door was Dan followed by his beautiful wife Sarah in a very alluring red dress.

Lester caught his breath as his eyes roamed over her smooth, tanned legs and the way the dress cut down, exposing her cleavage for anyone to admire. *Hello mommy, you went out like that? Bad, bad girl.*

"Darkspire!" An annoying voice rang out from his ear. "Lester! We're pushing ahead into the next chamber, I need you to run up the middle at the center and draw the attention of –"

Lester disconnected his headphones and with a few quick keyboard clicks shut down World of Warcraft. He didn't bother responding to Ned or apologizing to the party of nerds he was leaving behind. He had business to attend to.

Sarah made her way over to the low couch and ran her hand over the leather. She turned to her husband and asked "So, what's the plan, big man?"

He had been silent almost the entire way back to the apartment. After getting the check, neither liked to talk in front of their uber drivers and he had been so quick to walk down the hallway that she hadn't had a chance to ask him.

Dan smiled back at her. She could tell he was hiding something. Sarah could also see that he was excited, maybe more than she was.

He walked up to her and slowly raised his hands to her arms. His fingers traced up from her elbow, over her shoulders until they began to slowly play with the straps of her dress. He ignored her question and focused his gaze on the dress's thin, red straps.

Sarah stayed silent. After a few moments, he looked her in the eyes. "Go put on that present I gave you."

She gave him a coy look over her shoulder as she slowly walked towards the hallway to their bedroom.

Subconsciously, Lester noticed that Dan had begun to disrobe, but his eyes never left Sarah as she walked through the apartment. The cut of the dress was mesmerizing. His 4K camera could track each bounce of her ass cheeks through the dress's thin material.

Tonight was his night. If the couple wanted Lester to watch them, they would get it. And more.

As Sarah made her way to the bedroom, Lester slowly stood and pushed his chair back. He backed away from the monitor without looking away. When he reached the shared wall, he finally broke his trance and turned, finding the hidden peephole.

From his secret vantage point, he watched the leggy blonde wife enter the room. He didn't notice it on the camera before, but she was clearly moving in a looser manner than normal. She must have had a few glasses of wine at dinner.

Sarah walked into the middle of the room, her hands finding the hemline of her dress. In one fluid motion, she stopped and pulled the dress over her head.

It was one of the sexiest things Lester had ever seen. Within a few seconds of putting his eye up to the peephole, this busty mother of two was standing in front of him clad only in her high-cut lace underwear and a bra that held everything together perfectly, while somehow also revealing more cleavage than normal.

Lester could feel his hard cock pushing into the drywall. He wanted to take his sweatpants off and stroke his meaty member right there, but he had to wait for what came next.

Without wasting any time, Sarah dug into the bottom of her suitcase, pulling out a thin garment that looked like a small square. She unfolded it until Lester saw that it was actually a silk robe.

She put it on and tied the delicate belt in the front. Turning, she appraised herself in the mirror. She kept the belt loose enough that the top of the robe still flowed freely, allowing her chest to come into view from the right angle. She couldn't do anything about the bottom of the robe, it stopped at her upper thigh - not leaving much for the imagination.

Somehow, the robe made Sarah look even sexier than she did just a few seconds ago in her bra and panties. It must have been

the promise of something more, something that was hidden just underneath the black silk. There was a hint of modesty to the robe, but it mostly just screamed sex.

Lester was breathing hard and felt a pang of disappointment when Sarah turned and left the bedroom.

Dan wanted to sit. Instead, he was pacing back and forth in the living room. He didn't know what to do with his nerves or excitement. After stripping down to just his boxers, his body decided it had to move around and burn off some of that energy.

He stopped dead in his tracks when Sarah came back into the living room wearing the sheer robe he had purchased for her. Dan remembered how damn good it had looked on the model online. He also remembered how much better it looked on Sarah the last time he was home and they were roleplaying. But seeing it on her now, in this place with his fucking weird roommate just feet away - she looked like something else entirely.

She seductively sauntered into the room, making her way over to him. Her face was emotionless aside from the bedroom eyes she was flashing him. "Is this what you wanted, dear?"

She turned at the last second. Instead of walking into his arms, she pressed her ass into his crotch. "The little black robe you bought me?"

Dan groaned as he felt his cock swell and rest between his wife's firm ass checks. She gently swayed back and forth.

"Fuck. Yes." He whispered. "God, Sarah, you look so fucking hot."

His hands found her waist and he pulled her into him, more of his cock pressing into her. He leaned forward and started to plant soft kisses on her neck. He knew kissing her neck would drive her crazy.

Sarah grabbed the back of his neck for support and began swaying more. His cock pressed into her, and with how hard he already was - it just felt so good to her. And the kisses on her neck. Each one was like a little shock. She could feel the hair on her arms begin to rise.

"Hmmm." She moaned. "So, I'm in your robe."

She paused, taking a second to focus on how hard Dan's cock felt against her. "What do you want me to do now?"

This was the point of no return for Dan. They had talked about being watched again the last time he was home and even played with the idea of things progressing further than that. But this was uncharted territory. He didn't know what he wanted or where they were headed. All he knew was that he wanted it. He wanted to see what would happen when worlds collide.

He just wasn't sure how he would react or if he would end up regretting it. He always did things by the book, which is what led him here to this apartment and living away from his family in the first place. Maybe it was time to roll the dice and see what happened.

"I want you to go back down that hallway and get him." He finally whispered into her ear.

Sarah slowed her swaying, taking an extra second to process what Dan just said.

"Get who?" She teased.

"Lester." Dan breathed hoarsely. "Go get him."

Sarah took a step forward and turned to look at her husband. "Are you sure this is what you want?"

Dan couldn't muster any words. They all flew past his brain faster than his mouth could process them. *'Yes', 'No', 'I don't know.'*

He nodded.

Sarah's hands nervously played with the robe's belt. This was actually going to happen.

She turned on her heels and walked back down the hallway, past Dan's bedroom until she found herself standing in front of Lester's door. She could hear some faint sounds coming from within.

Dan watched as Sarah gently knocked on the door.

After a few seconds, she knocked again. Then she turned the doorknob and opened the door.

Weak light from the room bathed Sarah's figure. He heard Sarah speak but couldn't make out what she said. A muffled voice spoke from the bedroom.

And then Sarah stepped into Lester's room.

Lester sat at his command center, trying to look busy. His heart was beating fast and he could feel his forehead getting clammy. She was coming to get him.

He watched her approach on the cameras but the soft knock on his door made him stiffen. The cameras and his monitor would never be a substitute for real life.

She knocked again, this time a little harder.

"Yeah?" He said loudly.

Without looking up from his screen, he saw the door swing open.

It took all of his willpower not to look toward the door. He needed to seem disinterested, to make her pursue him. For her to want to pull him into this situation.

He could see her form at the corner of his eye, beyond the monitor in front of him.

"Lester," Sarah asked seductively, clearly trying to get his attention.

He continued to focus on his screen, switching his screen off the camera feeds and back over to World of Warcraft. Several cursing but polite messages from Ned greeted him. It looked like the entire party got wiped out without him.

Lester clicked his mouse randomly on the screen. "Come in."

Sarah hesitantly took two steps into the room and was taken aback by its transformation. Just like the rest of the apartment, Lester's room looked completely different. The pile of plates, clothes and other refuse on the floor were mostly gone. She still spied a few hidden paper plates and bags of chips, but this was a dramatic change.

His grimey, little bed had been replaced by a luxurious-looking king-sized bed. Lester still didn't seem to know how to make a bed, but it looked large in his room.

After her swift appraisal of the room, she refocused and looked at Lester. He was sitting in his chair silently looking at her. He wasn't hunched over like before. Now, he was sitting back, his bare gut protruding from his torso. He was wearing just a pair of boxers and his tube socks.

Sarah's heart jumped. His silent attention on her was so overwhelming. *Why wasn't he saying anything?*

Just when Sarah couldn't take it anymore and was about to turn on her heels and leave the room, Lester spoke.

"What can I do for you, Sarah?" He eyed her.

Breath Sarah, Breath. "Dan and I wanted to see if you'd like to join us.

A faint smirk spread across Lester's face. He had his hands on both arms of his computer chair to assist in pushing his mass up to the standing position. Without replying, he slowly walked over until he was standing just a foot in front of her. "Join you doing what?"

"If you wanted to..." She couldn't believe she was standing here on display in front of him like this. "Watch us again...like the last time."

"Hmmmmm," Lester said while obviously looking her body over. "I don't know, I'm pretty busy right now. Lots going on here."

"Well, we thought it –" Sarah was cut off by what he did next.

Lester interjected while closing the distance between them, grabbing the robe's belt. "Let's see if it would be worth my time."

Before Sarah could react, Lester tugged on the belt, causing Sarah's robe to open.

Sarah's black lace bra and panties were now on full display for Lester. The robe hung limply on her shoulders. Sarah was standing there half naked in his bedroom without her husband.

Her breasts were rapidly rising and falling, matching her breathing. Lester licked his lips as he watched them.

Every time Sarah was in this apartment, she always had this unnerving feeling that she was being watched. That feeling was in hyperdrive right now, the hairs on the back of her neck were standing up.

"Not bad," Lester mumbled as he began to walk around her. "Not bad at all."

She didn't know what to say or do. She had no basis for how to react to this situation. Sarah just stood there, frozen in place. Her mind screamed at her to think of something clever to say, but nothing came out.

Lester was now out of her field of view. She looked straight ahead at his king bed, thinking back to that day a few weeks ago when she laid down completely naked in this room and took pictures for her husband.

Then she felt Lester's fingertips on her shoulders, his hands coming to the rest of them.

Sarah felt his warm breath on her neck.

"Let's see the rest, shall we?" he growled into her ear.

His fingertips slowly grazed her bare shoulders until they found the edge of her robe. Without any resistance, he pulled the thin fabric until the robe dropped to her feet.

"Oh, that's nice." Lester was admiring how Sarah's supple ass was framed by the high cut of her panties.

He had just been admiring this ass and the rest of Sarah's body through his peephole. Now she was in his lair willingly. He knew this would be his most delicious conquest yet. *Fuck Patience.*

Lester stepped up behind Sarah, placing his hands on her waist.

Sarah shuddered as Lester's hands made contact with her bare skin in such an intimate way.

Then she felt it.

Lester's cock pressed into her perfect backside, just like her husband did a few minutes ago. It was pushing against her ass cheeks, the thin fabric of his boxers and her panties were the only thing separating them. She tried to ignore the fact that she could feel that he was bigger than Dan had felt pressed up against her. His pouch touched her lower back as Lester pushed his cock onto her ass harder, his hands holding her in place.

He was subtly grinding his cock into her backside. She felt his hot breath on her neck again as a tingle ran down her spine and she shuddered slightly.

"Okay, lead the way, princess." And his breath and his cock were gone. She turned around to see Lester standing by the door, waiting for her to walk out. She noticed his cock jutting out from his boxers.

She bent forward to pick up the robe.

"Leave it," Lester commanded. He wasn't asking.

Sarah didn't know why she obeyed, but she stood back up and quickly composed herself before walking past Lester, working hard not to look at him. She felt completely flustered after he had completely dominated their interaction. Unlike with her husband, she didn't feel any confidence in coming out ahead against the strange man in the teasing game.

Dan was restlessly sitting on the couch.

He was trying to distract himself, but all he was thinking about was what Sarah was doing in Lester's room. It was agony waiting and not knowing. It was also exhilarating. His boxers were sporting a tent with a touch pre-cum dotting the top.

Finally, there was movement in the hallway. For a moment it was just shadows cast by the light from the room and were too distorted for Dan to interpret what was happening.

But then Sarah appeared wearing just her bra and panties, walking down the hallway towards him. *What the hell happened to her robe?*

Before Dan had time to ask any questions, Sarah quickly crossed the room and joined him on the couch. She saw how hard he was and straddled him. He wasted no time in grabbing two handfuls of her ass and desperately pulling her down onto his dick. He needed relief.

"What happened in there, Sarah?" He whispered.

Sarah rolled her eyes. "Your roommate wanted a look under the robe to see if it was worth his time."

"What a prick," Dan said. He noticed that despite her nonchalant answer, she was more flushed than she had been when she left the living room. She even appeared to be breathing a little heavy. He pulled her down onto him and started kissing her, feeling slightly guilty at thinking how hot it was that she had apparently been on display for Lester in his own room. She quickly opened her mouth to reciprocate, her tongue darting out to dance with his.

Dan noticed movement out of the corner of his eye. A dark, shadowy figure was lumbering down the hallway.

It was Lester, of course. Wearing just his boxers and tube socks, he made his way toward them. Dan watched as he crossed the threshold into the living room, strangely aroused at the thought that this repulsive, little man had been alone in his bedroom, inspecting his angelic wife's body clad in only her lingerie.

Lester stared at them as he made his way over to one of the chairs on the other side of the coffee table. He plopped himself down and leaned back, causing his hair-covered gut to protrude.

Sarah had stopped kissing Dan and just sat there with her eyes closed, leaning her against his shoulder. She didn't turn around to look at Lester, though she had heard him sit down.

The couple sat there, frozen, not knowing how to react to his presence. Did they actually want this or was it just the idea of it that turned them on?

Lester was content for the moment. He didn't understand why the couple was just sitting there, but he was enjoying the view of Sarah straddling Dan. It caused her ass to push out toward him. He liked being this close to her bare skin without a monitor or wall in between them. Her scent still lingered in his nose from her time in his bedroom. *I'll have her back there soon.*

Dan's hard dick was the one that put events back in motion, just as it had the last time. It was straining against his boxers, being so close to Sarah's pussy was too much of a tease. It involuntarily twitched. Dan sighed and slightly raised his hips off the couch. His hands began to roam up from her thighs until he was softly kneading her ass.

With a soft intake of breath at his touch, Sarah finally opened her eyes. She looked straight into Dan's soul as their eyes met and saw the conflicting emotions of angst and desire. The hungry look was also back on his face and she could practically feel her panties get wetter as she took in his expression.

Sarah's brain was still trying to process what had happened in Lester's room. She didn't know how she felt about it yet. But she did know that the look on Dan's face was a trigger for her.

She slowly resumed gyrating on his hips. Her thighs guided his dick to press against her panty-covered vagina and she felt it press

into her. A low moan escaped her lips.

Dan was growing hungrier. He gripped her ass tighter, pulling her further onto him. He grabbed her hair and kissed her neck and shoulders.

His kisses were drawing Sarah's mind away from the events of the last half hour and back to the erotic scene, she found herself a part of. To the sensations of Dan's expert lips on her soft skin.

She pressed her breasts into his chest, wanting to get as close to him as she could.

Dan couldn't wait any longer. He lifted one of his ass cheeks off the couch and tried to pull off his boxers. Without taking her lips off of his, Sarah knew what he was trying to do. She moved off his lap and with one hand helped Dan slide his boxers down his legs onto the floor.

In an instant, Sarah had her panties off, accidentally giving Lester a quick flash of her vagina. She got back into position on Dan's lap. Now nothing was separating the loving couple from one another.

Sarah wanted to feel his dick ride up and down her slit. Much to Dan's disappointment, she didn't immediately mount him. Instead, she ground against his dick while it pressed up against her. His shaft was stimulating her clit.

She moved her hips in circles, using Dan's dick to pleasure herself. It wasn't long before his dick started to get slick with her juices.

Lester was staring at her perfect ass as she moved back and forth on her husband. *How am I going to interject here? Let's see how things play out.*

Sarah suddenly stood up on her knees, Dan knew what this meant. He shifted down and lined his cock up. Sarah slowly lowered herself onto it.

"Uh," she involuntarily said as Dan's cock head stretched her opening.

Dan was in ecstasy as his bare cock began to slide into his wife. He knew Lester was watching but he didn't want to look his way. Somehow he preferred when Lester was behind him so that he wouldn't actually have to look at him or his body.

Curiosity got the better of him. He opened one eye as Sarah continued to carefully lower herself onto him. He couldn't see much from his vantage point. Sarah's shoulder was blocking his view. He could see the top of Lester's head with his thinning hair and one stupid tub sock-clad foot. *Is he jerking off again? No way to tell...*

"Ohh" Sarah lowered herself completely onto Dan's cock. She took a second to just breathe and adjust to how full she felt. She opened her eyes and looked at Dan. He was staring at her shoulder, staring past her shoulder. At Lester. His attention snapped back to her, he met her eyes.

She felt him thrust up and it felt so damn good. She gripped his dick with her vagina. This position always made her feel powerful. And that's what she needed right now. Lester had caught her off guard back in his room, she didn't know how to react to that. It wouldn't happen again. She needed to regain that power.

"Hmmm what are you looking at, lover," she quietly purred into his ear.

"Wanted to see what our friend was up to over there." he whispered back.

Sarah continued to slowly move her hips back and forth. "I can imagine what he is doing."

"Why don't you take a peek and see?" Dan said. Sarah was barely able to hear him.

Sarah leaned back, continuing to rock her hips on Dan's dick. Looking directly at her husband she bit her lip and slowly turned her head.

She was surprised by what she saw. Lester was sitting in the chair wearing just his boxers and socks. She could see his cock running down the leg of his boxers but he wasn't jerking off. *Why isn't he jerking off to this?*

She decided to turn things up with Dan and regain some of her power back from that creep.

"Like what you see?" She looked right into Lester's eyes.

Dan groaned from behind her. She knew her dirty talk turned him on. He admitted how much her verbal foreplay with Lester last time put him over the edge.

That fat fuck just sat there and shrugged. "It's okay."

"Okay?" Sarah was getting irritated with him. After subjecting her to his review a few minutes ago and his indifference to being allowed to watch her have sex with her husband. *It was only okay?*

Dan and Sarah had found something here. Something they both enjoyed that let them grow closer and share this. They had talked about this and worked up to doing it again and this little man was going to ruin it.

Right before she was going to give him a piece of her mind, Lester said. "You guys did it like this the last time you put on a show for me. Don't get me wrong, I could watch your ass bounce up and down all night. I was just hoping for something new."

Sarah slowed her hips. Dan had heard what Lester said. *The fucking nerve of this guy.*

"What exactly did you have in mind, buddy?" Dan challenged him.

If only you knew what I really had in mind, jerk off. Your wife bent over my bed while I cum in her unprotected pussy as you watch from the peephole in the wall. Lester's heart was beating faster. He felt like he was turning beet red. "I don't know, I was thinking maybe a different position.....What about on her side?"

Dan was unsure how to respond to Lester's demand. He felt Sarah's hips begin to escape his grasp as she began to dismount him. He looked up at her surprised.

"Let's put on a show and show him who's boring," Sarah huskily whispered.

Lester couldn't make out what the couple was saying but it looked like his plan was working. Sarah had gotten off her husband and had laid down on the couch, her front facing Lester. She didn't look at him.

Dan got into position behind her, his left knee was bent behind her ass and his other leg was fully extended onto the floor. One of Sarah's legs was wedged beneath Dan's while the other straddled his leg. From this position, he had perfect access to completely bury his dick into her.

Sarah and Dan loved this position but like the last time, this was their first experience in exploring it with someone else present. Sarah loved when Dan fucked her this way. It made him feel so dominant, the way he would hold her hips and she had to lay there and hold on. The angle of his dick also hit all the right nerves inside of her.

She closed her eyes and her nails dug into the fabric of the couch, Dan lined himself up and started to push himself into her.

"Mmmmm" Sarah moaned as inch after inch of Dan's dick once again pushed inside of her.

Dan loved looking down at Sarah in this position. He watched her chest rise and fall as she breathed. He loved how her breasts looked in that black bra, laying on her side caused them to push together, almost spilling out. He decided not to try to take it off. He liked how it looked, plus he wasn't ready for Lester to see all of Sarah or expose her like that without her being okay with it. He wasn't sure he ever would do that.

His eyes traced up to her slender neck to her beautiful face. Her eyes were closed. He could tell she was enjoying herself. *What are you thinking about, Sarah? This is crazy.*

Even though Sarah's eyes were closed, all she could picture was the situation unfolding in that living room. Dan held her, thrusting into her while his creepy roommate watched them. Watched her. His eyes were probably running all over her body. *His hands...*

She shuddered at the thought.

She kept her eyes clamped shut. She wasn't sure she wanted to see what was actually happening.

"I knew you'd like getting fucked in that position," a hoarse voice said from nearby.

Sarah's eyes shot open looking directly across the room at Lester. At some point, he had taken off his boxers. He was now leaning back in the chair stroking his big cock. He caught her staring at it for a second too long and a shit-eating grin spread across his face.

Dan didn't like the way that Lester spoke to Sarah. In the course of living together, he barely spoke to him. Now, this guy, this older

stranger was staring openly at his young wife during an intimate moment and he had to talk to her like that.

But he was conflicted. Having her on display like this, and him speaking to her in such a manner was such an unpredictable thing out of his control. He couldn't help but feel turned on by it. It was just so crass and forward, two traits he knew Sarah disliked.

The fact that she disliked that behavior somehow made it even more enthralling for him.

He saw Sarah's eyes momentarily open and then close. She had been looking in Lester's direction. Dan spared a glance Lester's way and made a face of disgust. His roommate was naked, except for his tube socks and was stroking his cock. Lester's eyes were firmly planted on Sarah, but when he noticed Dan looking his way they made eye contact.

Lester had that shit-eating grin on his face and raised an eyebrow. Dan didn't know how to interpret that or what it meant.

He shifted his gaze back to Sarah who still had her eyes closed.

Dan began to involuntarily pick up his pace. The situation was becoming too much for his brain to process.

Still, something was missing. He liked the way Sarah acted last time, and how she confidently held her ground against Lester and the situation. He wanted more of that, to hear more of what she would say.

"Open your eyes, Sarah." Dan said in a low voice. He wasn't sure if Lester could hear him, he didn't really care.

She slowly opened them and looked at her husband. He could see what she was trying to conceal. Lust, shame, arousal. She was a powder keg of emotions and he held the match.

"God, you are so sexy, baby. I love you." Dan said.

That seemed to reassure her a little bit. Dan couldn't exactly tell but she seemed to relax a little bit. She continued to hold his gaze, one of her hands reached out to hold onto his forearm as he thrust into her.

Dan mouthed "Look at him."

Sarah stared at him for a moment before turning her head with her eyes focusing on his roommate.

Lester seemed to take the hint. "See anything you like?"

Sarah knew what he meant. Her eyes flicked down to look at his cock. It wasn't so much about the size, but the fact that it was there, hard and erect because of her. Knowing that it was her and her body that was causing that reaction made her face flush. Part of her wanted to make sure that she could make it cum, just as she had last time.

Her eyes flicked up to look at the body that the cock was attached to. Nothing about it was attractive. On a normal day, she wouldn't even give it a second glance. But that was part of the reason she found this entire situation so intoxicating.

Lester slowed his stroking, almost holding his dick at full attention for Sarah to appreciate.

"I have everything I need over here." Sarah fired back.

Just the fact that Sarah was talking to Lester while she was having sex was making Dan get harder.

"Hmmm, I'm sure you do...," Lester said contemplatively. "But just tell me one thing honestly, while your eyes were closed - did you think about my cock? Even just once?"

Sarah's face seemed to grow a shade redder and it wasn't just from Dan's actions. She was tired of Lester's games and decided to go on offense.

"What about you, Lester? Do you see anything over here you like?" she said seductively. Her face quickly morphed from being embarrassed to becoming very seductive. Her bedroom eyes, which were normally reserved for Dan, were now fixed on Lester.

God, she said his name again. Dan tried to recompose himself as he listened to their back and forth.

Sarah pulled her arms together, pushing her breasts against one another. "Anything over here catching your eye?"

Lester sat silent for a few seconds and then resumed stroking his cock. "I want everything I see."

"Mmmm" Sarah moaned slightly. "That's too bad, everything over here is just for Dan."

She slowly licked her lips without breaking eye contact with Lester. "You get to watch while my husband fucks me, but all of this

is just for him.”

“Oh,” Dan was now power thrusting into her, his fingers digging into her hips. His thrusts were coming quicker.

We'll see about that. Lester rose from his chair, his left hand helping to brace himself. His right hand never left his cock. He continued to stroke it as he stood there watching the couple.

No one spoke.

Sarah watched as Lester took a step closer until he was standing just on the other side of the table.

“I don't believe either of you,” Lester said. He was slowly stroking his cock, almost emphasizing every word with a stroke.

This is where Lester would finally cash in his patience and show his hand. “You came into my room begging me to come and watch you and your husband fuck.”

Lester took another step closer, this time around the table. “As much as you don't want to admit it to me right now, I know you've both been thinking about what happened last time. Thinking about me stroking my big cock to you.”

He took another step until he was on their side of the table. “I know you both love the idea of me watching you, of me stroking my cock and cumming all over you like last time. This isn't just for you, it's for me too.”

Dan had begun slowing his thrusts watching the situation play out. Lester was now right next to them, just like he was the time before. This time he was towering over Sarah, his meaty cock pointing right at her. “Just stay in your lane, Lester, and we can all enjoy this.”

Lester looked at him and nodded.

“If I remember right,” Lester breathed huskily. “You both seemed to like it the last time I did this.”

Lester slowly reached toward Sarah's shoulder. He did it slowly enough that either one of them could have stopped him.

Sarah watched as Lester extended a finger and hooked it around her black bra strap and slowly dragged it down to her bicep. She inhaled sharply.

She knew how dangerous the situation was becoming. It was startling how much having another cock so close to her was turning her on. This wasn't like her. She teased Dan and played into this fantasy, but it was all happening so fast now.

Lester stood back up and continued stroking his cock over Sarah. His gaze was fixed on her face. She was staring straight ahead at his knees.

Dan groaned. "No more touching Lester, I mean it."

Without looking at him, Lester held two fingers on his left hand up. "Scout's honor."

"How's the view from down there, Sarah?" Lester asked.

"It could be better." Sarah said flatly.

"Really?" Lester asked. He reached back and pulled the coffee table closer to the couch and sat down on it. His cock was now directly in front of Sarah, and she watched as he continued to stroke it. "Better?"

Sarah stayed silent.

She didn't close her eyes. She didn't want to bend to his challenge. As a result, her eyes were fixated on the stroking motion of Lester's hand as he pumped his cock in front of her. She watched in fascination as his hand went up and down his length. *What would that feel like in my hand?*

Dan was beginning to unravel at the situation in front of him. His pace picked up and he began thrusting desperately into his wife. Sarah almost cursed him, his cock was rapidly hitting the perfect spot over and over.

"Ooh" she moaned as she felt an orgasm building inside of her. She turned her head away from Lester and focused on the love of her life, Dan. She looked up at him and saw the lust on his face. She saw how strongly this situation was affecting him.

That look on his face always sent her over the edge. She felt his cock continue to pound against the sensitive bundle of nerves in her pussy. Her muscles contracted and she gripped his cock hard as her orgasm began to rise up inside of her. Her right hand grabbed onto his forearm hard and her left hand dug into the couch.

Just as her orgasm was beginning to start, she felt an unfamiliar hand on her wrist. She broke eye contact with Dan. They both shifted their gaze to Lester, who pulled Sarah's hand to his cock.

He just broke Dan's no touching rule, seconds after he agreed to it.

Sarah's orgasm continued to build as Lester wrapped her fingers around his thick shaft and began to stroke himself with her soft hand.

He picked the perfect moment to make his move. Sarah's orgasm exploded as she came.

She felt a blanket of sparks wash over her whole body, radiating out from her sex while simultaneously covering every inch of her. She curled her toes and tightened her grip on Dan's arm and Lester's cock "Ah Fuck! Fuuuck!"

The orgasm continued to wash over her, overloading all of her senses and thoughts. As she began to come down from her orgasmic bliss, she slowly got her bearing on her surroundings. She opened her eyes and looked back up at Dan whose jaw was hanging open as he breathed rapidly.

She followed Dan's gaze and then came to a stark realization. Her hand was still wrapped around Lester's cock. She had been stroking it freely while Lester sat back with his arms on the coffee table.

She looked back at Dan who seemed to have woken from his trance. She didn't know how he would react. They had talked about and played with the idea of touching, but this was real. She was stroking another man's cock outside of her marriage.

Dan looked at her lustfully and began to frantically thrust into her. She subconsciously began to stroke Lester's cock to match the pace of her husband's thrusts.

"Ohh yeah," Lester growled. "That feels good baby, don't stop."

Sarah continued to look at the hungry expression on Dan's face. The orgasm that she just came down from was quickly building back up. The hard cock in her hand and the taboo nature of this illicit scenario was driving her crazy.

Dan began to push harder into Sarah, over and over until he let out a loud moan "Oh fuck, Sarah!"

Dan came and his cock exploded within her. She felt his cum wash over her insides, dancing across all of her sensitive spots. Unfortunately, he stopped thrusting just as her orgasm was building. His spasming cock inside of her helped keep the momentum going, but it wasn't enough to get her across the finish line.

Dan leaned over into the back of the couch as he caught his breath, his hands still firmly holding Sarah's hips.

Sarah's stroking of Lester's cock had slowed but she still gripped it softly.

Lester saw that the situation was quickly evaporating in front of him. It was time to gamble.

He grabbed a hold of Sarah's hand and tightened his grip, ensuring she didn't let go of his cock.

She looked at him bewildered.

"Dan," Lester said in a low voice. "I haven't finished yet. Tell Sarah it's okay to finish me off."

As Lester said this, Dan slowly withdrew from Sarah. His softening cock immediately felt a jolt of energy at Lester's words.

Holding Sarah's hand tightly, Lester began to guide it up and down his shaft.

Sarah looked from Lester's cock to Dan's face trying to read the situation. She saw that hungry look reappear in Dan's eyes. He gave her a slight, almost imperceptible nod.

This was the point of no return that would change things forever. Sarah knew the sight of her doing this would be seared into her husband's mind forever. She wanted to regain some of the control back from Lester. She would give them both a show and make sure her husband never forgot this.

"Let go of my hand." Sarah began to sit up. Lester released her from his grip and her delicate hands left his cock.

She looked over at her husband one last time and gave him a wink. Then she moved off the couch and sank to her knees on the floor between Lester's legs. The feeling of her husband's semen

dripping from her vagina as she knelt before his naked roommate gave her a heady rush of arousal at the naughtiness of the situation.

Her manicured nails came to rest on his knees and slowly scratched their way up his hairy thighs until they reached the base of his cock.

"So you want me to finish you off, Lester?" She spoke in a low seductive voice. She looked up at him with her bright green fuck me eyes.

Lester looked down at her heaving chest, the one bra strap was still wrapped around her arm. The beautiful face he had jerked off to countless times was now less than a foot away from his cock.

"Yeah." He mumbled. "Finish me off."

The fingers of Sarah's hand slowly began to glide up and down Lester's shaft. Teasing him with her touch.

"Just this once, I'm going to stroke your cock until you cum for me." Sarah breathed.

"You're going to sit there on your knees and stroke me right in front of your husband? You're a bad girl." Lester couldn't take his eyes off the pretty housewife.

Sarah looked over her shoulder back at Dan who was now sitting watching the events play out intently. His cock was hard again.

"He's sort of like you in that way, Lester." She paused to look at Dan's hungry eyes. "He likes to watch."

Sarah's fingers closed around Lester's cock as she began to sensually stroke him. The nails on her other hand found his balls through the forest of pubic hair and began to tease them.

"Are you going to cum for me soon, big boy?" She asked, looking up at him. "Just like you came for me last time?"

"Mmmm." Lester moaned. "If I'm taking too long, maybe you can do something else with that pretty mouth of yours."

Sarah eyed him suspiciously. "Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean." Lester was starting to breathe hard. "Wrap those lips around my cock."

Sarah smiled and raised an eyebrow at Lester. "Did you already forget what I told you last time? These lips are just for my husband."

"Heh" Lester groaned. "So you have been thinking about our last encounter."

Sarah wanted to get this over with. She knew that if she leaned into the dirty talk, he would come faster and she knew it turned Dan on too.

"What can I say?" She continued to stroke his cock. She broke eye contact with Lester and looked down at his cock. "Certain things seem to keep popping up in my mind."

Looking down at his meaty cock in front of her, Sarah began to wonder. Thoughts involuntarily flooded her mind. *Could I make this thing cum with my mouth? What would it feel like? What would it taste like? How would Dan react? What a rotten man. God, this is so bad.*

Sarah unconsciously bit her lower lip at the thought of getting closer to Lester dick. It was so unorthodox for someone of Sarah's caliber to be kneeling between a misfit like Lester's legs, with his monstrosity of a cock pointing right at her.

She could see the precum begin to glisten from Lester's cockhead.

"I knew you have been thinking about my cock since I walked into the kitchen naked." Lester had that smirking grin on his face. "I saw the way you looked at it then."

Sarah continued to run her hand up and down his shaft, gripping it tightly. Her hand accidentally ran over some of the precum oozing out of his cock, but she didn't bat an eye and continued stroking him. Lester's cum disappeared into her hand as she continued to watch his cock, transfixed by how different it felt from her husband's.

"Oh yeah?" She challenged. "What look was that?"

"Curiosity." Lester fired back. "I think you were wondering what it would taste like if I slid it past those pretty lips of yours right there in the kitchen. Or what it would feel like if I fucked you with it."

That last line took Sarah and Dan aback. That seemed to be a bridge neither was willing to entertain crossing.

Even though Dan had a raging hardon watching the scene play out in front of him, Lester's words still stung. He was about to say

something, but Sarah beat him to it.

She had stayed composed and in character. "It's too bad we'll never find that out, big boy. Like I said, this is just for Dan only."

Lester looked disappointed. "Well, how about a little more skin then? Why don't you lower that other bra strap like last time?"

Sarah didn't stop stroking him, but looked over her shoulder at her husband. "What do you say, Dan? Should I lower the other strap?"

"Do it," Dan croaked. He was now slowly touching his cock from the other side of the couch.

Sarah turned back to Lester and let go of his cock. She reached over and slowly slid the other bra strap down her upper arm. "Better?"

"Much better," Lester groaned as Sarah's hand found his hard shaft again. He reached out and began toying with the loose bra strap. "Seeing your bare shoulders is very sexy."

Sarah's eyes were glued to Lester's cock, looking for any indication that he was going to cum soon. She missed what he did next.

"What would make it even better would be...." He quickly leaned forward, his gut thrusting towards Sarah's face. He reached behind her and with one quick motion unclasped her bra. As he sat back down he looped his finger into her bra strap and pulled it down her arm.

The falling bra exposed Sarah's magnificent breasts for the first time to the living room, and as far as either Sarah or Dan knew, the first time to any man outside of their marriage.

Dan sat up watching the events unfold. He couldn't decide if he was sitting up to interject or get a better look.

Lester sat back with that stupid, toothy grin on his face as he watched Sarah's bare chest began to quickly rise and fall as her breathing quickened.

Surprisingly, it didn't outwardly seem to faze Sarah. "You're a bad boy, Lester." She let go of him to pull the bra off and toss it on the floor, completely naked now and on her knees before her husband's

roommate. The sexual thrill from the exposure seemed to give her a boost in her boldness.

She made a show of licking her lips and looking at his cock. "A big, big bad boy."

She looked up into his eyes "I bet you'd love to touch these, wouldn't you?"

Her left hand found her breast and she slowly started massaging it while the other hand continued to stroke Lester. "I bet you'd love to pull on these," she teased him as she gently tugged on her nipple. "And then put that big cock of yours right here."

She traced a line up and down the middle of her chest, between each of her supple breasts.

"To fuck... my chest?" Sarah didn't break eye contact with the large man in front of her.

Lester was beginning to thrust up into Sarah's pumping hand. He wasn't talking anymore. She knew she had him. She knew she could take control and satisfy his unfamiliar cock in front of her.

Lester's breathing was growing ragged. He was going to cum soon. He felt the familiar sensation of his balls beginning to tighten. Just one more thing...

"Is that what you want Lester?" Sarah said seductively. "To take that big cock of yours and fuck my --"

Lester stuck his index and middle finger into Sarah's mouth before she had a chance to react. She was caught off guard and stopped stroking his cock, but Lester's hand quickly found hers and began to rapidly increase the tempo of her strokes.

Sarah's first reaction was to suck on the fingers like she had done a million times before to her husband. Her tongue instinctively ran under the palm of his fingers as her mouth gently sucked on their tips. She tasted something salty and familiar, but she couldn't place it.

An instant later her mind caught up with her body and she pulled back from his fingers in shock.

The feeling of Sarah's mouth sucking on his fingers was too much. His balls tightened and exploded, sending a stream of cum up his shaft and out of his cock head.

Rope after rope of cum shot out at Sarah. She continued to stroke the mighty,, spasming cock in front of her.

Her naked chest was peppered with Lester's cum. Line after line of cum sprayed across her neck and breasts. Some dripped out and down his shaft until it was interlaced with Sarah's manicured hands, drenching her wedding band.

"Fuuuck." Lester fell back as one last powerful stream of cum erupted from his cock and hit Sarah square in the chin and bottom lip.

He sat back on the table gasping for air.

Sarah held her hand out in front of her and slowly looked down at her bare chest covered in Lester's cum. It confused her that her first reaction to the situation was pride. She had once again conquered his cock and was again covered in the proof of her conquest. It took her a moment to come down from the rush and appraise the situation with a look between Lester and her husband.

Without thinking, she stuck her tongue out and tasted Lester's salty cum on her lips. The moment her taste buds registered that she had another man's cum in her mouth, a mortified expression spread across her face. She had not meant to do that. *What the fuck, Sarah?*

She quickly grabbed her bra off the floor and jogged down the hallway to the bathroom, her breasts bouncing as cum continued to slide down her naked body.

Lester watched her perfect ass jiggle as she went. Without looking at Dan, he got up and walked back down the same hallway and entered his room.

On his monitor, Lester watched with a wicked smile as Sarah stood naked in front of the bathroom mirror for several minutes, meeting her own eyes for a second or two and then taking in her practically pornographic state of being covered in cum.

She seemed to come back to herself with a start as she jolted upright and shook her head with a slightly guilty look on her face before quickly cleaning herself up. Dan had already tidied up the living room and made his way back to their bedroom to wait on her.

Sarah had stared at herself in the mirror for a few minutes before eventually opening the bathroom door and peeking out into the hallway before tip-toeing to their room.

The couple had a hushed conversation while laying in bed that Lester's new cameras couldn't pick up.

It was clear from the motion of the bodies under the sheets that Dan and Sarah had eventually fucked again quietly before falling asleep.

Lester switched off the live video and clicked into his recordings folder. He pulled up the latest file and a video player popped up. On the screen was Lester's cock spurting out cum all over the pretty housewife.

He chuckled as he opened the locked drawer at the base of his desk and retrieved a hard drive labeled 'Sarah Williams'.

He plugged the hard drive into his computer and began to transfer the file.

Taking time to just sit and relax was something that Sarah tried to schedule for herself as often as possible. Having completed all the chores and errands the previous day, Sarah now had the luxury to enjoy a quiet afternoon by herself and read the latest thriller novel that had been assigned in her book club.

Her parents had picked up her daughters for the afternoon, giving Sarah a rare, child-free home for once.

I wish Dan was here.

It had been a few weeks since she had last spent the night with Dan in Chicago. They talked almost everyday, but things still weren't the same without him around. He was also distracted with work, and she could tell his mind was always elsewhere during their conversations.

She had her own career to focus on as well, along with the added pressures of running their household and ensuring each dollar spent didn't further deplete their stagnant savings account. The only times she really felt truly connected to her husband was when she had him alone, either at the house or in his apartment.

Those were the only times she was able to truly take her foot off the gas and let go of some of the tight control she kept on her life.

Then again, things can sometimes get a little out of control...

Her mind drifted back to her last night in Chicago as she relived not only the passionate lovemaking from Dan but also the combustible new element in their sex life: Lester.

She truly did not find herself attracted to her husband's roommate at all. Nevertheless, his mere presence seemed to add fuel to the fire of Dan's fantasies.

Dan had always held some dark fantasies about her involvement with another man, but until recently they had been just that: fantasies. Sure, she had also enjoyed teasing her husband and playing along. Part of her even revelled in the thought of being truly wild and fulfilling her husband's deepest desire.

She still couldn't believe that she had actually touched another man's cock and had even been alone with him in his bedroom.

Sarah sighed and closed her book. She hadn't comprehended a single word she had read for the last ten minutes. Her mind was constantly drifting back to Dan and his roommate.

What would happen the next time she went to Chicago, and how far was she or Dan willing to take things? The thought of teasing Dan and surprising him by bringing more of his fantasy to life turned her on.

Maybe it wasn't just his fantasy anymore. She absolutely loved the look that appeared on his face when she acted so out of character. Maybe the next time she visited she'd see how far Dan was willing to push things.

And then there was Lester. Weird, lewd Lester. He clearly was not the same person they had originally met when touring the apartment. It was also obvious what his intentions were.

Sarah would have never given him a second glance if not for Dan's fantasy, but she had to admit that she found the idea of lowering herself to touch someone below her gave her a certain thrill that she didn't quite understand.

Sarah shook her head to try and clear away the distracting thoughts as she reached for her book again.

The familiar chime of her cell phone rang, and she grabbed it instead. A smile spread across her lips as she saw that it was Dan.

She sank back into the couch with a smile and answered the phone.

"Hello there, dear," Sarah beamed. "I was just thinking about you."

"Oh yeah? Hopefully, they were some R-rated thoughts." Dan replied with a smirk.

"I'll never tell." Sarah extended her legs out onto the couch in a long stretch. "How much do you miss me?"

"Baby, I miss you every second of the day. I can't wait until I see you again." Dan wasn't just saying that; she could feel the longing and loneliness in his voice.

I'll have to go and see him soon.

Sarah's smile slowly faded from her face as she was reminded of their situation.

"I miss you too, baby. Do you think you'll be able to come home soon?"

She heard Dan sigh on the other side of the phone.

"No, probably not. Walt's worried about our new client. They are super demanding and keep changing their minds about things. He even mentioned I might have to fly out there and get them to sign a new agreement."

Sarah frowned. The idea of her husband going even farther away upset her. It felt odd for him to be going on a plane without her and the girls, almost like he was going on vacation without them. It wasn't logical, so she pushed the thoughts aside.

"Well, you can worry about work tomorrow," she said firmly, trying to change the subject to something lighter. "Today's still Sunday, though. What are you up to at the moment?"

"Ha. Well, you actually wouldn't believe what I'm doing right now," Dan said. "It's really out of the blue."

"What is it? Now I'm curious." She raised an eyebrow, intrigued. Maybe he was looking at the pictures she had left for him when he first moved into the apartment.

Dan cleared his throat. "Our mutual friend asked me to take him to a doctor's appointment today."

"Lester?" Sarah whispered.

"Yep." Dan sounded like he was on the verge of revealing a big secret. "Guess what kind of appointment?"

"What kind?" Sarah asked.

"Vasectomy," Dan replied.

"What?! No, really?" Sarah gasped.

Why the heck would Lester need to get a vasectomy? It just seemed so random.

"Yeah, for real," he assured her. "I'm sitting here in the parking lot waiting for him to come out."

"So he just got up this morning and said, 'Hey, Dan, I know we don't really talk, but can you take me to get a vasectomy?'" Sarah wondered out loud.

"Not in so many words," Dan said. "He asked if I could drive him to an appointment. He was all weird about it and didn't tell me what it was for. When we got here he went inside and said he'd be out in an hour. I googled the place and that's what they do: vasectomies."

"That's so weird," Sarah said as she pondered the story. "So random, too."

"I know, that's why I had to call you. I needed to tell someone and you are the only other person who knows Lester..." Dan trailed off.

Sarah caught a hint of words left unsaid in his voice. It was obvious what had suddenly popped into his mind.

She had been increasingly frustrated by their separation, and her longing to be with her husband was becoming overwhelming. Smiling to herself, she decided it was time to be a bit playful.

"Oh, am I now?" she teased in an innocent voice. "You know, I guess I do know Lester pretty well..."

She paused, waiting to see if Dan would respond. He didn't. She did, however, begin to hear him breathing heavier now.

Even though Dan wasn't with her in person, she couldn't help but run her hand along the neckline of her sweatshirt.

"I guess you could even say that Lester knows me pretty well, too. I mean, he has seen me naked after all," she said in a husky voice.

"Do you remember that, Dan? The last time I was there with you? When Lester snapped off my bra and your wife was naked and kneeling before him?"

"Yes," came the barely audible reply from Dan. He was probably overwhelmed.

"Did it disappoint you?" Sarah asked innocently.

"Did what disappoint me?" Dan asked back breathlessly.

"When I was kneeling there in front of your roommate, did it disappoint you that I stroked his cock until he came on me?" she purred.

Seconds felt like hours. Dan didn't respond at first. After a shuddering breath, he finally began to try and reassure her.

"No, no, not at all. It was hot. Too hot, it--"

Sarah leaned forward with a wicked look on her face, interrupting him.

"No, Dan, I meant did it disappoint you that I stopped where I did? That I just stroked him until he came? Are you disappointed I didn't put his cock in my mouth?"

She sat there with a playful grin on her face, knowing the inner turmoil that she was causing to her husband.

She heard him groan through the receiver. "You are so bad. You're too much sometimes."

"Mhmmmm, I bet Lester would disagree," she responded mercilessly.

"Ok, Ok, that's too much. Jesus Christ, Sarah, you know just how to fucking turn me on, but I'm going to get caught sitting here in the parking lot with a hard-on like some pervert." Dan laughed, warming Sarah's heart as she had forgotten how long it had been since she heard that.

"Well, maybe we can pick this conversation up again next time I'm in Chicago," she said seriously, all playfulness and teasing gone from her voice.

After a brief pause, Dan finally responded to her bold statement.

"Is that...Is that really something you would consider, though? Something you would actually do?" he asked, matching her seriousness.

That wasn't just banter anymore. It was a real, honest question. Without hesitation, Sarah answered her husband.

"Dan, I would do anything for you."

Greasy streaks were left on the screen as Lester thumbed his phone.

He was reading through the latest raid reports from the previous night on Discord. Ned had provided a long wall of text analyzing what the group could have done better. After a brief scan, he switched to his private server where he had cultivated a small following of like-minded individuals. A few clients had asked for rare photos or videos, which he was happy to oblige for the right price.

He frowned at a couple of requests, though. Someone was requesting videos that Lester had recently boasted about, but those were from his private collection which he didn't care to share.

As he began typing a response, a shadow fell over him.

He looked up to see the curvaceous receptionist standing a few feet away looking at him questioningly.

"Can I help you?" she asked with a small, polite smile.

Lester slowly looked her up and down, taking in her ample curves.

"No, I'm just waiting for a friend," he said dismissively.

Confused and a little disturbed by his lingering gaze, the receptionist turned and walked back towards her desk. Lester's eyes watched her ass as she went.

She'd be great on camera...

As she disappeared behind the desk, Lester finally pulled his eyes away from her and looked out the large, bay windows down toward the parking lot where Dan sat in the car, pointlessly waiting for him.

He sneered as he imagined the asshole thinking himself clever for "discovering" what Lester was having done at the office.

All part of the plan.

"Oh, I see you got the good stuff!" Sarah exclaimed as Dan brought her favorite bottle of red wine to the couch.

It had been a few weeks since Dan had sat in the parking lot waiting for Lester. Still, he couldn't get the conversation he'd had with Sarah out of his head. The idea of her doing more with Lester seemed to be creeping into his thoughts with startling frequency.

He blamed a lot of it on the physical distance between him and his wife and how horny he was becoming without Sarah around to satisfy his needs. Sure, he would take care of himself, but nothing replaced Sarah's touch or seeing her turn into the sexy vixen she did during their lovemaking.

And now he finally had her back in the apartment. Even though he was calmly pouring his wife a glass of wine, his heart was thumping with anticipation.

"Thanks, honey." Sarah took the wine from her husband and brought it to her lips. Dan sat back next to her and took a sip of his beer.

"So, what do you have planned for me this weekend?" Sarah asked. "Should we get out and see the town, or spend some quality time here?"

"Why not do a bit of both?" Dan suggested. "I'm sure we can find somewhere in the city to eat, but then again, I'm sure we can find plenty to do around here."

"Oh?" Sarah feigned innocence. "What exactly did you have in mind?"

"Well, for starters, you have thirty minutes max to enjoy that wine before I take you to the bedroom and rip off your clothes."

Sarah almost choked on her drink but recovered quickly. "I like the sound of that, but you're not even going to serve me dinner first? You used to be a gentleman. Chicago has obviously changed you, mister."

Dan leaned in playfully. "I just know what I want, and I've been wanting you for weeks. And we should take advantage of the time we have now, because you know who isn't here."

"He isn't?" Sarah leaned in, making sure Dan would have a great view of her cleavage. "Well, that is reason enough to celebrate. I've been craving you, too..."

Her fingers began to crawl up Dan's thighs. "But won't you be disappointed that your roommate won't watch us? Shouldn't we wait for him?"

Dan could feel his cock growing in his pants. Sarah's delicate fingers were just inches away from discovering it. He wanted to take her right there on the couch, but he also wanted to draw this out and hear her tease him with his fantasy.

"I don't know. If he isn't here, it's his loss," he said before giving her a small, wicked smile. "Besides, if he were in my shoes, do you think he'd wait?"

Sarah leaned back and took another long sip of her wine. "If he was here and I was like this with him, he probably would have cum already."

"Jesus," Dan said breathlessly. "Don't even tease me like that."

"What?" Sarah asked seductively. "You don't think I could make it happen that fast? Make someone...make *Lester* cum so quickly?" She licked her lips while staring into Dan's eyes.

Dan gulped as Sarah closed the distance between them. Her hand found his erection and she whispered in his ear, "You don't think that I could make that cock cum with my mouth?"

She pulled back and stared into his eyes. "I guess I'll just have to prove it to you."

Sarah abruptly sat back, removing her hand from Dan's crotch. She grabbed her wine and, stifling a smile, took another drink.

Dan looked at her, flabbergasted. How, after all this time, did she still manage to surprise him and turn him on as much as she did? He put his beer down on the table and stood up.

"Fuck that, let's go to the bedroom now," he said in a tone that brooked no argument.

Sarah blushed at his enthusiasm and got ready to follow her husband.

They both froze when they heard the sound of keys engaging the front door's lock.

The incandescent glow from the hallway lights flooded into the living room, casting a stocky silhouette onto Sarah and Dan.

Lester's short frame entered the apartment. He was clearly wearing new clothes to look nicer, but they didn't fit properly. The pants and shirt looked to be a size too big, and they hung awkwardly onto his chunky body.

It was what followed Lester into the apartment, however, that made Sarah and Dan's jaws drop.

A beautiful, young woman a few years younger than Sarah trailed behind Lester. She had shoulder-length red hair and walked with the confidence and poise of someone a few years older. Her lithe form was wrapped in a tight red dress that looked like it was painted on.

Dan blamed his heightened state of arousal on the fact that he immediately noticed the young woman's impressive bust size. He quickly composed himself before Sarah had to pick his jaw up off the floor after she had picked up her own.

"Hi, I'm Lizzie," the red-headed beauty greeted them with a warm smile.

Dan was still too shell-shocked to comprehend what was happening. Sarah glanced at Dan out of the corner of her eye before turning back to their new guest. "Hi, Lizzie. I'm Sarah and this is my husband, Dan."

Lester locked the front door and gently grabbed Lizzie by her elbow, leading her toward the hallway. "Well, it was nice to meet you," she said as she was pulled along behind him.

With that, the odd couple disappeared down the hallway, closing Lester's door behind them.

Dan looked down the hallway and then back to his wife. "What the hell was that?"

Lester plodded into his room and stood there, surveying the scene before he heard the door click closed behind him. The idea of letting Lizzie walk in first hadn't occurred to him. He was too focused on tonight's outcome and moving on to the next phase of his plan.

He had purposely been limiting his interactions with the couple to frame himself in a singular light. Now, he wouldn't be seen as a passive loser confined to his video games. They would come to see him only in a sexual context, subliminally framing him in that light.

His ultimate outcome was for Sarah's panties to grow wet at the mere mention of his name.

Tonight was a crucial piece of the puzzle. Everything had to go according to plan. Lizzie had to play her part to perfection.

Lizzie...

Lester turned on his heel to appraise his former roommate. She had managed to escape his grasp, or so she thought. Yet here she was, back in this room that held so many memories for them both.

He quickly fell back into his old dynamic with her. He stared at her, making her uncomfortable until she was the first one to speak, surrendering her power to him. He scanned her up and down, nodding his head.

Despite it being a few years since they'd seen each other, or at least since she'd seen him, Lizzie hadn't changed much. Her fiery red hair framed her confident and poised face. He was especially happy she had worn the red dress as requested as he knew how it looked on her. How it amplified her impressive bust and hugged at her hips.

No doubt both Dan and Sarah would have noticed all of this and would have many questions running through their minds.

All will be revealed shortly, or at least what I want you to believe.

Lizzie shifted her weight uncomfortably, a chink showing in her otherwise seamless armour. She clearly didn't like being back here.

"This room actually doesn't look as bad as it did before," she said stiffly before waiting for Lester to reply.

I guess I should at least be civil to help keep her in line.

Lester sighed and looked around exaggeratedly. "I've upgraded a few things."

"It's clean," Lizzie observed as she took one tentative step into the room while still keeping her distance from him.

"It is," he stared at her flatly. "I have a maid service now."

Lizzie crossed her arms, finally sensing an opening. "Really?"

"Yes. Really," Lester said in a monotone voice as he met her gaze.

He saw the fire behind her eyes that matched the color of her hair, the anger that wanted to lash out at him. After so long, she

would no doubt have thought she had moved past the things that haunted her, only to discover that she hadn't.

His lair had that effect.

"So, what exactly caused you to decide to get a maid service? It was never a problem before when —" Lizzie had started to raise her voice before Lester cut her off.

"Let's focus on why you are here." He opened a cupboard in his desk and extracted a hard drive with the label 'Lizzie.' The sight of it quelled Lizzie's growing rebellion.

Lester had planted the hard drive there earlier. There was no point in giving Lizzie any advantageous information. He didn't want her to know where he really kept the hard drive or where the key to the drawer was, much less how many others he had stored away.

"You know what's on here," Lester stated flatly. He let his words hang in the air.

When it was clear he was waiting for a response, Lizzie replied meekly, "Yes."

"Tell me," Lester said.

The fire rose up in the redhead's voice once again.

"I'm not here to play this game with you, Lester! Let's just get this over with," she demanded.

Lester took a step towards her. It made her uncomfortable, but she didn't move. She didn't waver in front of his forwardness.

Careful Lizzie, I may just have to break you again.

"Tell me," Lester whispered. Sometimes women were more forthcoming when they felt like they were telling a secret.

Lizzie averted her eyes and stared at the new king bed. "Me."

A smile spread across Lester's face. "And?"

Lizzie shifted her gaze back to him, clearly doing her best to hold back her rage. "You."

Lester triumphantly took a step back, turned and placed the hard drive onto his desk. He prodded it with one finger. "How's Isaac?"

"What?" Lizzie asked, astonished.

"How's Isaac —"

This time Lizzie cut him off. "Don't! Don't talk about him, okay?"

"Fine," Lester conceded. "But where does he think you are tonight? I can't imagine you told him the truth."

He turned back to look at her. She still had her arms crossed and was staring daggers at him.

"Don't worry about it," she replied. "Let's just get done what we have to do so I can take that hard drive back."

Lester smirked. She had clearly learned not to divulge too much information to him. She had learned that lesson the hard way, after all.

He walked over to the small mini fridge under his desk and opened it. "Want a soda?"

Lizzie eyes him suspiciously. "I'm not an idiot. I won't drink anything you hand me."

Sounds from the other side of the wall distracted Lester. He heard hushed voices and the unmistakable sound of the door shutting. Dan and Sarah were retiring for the night. It had been several weeks since they had seen each other. No doubt they would be having sex soon.

He quickly crossed back over to Lizzie. His speed caught her by surprise and she backed up against the wall. Lester continued moving forward until his gut was pressing against her taut stomach.

Her nervousness was apparent by her increased breathing. Her calm and cool exterior was crumbling at his proximity.

"Tell me." He raised a hand and clutched a lock of her hair. "What the plan is for tonight."

She took a second to compose herself before slapping away his hand.

"The plan," she said in a harsh whisper, "is for you to stay the hell away from me while I work."

Lester smirked and backed away from her, raising his hands in surrender.

Muffled sounds of sheets moving and weight shifting came from beyond the wall. It looked like the night was proceeding right on schedule.

He gestured to the bed. Lizzie raised an eyebrow at him and didn't move. He smiled and moved to his closet. There, he retrieved

a foam fold-out mattress that he laid out on the floor. He took a blanket out of the closet and one of the bed's pillows and set them up on the small mattress.

He gestured again to the bed as he struggled to get down onto the floor.

The sounds of quiet moans began emanating through the wall from Dan and Sarah.

Lizzie gave him one final glare before crossing to the bed and lying down on it. Then, she started her performance.

Sarah was finally back where she belonged: in Dan's warm embrace.

After the odd couple of Lester and Lizzie left the common space, Dan was eager to pick back up where things had left off. They didn't want to chance being interrupted on the couch; the night had been weird enough as it was. Instead, they snuck back to the bedroom to quietly make love like teenagers under their parent's roof.

Her legs were wrapped around Dan's waist as he slowly thrust into her. He gently pinned her wrists to the bed and kissed the inside of her neck. His tongue was driving her crazy. A quiet moan escaped her lips.

Dan drew back and looked at her. They had said they'd be quiet, but she couldn't help it. He gave her three quick thrusts, eliciting another small moan that escaped her lips.

He wouldn't deny that he had done that on purpose to get a response out of her.

She tightened her grip with her thighs, trying to pull more of her husband into her. God, he felt good. Now he was picking up his pace, seeing how far he could push her, and how long she could stay quiet.

"Oh, Dan," she moaned, a little louder than a whisper. He smiled at his ability to have this effect on her, even if he was playing with fire by making her moan loudly when they weren't really alone.

"Fuck me," she whispered in a sultry voice.

As Dan was about to respond, they both grew still at a new sound. Moaning was coming from the other side of the wall.

They both shared a look with one another. In all the time Dan had lived in a shared space with Lester, he had never once seen him bring anyone else into the apartment. They didn't understand who Lizzie was or what she was doing here.

Initially, Sarah suspected she might be a prostitute when they had both walked in the door earlier, but she didn't really have that look about her. Besides, if Lester was desperate for some kind of satisfaction, he would have known Sarah was coming to town this weekend. Wouldn't he have tried to press his luck again like last time?

"Ooooooh." They heard a female voice moan through the wall. "Ahhhh, fuuck!"

Accompanying the moans was the rhythmic sound of something hitting one of the walls over and over again. It didn't take long for Sarah to realize it must have been the bed's headboard. This was what listening to Lester having sex sounded like.

Dan stirred and began to thrust into her again. Something had changed, though. Instead of the quiet fucking from a few minutes ago, he was now pushing into her with a determined look on his face, almost like he was rising to meet some kind of challenge.

"Oh," A soft moan escaped Sarah's lips. "Mmmm, fuck!"

Dan's renewed speed quickly brought her close to the brink of her first orgasm. "God, Dan, don't stop!"

He didn't.

Like a man possessed, he continued to pound into her. He let go of her wrists to give himself more leverage on the bed. Her hands found his back and she pulled him into her.

"OOOOOHHHH!" A scream reverberated through the wall. "LESTER!"

The unmistakable sound of someone cumming reached their ears. Lester had actually managed to get Lizzie off before Dan had gotten her off. Who knows what they had been doing beforehand, though?

Dan continued to thrust into her. His thrusts now seemed off tempo against the continued rhythmic banging coming from the other side of the wall.

“Oh fuck, don’t stop, Lester. Don’t stop!” Sarah could hear Lizzie’s desperate pleading loud and clear. Her mind was subconsciously painting a picture of what that scene must look like. What position was Lizzie in to get that kind of reaction?

Sarah could feel herself about to cum. “God, Dan! Oh, fuck!”

She came hard and gripped his cock with everything she had. Dan somehow pushed through it and continued to thrust into her. Sarah could feel that stimulation inside of her. She was quickly building towards another orgasm.

“Oh, fuck me!” she heard through the walls. “Fuck me!”

And then Dan came. His cum shot into her over and over as she felt him pulse inside her. Sarah lay there and held onto him. She pushed her hips up, desperate for more of him, desperate to cum again. Dan didn’t move, though as she tried to fuck him back.

She only now realized he was panting. He collapsed down onto her, slowly withdrawing himself from her and rolling over onto his side.

Sarah looked into Dan’s eyes and smiled at him, content at what she had received tonight, but wishing for just a bit more. Dan’s hand found her cheek. “I love you, Sarah.”

“I love you too, Dan.”

Their tender embrace was broken by the continued sounds coming from the other room.

“Ahh! Oooh,” they heard a feminine voice moan, accompanied by the sounds of thuds, this time even harder against their shared wall. “FUUUCK!”

Sarah and Dan just looked at each other, unsure how to react to what was happening in the next room. After several more minutes of listening to a woman in the throes of pleasure, they heard one final loud, long moan and then silence.

They both drifted off to sleep shortly after the noise had ceased and silence had returned to the apartment.

Lizzie sat up on the bed with her arms crossed, looking defiantly at Lester. He had moved to his computer chair during her

“performance” and had been silently providing her instructions like some kind of conductor.

Even though she had only faked that performance, she was still breathing hard afterwards. She hated the fact that she was now helping Lester manipulate someone else, but she had to look out for her own interests.

She also didn't like the way Lester was looking at her right now, as she could tell her face was flushed.

“Time for bed,” she whispered tersely to him. She grabbed the blanket and lay down, turning away from him. After a few seconds of him probably trying to ogle her ass, she heard his weight shift from the chair and settle across the room on the makeshift bed.

As she held her eyes closed, she couldn't help but think of the performance she had just given and the sounds she'd made. Hearing herself moan his name again had given her chills. She had thought she could come here and do this without it affecting her, but being back in this room and saying those things was stirring up things inside of her that she had thought were long dead and buried.

Lizzie didn't like what was being dredged back up to the surface. She needed to get out of here. She needed to get back to Issac.

The only problem was that she had agreed to stay until morning. That was the condition for Lester to give her the hard drive.

The hard drive!

She peeked her head up to look at Lester's desk where he had left it.

Gone.

Damn! I'll have to stay here all night.

Lester lay silently staring at the ceiling of his room. It was a different perspective than he was used to. His body should be ready to sleep, but his mind was alert, not willing to miss this opportunity.

Based on Lizzie's breathing, she had fallen asleep a couple of hours ago. He reached for his phone to check the time. 3:00 am.

Perfect.

Lester slowly and quietly threw off his blanket and rolled off the mattress, careful not to crush his throbbing erection. It was time for

relief.

Sarah hadn't gone to the bathroom after fucking Dan. Based on their past encounters he had studied, she either cleaned up right away or drifted off to sleep. When she did fall asleep first, she would usually wake up a few hours later in the middle of the night.

She hadn't stirred yet, so Lester speculated that it was only a matter of time. He wished he could check his computer to see what was going on next door. He'd have to review the footage in the morning. Turning on the screen might wake up Lizzie, and he didn't want her to know more than she had to.

He crept to the bedroom door, being careful to avoid the creaking floorboards. He opened his door slowly, its well-greased hinges opening without a sound. He peeked his head out.

Just as he thought, no sign of Sarah yet. He was tempted to try their bedroom door, but he assumed it would be locked.

Time for him to enact the next part of his plan, that he hadn't divulged to Lizzie. The one where he got two birds with one stone.

He turned back to his room, leaving the door open. Moonlight from the window illuminated Lizzie's form beneath the blanket. Part of her white shoulder was exposed to his eyes.

Lester licked his lips and began to cross the room, carefully listening for the sounds of Sarah stirring. He pulled one side of his shirt up and then awkwardly grabbed it with the other hand, pulling it off and over his thick frame. He tossed it aside onto the floor without a care.

He stepped up to the foot of the bed. Keeping his gaze on Lizzie, he lowered his pants. His legs were pale and matted with hair, blood was rushing into his erect cock as he bent over.

Now he was naked in the moonlight, staring down at a beauty practically begging to be uncovered. This was a familiar feeling for him.

Lester's eyes flicked up to check Lizzie's face, her eyes were open and alert.. She was staring back at him. He slowly pulled back the blanket. Lizzie's red dress had ridden up her thighs, and she was sleeping on her side, giving him a great view of her legs.

Lizzie continued to stare at Lester, knowing what was about to happen. She had anticipated this before she arrived at the apartment. As much as she hated to admit it, she missed the way Lester fucked her.

Lester leaned over her, careful crush her with his gut. His hand found the zipper to her dress, and he carefully slid it down to the bottom. Trying to take her dress off now would be a rookie mistake. That would come later. For now, he was preparing the scene, the way a great artist would lay out their brushes and paints first before even touching the canvas.

The king bed really was a great investment as he now had plenty of room to work with. The reinforced bed frame had been another great investment.

Lester's hands didn't caress Lizzie's legs as he longed to, but instead, they reached up for the hem of her dress and gently hiked it up until her panty-covered sex was exposed.

Lizzie laid her head back and bit her lip, knowing what would come next. She tried to stay silent, perhaps if she didn't say anything it would alleviate her guilt. Her mind briefly thought of her boyfriend Issac.

Lester expertly hooked his thumbs around the sides of Lizzie's red panties and began to gently tug them down her legs. Once they were off, Lester bunched them up and tucked them between the mattress and the frame of the bed, adding another trophy to his collection.

He gently rolled her hips so she was lying on her back before he slithered up the bed until his head was between her legs. He inhaled slowly through his nose, taking in the familiar and intoxicating scent of her pussy and smiled.

It's been too long.

Hooking one arm around her thigh to keep her in place, he slid his other under her ass, lifting it slightly to give him a better angle. He cocked his head to the side and listened one last time for sounds from the other side of the wall.

Nothing.

Reassured that he had plenty of time to lay the trap for Sarah, he lowered his head and began to run his tongue along Lizzie's bare slit. Her body squirmed at his touch, but Lester held her still.

People made assumptions about Lester when they saw him. Generally, none of those were positive. One assumption people never made about him was that he was skilled in the bedroom. Given his appearance and body type, this would be a logical assumption to make.

However, Lester had dedicated lots of time to perfecting his craft. One of the tools he had honed over the years was being particularly attentive to the female body. Giving a woman the most pleasurable experience of her life made it that much harder to deny him the next time.

Lester's tongue continued to dance up and down Lizzie's slit. He could taste her beginning to become wet, and he smiled when he felt her hips involuntarily push up off the bed towards his face.

His tongue found her clit and began to slowly draw circles around it. He chanced removing his arm from around her thigh and brought one of his fingers towards her opening, slowly inserting the tip into her.

His finger gently traced the inside of Lizzie, matching the circular motion of his tongue. He remembered from one of the instructional videos he had studied long ago how the entrance to a woman's vagina had a ton of sensitivity.

He continued his oral assault as he pushed his finger farther into his former roommate.

"Mmm," Lizzie moaned. "Mmmmmmm."

Lester stifled a smile. He knew he had her now. He slipped a second finger inside of her and rotated his palm to face up, beginning to make a 'come here' motion with the two digits. The tips of his fingers ran over Lizzie's sensitive G-spot as he did this, bringing out an even greater reaction from the sleeping redhead.

Each time his fingers ran against that spot, Lester sucked hard on her clit. Lizzie's hips were bucking up against his face, wanting more.

"Oh," she moaned dreamily. "Mmmmmmmmm."

He could tell by the way her pussy was clenching his fingers and the increasingly desperate movement of her hips that her body would come soon.

He increased the tempo of his sucking and his fingers followed the faster pace he was setting. It didn't take long before she finally came.

"Oh, oh," Lizzie's hand found the back of Lester's head and pulled him into her as her hips pushed up against his face. He could feel her nails digging into the back of his scalp.

Lester shifted positions, removing his fingers from her vagina and looping both arms around her thighs to hold her in place. He drove his tongue deep inside of her, doubling the intensity of his oral assault.

"Oh, fuck," he heard from her sultry lips. His eyes flicked up to see her magnificent breasts pushing up against her red dress as she arched her back.

His tongue spun around inside of her, alternating between licking the walls of her vagina and driving into it in a penetrative movement. Lizzie's hand stayed on the back of his head while the other had moved to grip the headboard.

Her back slumped to the bed as her orgasm subsided and her eyes opened, looking lazily down at Lester. She blinked a few times as she seemed to be slowly getting her bearings.

Her hips lifted off the bed, trying to roll to the side, but Lester held her tight. She opened her mouth to protest, but Lester stuck his tongue in deep and licked back alongside the roof of her vagina, hitting her g-spot.

Lizzie's head fell back against the pillow while her hand stayed planted on Lester's head. Her hips continued to rise off the bed, no longer trying to get away.

"Lester," she moaned unintentionally as she tried to speak. "You shouldn't, we shouldn't –"

Lester picked up his tempo, cutting her off.

"Mmmmm," she moaned again. "This is wrong. Mmmmm."

Lester could feel another orgasm building inside of her. She raised her hips yet again, trying to get as much of his tongue into

her as possible.

"Oh fuck," she moaned. "Right there, don't stop. Don't stop."

Lester slowed down the pace of his tongue, withdrawing it so it only teased the inside edge of her pussy.

"Fuck, don't stop. Please," Lizzie moaned. "Don't fucking stop."

Lester continued to slow his assault, though, purposely not matching the desperate pleas of her body. She wanted to cum again, her mind was rushing with endorphins, looking for that sweet release.

In one fluid motion, Lester unhooked his arms and crawled up her body. Before Lizzie realized what was happening, he was on top of her. His cock was in one hand, pressing against her sex as her hips were still lifted up, looking for contact from his tongue. His thighs bent her legs back until they were resting on his hips, her body automatically responding by softly wrapping them around his waist.

He rested on his forearm, his hand going under her neck to grab the hair at the base of her head in a fist. He didn't forget how much she loved that.

She turned her face away and didn't meet his gaze. He continued to rub the head of his cock up and down her entrance, slowly pressing into it without diving all the way in yet. Lizzie's hips continued pushing up, seeking out more contact with him.

Lester tightened his grip on her hair and turned her head to face him.

"Mmmmm," she moaned desperately. Her eyes eventually opened up to look at him.

Lester still saw that fire of defiance behind her eyes, but they were clouded over by something even more powerful: Lust.

He didn't dare smile like he wanted to, as this was the moment of truth. He just stared into her eyes like a hungry animal, matching the intensity of the lust in her gaze. He held his cock steady against her opening, pressing the cock head to her entrance, but not initiating penetration himself.

Then he felt it. Lizzie's legs tightened around his waist, pulling him forward. Her hips lifted off the bed again, this time pushing

against his cock instead of his tongue as more of his shaft disappeared inside of her. He didn't break eye contact.

"Oh!" As more of his cock slid into her, she opened her mouth in pleasure.

The fire in her eyes subsided, consumed by pure lust now. He let go of his cock and pushed a little deeper into her. He wanted her to be the one to bring him all the way inside. Her hands came to rest on his arms, her grip tight.

Her legs pulled at him, trying to get more of his cock. Her hips were continually pushed against him, desperate to cum.

He had her. Checkmate.

Lester sunk down, burying the entire length of his bare cock inside of her. She was lost in bliss.

In the past, Lizzie would always insist on condoms, but in her sleepy stupor, she must have forgotten.

"Ohhhh, fuck," Lizzie moaned loudly. With the door open, the sounds would be more noticeable than before. "Oh shit. Mmmmm."

Lester pinned one arm down and pulled her head up towards him, his lips mashing into hers. Without thinking, she returned his kiss as his tongue invaded her pretty mouth while his bare cock explored every inch of her behind her lower lips.

"Mhmmmm," she continued to moan into his mouth. Her hand found the back of his head, and she ran her fingers through his thinning hair as she pulled him down onto the bed with her. "Mmmhmmmmmmmm."

Sarah stirred and sat up in bed. She blinked her eyes trying to get her bearings.

Dan's apartment. Right.

Her brain was still fuzzy, caught in that post-dream haze. Her mind was trying to piece together reality as it processed her most recent memories and the events of her dreams. She remembered her passionate night with Dan and realized she had probably fallen asleep right after. The pressure in her bladder confirmed it.

She stood up and made her way toward the door, briefly catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror. For waking up in such a state, she

still thought she looked pretty damn good. Her mind registered that she was naked, though, so she quickly grabbed one of Dan's discarded dress shirts on the floor, threw it on and lazily did up a couple of buttons.

The last thing she wanted was to put on a show for Lester without Dan being present for it. As she thought about her husband's weird roommate, her mind clicked and she remembered that Lester had been part of the dream she was having.

The details were still mostly vague, though. As she shuffled out of the room and into the bathroom, she seemed to think the dream had something to do with Dan leaving her alone at the apartment with Lester. There were images in her mind of Lester and his body, but she couldn't make a solid connection of what the dream had been about.

She finished her business in the bathroom, and as she washed her hands, more details of her dream popped into her head. Walls shaking, screams of pleasure, and loud noises seemed to be the focus of what her subconscious mind had created.

Sarah shook her head, trying to discard the memory, but it seemed like she couldn't fully wake herself up. Her mind must be playing tricks on her, as it felt like her dream was creeping into her reality. She was sure she could actually hear the moaning sounds.

Wasn't I the one making those sounds?

She flicked off the light, opened the door and stepped out into the hallway. To her surprise, the sounds were louder out there. She stood in the middle of the hallway for a second getting her bearings, her brain fully waking up from its fog.

Those sounds are real...

Sarah tried to hone in on where the sounds were coming from. Everything looked normal in the living room, so she turned her head and looked in the direction of Lester's room. The door was ajar.

The sounds were definitely emanating from there. She took a step towards his room as her curiosity was getting the better of her.

God, is he watching porn?

Sarah took one step more than she had intended and was now standing fully in front of the threshold to his bedroom. She squinted

her eyes, peering into the dark abyss that was only dimly illuminated by his dim computer monitor.

Lester wasn't in his chair. No porn on his computer, then. She shuddered at the thought of him sitting in that chair, the same place he sat when she had entered his room wearing her black robe the last time she visited.

My black robe, does he still have it —

Her train of thought was interrupted by movement on the bed. Her breath caught in her throat as she realized what she was seeing.

The beautiful redhead girl from earlier was completely naked, bent over the side of the bed. The loud moans were coming from her.

"Mmmmmm," she moaned as her breath was coming in short gasps.

Sarah's eyes grew wide while she watched the woman thrash about on the bed, her head hanging limp as she braced herself on her forearms. She was trying to get leverage to push back onto the dick inside of her, trying to get as much of it into her as possible.

"Oh, fuck! Don't stop," the girl screamed. She collapsed onto her chest, her hands grabbing the sheets as she came. "Fuck me!"

The assault against the woman never stopped. Sarah's eyes briefly locked onto the point where the tanned, fit girl was connected to the cock giving her such pleasure. It was only then that Sarah's brain caught up with her eyes and registered that the younger woman was connected to someone with pale, hairy thighs.

Sarah's eyes inexorably drifted upward. A large stomach sat on top of this woman's perky butt, hands gripping her hips. Her eyes ran across the broad shoulders, the out-of-shape chest, and the fat on the arms that jiggled relentlessly as his body pounded into this woman.

She saw the unshaven cheeks and neck, partially hiding the double chin and pockmarked face underneath.

It was Lester.

She took a step back as she realized he was watching her. Lester's eyes were trained on Sarah. They held each other's gaze like

that for several seconds. Sarah was frozen in the hallway, her body unable to move. She didn't know what to do.

Lester never looked away, but he seemed to pick up his tempo. It was almost as if he was thinking about Sarah in the redhead's place.

The girl was thrashing on the bed, screaming for more. "Oh, fuck. Fuck me, Lester! God!"

Sarah's eyes darted to the girl and the bliss she was clearly experiencing. "Mhmmmmm, ooooooh."

"God, Lester," the girl moaned. "Don't stop. I'm so close!"

Sarah watched as Lester deliberately slowed down his pace despite the cries of desperation that came from the young woman. The redhead tried in vain to push back harder onto Lester's cock to speed him up, but it didn't work.

Lester was the one setting the pace.

Sarah's eyes darted back up to Lester, who still had his gaze transfixed on her. Sarah remembered how little she was wearing and how much of her legs she was showing off.

Lester puckered his lips and blew Sarah a kiss. Without breaking eye contact, he increased his tempo again, much to the delight of the girl on the bed.

That snapped Sarah out of her daze. She crossed her arms in a futile effort to conceal her state of undress before she quickly fled out of Lester's line of sight and back to Dan's bedroom.

She closed and locked the door. Lester must have continued his quickened pace because Sarah could hear the girl's increasingly loud moans again through the wall as she had earlier.

She made her way back to the bed where Dan was still asleep. She kept his dress shirt on, trying in her mind to make up for her lack of modesty a few seconds ago.

Why am I suddenly concerned about modesty with that creep? He's seen me completely naked while I jacked him off.

She stared up at the ceiling as confusing thoughts swirled through her head, making a quick return to slumber unlikely. Instead, the sounds of Lester pounding into the redheaded girl in the next room kept her awake for the next fifteen minutes until they finished with an explosive, loud climax.

As Sarah darted back into her room, Lester shifted his gaze back to Lizzie who was thrashing underneath him. He faintly heard the sound of Dan's bedroom door closing as Sarah hurried back to bed.

He grinned triumphantly. His plan was working perfectly. Not only would he be invading Sarah's thoughts based on his display tonight, but he also had his bare cock inside Lizzie again. He remembered the last time he saw her and the harsh words and threats she delivered to him.

And now here she was, bent over his bed with her pussy squeezing and milking his cock.

He tightened his grip on her hips. His fingers dug into her flesh, keeping her in place.

He salivated at the magnificent sight before him. He loved that he had broken this fiery head red again.

I wonder how she is going to explain this to her boyfriend.

That thought made him increase his pace. Lizzie moaned in response. He'd make sure she had a night she would never forget and would have trouble explaining away to Issac. She'd be limping home after the fucking he was giving her tonight.

Lester ran his right hand up her back, the pressure causing her body to press into the bed. He found the base of her neck and gripped it tightly, forcing her down as he relentlessly pounded her.

Lizzie reached out, trying to grab onto something for support. Her hands bunched up the bedsheets, but she couldn't find any leverage with just her arms. She raised her legs instead, her knees finding purchase on the edge of the bed frame. Before she could get accustomed to the new position, however, Lester pushed her forward and crawled onto the bed above her.

Her feet now dangled off the bed as he perched on top of her. His cock was still sliding in and out of her from behind as his weight pushed down onto her hips. She could feel his hot breath on her cheek as he leaned down towards her.

Lester's wet tongue began to dance around on the back of her neck. His old notes on Lizzie that he had read earlier mentioned how kisses on the back of her neck turned her on greatly, but that

particular reminder wasn't necessary as he hadn't completely forgotten everything from the time they had been together.

He continued licking and kissing the base of her neck, eliciting primal groans from Lizzie.

"Mmmmmmmmm," she moaned into the mattress.

Lester kept up his oral assault as he changed positions. His breathing was growing ragged from both his efforts and arousal, but he could tell his prize was close at hand. He shifted his weight onto his forearms that were near Lizzie's head. His left arm was directly in front of her face.

Seemingly on instinct, Lizzie reached out with her tongue and began licking Lester's arm, swirling her tongue around his forearm like she would his cock. Her hand grabbed it and tried to pull it closer.

He could feel her pussy was absolutely soaked for him as it gripped him tightly. Her tongue left his arm as her breathing grew more and more shallow. Lizzie's hips were pushing back against him much faster than before. Lester knew what was coming.

He stopped his oral assault and one of his hands grabbed her hips. He could feel her body growing desperate, pushing back to try and coax out another orgasm.

"Fuck, Lizzie," Lester whispered in her ear, "I'm going to cum."

"You...can't," she grunted out as her hips were still pushing back against him. "You have to pull out now."

A sly smile spread over Lester's face. "Why's that?" He noted with amusement that despite her token protest, the intensity of her thrusts onto his cock were still increasing.

"You just have to," Lizzie moaned. "Issac and me, we're..."

Lester kept his pace steady as he had her right where he wanted her. He had no intention of letting her impending orgasm slip away until she gave in.

"You can stop me anytime you want," he told her calmly with a smirk that she couldn't see.

"Oh," she moaned with the bedsheets balled up in her fists again. "It's not safe, you have to —"

Her body began to tremble as orgasmic bliss began to wash over her. Lizzie's toes went numb as she clenched them tightly. "Oh, fuck! Lester, don't stop."

Lester's shit-eating grin reappeared as his brow dripped with perspiration. He could feel her body begin to come down from her orgasm, but he knew he had her right where he wanted her.

"I won't," he growled into her ear. He felt her body respond to his voice, and the waning tempo of her thrusts picked back up.

"Oh fuck," she said breathlessly. "Oh, uh."

Lizzie moaned desperately under Lester's weight as her body started to respond to him again before she had even had a chance to recover from the orgasm she had just experienced. He tightly gripped her hip and shoulder, pushing them down as he pushed into the young bombshell harder than he had before.

"I'm going to cum for you, Lizzie," he groaned into her ear.

Her body began to frantically push back into him, desperate for his cum. Whatever her brain might have wanted her to do, her body wasn't listening.

"I'm going to cum in you, Lizzie." His cock pushed deeper into her as his ball began to empty.

"Take it!" he grunted as he exploded inside her.

"Oh, shit!" Lizzie screamed as she pushed back onto Lester's cock with a final thrust. She was frozen in place as she felt his illicit seed flooding into her. Her body was rocked by another orgasm as her vagina clenched down hard on Lester's cock, coaxing more of his cum deeper inside.

She finally collapsed onto the bed, her arms giving out.

Lester held himself in place, ensuring every drop of his cum emptied into his old roommate. When he was satisfied there was nothing left to give her, he pulled himself out and rolled off of her. Lizzie didn't move as he settled into place next to her.

Maybe she was in shock over what had just happened. She had vowed that he would never see her again, let alone touch her. He had probably just broken her self-image by making her body betray her like that. He didn't really care either way.

He heard gentle snores coming from the other side of the bed, and a satisfied smile spread across his face. Lester had fucked her so hard that she had actually passed out.

Lester groaned and rolled over the next morning as sunlight filtering in through the slits in the closed blinds of his window managed to shine right onto his face. He scooted himself over to the side of the bed and carefully sat up as his eyes adjusted to the room.

He looked down and saw his feet sticking out from beneath his gut. He couldn't see his cock, but he could feel that it was matted with Lizzie's juices from the night before. He grinned, thinking back to the way she had thrashed under him as he came. More importantly, he remembered the transfixed look on Sarah's face as she had watched them from the doorway.

Lester looked around the room. No Lizzie in sight. He groaned softly as he pulled his thick frame up off the bed and shuffled his way over to his desk, checking to make sure the bottom drawer was still locked.

He retrieved the key from its hiding place, unlocked the drawer and smiled at its contents. The hard drive labelled "Lizzie" was sitting there at the top. He took it out and set it down on the desk.

Lester found his discarded clothes from the previous night and put them on. As he was pulling up his boxers, his door opened and Lizzie slid in. She was taken aback to find him in his state of undress. Her eyes flicked down to his cock before she quickly looked away and composed herself.

"Morning," Lester grunted as he pulled up the waistband of his underwear.

Lizzie ignored him. She was dressed in her red dress from last night, but she had clearly showered. Her hair wasn't wet, but it looked more put together than the state he had left it in the previous night.

She crossed the room without looking at him. It was only then that Lester noticed the leather strap peeking out from under his bed. Lizzie grabbed it and pulled out her purse. She turned around and

froze, her eyes locking onto the hard drive on his deck with her name on it.

She moved quickly and grabbed it, spinning around with a look of triumph on her face. "Fuck you, Lester. This is mine. I'm done with you."

Lester didn't say anything as she moved towards the door. "I'm going to ruin whatever it is you have going on here and tell them what a fucking creep you are."

As she opened the door Lester finally spoke. "Are you sure about that?"

The door only opened a crack, Lizzie holding it in place. Her body stiffened like she had just seen a ghost, and she didn't turn around to face him. Lester closed the distance between them, placing a hand on the door and gently pushing it shut.

He was now standing right next to her, clearly invading her personal space.

"I have the hard drive," she said before turning her head and locking eyes with him. There was a fierce expression on her face as she spoke through gritted teeth. "This is over."

Lester smiled at her condescendingly.

"You're right. You do have the hard drive, and you can walk out of here right now and never look back." He could tell that his unconcerned demeanor was unsettling her. "You could even warn my new roommate and his wife about me, but I don't think you will."

The confidence in Lizzie's face wavered. "Why not?"

Lester reached a hand up, caressing her cheek. "For one thing, I could give Issac a call and let him know about last night. After all, I am completely wracked with guilt over what we did, and I think he ought to know what you allowed me to do with you."

Lizzie's face reddened, her breath catching in her throat. "You fucking bastard. I'm going to –"

"No," Lester said firmly. "The only thing you are going to do is go out there and do what we planned and then leave. Got it?"

Fires of defiance burned behind Lizzie's eyes. He could tell she wanted to strangle him. Instead, she gave him a slight, almost imperceptible nod before turning the doorknob to leave.

Lester kept his hand firmly planted against the door, though, while his other hand was still on her cheek. "One last thing before you go: Give me a last kiss goodbye."

Before Lizzie could process what was happening, let alone try and stop him, Lester had pushed her up against the door jam. His hand slid to the back of her head, pulling her face towards him. He smashed his lips into hers, his tongue taking her by surprise and forcing its way into her mouth.

His hard cock pushed up against her dress-covered sex as his other hand grabbed a handful of her ass and pulled her tightly against him.

"Alright, I got us a reservation for seven at this hole-in-the-wall Italian place some of the guys at work have recommended. The food is supposed to be great, and they apparently don't charge an arm and a leg for the wine." Dan handed Sarah a mug of hot coffee as he sat down next to her on the couch.

He took a sip of his own before continuing. "But until then, I'm thinking we can do some touristy stuff. Maybe a bus tour or hit some of the sights around town."

"Mmmmm," Sarah hummed in agreement as she deeply inhaled through her nose over the steaming cup. She gripped the mug in both hands, taking in its warmth along with enjoying the rich scent of the dark roast blend Dan used at the apartment.

"I think that sounds perfect," she said after taking a small sip. "For all the times I've been here to visit, we haven't really seen much of the city."

She leaned forward, puckering her lips for him. Dan moved in and kissed her chastely before he tilted his head and darted his tongue out slightly. Sarah smiled as she felt that the kiss was a prelude of what their night could hold. Just as she was ready to kiss him back, they heard a door shut.

The couple leaned away from each other reluctantly, both of their heads turning to look down the hallway. The beautiful, mysterious redhead from the night before sheepishly walked towards them with

her purse hanging off one shoulder. Dan covertly gave her a quick once over.

As she entered the living room, her eyes darted to the door before turning to them.

"Hi," she greeted them shyly.

Dan decided to let Sarah respond. It was never wise to appear too eager to talk to a stunning woman in front of your wife.

"Hey," Sarah said warmly. "Like I said last night, I'm Sarah and this is my husband, Dan. Dan is Lester's roommate."

"Lizzie," the redhead reintroduced herself. "I'm Lester's, well...it doesn't matter. It's nice to meet you both. I'm actually late," she gestured towards the door. "So, I'm just going to run."

"Oh, no worries. It was nice to meet you." Sarah reassured her. "I guess we'll be seeing you around?"

Lizzie smiled. Her eyes looked down the hallway and then back to the couple. She stepped away from the door and walked halfway toward Sarah. "Actually, no, probably not. Lester and I aren't a thing anymore. Last night was a mistake."

Dan could tell Lizzie had more to say. Sarah must have picked up on it as well as she stayed quiet, too.

Lizzie glanced again at the door before turning back to the couple on the couch. "Just be careful."

"Careful?" Sarah asked, her brows furrowed in confusion.

"Be careful with Lester," Lizzie clarified. "He doesn't look like it, but he just has this way of getting you hooked and before you know it, he'll break your heart."

"Okay, thank you for the heads up," Sarah said, mostly hiding her bewilderment, though Dan picked up on it as he was baffled by what the girl was saying.

Lizzie gave Sarah a parting smile and a half-wave toward Dan before turning on her heel and walking out the door.

The couple exchanged puzzled looks as soon as they were alone.

"What was that about?" Sarah asked.

Dan shrugged his shoulders and shook his head slightly. "I have no idea. It's definitely weird, though. I can't imagine Lester with..."

Dan caught himself and quickly continued. "Anyone, really. That's just strange."

Dan took a big sip of his coffee and set it down on the table. "Anyway, if we want to go and see some stuff, we should probably get going."

The couple hurriedly drained their mugs and began to get moving. When they were finally ready and about to head out the door, Lester emerged from his room.

"Is Lizzie still here?" he asked. His voice was soft, very unlike his usual, abrasive tone.

"You missed her. She left like, half an hour ago." Dan said.

"Oh, okay." Lester began to slink back towards the hallway.

"What's the deal with you two?" Sarah asked as she put on her shoes. "She seemed a little upset when she left."

Lester turned around with his shoulders still hunched over. "We used to be a thing. On again, off again, sort of thing. I think this is the end, though. When she found out I got that operation done, she said that was it. She really wanted to have kids, and even though she knew I didn't, she always thought I'd come around one day. It's over now, I guess."

He shrugged his shoulders. Dan and Sarah didn't respond, so he turned and went back down the hallway.

"Really?" Dan asked as he held open the door for his wife. "That girl and Lester were a thing? I don't see it."

A sly smile spread across Sarah's face as she moved past her husband into the hallway. She looked back at him.

"Well, she did say she was hooked on Lester. Maybe that meant she was hooked on his big..." She paused, watching Dan's mouth hang open. "Personality."

"Oh, you're so fucking bad." He made a move to try and tickle her side, but she jogged a few steps away. Dan locked the door to the apartment, and the loving couple set off to see the sights.

Dan's key scratched his apartment door handle for the fifth time as he tried to find the lock. He blinked his weary eyes and tried to

focus. Dan had kept his promise to Sarah, and they had stayed out of the apartment all day, taking in the sights of the city.

As this was their first time together in weeks, they had indulged and splurged more than they should have. They had eaten lunch at a nice restaurant and had both ordered a couple of drinks. Dinner followed after they had visited some famous landmarks, and the couple made sure to order off the wine list again.

It was only after a couple of nightcaps at a classy Al Capone-themed speakeasy that the couple had finally Ubered back to his place.

Dan closed one eye as he tried to concentrate. The door seemed to be swaying side to side until warm hands ran up his waist and over his torso, steadying him.

"Hurry up," Sarah whispered loudly. "It's freezing out here! Let's get inside so you can warm me up."

Dan grinned and pushed his hand forward, the key finally finding the hole.

The couple stepped into complete darkness. It was late...really late. Dan knew that he would regret all of the alcohol in the morning, but for tonight he just wanted to have fun with the love of his life.

Light assaulted his eyes and he squinted in confusion.

"Oops," Sarah snickered. She had flicked on the bright ceiling light. She turned it back off and crossed the room, turning on a dimmer lamp.

Dan blinked his eyes, refocusing. It didn't look like anything had changed since they had left. He didn't see anyone in the living room, so he assumed Lester was asleep already, or maybe he was out with that girl...

"Hey, big boy," Sarah's sultry voice called from the other side of the room.

The room spun as Dan turned to look at her too quickly. It took a second to register, but as she came into focus, he saw Sarah looking at him seductively as she slowly peeled her t-shirt up and over her head. His wife's magnificent breasts were on display for him now, clad only in a lacy, white bra.

I always love that color on her.

Despite Dan's inebriated state, he could feel the blood rushing to his dick, pushing against his jeans. He placed a hand on the back of the couch as Sarah made her way back towards him, unbuttoning her pants as she walked.

"You ready for a repeat of last night?" she asked when she was standing only an inch away from him. Her hands abandoned her pants and started tugging on his belt.

"God, yes," he whispered. Or at least, he had meant to whisper it. He wasn't entirely sure how loud he was being. "I've been wanting to take you all day."

"Oh, yeah?" Sarah raised an eyebrow at him. "Why didn't you?"

Sarah's hands completed their task, and Dan's pants fell around his ankles. Next, she began working to get his shirt off.

"It's not like we had an opportunity," Dan grunted as she pulled it over his head. "We've been stuck in tourist spots and restaurants all day."

"HmMMM, excuses, excuses." Sarah turned around placing one hand on the couch as the other lowered her pants. She pushed her white panty-clad ass out for Dan to ogle. "Those restaurants had bathrooms, you know."

What?

She was teasing him, obviously. But would she actually have done that? In public?

Dan reached out and ran his hands over Sarah's ass before stepping out of his jeans and pressing himself against her. "You'd want that? Having this inside you in public like that? That could be dangerous..."

Sarah pushed her ass back into his crotch. "Only if we get caught..." she murmured before pausing. "Or maybe that would make it more fun: someone catching us...watching us."

"Watching you," Dan whispered into her ear. "They wouldn't be watching me, that's for sure."

He licked her ear and spun her around. He grabbed the back of her neck and pulled her in for a passionate kiss. His dick pushed into

her, trapping her against the couch. She returned the kiss in force, her tongue pushing into his mouth and swirling around.

They stood there making out for several minutes with their hands exploring each other's bodies. Sarah wanted to reach down and feel his dick, but it was nestled perfectly against her pussy. She could feel the heat coming off of it, though, and she couldn't wait to have it inside of her.

She angled her arms up between them and pushed Dan backwards, harder than she intended. He stumbled backwards slightly, clearly caught off guard. The alcohol was also clearly affecting his balance.

She didn't break eye contact, though, and she slowly backed away from him towards the hallway. "You forgot one thing."

Dan's dick was straining against his boxers, jutting straight out towards his wife. He followed after her at the same, sedate pace she was setting. "What's that?"

"You said tourist traps and restaurants." She made it down the hallway and opened the door to Dan's room. "You forgot about the Uber ride. I'm sure the driver would have loved to see me, too."

With that, she disappeared into the room. Dan quickly followed after her.

He kicked his boxers off as he entered the room and shut the door behind him. Sarah lay on the bed, looking at him with lust-filled eyes.

God, I'm going to fuck her so hard.

He quickly crossed the room and was on her, lips smashing into hers. His bare cock ran up her thigh toward the prize. Her nails dug into his back pulling him into her, even though she was still wearing her white panties. She started kissing his neck, slowly working her way down toward his chest.

"You'd want me to fuck you in the back of the Uber and let the driver watch?" Dan breathed out hoarsely. His fantasies were crashing back into his mind, melding together with the events of their night.

"Who said it was you I would have fucked in that Uber?" Sarah purred in her ear.

She looked up at him with her striking, green eyes. She knew just how to push his buttons. He couldn't wait any longer. He had to have her. He kissed her again as his hand found her panties. He wanted to rip them off. He tugged at them, but they wouldn't budge. He tried again. Nothing.

Sarah gently pushed his torso up. Right, he was lying on top of them.

As he raised himself and Sarah began to lower her panties, a door slammed loudly in the hallway. Lester was awake.

The couple froze, unsure of what was happening. Dan tried to remember if he had shut the door. It looked shut. Had he locked it? Lester wouldn't dare try to come in here. He wouldn't cross that line. Would he?

They listened as heavy footsteps shuffled past the door down the hallway. Something was odd about this, but Dan's alcohol-fogged brain couldn't quite figure it out. Whatever it was, it was so close, but he just couldn't comprehend it.

The TV in the living room suddenly roared to life. It was obnoxiously loud. Even though they were in another room, it felt like the speaker was pointed right at the wall. Loud laughter reverberated from the wall, followed by half a second of silence, and then loud voices talking about the Chicago Bears.

Dan finally looked over at Sarah and caught her eye. She wasn't happy. His dick was still desperate for her, but this noise was just too much. He fell back into the bed in frustration, contemplating his next move.

"Dan, go tell him to turn it down," Sarah said with a frown. Her arms were folded across her torso under her breasts.

The room was spinning slightly, though, and Dan's eyelids were getting heavy. He was going to go deal with it, but he needed a moment to gather himself.

"Heh, why don't you go tell him to turn it down?" He joked, trying to buy time until he could see straight again. "I can't go out there until my cock goes back down a bit."

Sarah eyed him closely before a slight smile spread across her face.

"You want your innocent wife to go out there like this?" She moved her arms closer together, pushing out her breasts.

"Don't you think that would give Lester the wrong signal?" she asked before widening her eyes dramatically. "Unless...that's what you want: Your wife on display for that creep. Maybe you really do want me to explore a little further with him than I did last time."

Dan's breath caught in his throat. He was stunned and incredibly turned on at the thought of what might happen if she really went out there. Did he really want to see things progress beyond what had happened last time? She was teasing him, obviously, but did he really want to see Lester alone with Sarah again? His alcohol-addled brain told him that he very much did.

"You wouldn't dare." Dan met her eyes as he tried to figure out how serious she was.

"No?" she asked with raised eyebrows before slowly rolling off the bed and standing up, one hand reaching out to steady herself. It looked like he wasn't the only one feeling the effects of their last few nightcaps. He watched her perfect round ass sway side to side as she moved to the door. She turned her head around to look at him as she extended her arm and placed her hand on the doorknob.

"You still think I won't?" she asked as she pushed her ass back toward him.

Her eyes were almost burning a hole into his with the intensity of her gaze. His cock was already about to explode from all her dirty talk, and now the ball was in his court. He didn't know what would happen if she were to actually go out there, but he couldn't deny that he wanted to find out.

She stood there waiting for what felt like an eternity for him to finally respond.

"I dare you," he whispered, embarrassed to say it any louder. It had come as a shock that he was finally willing to admit to himself that he wanted this, let alone admit it to her.

Sarah never backed down from a challenge, as Dan well knew when he threw down the gauntlet. She gave him a look of defiance before opening the door and moving quickly into the hallway. The door closed behind her.

Dan just lay there for several long moments, stunned and unable to move. He couldn't hear Sarah's footsteps in the hallway because the TV was so damn loud, but he knew he needed to sit up as he was getting more tired by the minute. His cock and thoughts of what his wife was doing willed him up into a sitting position.

Through the haze of his drunken state, he tried to calculate how long it had been since Sarah left. Was it just a few seconds, or had it been minutes already? He hadn't drifted off accidentally, had he? She was probably standing just outside the door and would be back in soon, he thought.

Dan's confused thoughts were interrupted by his brain finally noticing a change in his surroundings. Something was different. It was now silent in the apartment, he realized. He couldn't hear the TV anymore.

Sarah exhaled in a huff as she stood in the hallway in just her underwear, closing Dan's bedroom door firmly. He didn't think she would do it? Well, she would prove him wrong. It wasn't as if Lester hadn't seen her in much less than her bra and panties before, anyway. She'd go out there and get him to turn down the TV before hurrying back to Dan.

As she walked down the hallway, her mind drifted back to the night before. Seeing Lester having sex with Lizzie had caught her off guard, and she hadn't gotten the opportunity to bring up what she had witnessed with Dan today. She hadn't wanted to distract them from the great day they had planned in the city.

At least, that's the reason she gave herself as to why she hadn't brought it up with her husband. The sightseeing and restaurants had done a good job of distracting her from last night, but now she couldn't help but remember the way Lester had looked at her while he was fucking Lizzie. It was almost as if he was imagining that it was her lying there as he pounded Sarah from behind.

She shook off those thoughts with a reluctance that confused her as she walked into an empty living room. The TV was blasting an infomercial about a set of revolutionary frying pans, and the lamp

she had turned on earlier was the only other light source in the room. Lester was nowhere to be found.

She stood in place, still a little unsteady from the alcohol and looked around. The TV had been loud in Dan's bedroom, but out here it was almost unbearable. It surprised her that the neighbors weren't already knocking on the door and demanding that the volume be turned down.

Moving to the back of the couch, she surveyed the living room and located the remote which was sitting conspicuously in the middle of the center couch cushion. She leaned over the back of it and reached for the remote.

"Yum," a deep voice growled out from behind her. She quickly turned her head and looked towards the source of the voice, realizing it must have actually been fairly loud for her to hear it over the noise of the television. Lester was standing only a few feet away near the kitchen door.

And he was naked.

Sarah froze in place while fully bent over the couch, one hand bracing herself on the seat cushion. She hadn't expected him to be naked. She stared at him, but his eyes didn't meet hers. They were feasting on her backside which was currently draped over the back of the couch. Her eyes unconsciously drifted down to look at his cock before she quickly refocused them elsewhere.

She retrieved the remote and quickly pushed herself up off the couch, scrambling back into a standing position. As she moved, she felt more than heard the heavy footfalls of Lester crossing the distance between them. With the remote in hand, she stood up straight and turned around. Lester stopped in his tracks only two feet away. If she had been slower, would he have kept moving toward her?

He just stood there and silently looked her up and down as he licked his lips. She hated when she caught him doing that.

"What are you doing?" Lester asked, still casually inspecting her nearly naked form.

Sarah thought of herself as a proud and strong woman, and she quickly worked to regain her composure and push past the fact that

this man now leering at her had just caught her in a somewhat compromising position.

"Dan and I are trying to sleep, and your TV is too loud. I came out to get you to turn it down." She stated confidently, trying to hold her ground.

"Well, I'm watching it and I'm hard of hearing, so I need it that loud. So, no. Besides, I was sound asleep until you and your hubby came back in here like barnyard animals, making all kinds of noise." He raised his eyes from her chest and met her gaze. "Unless..."

"Unless what?" Sarah asked as she thumbed the volume down on the remote. She was going to have things her way, regardless of what Lester wanted. Also, this was the first time he had claimed to be hard of hearing and she wasn't buying it.

"Unless...are you telling me that you came out here dressed like that to tell me to turn it down? Why wouldn't you put something else on before coming out here?" he asked as he looked back down at her sexy body.

"Well, I would have worn something, but you neglected to give me back my black robe. Where is it?" Sarah asked in a slightly shaky voice. Memories of the last time she had put on the silk gown were now flooding her mind despite herself.

Lester grinned and stepped closer. He could smell her sweet perfume now and could have reached out and grabbed her if he wanted.

"Nice deflection. It doesn't change the fact that you came out here in just your bra and panties," he stated as his eyes inspected said undergarments. "Did you want to get me alone? Did Dan fall asleep and now you want some company?"

"No, and Dan's not asleep --"

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as Lester suddenly stepped forward, his large frame lining up right against hers. He wasn't pressing up to her completely, but she could feel his hot breath on her. He was certainly invading her personal space as she could feel his gut pushing against her stomach.

"So, Dan is awake, and he asked you to come out here dressed like that?" He eyed her with a conspiratorial grin. "And you said

yes?"

Sarah was going to deny his disturbingly accurate depiction of what had led her to the living room when an unexpected stimulus brought her up short. She felt something touch her leg and immediately knew what it was. Lester's naked cock was growing and pushing steadily against her thighs. They stared into each other's eyes as she felt it grow larger, inching its way up her until it was pressing against her panty-covered sex.

Lester ever so slightly pushed his cock closer against her. Sarah's breath hitched slightly as she felt him rubbing slightly against her pussy, just on the other side of her lacy panties. She was caught between staying still and holding her ground, or trying to move away from him.

Lester raised his hand and extended a finger as he began to draw little circles on her bicep. It pleased him that she wasn't rejecting more contact from him, even if he did have her pinned in place. "Did Dan really send you out here alone, expecting a repeat of last time? Is he watching us right now?"

Sarah's eyes darted toward the dark hallway, but she didn't see Dan down there. Lester ran his finger up her arm to her bra strap and gently lowered it. Sarah shivered slightly at his touch as her eyes shifted back to Lester. She noticed the smug look on his face, but her facade of indifference towards him was rapidly crumbling.

"I've been thinking about it," Lester mused. His finger left her bra strap and slowly up and across her shoulder towards her neck. "I think I can help you two out."

"Help us how?" Sarah asked in a quiet, meek-sounding voice. Sarah was breathing more quickly now, and her breasts were putting on quite the show for Lester as they heaved in time with her respirations. This whole taboo situation along with Dan revving her engine earlier was having a dramatic effect on her.

Lester's finger dropped down until it was tracing lazy circles on the tops of her breasts. "This whole fantasy of yours," he murmured.

He dropped his head and whispered right in her ear. "If Dan is watching us right now, I'll help you put on a show for him. Bring your fantasies to life."

Sarah shuddered at the thought. Her mind flashed back to Lester's treatment of Lizzie the night before.

Sarah couldn't see it, but Lester grinned as he closed the small distance between them, pushing his body fully into hers as his lips began to taste her neck. His flabby arms encircled her, one hand going around her back pulling her into him. His other hand dropped down and grabbed a handful of her luscious ass, squeezing it and pulling her crotch even tighter against his throbbing cock.

Dan quietly turned the doorknob to his room and stepped out into the dark hallway. He could hear voices speaking in low tones coming from the living room in the now-dead silent apartment. He walked a couple of feet forward before freezing in place.

Lester was butt-naked and had Sarah pinned up against the couch. He was feasting on her neck as his hands ran all over her body. Dan was spellbound as he watched Lester release her ass only to grab her thigh instead, hoisting her leg up off the ground to give his cock better access to her pussy.

From what he could see, she at least still had her bra and panties on. He realized with a shock that he was almost disappointed at that discovery.

His mouth was dry, and the alcohol caused him to stumble slightly. He used one hand to brace himself against the wall as he watched his wife act out one of his deepest, darkest desires. Lester's head moved down and started licking and kissing Sarah's chest. She turned her head, hands resting on his shoulders. She opened her eyes and made eye contact with Dan, raising her eyebrows in surprise at finding him already watching her.

They held each other's gaze for a few, long seconds. The same lust-filled expression Sarah had worn on her face earlier was looking back at him again. He knew, or hoped at least, that it wasn't Lester causing her excitement, but the situation as a whole along with their fantasy coming to life. It also didn't hurt that he was sure his face had that "hungry" look that she loved so much.

She kept looking at him for reassurance or some kind of communication before she let herself give in to Lester's advances. As

he hadn't really moved since he started watching, it was pretty clear Dan wasn't going to step into the room and stop it. Sarah's eyes flicked down. It was only then that Dan realized he was unconsciously stroking his cock. She met his eyes again.

Dan nodded his approval to her, his lust drowning out any concerns he might have had at surrendering his wife up to Lester in this way.

With that, Sarah looked relieved and turned back to give Lester her full attention.

Lester had touched her some before, it's true, but this was a completely different animal. She wasn't lying beneath Dan or riding him on the couch this time. Instead, she was locked in a lover's embrace with Lester as he pawed her all over. Sarah still wasn't completely sure how to act in this situation, but with her husband's nod of approval, she was determined to put on a good show for him.

Focus on making this hot for Dan.

Lester's tongue started licking between her breasts, running up and down the middle of her cleavage. Sarah braced herself against the couch and held the back of his head, pulling him towards her. Her fingers laced into his thinning hair.

She extended the leg Lester held in the air and bent it around his back, pulling him even closer to her. He smiled in triumph at her enthusiasm.

Finally! She's willingly going along with this now. Time to push things a bit further.

Lester's hand found the back of her bra, expertly flicking the clasp, he let it fall open. He withdrew his tongue from her chest and slowly stood back up, keeping a firm grasp on Sarah's thigh. He pushed into her again, his hard cock jutting up against her pussy which was protected only by her thin, white panties.

As he rose to look into her eyes, he noticed her quickly glancing down the hallway. Lester shifted his beady eyes and saw Dan standing there, stroking his dick. Lester remembered how Dan had tried sizing him up all those weeks ago when he had wanted to move in behind Sarah as she got the Chinese food at the door.

Now it's time to really claim her and see just what Dan does.

Lester raised his hand to Sarah's shoulders and slowly pulled her bra free, looping down one arm and then the other one. Her bare breasts started to rise and fall quickly, a clear indication that she was becoming turned on. He was pleased to see her nipples were also already quite hard after all the attention he had been giving her body.

Sarah's eyes left Dan's to focus on him, waiting to see what would come next.

With one last smirking look at Dan, Lester grabbed Sarah by the back of her head and slowly pulled her lips towards him.

Dan's heart panged with jealousy. Lester's lips connected with Sarah's as he looked on, mesmerized. She stood there frozen for a moment, unsure what to do, but she soon relaxed and tentatively returned Lester's kiss. It was soft, polite kissing at first until Lester started to grind his bare cock against her panty-covered pussy yet again.

He turned his head and seemed to finally work his tongue into her mouth. He held the back of her head, controlling how she moved. Sarah's arm eventually encircled Lester's neck, returning his embrace.

Dan had wanted to see Sarah do things with another man. He had wanted her to be naughty. But actually seeing her kissing someone else, especially someone so beneath her like Lester, was difficult to handle. It was just such intimate behavior that it made it seem like Sarah was giving herself fully to Lester, body and mind.

Even though Dan's brain was still fighting to comprehend and accept what it was witnessing, his dick was harder than he could ever remember it being.

Lester's tongue darted around in her mouth until it made contact with her own. Sarah reluctantly returned the kiss, her tongue eventually running into his and swirling around it. She was momentarily shocked at how far his tongue had actually gone into her mouth.

Sarah hadn't expected his tongue to be big just like his cock. It was a novel experience having it in her mouth as she obviously hadn't kissed anyone but Dan in years. The size difference just added to the new sensations she was experiencing.

He used his grip on her thigh to pull her closer to his cock. She felt the heat and strength of his cock pressing up against her womanhood. Sarah was slightly embarrassed that there was no way he wasn't feeling the moisture leaking through her panties onto his cock.

Lester was slowly beginning to thrust up and down on against the front of her underwear, mimicking what it would be like to actually fuck her in this position. He was grateful she was already leaking like a sieve as the friction on his cock against the lacy material was a little abrasive.

Out of nowhere, it seemed like Lester suddenly lost control. He pushed her ass back hard into the couch before using two hands on her ass cheeks to lift her up until she was sitting on the back of the couch. He slid his hands down her thighs and wrapped her legs around his waist.

Sarah was taken aback at how seamless the transition between their positions had been. It was as if this couch had been purposefully made for this.

Both of Sarah's legs tightened around Lester, her ankles crossing and locking against his bare ass. He continued kissing her passionately, invading her mouth and playing with her tongue. He also continued thrusting up and down and against her drenched panties. He slid one hand under her ass and grabbed a handful of her cheek, enjoying the silky smooth skin under his fingers.

Lester used that hand to subtly begin pulling her ass up and then letting it drop back down again. Sarah hadn't consciously realized what was happening as her mind was on fire from so much new stimulation. Lester diligently kept manipulating her ass and hips to meet his thrusts. As his cock pushed up against her slit, he would pull her ass down towards it.

After a couple of minutes of working at it, Lester's efforts finally paid off. He was delighted to find that Sarah was now rolling her sex

against his cock on her own, even meeting his thrusts with anticipation.

Dan stood there in a daze, transfixed by the sight before him. Sarah and Lester were dry-humping each other with enthusiasm on the back of the couch. The only thing protecting her from penetration was the pair of thin, white panties she was still wearing.

He couldn't deny that he had enjoyed watching her bra being taken off earlier, but he now wondered if that small bit of fabric covering her pussy was next in line for removal. She looked completely lost in his embrace as they made out, and Lester looked like a man possessed as he thrust himself against her.

She wouldn't let him go all the way, right? Lester's not about to fuck her, is he?

Lester eventually broke their kiss. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at him a few moments later, breathless. He grinned as he observed the effect that he was having on her.

You're mine now.

He looked over at Dan and smirked before he leaned in and began licking Sarah's earlobe.

"Do you feel that, Sarah?" he whispered. "Can you feel how hard I am for you?"

Sarah held the back of his head for stability, but she didn't answer. She just wanted to focus on the sensation of his cock rubbing against her clit.

"Tell me," he whispered. "How does it feel?"

"Good," she murmured absentmindedly. "Hard."

"You did that to it. You made it hard, Sarah. God, I knew the first time I saw you that one day I would make you feel my cock as I slid it into you."

Dan stayed in the comfort of the dark hallway, watching. He didn't want to step into the light. That felt like he would be exposing his dark fantasy to the world.

Lester was whispering something to Sarah. She whispered back. Something hidden from Dan's hearing. His cock was growing painfully hard as his fantasy came to life before his eyes. But it was becoming too much. He slowed his strokes, not wanting to cum and have all this crash down around him.

He leaned against the wall and watched, slowly teasing his dick.

Lester apparently thought he was in complete control. He was holding Sarah close and whispering in her ear about fucking her. She was becoming overwhelmed by the situation and all the new stimulation, but her mind was screaming for her to get some control back over this.

After all, she could tease and control Dan seemingly without effort. There wasn't any reason she couldn't do the same with Lester. She had seemingly forgotten that the last time she underestimated the man, a certain black robe had been surrendered to him in defeat.

"I'm...not going to let you fuck me, Lester," she panted out in a firm voice.

He pulled back, meeting her gaze in surprise. Clearly, he thought he had her under his thumb. She gripped the back of his neck and braced her other hand on the couch. She started thrusting her hips back against his cock again, taking control and using him to pleasure herself.

"I'm only doing this with you for me and Dan. It turns him...us on," she corrected herself.

"I know you've been watching me. Thinking about me. Touching yourself to me, even. But you need to get this through your head, because I'm only going to say it once."

She was thrusting back against his cock now, faster than the pace he had previously set. By changing the tempo, she was challenging him to keep up with her. "This is just for me and Dan. There is no you and me. You're here because of your convenient proximity, and yes, you just so happen to have a big cock."

Lester glared at her with a blank face, seemingly unperturbed by her diatribe. "Is that so?"

He moved quickly, far faster than Sarah would have thought possible for someone his size. He took a half step to the side, his cock pressing against her inner thigh. His hand snaked between them, his arm twisting a little awkwardly as he slid his hand underneath her panties.

Sarah was about to protest when she felt his hairy knuckles disappear as they moved towards her most private area, an area that until now had been reserved only for Dan. Lester twisted his hand so his palm rubbed against her skin as he moved downwards. His fingers slid towards her slit, briefly touching and stimulating her clit.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as Lester's finger nestled between her labia until it found its target. His fingertip pressed slightly into her opening. He stared at her intensely, eyes ablaze as if he was waiting for her to challenge him.

However, just when she had mostly composed herself and opened her mouth to speak and reject his advances, he pushed his entire finger inside her vagina.

Sarah gasped loudly and arched her back in pleasure. She would have fallen off onto the seat of the couch if she hadn't been holding onto the back of Lester's head. He forcefully and confidently started thrusting his finger in and out of her as his cock rubbed up and down her thigh, leaving a messy trail of precum in its wake.

She tried to look back at him defiantly, but Lester could see the simmering lust and desire that was just barely masked behind her brave front. He continued his assault, moving a second finger alongside the first one, pushing even more of himself into her.

Sarah threw her head back and let out an involuntary moan, any thought of protest now long gone from her mind.

Lester groaned with her, his thick cock waiting for release. He leaned forward, his tongue lapping at her bare breasts.

Gravity slowly started to pull them backwards. Sarah braced one arm on the seat of the couch as Lester followed her down, over its back. His fingers didn't leave her even once.

Dan watched as Sarah pulled Lester over to the couch with her. The last thing he saw was Lester's big, hairy balls swaying before they both disappeared from his sight. He had a choice to make now.

For one bizarre moment, he actually felt the urge to give them some privacy. He shook his head quickly, trying to rid himself of that strange feeling as he pushed off the wall and left the hallway.

Dan stepped out and walked quietly into the living room. He heard familiar noises before he made it to the corner of the couch and froze at the sight before him. Sarah was lying on her back, one hand gripping the pillow above her as the other pulled on the back of Lester's head, burying it into her chest.

He was alternating between kissing, licking and sucking on Sarah's breasts. As Lester moved his head, Dan saw that her perfect tits were covered with his slick saliva. He watched in awe as her left nipple was caught between his lips, and he heard his wife moan in response.

His dick twitched when he heard Sarah yelp softly a moment later. He recognized that sound; she only made that particular noise when Dan gently bit her nipples.

His eyes then caught a different motion, and his captivated gaze moved to Lester's hand which was still connecting with Sarah's crotch. Two fingers were expertly thrusting into her while his thumb was drawing slow circles on her clit.

Dan noticed that her panties had slid down slightly and were bunched up just under her ass cheeks. Sarah's hips were raising themselves voluntarily off the couch to meet his roommate's fingers as they continued to penetrate her deeply.

Lester's fingers were curled slightly, stroking over her g-spot with each thrust and igniting the spark of an orgasm within her. She was holding onto the back of Lester's head, not wanting to let him go as she was afraid this new sensation might die and she would lose all progress towards her impending climax.

She could feel his fat fingers driving into her again and again. As he slid them deftly over the ridges of her g-spot, she clenched down

on them hard, her eyes closing as she focused on the feeling inside her.

So close...so close.

"Don't stop," she whispered through gritted teeth. "Don't stop, I'm so close..."

"Do it," Lester growled. "Cum for me, Sarah. Cum on my fingers. I knew I would have you begging for me to not stop pleasuring you. I want to feel what it's like inside of you when you cum. I want to watch your face as you cum right in front of your husband."

Sarah opened her eyes at that. Dan was sitting on the chair across from them, his cock hard as a rock and twitching in sync with his heartbeat. And that face...

His face was painted with that intense, lust-filled expression that always got to her. He was only staring at them, though, just watching them as Lester had done on the previous occasions.

The last time the three of them had found themselves here, Lester had been the one sitting in that chair, watching and stroking his big fat cock as she and Dan had made love.

Now it was her husband in the chair, watching as his weird roommate lay on top of her and worked to bring his own wife closer and closer to a powerful orgasm. She saw Dan carefully touch his dick, probably worried he might cum too quickly.

His eyes met Sarah's, and she had never seen him look so intense. She maintained eye contact with her husband but gasped as Lester's fingertips pressed hard into her g-spot as they slid out of her pussy, stimulating all the nerve endings focused there.

Lester's tongue moved to lick her right nipple this time, circling the outside of it until he finally claimed the prize. His lips covered it tightly, sucking it inside his mouth.

She clutched Lester's balding head with both hands now, nails digging into his hair and skin, likely close to drawing blood. Dan's eyes stayed on her, watching them. Watching where he should be as his own cock pointed straight at her with an almost painful intensity. His eyes were filled with longing, lust and arousal as he witnessed another man make his beloved wife cum hard.

“FUCK...FUCK!” Sarah screamed as her body was wracked by a mind-shattering orgasm. She closed her eyes to ride it out, and the image of Dan’s face burned into her mind. Her pussy tightened around Lester’s fingers, holding them in place as if trying to keep them in there forever. “GOD.....”

As her first orgasm began to wane, she could feel another slowly beginning to build, ready to take its place next in line and crash down onto her. She started gearing up for it, ready to be welcomed into its sweet embrace.

Lester’s mouth suddenly released her nipple, and he quickly crawled up her body, his hand snaking smoothly behind her neck. His lips descended towards hers and she opened her mouth to his invading tongue, willingly accepting him.

She could feel the weight of Lester’s gut on top of her. As his fingers slid past her g-spot again, she involuntarily moaned into his mouth. Part of her brain was embarrassed that Dan was hearing all of these noises from her.

Not only was she moaning for a man like Lester, but she could faintly hear the sounds of squelching as his fingers slid in and out of her very wet vagina. If she could hear that, no doubt her husband was listening to it as well.

The other part of her brain that was hooked on this pleasure, though, quickly buried all those “extraneous” thoughts and focused on the new sensations of his fat fingers in her pussy and the large tongue exploring her mouth.

Sarah let out an audible groan of frustration as Lester slowly pulled his fingers out of her. He didn’t stop kissing her, though. If anything, he stepped up the intensity of his oral assault. The lack of sensation in her vagina was driving her crazy, and she realized her hips were rising up off the couch, looking for Lester’s fingers.

She felt his cock brush lightly against her leg before she felt it rub against her more firmly. She opened her eyes to look, but Lester held her head in place, restricting her vision. She let go of his head and moved her arm down to investigate.

Lester was stroking himself with one hand just inches away from her pussy. The head of his cock was sliding against her inner thigh.

He was slowly working his cock closer and closer toward her pussy. She knew that any second now, he would shift his weight on top of her and try to press his luck. With her panties slightly pulled down, she felt he would have a pretty good chance of success in penetrating her in one shot.

Dan must be watching, she realized with a start. How did it look from his angle? He must be able to see what Lester was up to, but maybe he couldn't.

Or maybe, he would be okay with Lester actually fucking me right in front of him.

Sarah shuddered at the thought. The idea of actually having sex with someone like Lester, of letting him inside her was too intense with his cock so close to her opening. She couldn't stop herself, though, from briefly imagining what it would feel like to be bent over his bed like Lizzie had been the night before.

Lester shifted his weight, getting ready to line up his cock. Sarah came to her senses and quickly disengaged, pushing herself to the side. She glanced over at Dan who was still wearing the same lust-filled expression, and she couldn't tell what exactly he had seen nor what he wanted her to do.

She still wanted to please him, though, and he hadn't asked her to stop what she was doing. Before Lester could pull her back to him, she shuffled down the couch until she was face-to-face with his cock.

Lester seemed to get the idea and rolled over, making himself comfortable on his back. Sarah stole another glance in Dan's direction, noticing his eyes seemed to be popping out of his head. He also seemed to get the idea, and by the way his dick was twitching, she could tell he really liked it.

"Mmmmm," Sara moaned. Her fingernails ran up Lester's thighs until she found the base of his cock. She then moved her fingers around, lightly tracing around his very sizable girth. "Hello again, big boy."

Sarah stared at Lester's cock, licking her lips in a very familiar way to the man in question. "Lester...you remember what I said before, about my lips belonging only to Dan?"

"Yes..." Lester hissed out through clenched teeth.

"Well," She lowered her head, closer and closer to his cock. It pulsed and shook, just inches from her face. "I'm thinking of breaking my rule tonight and giving you something that is supposed to be just for my husband. What do you think?"

"Do it," Lester hissed again. He was perched up on his elbows, watching her closely.

Sarah's finger began to trace a vein upwards on Lester's shaft until it reached the head of his cock, pausing to play with the sensitive skin there. She lowered her head until Lester's cock was right in front of her mouth, close enough that she could stick out her tongue and lick it.

Just as he thought she was going to take it into her mouth, Sarah's eyes flicked up to look at her husband. From Dan's perspective, Lester's cock was in between him and his wife's beautiful face.

"What do you think, Dan?" Sarah whispered sultrily. "Should I suck Lester's big cock?"

He was speechless as his fantasy continued to unfold before his eyes. Sarah continued staring at him as Lester stared at her in turn. Dan wanted to see this more than anything in the world if he was being honest with himself. He slowly opened his dry mouth to speak.

Before he could utter a word, though, Sarah extended her tongue and licked the underside of Lester's cock. Dan's mouth hung open as he watched his wife seem to forget about him and focus only on the cock she was tasting. Lester's body jumped at the sudden stimulation.

Sarah licked up along the entire length of Lester's cock until her tongue found its head. She swirled her tongue around it before slowly lowering her mouth onto his cock. Her hand closed around his shaft and began to stroke it.

"Fuck yeah, baby," Lester moaned. "God, I knew you would be a good cocksucker."

Dan frowned slightly at the comment, but his dick almost exploded as his wife was talked down to like a whore as her mouth was filled with another man's cock.

Sarah continued to pump Lester's shaft as she took more and more of his cock between her lips. She abruptly pulled her mouth off of him and stared at him with her piercing, green eyes. "Mmmm, you like that, Lester? Do you like the way I suck your big cock?"

"Yeah, I want your lips wrapped around my cock all night," Lester grunted. "Fuck, that feels so good."

Sarah flashed him a wicked grin. "I think my husband likes watching this, too."

"I really don't give a shit." Lester reached out and grabbed the back of Sarah's head, pulling it down back towards his cock. She didn't protest and quickly opened her mouth to let his cock slide back in. Lester kept his hand there, grabbing a fist full of her hair. He pushed her head down and pulled it back up, setting the tempo of her blowjob.

Sarah obliged him and even sped things up. Her hand wrapped around the base of his cock and quickly stroked it up towards her mouth each time Lester pushed down. He eventually let go of her and lay back to watch the show.

Dan felt like he was in a dream as he watched Sarah's beautiful mouth being filled with Lester's cock. Pre-cum dribbled out of Dan's dick onto the chair. He wasn't touching it at all now, fearing that he would cum right away.

He wanted to watch the entire show, though his stomach dropped as he heard Sarah moan around Lester's cock. The mix of jealousy and lust inside him was making this whole experience feel like a strange hybrid of bliss and agony. He saw her pretty lips sliding back and forth along his roommate's cock, the very same lips she had kissed him with when they had both said 'I do.'

"Balls," Lester groaned. "Lick them."

Sarah opened her mouth wide, extending her tongue out. She backed up and off Lester's cock, licking the entire underside of it. Once her lips had passed his cock head, she tilted her head to the side, tongue still out as she ran it back down his shaft until it was buried in Lester's hair-covered testicles.

Her tongue started tracing circles around them, switching between one ball and the other. Lester was in heaven seeing this

beautiful woman servicing him like this. It was especially enjoyable as she was doing it willingly in front of her husband. He grinned at the thought.

I am going to take her from you, dumbass. You won't recognize Sarah by the time I'm done with her.

He grabbed the back of her head again and pulled her harder into his balls, putting pressure on her as he guided her to do longer licks up, down and across his sack. Sarah didn't miss a beat and started slurping on Lester's balls with enthusiasm. Her hands reached up and started stroking Lester's shaft, both hands running up and down its length, moving faster and faster and she sucked and licked every inch of Lester's scrotum.

She felt her pussy tingling at the sheer naughtiness of what she was doing. Her thighs started grinding together without conscious thought. She couldn't believe that she was actually getting off on sucking Lester's balls.

I'm probably still just horny from before, I never got that second one after all...

Sarah suddenly raised her head back up and put her lips around Lester's cock again. "Mmmmmm," she moaned in pleasure at the now familiar sensation.

She knew that at some point, Lester was going to cum, though she had decided she wouldn't take it in her mouth or swallow it. As silly as that might seem, considering everything she had done so far, it still felt like it would be a step too far as she considered it to be a very intimate act. Sarah would sense when it was about to happen and pull her mouth off his cock, letting him cum all over himself.

Lester, meanwhile, was lost in ecstasy. Of all the women who had sucked his cock in this apartment, Sarah was by far the best at it. He wanted even more, though.

"Tell me what you think of my cock." It sounded more like an order than anything else.

Sarah slowed down and looked up at him. Without breaking eye contact, she kept her lips wrapped around him as she slid up and down its length. After a long half a minute or so, she released it from her mouth and started to plant kisses up and down his shaft.

"Hmmm," she pondered, looking contemplatively at the cock in her hand. "You know, your cock is pretty amazing. It's so big and thick. It's just so...powerful that it's affecting me on a whole different level."

"Bigger than your husband's?" Lester grunted. Sarah looked up at him and nodded.

"Tell him," he commanded. "Tell Dan."

Dan gulped and felt his dick twitch in anticipation as he watched Sarah look back down at Lester's cock before glancing over at him. "God, Dan. Lester's cock is just so much bigger than yours. Something like this really makes a girl think...it's just too bad that it's connected to someone like him."

"Someone like me?" Lester challenged.

Sarah looked back at him. "Yes, someone like you. Someone who looks like you do and acts the way you do. No offense, but you're not a catch or anything. This cock, though...I can see why Lizzie was so interested."

Her words were meant to hurt him, to challenge him. But Lester didn't really give a shit. She was pushing at a button that didn't exist. "Just wait until the day that I slide this cock into you and take you the way I took Lizzie last night."

Sarah licked Lester's shaft again and resumed stroking him, her bare breasts jiggling slightly as she laughed at his words.

"You're very confident, but I don't think that's ever going to happen," she said defiantly as she continued to use her tongue on him. "Besides, you might have a great cock, but I don't think you could handle a woman like me. I'd hate to be disappointed after just a couple of minutes of pleasure."

"We'll see," Lester groaned as Sarah twirled her tongue around the head of his cock, pushing into his opening. "You said before that those lips were only for your husband, right?"

A line of saliva and pre-cum trailed from Sarah's tongue to Lester's cock as she backed off. She leaned forward and licked from the base of his cock all the way back up to the top before responding. "That is what I said before, yes."

"And where are your lips now?" he asked.

“On your cock, Lester.”

Hearing her name escape his lips caused a jolt to run through his body. He was surprised he didn't come right then and there. “Then do something for me. Kiss my cock the way you kissed your husband on your wedding day.”

Sarah raised an eyebrow and glanced at Dan. Aside from the lust on his face as he watched her mouth, he didn't give any indication that he had heard Lester.

“Kiss my cock the same way you did for him at the altar. I want to see what your lips looked like back then, especially now that I get to enjoy them, too.”

Sarah leaned forward and pursed her lips, giving a very conservative, lingering peck right on top of Lester's cock.

He grinned. “Now, kiss it in the same way you kissed Dan on the night of your honeymoon.”

Sarah looked over at her husband again, seeing him sitting there with his hard cock pointed right at her. It was encouraging to her that he seemed to have heard his roommate this time. What's more, he nodded his head repeatedly for her to go on following Lester's instructions.

This is really turning him on, isn't it? I should focus on making this as hot as possible for him.

She lowered her head and began to passionately kiss the tip of Lester's cock. She planted kisses all over it, her tongue eventually extending to french-kiss it thoroughly. Sarah could feel her thighs rubbing together again; she was on fire with lust now.

Lester had noticed it as well. He shifted his weight, briefly pulling her to one side of the couch as he slid his leg in between hers. As she continued to kiss his cock, he raised his thigh and pressed it firmly against her pussy. Her sex had found the contact it had been longing for, and Sarah unconsciously began to grind herself against his hairy, pasty white leg.

Sarah stopped kissing his cock momentarily and looked up at him in shock. Her body was already going into overdrive, riding Lester's thigh as she pressed forcefully into him. His leg was stimulating her clit and outer labia which were peeking out the sides of her

bunched-up panties. She hadn't realized just how quickly she would be able to get back to the edge of an orgasm. She was so close.

The overwhelming feeling of her pussy's stimulation was matched by the strength and hardness of Lester's cock in her hands. She could feel it pulsating, the power radiating from it was adding fuel to the fire of her orgasm as it continued to build. She felt like the dam was about to burst.

"Say my name, Sarah." Lester groaned. He was now thrusting his hips up off the couch, his cock pushing toward her face. "Say it."

"Lester," She whispered. "Lester."

"Again," he demanded.

Sarah closed her eyes. "Lester."

The thought of her in Lizzie's position beneath Lester on his bed flooded into her brain. She tried to fight the image, but the pleasure center of her brain was overriding all rational thought. "Lester!"

She started grinding her hips into him in a frenzy. Sarah was so close to cuming, nothing would stop her now. It was right there, it was so close.

Lester suddenly grabbed the back of her hand and pulled it down towards his cock. Sarah instinctively opened her mouth and took in as much of his cock as she could. She was stroking it frantically in time with her grinding, willing its contents to cum up and out of the shaft.

Having Lester's cock in her mouth pushed her over the edge. Her thighs clamped down on his, pushing down hard as her body started to shake from the mind-numbing orgasm washing over her. She grimaced at the force of Lester's fingers digging into her hair, and she felt the familiar pulsating of Lester's cock in her hands and mouth as he arched his hips up and came hard.

"Arrrggh, FUCK!" Lester growled as his cock exploded in Sarah's mouth. He held her head down, ensuring she didn't miss a single drop.

Lester's cum shot like a rocket straight to the back of Sarah's throat. She tried to pull back, but he held her firmly in place. Cum flooded into her mouth, coating every single one of her taste buds. The shock of the whole situation served as the catalyst for another

orgasm to blow past her previous one, eclipsing what she thought possible in terms of sexual pleasure. Waves of bliss radiated out from her pussy, spreading out to her entire body.

Sarah curled her toes, tightened her lips around Lester's cock and swallowed.

She knew she shouldn't. She hadn't planned to. She'd told herself that she didn't want to, but it was the only logical thing she could do in her current situation. Sarah swallowed load after load of Lester's cum without any hesitation after the first one. It seemed like it would never end.

As Sarah finally came down from her orgasm, she released his leg from between her thighs and slowly disengaged from his cock once he let go of her head. She stared at its wet length, slightly dazed as she watched his shaft twitch before one small, last bead of cum gathered on the tip of it.

As the reality of her current situation set in, she couldn't believe that Dan's fucked up roommate's cum was inside of her now.

Dan!

She had been so lost in her own orgasm that she had momentarily forgotten about her husband. She looked over at him, worried he might be furious with her. Instead, Dan was leaning back, breathing quickly as his eyes seemed to be slightly glazed over. He seemed to be looking at her mouth that he had just watched guzzle down loads of his roommate's semen.

Sarah was surprised that there wasn't even a hint of anger in his eyes. Instead, excitement and lust were still the dominant emotions displayed on his face. His cock was pointed straight up in the air as cum was slowly drizzling out of it, running down onto his stomach and the chair.

That's what I had wanted to do to Lester: make him cum on himself...

She blinked and forced those thoughts from her head before turning to look back at Lester who had a stupid grin on his face. He was like the fat kid at school that had somehow just beaten the jocks in a race. Any anger she might have had toward him faded quickly as she just wanted to collapse now. Her energy was

thoroughly drained, but she couldn't just fall asleep on the couch in Lester's lap.

She stood up, wiped her mouth and headed toward the hallway.
WHAP!

A sharp pain spread across her ass with a jolt. She jumped and looked back in shock. Lester had turned in his seat and slapped her butt with his full force.

"Thank you, Sarah. That was fucking great. Can't wait until the next time." He grinned as she turned and walked to the bathroom with a huff, his red handprint clearly visible on her flawless ass cheek.

After Sarah had finished cleaning herself up, she made her way back to Dan's room, hoping to avoid encountering Lester again so soon. Thankfully, she made it across the hall without incident. Closing the door behind her, she found Dan waiting for her as he leaned against his dresser, cock still hard even after she had made him cum without touching him.

It was at that moment that Sarah realized she still really wanted a cock inside of her, even after the multiple orgasms she had experienced.

Dan strode over to her with that lustful look on his face that turned her on so much. He grabbed her and pulled her towards the bed, hands already running all over her body.

Almost immediately, she was on her back and Dan was on top of her, pushing himself inside her.

There was no foreplay. Both Sarah and Dan just started fucking each other, desperately racing to an orgasm together.

Dan wanted to cum inside of her. He felt a need to do so, to reclaim Sarah.

She loved the feeling of Dan's cock inside of her, looking up at his intense, concentrated gaze. As her hands reached around his neck, she couldn't help but remember how they had felt when she had wrapped them around Lester's cock. She was enjoying the pleasure her husband was giving her, but she couldn't stop her mind from

drifting back to all the events that had occurred a few, short minutes ago.

Dan's pace was increasing, and Sarah wrapped her legs around his waist in response, pulling him tightly against her, matching the speed of his thrusts.

"Fuck," Dan groaned, pushing into her hard. His balls began emptying themselves inside of her. Sarah moaned as she came for the fourth time that night. Her body was tingling from head to toe.

Dan stayed in her until he was empty before rolling off to the side, panting. They both just lay there, naked and panting until they eventually caught their breath and drifted off to sleep.

The sunlight rising over the parking lot forced Dan to squint as he and his wife made their way to her car. He had zipped up his coat as soon as they'd stepped outside, unprepared for the chilly Chicago morning. The majority of his attention was not on his current condition, however, but on the events of the previous night that kept replaying over and over again in his head.

He could still hear Sarah moaning in Lester's embrace as his hands ran all over her naked body while he kissed her. A pang of jealousy wracked his heart. The kissing seemed like the worst part to Dan. It was so intimate. He could still remember the first time he had kissed Sarah, how he had finally worked up the courage to initiate it and the joy he felt when she had accepted and returned his kiss. It had felt like fireworks going off in his brain. And now she had kissed Lester without any kind of courting whatsoever.

She did it for you, dumbass.

He held Sarah close as they moved across the windy parking lot. Logically, he knew why she had done it, but the thought of it was still bothering him. He took a long step, attempting to adjust his growing cock into a more comfortable position.

And then she had put his cock in her mouth...

Sarah had given Lester a blowjob. Not just any old blowjob, but an insanely sexual blowjob with extensive ball-sucking, magnified even more by how very dirty her talk with Lester had gotten. His

wife had even talked dirty about Dan at his roommate's prompting while she was servicing him.

His body shivered. Not because of the cold, but at the thought of what she had said. Dan had always loved hearing his wife's dirty talk, but he had never expected that hearing her talk like that to someone else would drive him so crazy.

There had also come a point where Lester's naked body had been positioned right over hers. His naked, unkempt cock had been poised just inches away from Sarah's sweet spot.

I wonder what would have happened if Lester had tried to.....

"Dan! Earth to Dan. Open the car! It's freezing out here," Sarah pleaded.

Dan shook his head to clear it of the memories. He hadn't realized they were already standing by Sarah's car. He'd been so lost in his thoughts that he hadn't comprehended anything she had been saying. "Right, sorry."

He quickly unlocked the car and climbed into the passenger seat, handing her the key fob he had been holding. Sarah got behind the wheel and quickly slammed the door shut. She turned on the car and started the heater, clasping her hands together and blowing into them until it warmed up inside. "I almost turned into a popsicle out there waiting for you."

Dan sighed and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. "Yeah, sorry, my mind was just drifting back to last night."

Sarah eyed him curiously and then glanced down at his dick. "Well, do you want to share with the class? What exactly were you thinking about?"

"Mostly just how wild and crazy things got in the living room. I knew what might happen when I dared you to go out there dressed like that, but seeing it unfold right in front of me..." Dan rambled, still a little groggy from all the alcohol he had only partially slept off. "It's just a lot for my brain to process," he finally admitted.

"You know that everything I did with him last night, I did for you, right? I wouldn't have done those things otherwise." Sarah looked at him reassuringly.

"I know. I do know that, and that's the fucked up part. It's like I made you do those things like I forced you into it." Dan's shoulders were slumped.

"Dan," she said firmly as she stared at him intensely. "No one made me do anything I didn't want to do. Got it?" She smiled mischievously after absolving him of his misplaced guilt.

"Besides, I did enjoy myself," Sarah said with a wink.

"You did?" Dan looked up at her, his cock stirring slightly at her admission.

"Of course," she assured him. "I loved seeing the look on your face and your reactions to what I was doing. God, that was hot! I also enjoyed making love to you afterwards and seeing how relentless you were, as if you were reclaiming me. That turned me on a lot."

"What about Lester? I can't imagine..." Dan wanted Sarah to fill in the rest.

"Well, about Lester..." She glanced at the vents that were finally pumping out warm air. Moving her hands right in front of them to thaw them out, she sighed at the sensation before turning back to look at her husband.

"He isn't much to look at, and I do find him very irritating...and weird. Irritating and weird," she smirked before letting her bedroom eyes come out as she held Dan's gaze. "But he does fit the mold for our 'beauty and the beast' thing, and I know it turns you on like nothing else to see someone you generally don't like have their hands all over me."

"Jesus," Dan muttered.

"His large cock in my hands," Sarah added, emphasizing the word "cock."

Dan held his hands up in surrender. "Okay! Alright! You're about to drive home and leave me here alone, so don't try to get me worked up before you go."

Sarah laughed softly. She could always get him going and loved her ability to do so. With his fantasy no longer limited to bedroom roleplay, it was almost too easy to rev him up.

"Can I ask you a question?" She leaned over toward him, unable to resist a little more teasing before she left. "What was your favourite part of last night?"

"Having sex with you," Dan replied, almost too quickly. "Obviously."

"Obviously," Sarah rolled her eyes. "I meant when we were in the living room."

"All of it was amazing and unpredictable," Dan answered after a moment, his eyes glazing over slightly in remembrance. "Watching you being pinned against the couch as he felt you up, then being under him as he fingered you was unbelievably hot. Taking him in your mouth and even sucking on his balls...fuck!" he growled as he looked at her lips, arousal blazing on his face.

"The words you said and the dirty talking you did with him also turned me on," he paused for a moment, dropping his gaze slightly before continuing. "Especially...when you talked about me. I don't know why, but it almost made me explode right then and there when he had you talk to me."

Sarah raised an eyebrow, having noticed the bulge in his pants twitch at his admission. "I thought you might like that," she purred. "I'll remember to up the intensity a little more next time..."

Dan's eyes snapped back up to his wife. "Next time?"

Sarah smiled and gave him a seductive look. "Well, I assume you want to see a repeat performance after gushing about it so much."

Dan gulped. "I don't know. Yes? Maybe..."

"Well, next time I'm here, we'll just have to see what happens," Sarah paused. "Can I ask you another question?"

Dan groaned. "Have mercy on me, Sarah, I have to go back upstairs with this." He gestured toward his growing erection.

"I'm sure you know how to take care of that by now." She eyed his crotch briefly before continuing. "Last night, when Lester was on top of me. After his fingers were in me...did you notice him try to drop his hips as if he was trying to line up his cock with me?"

"Not exactly," Dan shook her head. "It did feel like I was frozen in place, though, and seeing things in slow motion. I didn't notice him doing that precisely, but I saw how close he was getting to you. I

wondered if he would try something, but then you took control and blew him instead.”

“I did. I felt he might try it, so I switched things around before anything could happen,” she admitted. “I just know that if we keep going like this, he will eventually try something or expect something more than what we’ve already done. What do you think about it?”

She let the question hang in the air as the car windows were fogging up from the cold air outside and their breathing inside along with the heater.

“I...” Dan paused, trying to compose his thoughts. “I don’t know if we are ready for that. I don’t know if I’m ready for that yet. The idea of it...picturing you two together. It just seems so obscene in my mind. I can’t lie, though. When you asked me that just now, my dick got even harder as the idea undoubtedly turns me on, but my brain is still fully in control right now.” Dan shifted in his seat as he laid out his thoughts. “It seems like that is a bridge you definitely can’t uncross. I don’t know, though. What do you think?”

Sarah had listened to his thoughts carefully and was glad they seemed to be on the same page on this issue. She had been slightly worried he would only be thinking with his dick from now on.

Well, any more than he already does...

“I agree, it would be like opening Pandora’s box. Hard to walk back. The thought of doing that with Lester himself doesn’t do much for me. Sure, the idea of submitting to someone beneath me does get me going. I do like that fantasy, but it’s playing with fire,” she explained.

“I won’t lie, though,” Sarah said as lowered her voice to a husky whisper. “When I had Lester’s cock in my mouth last night, I felt powerful knowing I could make it cum. After that moment, I wanted you inside me. If he had tried anything when I was in a state like that, though, I just don’t know if I could have resisted. We’ll have to be careful. I don’t think that is something we should explore until we both thought long and hard about it.”

The image of Sarah screaming out in pleasure while under Lester with his cock buried deep inside of her became lodged in his brain. “I agree. It’s dangerous.”

“Okay, good. That’s settled for now, then.” She smiled at him before glancing at the clock. “Oh, crap! Dan, I hate to cut this short, but I need to get back home and you need to get to work.”

Dan followed her eyes and sighed when he saw the time. If he didn’t leave soon, he would be late for work. “Crap. Alright.”

He leaned over and cupped her face with his hands and kissed her. He let his lips linger, clinging to every last second he had with the love of his life. “I love you.”

“I love you too, baby,” she whispered.

Dan broke their embrace and moved back into his seat as Sarah put on her seatbelt and checked her mirrors. “Okay, boo,” he said, “Have a safe drive. I love you, and tell the kids I love them and that I’ll see them soon.”

“I’ll Facetime you after work with the kids and you can tell them yourself.” She looked warmly at him.

Dan exited the car and shut the door, backing up several paces to let her pull out. She waved to him, indicating she wanted to see him heading back into the building.

He stood his ground, waving to her and made it clear that she should leave instead. He watched as the mother of his children pulled her car out of the parking lot and started the long drive back to their home.

He shivered as he turned to walk slowly back towards the apartment building.

With her eyes closed, Sarah rested her head on Dan's shoulder as the stewardess pushed the drink cart down the aisle. "I can't believe we are actually getting away."

"Yeah, it's nice. Feels like things are actually going our way for once. Even if it is just a short work trip," Dan flipped through the magazine he had grabbed at the airport kiosk. Walt had asked him to meet with the Lincoln Group at their Minneapolis office.

Minneapolis in the fall wasn't his first choice for a vacation destination but the fact that the hotel and his flight were covered made it easier. All they'd had to do was pay for a cheap ticket for Sarah, enabling her to tag along. The plan was for him to try to attend a couple of meetings and resolve things quickly so he could spend a fair amount of his time with Sarah. Luckily her parents had wanted to take the girls, otherwise, this trip would never have happened.

Sarah wrapped her arms around his arm and encircled his fingers with hers. "So, what's the plan when we land? You go take care of business things while I wait alone in the hotel room, dressed in my sexy lingerie?"

Even as he pretended to be engrossed in the magazine, she was still able to drive him crazy.

“Or I could just skip out on all the business things and spend a few days in our hotel room with you.” Dan closed the magazine, realizing the conversation was too distracting for him to comprehend anything.

Sarah opened her eyes and sat up. She adjusted the collar on his shirt. “As much as I would love that. Especially getting alone time with you, without anyone else around.... I am guessing that would be frowned upon by your work.”

Dan shrugged. “Who knows, maybe Jesse will hit it out of the park and handle all the meetings on his own.”

“Jesse...he’s the one who keeps dropping the ball?” Sarah asked. “He’s on the trip, too?”

“Yeah.” Dan said, rolling his eyes. “Walt still wants me to teach him the ropes and keep an eye on things. He is supposed to be my backup and just to show that we have more than one person working on their account.”

“Well, I just hope he doesn’t mess anything up for you. I don’t want you stressed out while we are out and about.”

The rest of the flight was uneventful. Dan and Sarah deboarded and grabbed an Uber to the hotel. Dan did notice the Uber driver trying to catch glimpses of Sarah in his rearview mirror several times.

When they arrived at the hotel, Dan was a little taken aback by how luxurious it looked. He knew that the team at the Lincoln Group had recommended it to Walt. It was close to their office and there weren’t many other hotels nearby. Walt had probably felt obliged to take their recommendation and hadn’t wanted them to perceive his firm’s financial hardships by booking Dan and Jesse elsewhere.

After catching the Uber driver taking one last eyeful of Sarah’s sweet ass, Dan grabbed their bags out of the trunk, and the couple went inside to check in.

“Hi, checking in, Dan Williams,” Dan said, laying his driver’s license and Visa card on the counter while he waited for the young receptionist to pull up his reservation.

"Thank you, Mr. Williams." The woman clicked her mouse a few times, smiled and extended a keycard toward him. "It looks like you are all set, your partner checked in earlier."

Dan shared a confused look with Sarah, who shrugged. "Partner?"

"Yes," the receptionist said, still holding out the keycard. "A Jesse Thompson. Two queen beds."

"There must be some mistake, can you check again?" Dan asked.

After a few minutes, the receptionist confirmed that her information was accurate. Dan's firm had only booked one room for Jesse and Dan to share.

"This is ridiculous," Dan said as he pinched the bridge of his nose. He was holding his phone up to his ear, waiting to get connected to the lady at his company who did their travel booking. Meanwhile, Sarah asked about booking an additional room but was told that the hotel was at capacity.

After a brief exchange, he regrouped with Sarah who was holding the keycard from the receptionist. "Yep, those cheapskates booked us in the same room. God, I don't know what to do."

Sarah placed a calming hand on his chest. "We'll figure it out. Sure, this might put a damper on all the sexy underwear I brought along, but we'll make it work. Besides, once you're all done with your meetings, we'll spend most of the time out of the hotel room anyways."

Dan sighed and nodded. This was nothing like what he had planned. The couple rode the elevator up to their room. With a sharp intake of breath, Dan opened the door with the keycard.

Aside from the suitcase hastily thrown on the chair in the corner, there was no sign of Jesse to be found. Dan opened his phone and sent Jesse a message as he got ready to head over to the office. Sarah started to organize their things and settle in.

Thirty minutes later, Dan was dressed and ready to go. He checked his phone, still no response from Jesse. *Typical.*

"Alright, hon, I'm heading out," Dan said to the closed bathroom door. After a few seconds of silence, Sarah opened it looking

absolutely stunning. She smiled as he had trouble picking his jaw off the floor.

"Ugh," Dan was flabbergasted. "And what, er, where are you going?"

"Well, I figured I'm not going to just stay here in the hotel room and wait for you. I'm going to go down to the nice restaurant downstairs and wait at the bar until someone tries to pick me up." She smiled devilishly.

Dan shook his head, trying to get his brain to work. "You what?"

"I need to find someone to keep me entertained while you are gone. After all, you're leaving your poor wife all alone in a strange city..." she said, looking at him with her sexy bedroom eyes.

When it was clear that Dan couldn't put a coherent thought together, she laughed and gently slapped him on the arm. "Relax, killer, I'm just trying to decide which outfit to wear tonight when you take me out to dinner."

Dan exhaled. "That sounds good. I can't wait. You had me going there for a second." "I always do," she winked at him and went back to looking over her outfit. "You be safe, okay?"

"I always am," Dan said as he leaned forward and kissed Sarah before heading out of the hotel room.

A few hours later, Sarah received a text message from Dan.

> Hey, so the lead guy here wants to keep going over things. He suggested dinner at a place near the hotel. I know this sucks and isn't what we planned. Are you game to come? Jesse just ghosted today, I could use some backup at dinner.

That asshole, just leaving Dan on his own.

It wasn't the mini-getaway she had planned but at least she could get her dinner paid for by Dan's company. It was the least they could do after messing with their arrangement.

> Of course, baby. I can't wait.

The incessant ping of the Discord alert was distracting Lester from his task at hand. He was transfixed at the image in front of him, Sarah grinding against his leg with his cock in her mouth. He

was listening intently to her moans of pleasure from his computer speaker.

Ding. *What the Fuck!*

Lester removed his hand from his cock, grabbed his mouse and opened his discord app that was running in the background. He quickly scanned the channel that kept interrupting his Sarah time.

Surgebinder: @All we are starting the raid in t-minus 10 minutes!

Surgebinder: Ready to go, waiting on you, Darkspire!

Surgebinder: Darkspire, are you still raiding tonight?

Surgebinder: Darkspire, come conquer this dungeon with us and share in our fortunes! Our names will be etched in eternity.

Surgebinder: @Darkspire

Surgebinder: Lester! Where are you?

Lester narrowed his eyes and muted Ned for 24 hours. An unread direct message caught his eye.

Anon34: I'm ready for more videos. Do you have any married women?

Lester shifted his eyes to the window with Sarah's mouth wrapped around his cock.

No, she is mine. At least for now.

As they entered the restaurant, Dan was still marvelling at how stunning his wife looked. The bottom of Sarah's dress was a hip-hugging pale pink that went past her knees with a slit in the middle exposing a little of her thigh.

The top made her look like she was covered in nothing but rhinestones, but the rhinestones were mounted on some kind of fabric that matched her skin. It gave the illusion that all her interesting parts were just waiting to be uncovered beneath a sequence of small gems. The rhinestones stopped at her wrists and just below her collarbone. The bejewelled top did wonderful things for shaping and accentuating her natural figure. The back of the dress was completely open, exposing her naked back. Dan wondered about the physics of the dress: her chest looked amazing despite the absence of any bra strap across her back.

Even though it was a chilly Chicago night and the restaurant was a short walk from their hotel, Sarah had still managed to prioritize her appearance.

After a brief exchange with the hostess, she led them towards a booth in the back of the dimly lit restaurant. The eyes of the booth's sole occupant scanned Sarah up and down as the couple approached. He stood up and extended a hand across the table.

"Sarah, this is Byron. He's my counterpart over at the Lincoln Group," Dan gestured.

Sarah shook his hand, noting that he held it a few seconds longer than expected.

"Dan failed to mention that his wife was such a stunner." Byron grinned as the couple slid into the booth next to him. "Frankly, Dan, I am impressed you managed to get into the office with us at all today, knowing that your wife was waiting for you in the hotel."

He winked. "It just shows how extra committed you are to us."

Dan and Sarah both chuckled politely.

The group continued to make small talk while reviewing the menu. Byron took the liberty of ordering a couple of bottles of wine for the table, even though it had been implied that Dan was taking him out.

After the wine arrived and everyone placed their orders, Byron enthusiastically poured for the table. He paid particular attention to Sarah's glass, filling it beyond a normal restaurant pour.

Byron began to tell a story about a recent issue that had happened at work. His voice was getting loud, and drawing looks even with the background noise of the restaurant. He was clearly building to some kind of punchline but Dan wasn't paying close attention. He was watching Byron's eyes as their focus kept seeming to shift and stay on Sarah.

Byron smacked the table, laughing to accentuate whatever joke he was making. Sarah laughed enthusiastically while her husband marvelled at her social acumen.

She sure does a great job wining and dining folks.

Dan laughed as well, not wanting to offend Byron. He was working after all, and he needed to get Byron to sign some

amendments to their contract.

The table suddenly got quiet. Dan glanced at Byron who seemed to have been interrupted mid-sentence and was now looking up toward where Dan presumed the waitress was standing.

Instead of the waitress, it was Jesse. No one said anything for a second. It dawned on Dan that no one at the table had actually met Jesse yet in person.

"Byron, this is Jesse, my work associate. He wasn't able to make it to our meetings today and just got into town. Jesse, I don't think you've met my wife yet. Sarah, this is Jesse."

Jesse gave the group a limp wave. "Hi, nice to meet everyone."

Out of courtesy, Dan had forwarded the dinner details on to Jesse, but he had assumed the asshole would simply ghost him, just like he had done all that day. Word about that had probably already gotten back to Dan's boss, which might explain Jesse's sudden appearance.

There wasn't room in the booth for Jesse, so he just awkwardly stood there.

"Excuse me," the waitress said from behind Jesse. He moved to the side as she scooted past him, her arms carrying three plates of food that she set down in front of the group. "Are you joining the group here?"

"He is," Dan said flatly, unable to feign much enthusiasm for his coworker's presence.

"Great, I'll go get you a stool." The waitress returned, toting a stool from the bar and placing it at the outside edge of the table. "Can I get you something to drink? Here's a menu."

"I'll take a beer, whatever you have on tap." Jesse perched himself on the stool that was clearly only meant for the bar counter. Dan suppressed a groan. It would have been better if Jesse hadn't shown up at all. His belated appearance had instantly killed the flow of the conversation and he was now sitting on a stool that was too tall for the table. He looked like some kind of comedian about to entertain the booth.

The conversation shifted to how good everyone's food looked and thankfully some semblance of normalcy returned. Byron noticed that

Sarah's wine glass was getting close to empty and took the initiative to refill it.

Dan eyed the glass. Sarah smirked at him, knowing what he was thinking. He could already see the telltale signs that his wife was going to get tipsy.

"So, Byron, I've gone through the new changes to the design of the project that your team outlined today. I have to say I'm impressed by the number of sustainability goals you've added. It does change a lot of the scope in a few areas. I've drafted what those changes will look like. I just need to get you to sign off on the approvals," Dan said before biting into a piece of his steak.

As Byron was about to respond, Jesse cut in, "Sustainability goals? Personally, I feel like a lot of those things are meaningless. It's always just a way for a company to virtue signal to their friends and other investors how woke they are."

Byron's face grew beat red at the accusation. Dan cringed, trying to think of some way to salvage what had just happened. In a matter of a few sentences, Jesse might have just tanked all the changes Dan had been working on all day. Even though these sustainability changes were a pain in the ass, they still meant more revenue flowing into his firm.

What the fuck, kid!?

"Byron, I love that you and your company place such an importance on sustainability. I think it really shows leadership. Dan hasn't told me about the changes and I'd love to hear about them. Which ones are the most significant?" Sarah smoothly interjected.

God bless her.

Dan took another sip of his wine as he watched Byron's side eye at Jesse transition over to a glowing enthusiasm directed towards Sarah.

For the next several minutes, Byron went into great detail explaining why his company was leading in this space, what changes were being made to the project and the wide-reaching impacts they would have. During this time, Jesse's food was served to him while the waitress picked up the plates that the others had finished with.

The group politely waited for Jesse to finish his meal, allowing Byron to top everyone up and then order another bottle of wine.

After everyone had wrapped up their dinners, it was suggested that they move things to the bar for a last round of drinks. Dan and Sarah were enjoying themselves, even if this was more than they would normally partake in.

The waitress set the check down in front of Byron. Without looking at it or breaking from his animated conversation with Sarah, he slid it across the table to Dan.

With a bemused smile, Dan gave his credit card to the waitress to settle up. Sarah excused herself to use the ladies' room.

"Dan, I think we're good. I'll call you soon, maybe tomorrow morning, and we can get that amendment signed." Byron clapped Dan on the back and shook his hand. It looked like this trip and this large bill would pay off.

"Hey, have a good night. I see a couple of folks over there I want to catch up with. Let's connect in the morning. Give your beautiful wife my best, and let me know if you need me to keep her entertained while you are in town working so hard." He winked at Dan and made his way toward a group of men drinking at the other end of the bar.

Before Dan had an opportunity to grill Jesse about where he had been today, Sarah returned and the trio left the restaurant.

"Jesse, did you know that Walt booked us all in the same room?" Dan asked as he shuffled down the street. He had given his coat to Sarah to keep her warm, so his hands were stuffed in his pockets.

"No, not until I checked in and they asked if the other guest was present. I didn't realize there would be two other guests..." Jesse trailed off as his eyes made a quick appraisal of Sarah. Both Dan and Sarah were too intoxicated to notice the subtle look.

They rode the elevator in silence. When the doors opened onto their floor, the trio awkwardly stepped out with Dan and Sarah taking the lead toward their hotel room. Even though Jesse had checked in first, he loitered a few paces behind the couple, oblivious to his third-wheel status.

After Dan opened the hotel room door and let Sarah in, he gave Jesse a flat look. "Let's just crash tonight, okay? Tomorrow, I'll go down and talk to the receptionist and see about getting another room. Your stuff is already over by the window, so you take that bed. We'll take the other one."

"Got it," Jesse slurred as he barged past Dan. He immediately headed to the bathroom, much to the displeasure of Sarah who seemed intent on changing in there.

Dan locked the door and the couple sat in silence as they waited for Jesse to finish up. Sarah yawned and blinked her eyes several times. They were getting heavy and she would have to crash soon.

As Jesse finished up and exited the bathroom, Sarah sat on the edge of the bed behind Dan, unwittingly using him as a physical barrier between herself and this young stranger. She wasn't too impressed with what Dan had said about him in the past and his lack of decorum at dinner hadn't improved her opinion of him.

Jesse immediately walked to the far bed and flopped down, pulling the covers over himself. Sarah took the opportunity to carry her small bag of toiletries and a stack of clothing into the bathroom.

She wasted no time completing her bedroom routine. She sighed as she examined the pajamas that made up the stack of clothing. She had brought a new pair of lacy pink underwear to surprise Dan with. They would just have to wait until their return to Chicago.

Once Dan wrapped up business in Minneapolis, they would fly back to Chicago where she would spend one night before driving back home. It looked like fate would keep her and Dan apart until then. She just hoped that she could spend at least one night with Dan before she had to leave him. If it had to be back in Chicago, so be it. She would just have to keep her husband's expectations for extra participants in their sexual activity low and not allow his roommate to intrude on them this time.

Shaking her head, she pushed away thoughts of sexy, bedroom fun so she wouldn't be too disappointed when she stepped out the door and rejoined her husband. There was no point working herself up as Jesse's presence precluded any chance of sex with Dan.

Sarah slipped out of her dress and into the pajama set. She hadn't planned on having a third party in their room when packing. Her pajamas weren't meant to be sexy, but she still appreciated how nice they looked on her. The snug pajama shorts with a tight, matching t-shirt definitely accentuated her figure.

Sarah yawned again and rubbed her eyes before exiting the bathroom.

Dan was already dressed for bed. Either he was desperately tired or he just didn't care that his co-worker was sharing the room. Loud snores were emanating from Jesse's bed already. He was clearly asleep, which was some relief to Sarah.

The couple pulled the comforter off and slid under the covers. Neither of them wanted to do too much talking in the same room as Jesse, lest he overhears their private conversation. He seemed to be asleep, but they still really didn't feel comfortable discussing anything there. Dan turned the light off and leaned over to give Sarah a lingering kiss before whispering goodnight to her.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt

Dan reached out to the bedside table, his sleep-deprived brain fumbling to find his phone.

Bzzt Bzzt Bzzt.

He finally found it. Without opening his eyes he thumbed the button to answer the call and whispered, "Hello?"

"Hey! Danny boy. What's up? It's Byron. Hey, I have a change of plans for tomorrow." It seemed like Byron was screaming over the phone. Dan could hear lots of background noise and realized he must still be at the nearby bar.

"I now have another business meeting I need to attend, a round of golf, you know how it is. Do you think we could get those amendments signed off tonight? I want to wrap this up and get out onto the course early tomorrow. You can make that work, right?" Even though it was technically a question, it felt more like a command.

Shit.

Dan sat up blinking his eyes.

"Uh, yeah. Sure. Give me a couple of minutes. Where are you?" Dan tried to sound awake and alert, ever attentive to a client's needs.

"Same place you left me. Hurry up, it's gonna be the last call soon." Byron abruptly hung up.

Talk about a Hollywood hang-up.

Dan reached over and grabbed Sarah's shoulder, trying to shake her awake.

"Sarah," he whispered. "Sarah."

She mumbled something in her sleep but didn't stir. She was out cold.

Dan stared out the outline of Jesse's body in the other bed. He was still snoring, likely also out cold from the alcohol he had ingested with dinner.

I'll just quickly get this signed and hurry back. No need to wake her, I guess.

He quietly moved across the room and got dressed in the clothing he had worn earlier that night. He crept to the door and slowly opened it. The ever-present hallway light streamed into the room. Dan closed the door, took the elevator back down to the lobby, and walked as directly as he could to find someone to open the business office so he could print out the contract.

Jesse's eyes snapped open at the sound of Dan's muffled phone conversation. It was late. Or it was early. All he knew was that it was dark outside. He could hear that jackass Byron asking Dan to sign the contract tonight.

"Sarah." He heard Dan whisper. "Sarah."

After a few moments of feigning sleep, Jesse heard Dan moving quietly around the room getting dressed. When he heard the door click shut, Jesse felt his cock swell in his shorts.

I'm in here alone with Dan's sexy wife.

He shifted in his bed, lying there for a minute while he listened to the sound of Sarah breathing, and for any indication that Dan was returning. Where would Dan manage to acquire the revised version

of the contract at this hour? Would he head back to the Lincoln Group's office to print it? How long would he be gone for?

Jesse nervously shifted his weight again as he sat up on the bed. His eyes were glued to the alluring shape of Sarah in the other bed. She was lying on her side facing away from him. The sheets had shifted enough that he could see the back of her t-shirt pajamas. The exposure was enough to jolt his cock erect.

His eyes flicked in the direction of the door then back to the sleeping beauty. He hadn't forgotten about the sexy pictures he'd seen of her on Dan's phone. He had thought about those often. He had wished that there had been some way that he could have copied them. Tonight, he'd met her in person and she had turned out to be even more stunning in person than in the photos. The way she talked at dinner was so confident, she just seemed so in control. He found that sexy.

An idea sprang into his mind and before he fully comprehended what he was doing, he laid back in his bed, lowered his boxers and began to touch himself.

It took Dan a few minutes to find the front desk attendant and convince them to open the business office after hours for him. After logging into the computer, he was able to pull up his email and retrieve the amended contract for Byron to sign. While waiting for it to print, Dan pulled up his cell phone and called Byron.

It continued to ring until it went to voicemail. Dan checked the time, it was late. He quickly stapled the pages together and in a split-second decision, decided it was best to run back down to the restaurant and hope that Byron was still there.

Jesse just stared up at the ceiling, trying to control his breathing. Nothing had changed. She hadn't stirred or woken up. After composing himself, he gingerly turned on his side so that her back was now facing him.

Knowing that Sarah, Dan's wife was just a few feet away from him was exhilarating. He could almost smell her from her. He pictured her at dinner, the sexy photos from Dan's phone and the

image of her body laying in the next bed, draped in shadows. His breathing became ragged as he continued to stroke his hard cock.

Dan ignored the hostess, his eyes scanning the bar and lounge area. He didn't see Byron anywhere.

"I'm meeting someone," he said dismissively as he walked past her and strolled through the restaurant. He thought he recognized some of the faces at the end of the bar. Maybe they were the guys Byron had left to go talk to earlier.

"Hey, do you guys know Byron?" he asked as he made eye contact with one of them. The guy was clearly still dressed from work, likely drinking with his co-workers before going home.

"Yeah..." the guy said, looking him up and down, trying to place him. "You're that guy that was in here earlier with that sexy blonde, right?" He looked around at his buddies smiling.

"Yes, that's me. Is Byron still here?" Dan said, trying to keep these drunk idiots focused.

"He might have left?" The man said, appearing like he was searching through his recollections. "He said he had some business to take care of."

Dan grimaced at the idea. He had no idea where Byron could have gone. Maybe back to the office.

"I saw him go to the bathroom, but I dunno after that." Another one shouted a little too loudly.

"Thanks." Dan left the group and stalked away, eyes looking around. Before he knew it, he decided to make for the bathroom just to check.

Sarah's dream was becoming hazy. She kept looking back, trying to see what the other Sarah in the doorway was looking at. Her perspective shifted. She was no longer under Dan, she was standing in the doorway watching Lizzie being fucked from behind by Lester. He was holding her down by the base of her neck, but staring back at Sarah as he powerfully thrust into the girl.

Her perspective shifted again. She was on her elbows staring down at her bed sheets as someone thrust into her from behind. It

was her that Lester was holding in place instead of Lizzie. She could feel his weight on her back. His cock was sliding in and out of her. She was quickly building to an orgasm and didn't want him to stop.

"Don't stop," Sarah mumbled in her sleep.

Jesse wished he had a better view of her panty-covered ass, but it was too dark in the room. He stopped as he heard her say something in her sleep. He imagined her getting up and coming over to him, professing her desire to be with him. That she just found him insanely attractive and wanted to throw caution to the wind, Dan be damned.

The bathroom door clanged shut behind him as Dan rounded the corner into the men's room. He sighed, relieved at the sight in front of him.

"Danny boy!" Byron shouted, looking at him through the mirror as he washed his hands.

"Hey, Byron, how's your night going?" Dan tried to let go of his frantic feelings and shift back into smooth operator business mode.

"It's good. The boys out there are keeping me company. But how is your night going?" He winked at Dan. "I bet you're having a much better night than I am, what with that wife of yours."

Byron made an exaggerated face and mouthed 'wow' before grabbing some paper towel to dry his hands.

"Yeah," Dan said, unsure how to proceed. "Speaking of, she is going to kill me if I don't get back there soon. I brought the contract, are you ready to get it going?"

Byron shrugged. "Sure, whatever. Let's do it."

The pair exited the bathroom to go find a table.

"Mmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester relentlessly fucked her from behind. He pulled himself free and powerfully flipped her over onto her back. She wasn't in her Middleton bedroom anymore. She was back in the apartment in Chicago. In Lester's dirty room, on his unkempt bed. She surrendered herself to him and he slid his cock into her. He was staring down at her with that lust-filled look before she pulled him down for a sloppy kiss.

Sarah was moaning in her sleep now. Jesse laid there, closing his eyes, picturing that those sounds were for him. Maybe Sarah really was dreaming of him. Even if Dan came back now, he didn't think he could stop.

Lester was picking up his pace. Her hips were wrapped around his waist as he had her arms pinned down above her head. She had never been fucked this well before. She wanted to kiss him, but he held her still, just looking down at her with that intense expression. That look that said everything: Strong, Determined, Conqueror.

She needed to kiss him. She couldn't reach his lips, so she began kissing his chest. Her tongue danced along whatever it could find. She was getting close. Lester was going to make her cum. And then he was next to her head, his lips against her ear. She sloppily kissed his neck as he whispered, "I'm going to knock you up."

"Mmmmm, fuck," Sarah moaned loudly in the hotel room. Jesse could feel the tension in the room. Sarah was dreaming about something while he laid there and dreamed about her.

"Ugh," Jesse groaned loudly. Warm cum shot from his cock, spraying the bedsheets.

Hey laid there exhausted, reveling in the experience of the most powerful orgasm of his life. His eyes were getting heavy.

Sarah's breathing was steady, she was sound asleep.

Jesse looked across the room at Sarah one last time, his eyes starting to close. Part of him longed for her to wake up like sleeping beauty and fall in love with him. It seemed like that was possible at the moment. After all, they just shared something, hadn't they? She must have felt something for him. Then he remembered she had been asleep the entire time and his fantasy crashed down around him.

Jesse shook his head and chastised himself. He began to drift off with a shit-eating grin plastered on his face. Hopefully, Dan didn't come back and see it.

"Alright, so here, I've outlined the change order requests," Dan said, pointing to one of the pages in the contract. Byron and Dan were seated at an empty table that was still cluttered with

someone's dirty dishes. "If you take a look throughout there, I've highlighted each of the sustainability initiatives that you are —"

Byron flipped to the last page and quickly signed and dated it, almost by instinct.

"Want another beer?" Byron asked with a sly smile, likely testing Dan to see if he would partake and foot the bill for him and maybe his group.

Dan's patience was running thin. He gathered up the contract and stood up. "No, thanks. Like I said, I have to get back to my wife."

Byron laughed. "Yeah, that's right! Sure, I don't blame you at all. Hey, what about a nightcap? Maybe I could come back up with you —"

"Sorry, Byron, gotta go. I'll call you tomorrow, alright?" Dan shut him down as he reached out and shook Byron's hand and headed towards the door.

After speed walking back to the hotel, the elevator took an eternity to reach his floor. He quietly made his way down the hall, slid his room key into the door and entered the pitch-black hotel room. Dan quietly got undressed and surveyed the scene. Jesse was still snoring and Sarah seemed to be out as well.

Good, everything is just as I left it.

With the contract amendments signed and Byron unavailable to meet with them again, there wasn't any point to staying in Minneapolis. The hotel room was paid for another night, but with Jesse opting to stay, Dan had called the airline to see if they could catch an early flight back to Chicago. There wasn't one available until that evening, but at least they could spend a night alone at his apartment if they took it.

After a relaxing day of visiting a few tourist spots in the city followed by a decent late lunch at a nice restaurant, Dan and Sarah finally found themselves sitting alone in the back of an airplane. It was a later flight back to the windy city, set to touch down around 9 pm. They had lucked out and had the whole row to themselves. The plane was only sparsely populated with other passengers.

"I'm sorry this trip was such a bust," Dan said, looking over at Sarah. Somehow, after all these years he was still taken aback at how beautiful she was. "I'm pretty pissed that Walt and the company screwed us over like that."

"I know, honey. It sucked. I guess they didn't know you were going to sneak your wife onto the trip with you, but still, it's a pretty cheap move by them." Sarah rested her hand reassuringly on Dan's forearm.

Dan fidgeted with the blanket that was covering their laps. They were only half watching the latest Oscar-nominated movie playing on the screens in front of them. "Sometimes, I worry about what the company's financial situation is like. Maybe it's good and they are just cheap, but things like this set-off alarm bells in my head after all we've been through."

"I know," Sarah said. She didn't like thinking too much about the financial situation they were just pulling themselves out of, but it was time to shift gears a bit and stop being so depressing. "I just feel bad for you, baby. I had lots of things planned for you on this trip that I didn't get to make happen."

Sarah hid an impish grin and she pretended to focus back on the movie, blatantly ignoring Dan as he stared at her.

"What plans, Sarah?" Dan asked in a hushed voice. He took a tentative look around the cabin, but there were no flight attendants in sight and it didn't seem like anyone around could hear them.

Sarah shrugged nonchalantly and kept her focus on the movie. "Oh, nothing special."

As Dan was about to respond and press for more information, Sarah turned to him. Her face had transformed from a regular movie-watching airline passenger to that sexy, vixen wife with bedroom eyes. He stared at her like a deer in headlights. He knew he was in trouble, but he was unprepared for whatever she was about to do.

"I had planned on having my way with you," she informed him, her hand sliding onto his blanket-covered lap, deliberating moving over his crotch.

Dan looked around again to see if anyone was watching them. Sarah was enjoying this too much.

She continued to stroke his growing cock through the blanket. "I brought a few sets of underwear I was planning to model for you. I was especially interested to see your reaction to this black, lacy set with white trimming. It came with the whole stocking and garter set up, too."

She flashed him a devilish smile. Her eyes made him think she might just straddle him right there on the plane in front of everyone. Instead, she moved her hand under the blanket and began to caress his cock over his pants.

"We really shouldn't be spending money right now on fancy stuff like that..." Dan had to stifle a groan at Sarah's manipulations.

"Mmmm," Sarah whispered in his ear. Her hand was now fighting with the waistline of his sweatpants. He knew what she wanted. He raised his hips gently off the plane seat and she tugged his pants down until they were sitting about mid-thigh. It was just enough for Sarah to pull Dan's boxers up his leg and expose his shaft to her hand.

Dan sucked in his breath as her delicate, manicured fingers made contact with his naked dick. "It's not polite to turn down a gift you know," she said softly, her hand gently stroking him. She couldn't put her mouth on it at the moment for lubrication, so her touch took a gentle and teasing approach.

"That kind of leads me to the other idea I had." She was staring at him now. Dan didn't dare make eye contact in case he spontaneously ejaculated just from looking at her. "But if you don't appreciate the present I got you," she said, lowering her voice and adding a ton of sexual inflection to it, "maybe someone else would."

Dan turned his head to look at his wife and realized how dry his mouth was. She squeezed his dick, causing him to close his eyes in pleasure.

"I was thinking. You've been working so *hard* and working such *long, hard* hours that you deserved a little reward." She shifted her eyes so that she appeared to be staring at the screen in front of her.

Her mouth was still next to his ear and she whispered, "Do you remember the last time we had sex in our bedroom at home and the roleplaying we did that I know you love so much? We were going to do some more of that on this trip. I was going to let someone else besides my husband enjoy my new lingerie."

"Fuck," Dan whispered. He wasn't staring at the screen but shifting his eyes all around the cabin. Dan loved role-playing with Sarah, especially when he got to pretend to be someone else fucking her and seeing her reaction and listening to her say their name. If it wasn't for that idiotic coworker, he could have had that. And it had been so long since his last time with Sarah, too. Jesse hadn't even contributed anything on this trip, as expected. He had been just a waste of space, except in one regard. He had managed to be an excellent cock block. "Fucking Jesse..."

"Jesse?" Sarah said seductively. "I had expected a new, different character, or maybe your roommate, but not him. Would you really want the guy that wrecks your work day to wreck your wife, too?"

That thought had never occurred to Dan before, but it seemed like his cock liked the idea. Dan shook his head, unsure how to respond. He didn't know where this was going.

"Hmmm, maybe. Maybe not." Sarah's hands continued to graze and tease Dan's shaft. "What about Byron? Is that who you wanted to play with me? Or maybe it was some random person from the hotel? Tell me, baby, who would you have been?"

Sarah smiled wickedly. She knew she had him wrapped around her finger. He must be close to cumming. She just had to keep playing their game. She might not be able to join the mile-high club today, but she could damn well make sure it was a memorable experience for her husband. At the very least she could wring something positive from this trip.

"I'll tell you what, since you've been such a good boy, I'll give you a redo for this trip. Tonight in the apartment, I'll show you my new outfit and you can be someone else for me."

"Ugh," Dan closed his eyes; he didn't care about the people on the plane anymore. He was focusing on Sarah's hand jacking him off. She rolled her fingers over the tip of his cock sending a wave of

electricity through his body. Part of his brain managed to ask, "What about Lester?"

"What about him?" Sarah was now staring at him. If anyone walked by it would be very noticeable what they were doing. The blanket was rising and falling. Their only saving grace was the loud background noise of the airplane in flight.

"What if he tries something tonight?" Dan looked at her again, and his heart skipped a beat.

God, she is so fucking sexy.

"I. Don't. Care." Her hand squeezed his dick with each word for emphasis. "It doesn't matter what Lester wants. You and I will decide what happens, and tonight I want to give you this." She bit her lip as her other hand pulled down the neckline of her shirt, revealing the tops of her breasts. "All of me."

"Jesus," Dan muttered and closed his eyes again. He could hear talking farther ahead in the cabin. The stewardess was pushing the drink cart towards them, but he could feel Sarah's hot breath on his neck.

"Who are you going to be tonight, Dan?" Sarah asked huskily. "Who is going to be the one to fuck me?"

"Lester," Dan whispered, unable to beat around the bush anymore now that she was asking him so directly.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned lightly, trying to send him over the edge. "Lester, huh? Do you want Lester to fuck me in your apartment? In your bed? I told him my lips were only for you, and yet you still let him stick his cock in my mouth. He took what he wanted. I can tell he has been dying to fuck me by the look in his eyes. Is that what you want, Dan? Is Lester going to fuck your wife tonight?"

His dick was twitching almost nonstop in her hand, so she knew she was on the right track. Just a bit more and he was going to explode.

"You know he doesn't deserve it," she continued. "I mean, just look at him. He is so far beneath me, but you want your wife to open her legs and let that man fuck her? You want to see me writhing in pleasure as he pounds into me while I moan his name

over and over. Do you want him to fuck me so hard that I forget all about you? Will you let him cum inside me?"

"Fuck," Dan whispered harshly as he came. His cum shot out and hit the inside of the blanket, dribbling down onto his naked thighs as she pumped his shaft. Sarah's hand continued to squeeze him as more cum shot out, drenching her own hand as stroked him.

Dan closed his eyes, spent. That was one of the most powerful orgasms he had ever experienced. The dirty talk from his wife had been next level and sent him completely overboard.

"And what can I get you two?" The stewardess asked as she rolled her cart up to their aisle.

"He's asleep," Sarah whispered loudly. "Can I please get a diet coke?"

"Of course," the stewardess replied, opening a drawer and taking out a can before pouring it into a plastic cup with ice. She didn't give Dan a second glance. If she had, she would have noticed the wet spot forming on the blanket over his crotch.

"Anything else?" the stewardess asked as she placed her hands on the cart's handle, ready to push it away.

"Oh, could I get a few napkins?" Sarah asked, holding back a naughty smile.

Dan and Sarah rolled their carry-ons through the doorway and set them down inside the apartment. There had been an issue at the gate which delayed their deboarding.

"I can't believe I'm going to say this, but I am so happy to be back here," Dan said as he stretched and took off his jacket.

"I'm just done with airplanes for a while, that was brutal." Sarah already had her jacket off as she headed towards the kitchen. "Let's see if you have anything to drink in here."

"I thought we weren't drinking after last night? You were dead to the world this morning." Dan chuckled as he followed her. As he entered the kitchen he found his wife's beautiful ass on display for him. She was bent over looking in the fridge.

"That was this morning. After that long wait I wouldn't mind a glass —oh," she felt Dan press himself up against her backside.

"Hello, there."

"Hello to you too." Dan grinned.

"No, hello to you," Sarah stood up brandishing an unopened bottle of white wine.

"I may have picked that up for you." Dan smiled.

"My hero," Sarah found a couple of glasses and began pouring. Dan slid up behind her, crotch against her ass and his hands encircling her.

"I love walking in on you like that. Bent over. It's like I'm walking in on something private." He breathed into her ear.

"Oh, I know you do. Just you wait until later tonight. I'll be bent over like that for you when you come to take a peek at my surprise for you." She slowly gyrated her hips back and forth, feeling Dan's dick begin to rise.

"Surprise for me?" Dan whispered. "I thought you were going to be spending the night with someone else."

"Mmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Dan's dick pressing harder into it. "Of course, how could I forget."

She broke away from her husband's embrace and handed him his glass. They both took a sip, staring into each other's eyes. They could read each other's expressions. Longing, desire and imminent satisfaction were apparent on both of their faces.

"Got some for me?" A voice said from behind Dan. He turned towards the interruption to find Lester standing in the doorway, looking like a wild dog. Unkempt appearance and clad only in a pair of sweat shorts. "I thought you were coming home tomorrow."

"Change of plans," Dan said, not taking his eyes off Lester as he strolled into the kitchen.

He walked right up to the couple, invading their space. Lester slowly reached out and grabbed the glass in Sarah's hand. He held his hand over hers as he moved the glass to his lips and took a sip.

"That's sweet," he said as he stared into her eyes, ignoring Dan completely.

Sarah yanked herself out of his grip. "And it's mine. Was mine. Here, take it."

She gestured the glass towards him until he took it, then filled another glass for herself. "Dan and I are going to have a bit of wine before heading to bed for the night."

Sarah pushed past him and led Dan out of the kitchen toward the couch in the living room. Dan noticed his heartbeat quickening at seeing Lester interact with Sarah. This creature had somehow crossed paths with his beautiful wife. In reality, their worlds should have never collided, but here they were. *What the fuck is wrong with me?*

Dan followed his beautiful wife over to the couch. She sat herself in the middle, so Dan took up the spot directly next to her. He looked over his shoulder but his roommate still hadn't emerged from the kitchen.

They heard sounds coming from the fridge, like Lester was rummaging around playing for time. Sarah rolled her eyes.

"I can't wait for later," Dan said under his breath.

Sarah took a sip of wine. "Me neither. Let's finish up this wine and ditch your roommate."

Lester walked into the living room holding his glass of wine. Apparently, he hadn't found anything else while he was making all that noise. His hairy belly hung over his shorts and he eyed the couple as he moved behind them. He stopped on the other side of the couch and stared at them, as if he was trying to read the situation.

"Can we help you?" Dan asked.

"Just wanted to see if your wife here wanted to join me in my bedroom," Lester said plainly as he took a seat across from the couple. The same seat Dan had sat in the last time Sarah had been in the apartment and she'd given this creature a blowjob.

Sarah turned and raised a suspicious eyebrow, "And what exactly would we be doing in your room? Did you want to show me your World of Warcraft character?"

The confident smile disappeared from Lester's face as he narrowed his eyebrows. "No, I would strip you down and lick every inch of you."

"Easy there," Dan said. "That's my wife you're talking to, alright. I'll admit we have had some fun in the past here but this isn't something that just happens every time she comes to town because you want it to. We're tired and we've had a long trip. Nothing is happening here."

"You sure about that?" Lester quipped. "The tent in your pants says otherwise."

Shocked, both Dan and Sarah looked down at Dan's crotch. His dick was clearly visible against the fabric of his sweatpants.

"If you really need to know, I was just admiring my wife's beautiful behind when you interrupted us in the kitchen." Dan looked confidently at his roommate.

Lester held up his hands defensively. "Hey, you don't need to convince me. Convince her. I'm content just to sit here, sip on my wine and take in the scenery."

He made a point of slowly looking Sarah up and down, briefly licking his lips. She shuddered.

Dan was about to say something but Sarah put a hand on his chest and stood up. She downed the rest of her wine and winked at Dan. She turned and strode over to where Lester was seated. She put one knee on the bottom of the chair, directly between Lester's thighs and leaned forward over him. She took the drink from his hand and downed its contents as well.

"Tonight it's just going to be me and my husband. Got it?" Sarah stood back up and made her way back over to her husband.

"Whatever you say," she heard him say behind her. She could feel his eyes on her ass as she moved. She bent over to whisper in Dan's ear, making sure to give Lester a full view of her spectacular behind. She shifted her weight between each leg, moving her ass in time to tease Lester. She took hold of Dan's wrist and checked the time on his watch.

"Wait five minutes and then come join me in the bedroom '*Lester*,'" she whispered to her husband. Dan gulped and nodded.

Sarah gave him a deep kiss on his mouth and then spun on her heels turning around. She gave a pointed look to Lester, retrieved her carry-on and walked toward Dan's bedroom.

“What, no kiss for me?” Lester asked crudely, his eyes glued to her ass until it disappeared from view.

After hearing the bedroom door close, Dan and Lester sat there awkwardly for a few seconds. Thankfully Lester went back into the kitchen. Dan double-checked the time on his watch and set a five-minute timer to make sure he didn’t miss anything.

Lester returned holding the wine bottle. He stopped next to Dan and, without asking, poured more into his glass before sitting back down and refilling his own. That was the first time that Lester had done anything nice for Dan. More importantly, he did it unprompted. Dan didn’t like it.

“This wine sucks,” Lester complained after taking a sip.

“Oh yeah?” Dan leaned back and looked his roommate over. What a slobby-looking guy. The idea of him with Sarah was just ridiculous, but Dan did notice that his own dick hadn’t gotten any softer since Sarah left. “And what do you usually like to drink?”

“Coke,” Lester took another sip of his wine, “Maybe some Redbull.”

“There’s plenty of your Coke in the fridge.” Dan said, “If you don’t like the wine, why didn’t you grab one?”

“Because,” Lester was clumsily swirling the wine around in his glass, “I want to get you drunk.”

Dan leaned forward, “It’ll take more than this wine to get me drunk Lester. What’s your angle?”

Lester looked up from his drink and stared at Dan intently, “I heard what Sarah said before she left the room. Wait five minutes and then you go in there pretending to be me. Well, I want you to let me go in there and I thought a little more wine might help you see things my way.”

Dan could feel his heart beating rapidly in his chest and his dick straining against the material of his pants. He was trying to formulate a response while thinking through all the potential outcomes.

His thoughts were interrupted by a buzzing on his wrist. His five-minute timer was going off. It was time. Sarah was waiting.

Dan stood, clutching his glass. Lester mirrored his movements, standing up and downing the rest of the wine in his glass before setting it down on the table.

Lester took a step towards the hallway, without breaking eye contact with Dan, "I know you are curious about the idea. Just give me a couple of minutes and then come in." He continued to move towards the hallway.

"Lester," Dan said in an authoritative tone, "You can't fuck her."

Lester held up a hand beside his shoulder and extended two fingers. "Whatever you say, boss. Scout's honour."

Dan stood in the living room paralyzed as Lester turned and stalked down the hallway toward his wife.

Lester grinned as he placed his hand on the doorknob to Dan's room. He remembered all the times he had stood here with Sarah on the other side, only to find the door locked. This time the knob turned all the way as he pushed the door open.

Light broke into the hallway. Lester took one last glance towards the living room and then stepped into Dan's room. He closed the door behind him and quietly engaged the lock.

Click.

As Lester walked into the room, he was greeted with a most magnificent sight. Bending over the bed in front of him was Sarah, dressed only in a new set of lingerie. The black bra and panties were trimmed with white lace. Lester's hungry eyes were drawn to Sarah's stocking-clad legs that ran up to that perfect ass that was pushing itself out toward him.

"Hmmm," Sarah moaned as she moved her hips back and forth seductively. "Who's there?"

Lester beamed and he quickly lowered his shorts and stepped out of them. He looked at himself naked in the mirror attached to the wall. He smiled knowing where his peephole was hidden. It felt great to finally be on this side of the wall.

Lester held his cock firmly in one hand as he approached the beautiful wife who was unknowingly bent over before him. He reached out with one hand and grabbed her hip.

"Dan, is that you?" Sarah said seductively. "Or is that Lester?"

To answer her question, Lester lined his cock up with her panty-covered sex and pushed against it. His cock pressed against her opening but was held in place by the material of her panties. He could feel how wet she was.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned. "It must be you, Lester."

She was still playing her role-play game with Dan, not realizing it was actually Lester pressing between her legs.

Lester continued to push against her. He shifted so that his cock was no longer pressing up against her opening but running up the entire length of her slit, between her thighs. *I could take her right now. I've done it like this before. I don't know how they will react. I don't want to ruin this long-term. It almost happened last time. Patience, Lester. Wait for your moment.*

He thrust between her legs, holding onto her hip while his other hand held the base of her neck.

"Mmmmmh," Sarah moaned, feeling Dan's dick sliding between her thighs. She pushed back against it. Dan must be leaning forward over her, she felt extra pressure on the top of her ass. "Did Dan let you in here, Lester?"

Lester stayed silent. He wanted to wait for the perfect moment to reveal himself. Instead, he snaked his hand around to the front of Sarah's neck and pulled her up into a standing position.

"Ugh," Sarah moaned at the unexpected move. Dan continued to thrust between her legs, running up and down her soaking vagina. Suddenly, Dan turned her head to the side and held it firmly in place, so that she was staring up at the corner of the ceiling. Dan's lips began kissing her bare neck and shoulders as his other hand aggressively started to maul her chest.

God this feels so good. Dan is so hungry for it. I need this. I wish I could see his face. Sarah tried to turn her head to see the look in Dan's eyes, but he held her in place. He must really be getting into character and taking this seriously. She decided to play along, 'Ugh, Lester, fuck, this is so wrong. We can't. I can't. God, your cock feels so good."

Dan released her neck and pushed her back down onto the bed. Sarah gasped and braced herself with her arms. Her body tingled as she felt Dan's hands trace down her body until they found her panties. Dan expertly unclasped her stockings from the garter and lowered her panties. He kissed her ass and thighs as her panties were lowered to her ankles and she stepped out of them. Dan's tongue traced the inside of her right leg over the stocking, up her bare thigh until it was dancing on the edge of her sex.

Dan shifted behind her. She felt his head moving between her thighs and his tongue made contact and began licking her slit. He was under her now, between her and the bed. His hands were holding her ass tight, pinning her against his face. She couldn't move to look or to reach down and run her fingers through his hair.

His tongue quickly found her clit and began drawing circles around it with his tongue. "Uh, mmhmm," Sarah moaned as she ground her hips against Dan's expert oral assault. She could feel the prickliness of his stubble. His tongue began flicking back and forth over her stimulated clit.

Sarah could feel an impending orgasm begin to build up. "Oh, don't stop, baby, I'm close."

Lester shifted focus; he dragged his tongue off of her clit and down her slit until he found her soaking pussy waiting for him. He pushed his large tongue inside of his roommate's wife and began lapping up her juices.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned from above him. Lester brought one of his hands down and got access to her clit. He gently rubbed the nub with his thumb as his tongue continued to explore every inch of Sarah's most private area. He quickly darted his tongue in and out, simulating his cock, fucking her with his tongue. He could tell she loved it. It felt like she was humping his face. Her thighs and the bedsheets were muffling his ears but he could hear her moaning. He switched tactics and began creating large 'Os' with his tongue, dancing across every side of her.

Sarah was getting frantic. Her body was convulsing, pushing against Dan's face as his tongue drove into her over and over. His thumb pressed slightly against her clit and drew slow delicate circles

over it. It was all too much for her, Sarah bucked her hips and came. Lightning bolts shot from her vagina and spread across her entire body. She found herself on her tiptoes as her body was wracked by an orgasm she had been waiting to have since she boarded the plane with her husband.

Collapsing onto her arms, she croaked, "God, put it in me, Dan. Fuck me."

Dan was slowly walking down the hallway listening to the sounds emanating from his bedroom. As he reached the door and turned the knob he heard Sarah moaning loudly from the other side. She was cumming.

"God, put it in me, Dan. Fuck me," his beautiful wife demanded from the other side of the door. Dan knew he better get in there. He turned the knob and it stopped halfway. *That fucker locked the door!*

Lester pulled his tongue out of the young mother and he heard her take a sharp intake of breath.

He stood back up and got behind her. He looked down and saw her ass pushing backwards seeking contact. He grinned as he lined up his cock and began teasing her entrance with the head of his cock.

"God. Fuck me, Dan...er...Lester. Lester, fuck me," Sarah moaned in ecstasy.

Lester stood there with a shit-eating grin on his face. He held his naked cock in his hand as Sarah began pushing herself back. He stood still as Sarah's pussy opened for him and Sarah pushed back onto his cock. The head of his cock started to disappear into her fertile pussy.

"Ugh," Sarah moaned, feeling her husband's cock starting to push into her.

"Sarah!" She heard Dan's voice muffled from behind her followed by several loud knocks at the door. She quickly spun her head around and looked over her shoulder.

In the mirror, a large man with unkempt features was beginning to push his large cock into a beautiful toned blonde woman. It was

Lester's naked cock that was trying to invade her.

As she felt Lester begin to push forward into her, Sarah found her footing and pushed away, scrambling up the bed. She turned onto her back, breathing hard. Her bra-clad chest was quickly rising and falling.

Lester stood, looming over her stroking his cock that was now glistening in her juices.

"What's the matter?" Lester asked, "You told me to fuck you."

"I didn't...," Sarah's eyes were drawn down to Lester's hand stroking his large angry cock. It was pointed right at her with intent. "I thought you were Dan."

"Yeah, I know," Lester smiled as he stepped closer. "Thought it was Dan who was pretending to be me. You know, other people might think this game you are playing is kind of sick, right? But I am happy to play along and help you guys out."

Lester took another step forward, he was now directly next to the bed where Sarah was staring up at him. He was stroking his cock at her. "Your husband is going crazy out there, wondering what is going on. He is going to come in here soon with a raging hard-on."

Lester leaned forward and grabbed Sarah's hand. He felt slight resistance from her as he brought her hand up to his cock and wrapped her fingers around it. "We both know you were just moaning for me, why don't we put on a show for him? We don't want him to be disappointed, right?"

Sarah's hand was stroking his cock. She looked away from Lester and found herself staring at the purple head of his cock. "We're not...we can't...we're not going to have sex today, Lester."

"Fuck," Lester breathed. He watched as he released his hand from hers and she didn't stop stroking his cock. "It's called fuck. That's what we'd be doing. What I did to Lizzie the last time when you couldn't stop watching us."

A flash of contempt flared across Sarah's face as she looked up at Lester in defiance. "I know what it's called, thank you. You should count yourself lucky you're getting this much from me."

Sarah couldn't help but feel the wetness grow between her legs. This was all so wrong on so many levels. This dishevelled, arrogant

man had the nerve to talk to her like this. The mix of his appearance and personality was so abrasive to her. But, at the same time, giving in to someone like that was tantalizing. Especially since it was someone who her husband disapproved of, the illicit allure of it was almost overwhelming. And the fact that he had started to actually enter her.....

Lester heard the sound of rushing footsteps in the hallway. "I'm going to get this and more from you tonight, Sarah."

"Oh yeah? What exactly —" Sarah was cut off as Lester grabbed the back of her head and pushed his cock into her mouth. "Mmmph."

Lester held the back of her head as he pushed into her. Her hands pressed against his thighs trying to control his movements.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned unintentionally. Her body was responding to Lester's forcefulness with complete disregard for her opinion. The size of his cock in her mouth, the fact that she was able to make something like that hard, it all gave her a sense of validation and accomplishment. "Mmmmmmm."

Sarah's hands weren't pushing as hard against his thighs. Lester took this as an indication to loosen his grip on her head. As he did, Sarah's mouth didn't leave his cock. One of her hands found his shaft and began to stroke it. She was setting the pace now.

Lester reached down and began fondling her breasts as he heard the door open behind him.

Lester had locked the door.

Dan quickly glanced down at the knob and recognized its type. He'd need a small paperclip or bobby pin and he would be able to pick it open. He scrambled into the bathroom looking for Sarah's toiletry bag. It wasn't there, it must have been with her suitcase in the bedroom.

He ran into the living room and opened his suitcase. He looked through it. The contract with Byron was stapled, no paper clip there. He threw open his padfolio looking for something that might work. And then he found it. A stack of his business cards held together by a paperclip. Dan ripped it off and ran back towards his room.

He unfurled the paperclip and inserted it into the small hole in the doorknob. Nothing. He must have missed. He tried again and this time he felt it engage. He turned the doorknob and entered the room.

The sight before him would forever be burned into his memory. Not only was Sarah not fooled by Lester's ruse, but she was laying on the bed in her sexy new lingerie set with Lester's cock in her mouth. *He saw this outfit before I did...*

Lester's hand was fondling his wife's chest as his other hand rested on the back of Sarah's head. She didn't even look up and notice him, she was so concentrated on pleasuring Lester.

Lester noticed him though and grinned. This was different than the time before. The last time that Sarah had Lester's cock in her mouth it had really been for him. To tease her husband with the fantasy they both enjoyed. But here she was behind a locked door with Lester's cock in her mouth. Just the two of them alone.

The implications caused him to take a step back and steady himself. Then he noticed Sarah's discarded panties on the floor. He looked up and realized her pussy was exposed to the entire room, glistening with her arousal.

Lester on his own had turned his wife on. So much so that she was sucking his cock with abandon.

"I told you he couldn't keep away," Lester growled at Sarah. "He wants to watch us together."

"Mmmfff," Sarah groaned as she pulled her mouth off Lester's cock and looked around the barrier of his body. Dan was standing there with his jaw hanging open and a clear erection stretching his sweatpants.

"Dan, I..we -," as Sarah was about to explain to her husband, Lester pulled her head forward, sticking his cock into her mouth again. Sarah rested a hand on Lester's thigh in protest but soon she was back to sucking Lester's cock on her own. She glanced at Dan, who had now backed up and was leaning with his back against the wall for support.

"See what happens when you leave her alone?" Lester grinned as he was face fucking Sarah, "She was moaning my name earlier."

Dan stood there staring at the scene unfolding in front of him. His mind was screaming at him to interject himself into what was happening, but his body was frozen in place. The debauchery in front of him was almost too much to process. He had experienced Sarah like this, in her wanton lust. But watching her from this angle, with someone who wasn't him, was intoxicating. He just wished there was a chair in the room so he could sit down and take it all in.

"Touch yourself," Lester growled quietly, "Touch yourself and then you can talk to your husband."

Without any protest, Sarah ran her hand down her body until she found the familiar place between her legs. Her fingers began to gently roll the nub of her clitoris around. The manual stimulation was overdue: after all the prior teasing that Lester had done and how far he had pushed it, she needed to do this. The large cock in her mouth only added to her heightened lust.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock.

Lester leaned forward and whispered in Sarah's ear. It was too quiet for Dan to hear. "Your husband is on the verge of exploding. I know he'd like some of that famous dirty talk your sweet mouth is so good at delivering."

Lester leaned back and withdrew his cock from Sarah's mouth. Her hand stayed wrapped around his cock, stroking it sensually.

"Dan, I'm sorry this just... happened. I thought it was you," she said with pleading eyes. Then she remembered Lester's words. Dan got off on this and was clearly enjoying it. "But then when I felt his cock....I knew it wasn't you, but I just couldn't help myself."

She saw Dan's hand lower and began to touch himself over his sweatpants. Her words were clearly working. "Is this okay, Dan? Is it okay if I keep sucking your roommate's cock?"

"Tell him how it tastes," Lester murmured. Once again his suggestion was too low to be heard by Dan.

Sarah kept staring Dan in the eyes as she leaned forward and extended her tongue to the base of Lester's cock. She slowly licked up the entire underside of his shaft until she reached the head of his cock. It disappeared into her mouth for several seconds before she backed off of it again. "Mmmmm, so good. It tastes so good, Dan."

"Switch hands," Lester said in a harsh tone.

Sarah shifted her weight and repositioned herself. She lowered her right hand to continue touching herself and her left hand up to Lester's cock.

Dan caught the glint of light running up and down Lester's shaft. Sarah hadn't taken off her wedding ring. The symbol that represented their love and commitment to one another was now running against the vile cock of his roommate.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned as she took her mouth off Lester. She needed to catch her breath. She could feel an orgasm beginning to build inside of her. She desperately needed to let it out. Being on display in front of her husband was driving her crazy.

"God, your wife is a good cocksucker," Lester sneered. "She can't get enough of me. Tell him how much you love my cock." This time he didn't bother to lower his voice.

Sarah's eyes were closed. She was getting close to cumming. Just a few more seconds and she could get it. "Oh," she crooned.

"Tell him," Lester growled. He withdrew his cock from her mouth and gently slapped it against her cheek. "Tell your husband how much you love my fat cock."

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's cock sliding up and down her face. She could feel the veins protruding from its thick shaft on her cheek. She was about to feel bliss. "I love it. I love it so much. It's so fucking good."

Dan watched as Sarah's body tensed up. Her thighs clenched around her hand. She stopped stroking Lester's cock and just held it tightly.

"Oh, fuck, fuck," Sarah moaned as her body was rocked by another orgasm. "Oh, uh."

Lester held her head tightly as she came, pressing his cock into her face. She held the base with one hand as it stretched up and over her beautiful features. As she came back down to earth, she opened her eyes and was greeted by a very up close and personal view of Lester's hard cock.

Something in her had changed. She didn't quite know why, but she was determined to make this cock cum. She pulled back from it

and it dropped down, pointing right at her. She wasted no time diving forward, back onto it again, wrapping her pretty lips around Lester's cock. She took it as far into her mouth as possible until Lester's public hair tickled her nose.

"Mmmm, yeah, that's right, suck my cock, Sarah," Lester beamed. "Suck my cock right in front of your husband."

Lester let go of Sarah. She continued to suck his cock on her own, while her other hand continued to play with herself. He pulled down her bra straps as he had done so many times before. He grinned at her lack of protest as his hands ran slowly along her back and unclasped her bra.

Sarah shivered as she felt the material fall away from her. Without missing a beat she quickly wriggled her arms and hands to free herself from the bra. Lester grabbed it and chucked it at Dan's feet.

His wife was lying on the bed, clad only in her stockings and garter. And her wedding ring.

"Look at your husband," Lester said boastfully.

Sarah's eyes shifted seductively to her husband while she kept Lester's cock in her mouth.

"Tell him what you are going to do the next time you visit." Lester said.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned in disappointment as Lester's cock slid out of her mouth. "God, Dan, the next time I'm here, I'll probably drop to my knees right away and suck this monster cock. I can't get enough of it."

"That's right," Lester jeered. "I'm going to take your wife into my room next time and feed her my cock....And I'll make sure my door stays locked that time."

Dan was speechless. He didn't know how to respond. He wanted to get involved in the back-and-forth. He wanted to say something but he just couldn't figure out how to get his brain to make his mouth work. Finally, he croaked out, "Sarah....are you going to let Lester do that? Lock his door?"

Sarah slowly peeled her lips off Lester's cock as she continued to tease her pussy. "God, Dan, I don't know. Maybe I'll be the one to

lock it....or maybe I'll just be too focused on this cock to care and leave it open."

"Anything can happen behind a locked door, Sarah..." Dan knew what he was playing at but he didn't want to fully admit it to himself.

"Lots of things have already happened today behind this door," Lester laughed. "Do you want to tell him or should I?"

Sarah started to speak. The admission she was about to make caused her to speed up her fingers on herself. As she opened her mouth, Lester began dragging his cock on her cheeks. She could see Dan out of one eye while the other was covered with Lester's cock as he drew a line of precum on her.

"I thought it was you in here with me, Dan. But you let Lester in instead. He put his tongue inside me and made me cum," Sarah paused and stared at her husband. Lester slapped his cock across her face. "I thought it was you. I thought it was you behind me that....Lester put his cock inside me. Inside my pussy. Just the tip, but I felt it. Felt him, in me."

"How did it feel?" Dan was taken aback. He didn't know if it was serious or if it was just more bedroom talk. The room felt like it was spinning. His cock yearned for more, wanted more details, but his mind knew he had to play it safe and not escalate things too far. He needed to have a level-headed conversation with Sarah without Lester here.

"Mmmmmm, it felt good, baby. Really good. It's a good thing you knocked at the door or I might not have realized it wasn't you." Sarah purred.

Dan worked the waistband of his pants down and began stroking his cock, watching as his beautiful bride worshiped Lester's cock.

"Lie back," Lester murmured. Sarah didn't bat an eye but just did as he instructed. Lester followed her onto the bed, keeping his cock close to her mouth. He pulled it out and scooted down until he was straddling her chest. "I'm going to fuck these. I've been watching your tits since day one."

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester placed his rigid member between Sarah's large breasts. His cock almost disappeared between

them but it protruded up towards her neck. "Dan, he has been fantasizing about me since the first day. Did you know?"

"Every guy you meet fantasizes about you, Sarah," Dan breathed sharply. "None of them ever got more than that...."

Lester used Sarah's spit on his cock as lubricant as he started thrusting against her chest. Sarah wanted to hold her chest together for him, to make it more pleasurable for him but Lester had her arms pinned down. All she could do was keep stroking herself.

Lester's massive hairy thighs were holding her breasts together for him. Sarah could feel her nipples pressing up against his hairy legs. Each time he thrust she could feel her already erect nipples rubbing, being further stimulated. She quickened her pace with her hands, playing with her gushing slit. Another orgasm was fast approaching.

Lester scooped a hand under her head and grabbed it, pulling her face up slightly. Sarah extended her tongue and tried licking the top of Lester's cock as thrust up between her chest. She licked and made contact, tasting his salty precum.

"Whose cock do you like more?" Lester growled. Sarah looked up at him and saw lust and a look of dominance plastered across his face. That look turned her on. It looked more intense than Dan's. More desperate and wanting. A want she could fill.

"Mmmm, oh, oh, uh," Sarah tried to respond, but Lester was fucking her chest hard and pushing her to the brink. Finally, she managed, "I love my husband's, but yours is different.

"Different how?" Lester commanded.

"Don't make me say it," Sarah pleaded. Half playing the part but half not wanting to admit it out loud.

"Dan wants to know," Lester said. "Tell us."

"God, mmhmm," Sarah moaned. "I love your cock. It's so fucking big. It just feels powerful. There's something primal about it when I have it near me. I just need to have it."

"Do you remember our first night together? In the living room?" Lester said to Sarah but he was looking at Dan.

Sarah nodded her head as she kept trying desperately to lick Lester's cock. The feeling of it sliding between her breasts and of his

thighs pressing against her nipples was driving her crazy.

"I blew my load on you and you licked a bit of it up and ran away. Then last time I made you swallow my load. Now you're lapping up my cock like a good little wifey. Where should I put my cum this time? Where do you want it?"

"Ugh," Sarah moaned at the thought. "Give it to me Lester. I don't care, just give it to me. Cum all over my chest."

Lester could feel Sarah's hips rising and falling behind him.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned. Lester's cock between her breasts and her fingers playing with herself had her teetering right at the edge. Finally, she felt it rise inside of her and come crashing down on every nerve ending in her body.

Sarah came and screamed, "Give me your cum, Lester. Fuck. Give it to me."

Lester let out a long moan and she felt his cock begin to convulse between her breasts. He suddenly pulled back from her. Sarah's head rose, instinctively following his cock and, as a tidal wave of pleasure rolled over her body, one of her hands shot up to her chest to add to the sensation she was feeling.

Streams of white hot cum began shooting out of Lester's cock. The first strand fell onto Sarah's perky white breasts. Its warmth on her skin caused her orgasm to crescendo, to come crashing down and rising higher than before as another one rocked her body. "Uh, fuck. FUCK."

Lester roared as strand after strand of cum shot out of his dick. The wads of cum splattered across Sarah's chest and began impacting her face. Cum shot directly into Sarah's waiting mouth and she swallowed it without hesitation. Another shot across her lips, her tongue instinctively lashing out and licking it off. Her hand massaged Lester's come into her chest, across her nipple, over and over again.

Sarah's wedding ring was covered in gobs of Lester's cum. Sarah was too distracted by the warmth of Lester's illicit seed to notice.

Lester grinned down as the last bit of cum he had shot out landed in Sarah's hair. He looked down at the masterpiece in front of him. Dan's sexy wife was covered in his cum. Sarah was breathing hard as she continued to play with his cum on her chest. Lester

watched as Sarah's wedding ring was drenched in his cum. She licked her lips clean and looked up at him, amazed at the amount of cum he had produced.

Lester bucked his hips forward and thrust his cock at Sarah's face. He rubbed his cock across her cheek, smearing the cum into her. He dragged it across her face as she tried to follow it, opening her mouth to take him in but Lester didn't give her the satisfaction. Instead, he ran the length of his cock down the other side of her face and with a flick of his hips gave her a light slap with his cock.

Dan stood there, staring in silence at the devastating portrait in front of him. Tonight was supposed to be a rekindling for him and Sarah. Instead, he'd allowed his lust to consume him; allowed a snake into the garden. Lester had taken his place and dominated his wife so thoroughly that he'd never seen Sarah so hungry for cock before. She looked like she was possessed. He couldn't imagine how Sarah would reconcile this after everything that happened.

Dan watched as Lester backed away from the bed, holding his erect cock in front of him. He was smiling from ear to ear. Sarah was still trying to catch her breath as she came down from the powerful set of orgasms. She was staring at Lester with the bedroom eyes that Dan had seen so many times before, but mixed with a sense of disbelief.

Lester strode towards Dan. It was only then that Sarah seemed to register he was still there. Her eyes quickly regained their focus as she tried to compose herself.

Lester bent over and retrieved Sarah's panties and bra, the sexy new set she had purchased as a surprise gift for their trip. Lester bunched them in his hands and used them to clean off his cock, wiping up Sarah's saliva and his cum. He dropped them in a pile on the floor at Dan's feet and walked out of the room.

Sarah felt a sudden sense of anger and hurt at the way that Lester had just walked out of the room without a second glance at her. The way he had discarded her clothing, discarded her. She didn't know what it was she wanted, but something felt missing. She felt Dan step closer to her. She looked up at her husband and smiled, "Well, was that everything you wanted?"

Dan stared into Sarah's eyes trying to ignore the gob of cum that ran across her forehead. "I...don't know what to say. It was wild and crazy."

"Amazing," Dan said to himself as he shook his head. "You were amazing. I can't believe all that just happened."

"Neither can I," Sarah said as she rose from the bed. She was trying to wipe Lester's cum off her face and chest with a kleenex.

"Is it true?" Dan asked, "Did Lester....did his cock actually get inside you?"

Sarah turned to look at her husband, saying, "I didn't mean for it to happen, but it did. I thought it was you behind me. I should have known. I'm sorry."

Dan said, trying to console her, "It's not your fault. It's my dumb ass that let him come in here. I knew what could happen, but I never thought that it actually would."

Sarah sighed as she found more cum on her chest to wipe off. "I don't know what happened. He just played me. My body was on fire. I can't believe how out of control things got just now. All I could think about was making him cum...."

Dan wanted to embrace her, pull her close to him. Kiss her. Reclaim her. But he didn't want to get Lester's cum on him. He thought it was foul. Lester had marked his wife and for tonight, she'd be his. "I think we're starting to play with fire here. I didn't know things would escalate like this. We need to be careful."

Sarah looked up at him guiltily. "Do you want this to happen again? Maybe you should visit us instead next time."

"Maybe," Dan said, lost in thought.

"Maybe, what," Sarah asked. "Maybe you want it to happen again?"

"God, Sarah, I don't know. Today was a little much, but it's like I'm still craving to see it. I can't explain it. I did enjoy watching you....hearing you talk about it. I think we found our line, though. The line we don't cross unless we both agree to it."

"No sex," Sarah said. She was relieved but part of her couldn't help but feel disappointed. The whole time she had been sucking Lester's cock, her body had been aching for it. Her brain wondered

what it would feel like, how Lester would feel when he fucked her. "I think that's smart."

"Alright," Dan said, surveying the scene around him. The room was a mess. The bed sheets were ripped off and in bunches, covered with sweat and cum. Sarah's new bra and panties were wadded up, all stuck together with Lester's spunk. His wife was covered in his roommate's cum and Dan still had a raging hard erection that he couldn't take care of. "I'm going to grab the suitcase and some water, why don't you take a quick shower and then we can figure this out."

"A hot shower sounds great," Sarah said. As she held up her hand and pulled her fingers apart, strands of Lester's cum hung between them. Sarah left the bedroom in just her stockings, not bothering to put on any clothing. She entered the bathroom and turned the hot water on.

Dan stood in the empty room by himself. "God, what the hell have I done?"

Lester triumphantly sat back at his command center with a smug look on his face. He had just come buckets and plastered it all over Dan's wife while she begged for it. His roommate had just stood there and watched as he used and abused the mother of his children.

He double-clicked on his computer screen, bringing up the video files from Dan's bedroom for the last hour. He saved it to his hard drive. *Might as well save everything from tonight.*

He made a note to go back and review the conversation that Sarah and Dan were having. Hopefully, there would be something useful in there he could use.

Lester could see several discord notifications from Ned and his raiding party. Lester booted up WoW and logged in, ready for his second raiding session of the night.

"Darkspire!," Ned bellowed in his ear. "You're here! We've needed you. Okay, so here is what we are doing --"

Lester's attention drifted from the game as he heard the shower turn on. He crept over to his closet and looked through the

peephole. Sarah was standing there in a trance letting the water hit her and wash his cum off her body.

Leser smiled evilly as he noticed the lovely wife's hand begin to drift down to her vagina and begin to lightly tease it.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose as he sunk back into his seat on the plane. He tried to drone out the noises around him and concentrate on catching some sleep. These past few months had been a whirlwind of stress and tonight was no exception.

It was the end of the week and he was supposed to be heading back to his apartment. He wanted nothing more than a nice quiet night alone where he could watch Netflix and order in some food. Instead, the incompetence of his company had him back on a flight to personally smooth over some issues with the Lincoln Group's project. It seemed like whatever he didn't directly touch on this project turned to shit and Walt had insisted that Dan and Jesse immediately go and fix the issue. Walt had apparently held off informing them until close to the end of the day, which really pissed Dan off.

Dan opened one eye and peeked at his coworker. Jesse was sitting next to him, face down in his phone. Dan rolled his eye before closing it again. Walt had been impressed with their last outing and seemed to be under the impression that Jesse and he were becoming a great team. Having Jesse around was just one more

thing Dan would need to manage. Jesse had almost insulted the client last time, who knew what he would do on this trip.

Dan pried his eyes open and checked his watch. It was 6 PM. A quick flight to Minnesota, meet Byron again, fix the issue and catch the first flight back tomorrow morning.

"So uhmm, what's the game plan when we get there?" Jesse had noticed Dan checking his watch.

"We check in and go meet with Byron. You follow my lead." Dan said looking at the younger man. "And this time, don't try to insult the client. Just nod your head and smile. Got it?"

"Easy enough, I guess," Jesse said as he turned back to his phone.

Dan sighed and realized he might have been too hard on the kid. "So, do you know if they booked us separate rooms this time?"

Jesse scoffed. "I doubt it, Walt seems cheap as hell."

Dan knew it was more complicated than that. Walt had alluded to the company being in a precarious financial position. He really didn't want to but perhaps he should polish up his resume this weekend and start looking elsewhere. It had just taken him so long to land this job, how long would the next take? Things weren't great right now but they were at least stable; looking in from the outside, there was just no way to know how a new job would turn out.

"Ummm," Jesse was trying to verbalize a thought but seemed to be struggling with it. "Is, er, your wife coming on this trip again?"

Dan looked at him blankly and then feigned a look around the crowded cabin.

"Jesse," he said mustering all the patience he could. "Walt just put us on this flight at the very last minute. We literally took a taxi right from the office and barely made this flight. Do you see my wife here anywhere? No, she isn't coming."

It was only then that Dan realized he had been in such a hurry to get to the airport and clear security that he'd neglected to update his wife on the situation. He reached into his bag under the seat in front of him and fished out his phone.

"Oh, right, right, that makes sense," Jesse mumbled. "She just seemed nice. I liked her last time, ya know."

Dan gave him a thin smile and nodded. *I bet you did.*

Dan pressed the button to call Sarah, leaning as close to the window as possible, trying to put as much distance as possible between himself and his coworker.

"Hey!" Sarah's angelic voice said from his phone. "You've reached Sarah Williams, unfortunately, I can't get to the phone right now. If you leave your name and number, I'll get back to you as soon as I can."

Dan hung up and decided to send her a quick text message instead. She was probably busy cleaning up after the kids' dinner and getting them ready for bed. A ding rang out from overhead, followed by a gruff voice, "Ladies and gentlemen, this is Captain Hopper from the flight deck. Pacific Airlines welcomes you on board this non-stop flight to Minnesota. We're going to depart a little early here to get ahead of this winter storm rolling into Chicago. It's supposed to be a bad one. We should be touching down at approximately 7:15 PM."

"At this time, please make sure that your seat backs and tray tables are in their full upright position and that your seat belt is correctly fastened. Also, your portable electronic devices must be set to 'airplane' mode until an announcement is made upon arrival. Thank you."

"Flight cabin crew, please prepare for gate departure."

Dan finished sending the message to his wife and then slumped back into his chair as the plane started taxiing on the runway.

Sarah heard her phone ringing but didn't take her eyes off the road. Her phone was somewhere in her purse but she didn't dare look down. Both her hands were clenching the steering wheel as her car was battered by snow.

Normally when she drove up to visit Dan, it was a fairly leisurely trip. This time she felt like she was on an episode of ice road truckers. As she'd dropped her kids off with her parents, her father had warned her that the weather was supposed to get bad and suggested that perhaps she should reconsider.

But at the time, things had looked clear and she thought she could make it ahead of the storm. She had really wanted to surprise Dan with a visit. It had been weeks since she had last been able to sneak away into the city. Her mind began drifting back to the unplanned events of that night after their little trip. To what had happened when she'd realized it wasn't Dan who was behind her.

Things had gone further than she intended. She hadn't even planned on involving Lester that night. But then Dan had sent Lester to her to secretly take his place. She couldn't believe what happened. Lester had played his part perfectly, never letting her know it was actually him behind her. She felt butterflies in her stomach at the thought of doing those naughty things on front of Dan.

Lester just took her, right in front of Dan, he wanted her so badly, he threw caution to the wind and just went for it. That drove her insane with lust, knowing she has turned on a guy so much he was willing to be that aggressive and want her so much. She knew Dan would love it, Lester was insane with lust and wanted it, and she was fulfilling her deepest fantasy in pleasing two guys at once who were both delirious with desire for her.

Rubbing her thighs together her breath caught as she thought of their conversation after that incredible evening, about how Lester entered her bare and almost fucked her. She still didn't fully know where she landed on the idea. It should never in a thousand years even be a consideration. But after so many times involving Lester in person and in their role play, of course she now thought about it. How could she not? But it seemed like it would cross an invisible line of no return. She didn't know what the consequences would be. The only thing she knew for sure was that she and Dan needed to be on the same page about it —

Sarah's thought snapped back to reality as she passed another SUV that had gotten stuck in a ditch. It was the third she had seen already. Sarah turned her windshield wipers up to full speed to combat the barrage of snow blanketing her vision.

As she reached down to turn on her four-way signals she heard a ding from her phone. A text message. Whoever it was would just

have to wait.

Sarah could barely see in front of her. She could faintly make out the headlights of the oncoming cars on the other side of the highway. That road looked much rougher than the lanes she was driving in.

One thing was for sure. She couldn't turn around now. It would be too dangerous. She was already halfway to Dan's apartment. Soon she would surprise him and he would warm her up.

Dan tried calling Sarah again in the taxi from the airport but it went to voicemail again. He texted her 'Everything okay?' and then switched apps to look at the latest exchange with Byron. Another colleague of Dan's had failed to include sustainable design specifications in the latest project update to the Lincoln Group. Dan had naively assumed that people would do their jobs correctly and he wouldn't have to micromanage them. Now Byron was questioning whether Dan's company had the expertise to lead a project with these ambitious goals.

Dan had quickly created the necessary material but Walt had insisted he go present it in person to rectify the situation.

After tipping the taxi driver and retrieving their bags, Jesse and Dan made their way into the hotel lobby. Dan felt a bit crestfallen at being back in these familiar surroundings without his wife. As they were halfway to the reception desk, his phone began to ring.

"Go check us in," Dan said to Jesse as he fished his phone out of his pocket. "I'll be right there."

Dan anxiously looked at his phone and frowned. The incoming call was from Byron. He sighed and answered it.

"Byron," he said, feigning as much enthusiasm as he could muster. "How's it going? We just landed and are checking into the hotel. We'll meet you at the office in twenty minutes."

"Don't bother," Byron said loudly, speaking over significant background noise. "I already left the office for the night. I'm out with a few co-workers around the corner at a bar. Come here. okay? You can present the changes here."

“Present the changes at a bar...” Dan trailed off as he stared out across the lobby. “Yeah, sure. We’ll be there soon. What’s the name of the place?”

As Dan took down the details and finished his call up with Byron, Jesse waved him over. Dan approached the reception desk, ready to solve yet another problem.

“What’s up?” Dan asked, looking back and forth between the receptionist and Jesse.

“Uh, they need a credit card for...” Jesse looked back at the receptionist.

“For the incidentals,” she said, smiling.

Dan rolled his eyes at Jesse and took out his wallet. “Of course.”

He handed his wallet to the receptionist and eyed Jesse with contempt. *Useless.*

After a couple of minutes, they retrieved their room key. The receptionist confirmed that their company had only booked one room again. On the way up the elevator Dan said “Byron asked us to meet him at a bar a couple of blocks away.”

“Okay,” Jesse said while staring down at his phone screen.

Dan led the way down the hallway and opened the door to their room. He walked in dragging his suitcase behind him, not bothering to hold the door for Jesse. The door began to close on Jesse who was still looking down at his phone.

Dan appraised the room. Standard hotel room, with two queen beds. Dan threw his suitcase on the bed furthest from the door and headed into the bathroom.

Twenty minutes later, Dan and Jesse were walking into the bar.

“Hey!” A slurred voice shouted out. Byron was waving them down from the back of the dimly lit room. Dan walked over holding a stack of papers outlining the changes to the project. He slid into the booth next to some of Byron’s colleagues and exchanged pleasantries with them. Jesse thankfully followed his cue and did the same.

As Dan was preparing to present the changes to Byron, the man cut him off, “Dan, we can order a round of drinks for the table, right?”

We? Dan shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "Of course."

He flagged down a waitress and ordered a round of drinks. He grimaced, knowing how much drinking might lie ahead of him to satisfy his client.

As Sarah pulled into the parking lot of Dan's apartment and turned off her car, an enveloping cold crept into the vehicle. She quickly grabbed her purse and overnight bag and braved the blistering winds outside.

Despite wearing a coat, the cold seemed to bite into her immediately. She hurried across the frozen parking lot, past mounds of snow that hid cars underneath. She couldn't believe how quickly the weather had turned or how intense the storm had gotten. Thunder rumbled somewhere behind her, beyond the wall of downpouring snow.

Her teeth were chattering as she finally reached the building. She fumbled as she searched for her key to the building, her hands shaking. Once she found it and let herself in, the warmth of the apartment lobby hit her immediately.

On the ride up in the elevator to Dan's floor, she remembered that her phone had been ringing earlier during her drive. She located her phone in her purse just as the elevator doors opened. Her heart skipped a beat as she read a message from Dan.

"Walt sent me to Minnesota last minute. Fucking sucks. I'll try to call you when I land. Love you."

Dan had tried calling a few more times. Another message read, "Everything okay?"

Shit. Dan wasn't here and Sarah couldn't go back out into that weather. She would have to spend the night alone in Chicago.

Not alone. Lester is going to be in the apartment. Sarah grimaced at the realization that she was going to be alone with Lester for the first time in a long while. So much had happened since then, he had grown so much more bold. Hopefully he wouldn't even know she was there and be too immersed in whatever it was he was doing on his computer.

The lights in the hallway flickered off for a few seconds. Sarah froze in place. It didn't matter that Lester was there. She needed to get inside and warm up. Dan would be back in the morning. She could just ignore Lester until then.

She walked down the hallway determined not to let the situation get the better of her. She opened the door to Dan's apartment and was enveloped by darkness.

A blinking notification drew Lester's eyes away from the battle on his screen. Ned was rallying his group in a fierce battle against Kil'Jaeden the Commander of the Burning Legion. Ned's voice in his ears began to be drowned out by the beating in Lester's chest.

Sarah Williams had just entered the apartment. Alone. Dan had never returned from work today.

Lester raised an eyebrow and quickly exited his game. Ned and their crew would have to wait.

The heroine had entered the monster's lair.

Byron wouldn't even look at the papers that Dan had brought. He kept telling Dan he would look at them after the next round of drinks, which he heavily implied that Dan ought to be the one to order.

With the drinks flowing and the group becoming a bit more lively and rambunctious, Dan was trying his best to keep the papers safe. Beer was spilled on the table several times along with some sauce from different shareable plates. Dan had tucked the papers down into the seat next to him for safekeeping.

Dan hadn't drunk a drop of alcohol since the last time he'd been in Minnesota. He found his tolerance to be quite low these days. After just a few beers, he was already feeling the effects. He looked around at the others in the group. They seemed to be handling things much better than he was. Dan suspected that Byron took this group out regularly after work, though he probably didn't have someone like Dan buying the drinks for them.

Jesse was clearly feeling the effects of the beer but didn't look too worse for wear.

Byron was preoccupied with telling an elaborate story to the table, so Dan took out his phone to see if Sarah had responded to his earlier messages. His mouth almost hit the floor when he saw that he'd missed a call from her. Her text message read:

> Sorry I missed your call. I was driving to Chicago to surprise you tonight. Couldn't check my phone because the weather is crazy bad outside.

Dan thumbed back a response.

> You're in Chicago? Where are you? Are you at the apartment alone!?

The group around him laughed uproariously, but Dan was too distracted to notice. Sarah had to be at the apartment. She was alone there with Lester. After what had happened last time, the idea made him light-headed. Or maybe that was just the alcohol rushing to his brain. Either way, he was going to go crazy sitting here. He was about to thumb the call button when Byron called him.

"What's the matter Dan?" Byron called. "Don't you think it's funny?"

Dan covertly slid his phone back into his pocket and focused his attention back on his client. "Sorry, Byron, got distracted with some home stuff. I missed what you said."

Byron looked deflated for an instant before recovering. "Well, how about a round of shots to make it up to me?"

Before Dan could respond, Byron hailed a waitress.

"Jager," he said loudly over the thumping music. He mimed a circle around the table and then pointed at Dan while miming writing a check on a piece of paper. She got the message and left for the bar. Before long she returned with a tray laden with shot glasses filled with dark liquid. The waitress started handing them out to the table and everyone did a shot, including Dan and Jesse.

Dan checked his watch. It was getting late and he wasn't sure there was a flight back to Chicago tonight. But maybe he could still wrap this up in time to catch an earlier flight. He leaned toward Byron, "Hey! Can I show you what we've put together for you now?"

Byron clapped him on the back and took a swig of his beer. "Later, man. We're still having a good time here. My team needs

time to unwind after a stressful day, especially after the fuck up on your end.”

“Right,” Dan replied. “Makes sense.”

All Dan wanted to do was take out his phone and call Sarah, but he didn’t want to get on Byron’s bad side before he got him to sign off on the updated paperwork. He gratefully grabbed the pint of beer in front of him and took a long drink.

> Yeah I’m here in Chicago at the apartment. I think Lester is here but I haven’t checked. I’m just settling into your room before I grab a quick shower. When are you coming back? Tomorrow or later? I have to head back Sunday morning latest.

Sarah sat on the bed waiting impatiently for Dan to text her back. She suspected he had to entertain Byron again which would explain his slow responses. She shivered.

She was still wearing her clothes from the drive, hoping to connect with Dan before jumping in the shower to quickly warm up. The bite of the snowstorm seemed to have permanently emplaced goosebumps on her skin. She couldn’t wait to get in the shower.

It had been almost ten minutes since she had texted Dan. She couldn’t wait any longer. Sarah stood up and began to peel off her sweatshirt but was interrupted by a knock at the door. Lester.

She pulled the hoodie back down. She glanced quickly at her phone. Still no response from Dan. Reluctantly, Sarah crossed the bedroom and opened the door. Lester stood there looking dishevelled. He was wearing only an oversized beige t-shirt, likely once white, and a pair of boxers. She had clearly arrived before he’d had a chance to put himself together. At least she had surprised someone with her visit, she smirked.

“Where’s Dan?” Lester breathed at her.

Sarah was unsure how much detail it was wise to share with Lester, but after her harrowing drive, she wanted to mention the situation to someone. “He had a last-minute flight for work but he’ll be back soon. I just got in. Got caught in that snowstorm outside.

“Snowstorm?” Lester asked. Evidently, he hadn’t looked outside in the past couple of hours. Probably playing little games on his

computer.

"Yeah, it's pretty bad out there." Sarah did not elaborate further, trying to end the conversation. Lester stood there awkwardly, not saying anything. Clearly, he had other motives than just talking about the weather. Sarah knew what he was probably thinking.

"So," Lester started. "What are we going to be doing tonight?"

"We?" Sarah crossed her arms. "Lester, there is no 'we' without Dan. Got it?"

Lester took one step forward. "Are you sure you don't need help warming up after that snowstorm?"

Sarah stood her ground and planted a hand firmly on Lester's flabby chest. "I'm good, Lester. Goodnight."

Lester didn't move. Sarah still held her hand firmly against the man who had entered her the last time they were both in this room. He wouldn't try something right now, would he? Sarah ran through a list of vulnerable areas in her head. Throat, eyes, ears, crotch.

Her eyes automatically flicked down to Lester's crotch; her gaze was greeted by his rising cock straining against his boxers.

Lester smirked. "He missed you."

Sarah eyed him and then applied extra force to her hand pushing Lester back. She caught him off balance and he stumbled back. She stood there in the doorway, squaring her shoulders. "Like I said, I'm good, Lester. That goes for him too. Goodnight."

Lester seemed shocked at her strength and narrowed his eyes. "Goodnight."

He looked at her for several more seconds before shuffling his feet into his room and closing the door behind him.

Sarah closed her own door, locked it and took a deep breath. After slowing her heart rate, she walked over and grabbed her phone.

> I'll be back in the morninh. If I can get Byroon to look over these dambn papers. We're out again and he is making me buy drinks. Pretty sure he's fucking wit me. I just want to get out of here and back to you. Whats Lester doing?

Part of her wanted to tease Dan and toy with him but she felt he was probably under enough stress in Minnesota. The number of

errors in his text also led her to believe he'd had a couple of drinks and might not pick up on her subtle torture.

> Nothing to report here. Lester tried to flirt but I shut it down and made it clear nothing was happening without you around. I'm going to take a shower soon, I'm still shivering from the drive-in. The roads were bad and it's freezing.

Sara waited a few minutes but no response came. Dan was probably engaged with Byron again. It was time for a shower. She gathered her things, peeked out into the hallway and then crossed into the bathroom, locking the door behind her.

Lester slowly stroked his cock as he peered through the peephole in his closet. Sarah Williams was standing in the bathroom disrobing. She peeled off her hoodie to reveal a loose-fitting white t-shirt. Her black bra was clearly visible underneath.

She began to unclasp the button on her jeans and shimmied her legs until they dropped to the floor, revealing matching black panties. Sarah stepped out of them and pulled her t-shirt off over her head.

Lester groaned into the drywall and shifted his feet, his boxers dangling around both of his ankles. He quickened the pace of his strokes, staring at Sarah's perfect ass and chest. He thought back to the events of the last visit, how he'd painted her chest and face with his cum and how much she'd enjoyed it. But before that, how he'd finally gotten a piece of that delicious ass, rubbing his cock over it and pulling it against him before pressing himself into her. He needed to feel his cock inside of her again.

Anger flashed on his face as he thought of how easily she'd just dismissed him. He would need to find some way to insert himself between her and Dan so that her husband wasn't a barrier anymore.

As Sarah was about to unclasp her bra and let her heaving breasts loose for Lester's eyes to feast on, she stopped and grabbed her phone. She tapped on the screen like she was texting someone.

She placed her phone back on the counter and unknowingly turned to Lester and unclasped her bra, letting it slip down her arms.

Lester slowed his strokes as he felt ready to cum watching her perfect breasts sway in front of him.

Sarah lowered her panties and kicked them off before stepping over to the shower to turn the water on. Lester thought he could smell her angelic musk from where he was. She was so close to him.

After testing the water, Sarah stepped in and just stood there letting the hot water run over her body. She hadn't brought any shampoo or soap in. She seemed content to just let the water wash over her. *Like she had my cum wash all over her last time.*

Lester couldn't take it anymore. He needed release. When Sarah edged herself closer to him and her tasty tits were right in front of the peephole, he came and added another deposit to the yellowing stain that ran down the drywall in his closet.

He heaved his boxers up from his ankles and headed back towards his desk to check in on how the raid was going.

Dan blinked his eyes, rereading Sarah's message. He tried to make coherent sense of what he was reading but the alcohol in his system was making it difficult. The one takeaway he got from reading her message was a graphic image of his wife in the shower. He thumbed a response.

> Good and i like thinkign of you in the showaer so sexy. wis h i was there with you to warm you up. glad you go in safely. can't wait to be back with you tomorrw.

Dan couldn't wipe the stupid grin off his face as he looked around at the assembled group. Byron made another joke that Dan didn't catch but he laughed on cue. He felt his phone buzz from his pocket and checked it again.

> When you get here tomorrow you better warm me up or else. You be safe there, okay? Don't drink too much. Get that asshole to do what you need him to do and cum back to me.

Dan's drunken horny brain took over and he typed.

>Or elese wat? Gonna geet Lester to warrm youu up?

Dan noticed someone getting close to him, so he tucked the phone back into his pocket. Byron draped his arm across Dan's shoulders.

“Danny boy!” Byron bellowed. “You are a rockstar tonight. Where are those papers you need me to look at?”

“Byron-boy!” Dan smiled as Byron laughed. The alcohol had clearly smoothed over any ill will between them. They both had the friendly glaze over them that only a few drinks could provide.

Dan looked around trying to remember where he’d put the papers. He ducked his head under the table and found them scattered on the floor. He quickly gathered them up while he took a few accidental kicks from unknowing drinking mates.

Once he resurfaced, he plopped the papers down in front of Byron. Without even reviewing them, Byron quickly initialled each page and signed the last one. Mission accomplished.

Byron stood up. “Alright, alright. Settle down. Your fearless leader is turning in for the night. I’ll see you all bright and early Monday tomorrow. Dan, Jesse, good work. See you back on Zoom, I guess.” He laughed at his own joke, drawing another round of laughter from the table before he departed.

After waiting a few moments to make a strategic exit, Dan yawned and nudged Jesse. “Hey we’re done here. He signed everything. Want to head out?”

Jesse nodded. He had been struggling to make conversation with the group all night. The duo bid everyone farewell and Dan settled his tab before they headed back to the hotel.

As soon as they got back to their room, Dan kicked off his shoes and began to disrobe. He was fighting to keep his eyes open. He turned to say something to Jesse but the kid had immediately headed into the bathroom.

Dan shrugged. Normally he would brush his teeth before he went to sleep, but tonight the bed just looked too inviting. He hadn’t had time to grab much before running to the airport so he decided to just sleep in his undershirt and boxers.

He threw back the comforter, laid his phone down on the nightstand in the middle of the room, and got into bed. The room was dark and it wasn’t long before he fell into a deep sleep.

Sarah finished drying her hair, enjoying the heat from the blow dryer. Normally she would let it air dry, but she planned on heading to bed and didn't love the idea of sleeping on wet hair.

The shower had helped warm her up and shake off the nerves of the long, arduous drive. She removed the little makeup she was wearing. She was blessed with a natural beauty that didn't require much. Sarah took one last look at herself in the mirror and smiled at herself. Despite the long drive and circumstances, this mother of two still looked damn sexy draped only in a towel.

She gathered her things, exited the bathroom and headed to Dan's room. Her heart skipped a beat as she reached for the doorknob, wondering if it would be locked. She recalled being locked out in a towel, trying to pick the lock while Lester hovered over her.

Thankfully, this time it wasn't and she quickly entered Dan's empty room. She was relieved she didn't need to pick any locks this time. If she had, a naked Lester probably would have come out to 'help' her while ogling her the whole time.

Sarah had just engaged the lock and put her things down when she noticed another message from Dan.

>Or else wat? Gonna geet Lester to warrm youu up?

A bemused expression spread across her face. Dan was clearly drunk and a little horny. She wondered if she should tease him a bit now.

> Hmmm well that depends on how fast you close that deal and get back here. I don't know if I can wait all night to be warmed up....

She smiled at their innocent little game. She checked the time; it was getting late. She just wanted to crawl under the covers and sleep after the exhausting drive, but she was a little concerned that Dan was still out. His job was keeping them afloat but she didn't like it. It demanded too much of him and put him in situations, frankly, below his station.

As she predicted, Dan didn't immediately respond to her text message. He was probably preoccupied. She was about to drop her towel and get changed into her fleece pajamas when her screen lit up.

Dan responded.

> What are you wearing?

Sarah shook her head. Naughty boy.

> Just a towel, big boy.

This time Dan wasted no time responding.

> Send a pic

Sarah arched an eyebrow, then held her camera up at a flattering angle and snapped a picture. While she normally didn't like to include her face in such risqué shots, this time the photo captured it as well as her cleavage from the pushed-up towel.

Sarah put the phone down and finished drying herself off. Another message quickly came in from Dan. It looked like he wasn't so preoccupied anymore. Maybe he was back at the hotel.

> Let's see what's under that towel.

Dan was a little demanding tonight, but she didn't hate it. She enjoyed taking these pictures of herself and being on display for him, it always turned her on knowing she was getting her man excited with her body. She bit her lip and snapped another picture. This time her face wasn't present, the photo was a close-up shot of her flawless breasts.

He was working her up. Maybe they could do a little dirty talk over the phone before bed. She pressed the call button but it immediately went to voicemail. A message from Dan came back in right after.

> Sorry, still out with the client. Can't talk yet.

Sarah typed a response.

> It's too bad, you're working me up here.

Lester fought the urge to go look through the peephole at Sarah changing in Dan's bedroom. Instead, he kept a live video feed of her going in the corner of his screen as he navigated his avatar through the legion of Kil'Jaeden's horde of enemies. Every so often, his eyes flicked down to Sarah's window and caught something of interest.

She was taking naked pictures of herself for someone. Likely Dan. He made a mental note to add this to his working file on her. He intended for her to do the same for him one day soon.

Jesse lay in bed trying to sleep. The snores from Dan were making it difficult. Even though he had several drinks in him, he hadn't consumed as much as Dan had. No one seemed to notice or care about him at their outing. The waitress hadn't even brought him a shot when she served a round of them for everyone else.

Still, he didn't mind the free drinks and he'd enjoyed himself. He liked working at a company that would pay him to fly somewhere and get free food and drinks. Even if that place was just Minnesota.

Jesse's eyes were closed and his mind started drifting. The dark room was a perfect place to fall asleep and there was nothing to disturb him like at home. A white light flashed behind his eyelids. He opened his eyes and squinted, trying to make sense of why the ceiling was suddenly illuminated. It took a few seconds before he realized Dan's phone had received a notification.

Jesse looked over at his sleeping colleague. Dan was still snoring and his head was turned away from the phone. It seemed like he'd been having trouble holding it together with all the drinks in his system. When Jesse was confident that Dan wasn't going to budge, he reached over and snatched Dan's phone from the nightstand between the beds.

Jesse swiped up on the device's screen and it unlocked. Dan still hadn't put a PIN or other kind of security measure on it. His cock immediately swelled when he saw that the notification was from Dan's sexy wife Sarah.

> Hmmm well that depends on how fast you close that deal and get back here. I don't know if I can wait all night to be warmed up...

Jesse quickly thumbed a response back.

> What are you wearing?

While he waited for a response he looked back through their message history. Who was Lester and why would he warm Sarah up? It seemed like some kind of game Dan and Sarah were playing. Jesse made a mental note of it as another message from Sarah came in.

> Just a towel, big boy.

Jesse could feel his cock pushing against the material of his boxers. He took a quick glance at Dan to make sure he was asleep and then typed a response.

> Send a pic

Jesse lowered his boxers and started to stroke himself with one hand while waiting for the lovely wife to respond. A picture came in, showing what a smoke show she was. Jesse wanted to slap his cock onto that beautiful face of hers and run his cock in between those huge tits.

> Let's see what's under that towel.

Would she really send him a picture of her naked breasts? He had seen some risky photos of her before. She probably would send them, seeing as how she thought he was her husband after all.

After a few minutes of patience, another photo came in. Sarah's naked breasts filled the phone screen and Jesse started stroking himself faster.

Dan's phone started vibrating, an incoming call from Sarah. *Fuck!* He couldn't answer or else the game would be up and he wouldn't get any more pics and she would likely tell Dan and he would get fired for sure.

Jesse sent another text.

> Sorry, still out with the client. Can't talk yet.

Sarah wasted no time in responding.

> It's too bad, you're working me up here.

Jesse gulped. He was unsure how to respond. He'd barely talked to this beautiful goddess the last time he'd seen her, even though he'd managed to feel her up and hump against her in the middle of the night. He tried to think of something confident to say that would keep this going.

> You want my cock badly, don't you, baby?

Lester could hear Ned calling for him over his headset, but it seemed a world away. He had left the world of Azeroth behind again. He couldn't help himself, he was back at the peephole in the wall watching Sarah Williams.

Part of him knew his character was going to get slain and that his crew would lose the battle, but all that was muted by this beautiful creature on the other side of the wall. Lester licked his lips and adjusted himself, his cock growing hard despite his having cum just minutes before.

Here she was, finally alone. *Not alone. Alone with me.*

> You want my cock badly, don't you, baby?

Sarah bit her lip as she read the last message from her husband. This was going exactly where she had hoped. She was lying in bed in her pajamas staring at the screen. Even though her body was screaming for sleep, she couldn't let her man down.

> Mmmmm yeah baby I want your cock. I wish you were here right now so I could ride it.

Sarah was unknowingly conversing with her husband's colleague Jesse, who responded with a request.

> I don't believe you. Send me a video telling me you want my cock.

Sarah raised an eyebrow at the last message. Dan was never this demanding with pictures and videos. She made a mental note to give him back some of the same medicine.

She sat up and framed the camera close to her face and then recorded a video. "I want your cock so bad, baby. I wish your cock was here so I could put my lips on it and ride it all night long."

She pressed the send button and then began to think of ways to give her husband the gears with her next message.

Jesse played the video over and over while stroking his cock. It felt just like Dan's wife was speaking to him, telling him how much she wanted his cock. Maybe she really did, he'd felt a connection when he was in bed with her, she just hadn't realized it fully yet. His brain was trying to think of another request to make of her, but his cock was too busy wanting to be pleased by the video.

He apparently took too long to respond, as another message from Sarah came in.

> Hmm where'd you go, big boy? Did you leave me alone again just like you are leaving me alone now in Chicago? Maybe I should go and find another cock to play with tonight.

Jesse almost came all over himself. Not only was Sarah stunningly sexy but she also seemed to be incredibly sexual. Was she really teasing her husband about another man? Another person's cock? Who was she talking about? Would she bring Jesse up?

He thumbed back a response.

> Who did you have in mind?

Jesse waited with bated breath, wondering if his name was about to pop up on the screen from the pretty wife. But what she wrote back just confused him.

> Well, Lester is in the other room. Maybe his cock can warm me up. Would you like that?

Jesse stopped stroking himself, more than a little confused. He decided to quickly scroll back up through the conversation again to see if he could figure out who this Lester was.

Sarah lay on her side in the bed, fighting to keep her eyes open. If it wasn't for the text exchange with Dan, she would already be passed out. She enjoyed this little game, it was a fun way to tide things over until Dan got back, but her body was craving sleep.

The screen lit up as Dan sent another message.

> I would. I think you should do it.

Sarah's fatigue immediately vanished. She couldn't believe what Dan had just sent back. This was usually the part where he conceded and gave up, realizing that he would never win. When things got too much for him to handle, especially if he was in a public setting, he would always tap out. This time he seemed to be escalating the situation. She wanted to see exactly what he was thinking.

> Should I now? And exactly what is it you are suggesting I do, mister?

A response came back faster than Sarah had anticipated.

> I think you should get dressed in something sexy and go visit my roommate. I'm sure he could use some warming up, too.

Things were starting to get interesting. Dan was being much bolder than she was accustomed to. She decided it was time to call Dan's bluff.

> I don't know, baby. Last time things went a little too far with Lester. I'm afraid if I go over there now, I might just let him fuck me.

Sarah smiled, confident that she would be reading a message from Dan any time now telling her that she'd won, that he loved her, and that he would see her in the morning. Instead, the next message she got caused her jaw to drop open.

> I want you to. I want you to fuck him.

Sarah sat up in bed and again tried to call her husband. It rang several times before going to voicemail. She didn't bother leaving a message. She typed a response back to him.

> Okay let's pause the game for a minute. Are you serious?

Sarah watched as the typing bubble with the three dots appeared in the corner of their chat. She watched with bated breath until her husband's response finally arrived.

> I want you to do it. I was going to talk to you about it the next time you visited. It's all I've been thinking about. I want to see you and Lester together. Will you do it?

Sarah stared at her phone, mouth agape. The last time they'd broached this subject, they had agreed nothing would go further than what had already happened without them both agreeing to it first. It seemed like Dan was finally laying his cards on the table and telling her what he wanted. She didn't find Lester attractive, but that very lack of attraction seemed to strike a certain chord within her that she was just beginning to realize. Could she really go through with it? What would she do, call Lester over or would she just go over there? She was still trying to formulate a response to her husband when another message came in.

> I hope you aren't mad, I just felt like it's something we both want and we're moving towards. If you do go over, maybe you could wear something sexy and take some pictures to hold me over tonight?

> What do you think?

Sarah's mouth was getting dry, but she felt a light dampness gathering between her legs. She hadn't seriously thought about actually going through and having sex with Lester. Even though part of him was briefly in her before. Sure, she had lightly thought through the idea in her head. Wondering what it would be like.

It was likely to be relatively safe since she knew that he'd secretly gotten a vasectomy. She would still make him wear a condom though. But when she'd pictured this scenario, Dan had always been present and watching. Keeping her safe. It would be just like all the other times out in the living room on the couch. But now she was actually contemplating going to Lester's room and serving herself up like a meal.

Sarah chewed on her lip while she looked down at the phone, weighing things in her head. Finally, she made a decision and thumbed back a message to Dan.

> Okay.

She was really going to go through with this. After all these months of teasing and flirting with that line, she was actually going to go have sex with Lester. She shook her head thinking that no respectable mother would do what she was doing, but then she realized that she and Dan had a very healthy, active sex life based on truth – something most other wives probably lacked.

She went over to her suitcase and began rifling through it until she found what she was looking for. A special lingerie set she had meant to wear for Dan this weekend. Sarah stripped out of her pajamas and began donning the lingerie. It was a black lace set with a tasteful floral print pattern adorning a sheer material that slightly obscured her skin. You would have to do a double take to realize it was a special material that barely hid her naked skin underneath it. The small V of the panties traced up her waist until it reached her hips where they connected with a band that circled her waist. The band connected to flimsy lace garters that were more for decoration than any practical purpose. The garters hung loosely at her sides, running down to her hips. The band of the panties continued around, joining just above her ass cheeks. From there, the band

turned into a very narrow thong back or g-string which narrowed as it dove down the crease of her ass.

Sarah looked herself over in the mirror, thinking that she looked like she should be on the cover of Playboy in this outfit. If Dan were here, she was sure the temperature in the room would already have risen by a couple of degrees. She took a picture of herself standing in front of the mirror in her outfit and sent it to Dan for his approval.

> How's this?

Dan responded immediately.

> You look so fucking sexy. I'm jealous.

Sarah grinned broadly biting her lip, his words were just what she needed to see, this confirmed she was doing exactly what he wanted to. She sent one last message to Dan, giving him a chance to back out.

> Are you sure you want this? Once this happens there is no going back.

What felt like an eternity later, Dan responded.

> I want you to fuck Lester tonight. I want you to send me pictures and videos of it. I love you.

Sarah let out a long breath as she felt her nerves beginning to take over.

> I love you too, baby. I'm going to go over there and screw your disgusting roommate. I'll send you what I can.

After pressing send, Sarah Williams unlocked the bedroom door. She took a deep breath to calm her nerves and stepped out into the hallway.

Lester stepped back from the peephole. He had been watching Sarah in bed as he had numerous times in the past but something had changed. Instead of drifting off to sleep, she had put on one of the sexiest outfits he had ever personally laid eyes on and walked out of the bedroom. She was texting someone while doing it.

What was she up to?

His breath caught in his throat as he heard a soft rap at his door. He felt his cock stir. Lester quickly moved over to his computer, exited his game, and typed in several short commands. He left the

monitor on to provide some light in the room and went over to open the door.

As Lester slowly opened it, Sarah Williams was standing just on the other side of the threshold looking like the embodiment of sexuality. She stood there confidently with one arm against the door frame, chest thrust out towards him. The only thing she had in her possession outside of her lack of dress was her cell phone, which she held in one hand.

From his peripheral vision, he could see her chest rising and falling quickly. She was nervous but her face told the story of a calm, in-control woman. Lester knew the game. He had already seen a sneak peek of this outfit from his peephole. As much as he wanted to look down and ogle her body, drop to his knees and start lapping at her breasts, he stayed stoic. He didn't so much as glance down at her cleavage. He knew Sarah was coming over here dressed like that to get a reaction out of him. If he denied that to her, she would be put off balance, which would give him an opening.

"Lester," Sarah started but, before she could continue, he cut her off.

Lester stepped aside and gestured with his arm into the room, "Come in."

Sarah walked confidently into the center of the room. Only when her eyes were off of him did Lester give her body an appreciative once over. His cock swelled when he saw her g-string as she paraded into his room.

She did her best to remain calm and composed but inside her stomach was turning in knots with anticipation. A million thoughts were running through her mind, battling for supremacy. She still wasn't sure this was a good idea but Dan wanted it. The idea of exploring a new level together was something she wanted. But they weren't together. It was just her, alone with this creature. She was back here in Lester's room, part of her hoping nothing would ultimately happen while the other side of her longed for the decision to be made for her.

Lester didn't bother closing the door. Instead, he quickly closed the distance between them until he was directly behind her. Sarah

turned around to address Lester, expecting him to still be by the door.

She was taken aback by how close he was.

“What are you doing here, Sarah?” Lester said as he slowly circled her. “I thought you said you didn’t need any help getting warmed up.”

Lester was behind her. He leaned forward and sniffed her hair, breathing in her intoxicating scent.

Sarah shivered at being on display once again. This was similar to how she had come in with her black robe months ago. That black robe that Lester still had in here somewhere. “I’ve been talking to Dan and we’ve come to a decision.”

Lester ignored her and breathed close to her ear, “You didn’t need help getting warmed up. What is it you need, Sarah? I think I know. You need this.”

Lester took Sarah’s petite hand behind her and rested it on his hard naked cock. Her fingers instinctively closed around it. Sarah didn’t know when Lester had managed to take off his boxers. but he had been very quiet about it. She felt how rigid and hard he was. She could feel his heartbeat in the palm of her hand through the veins on his cock. Sarah was always taken aback by how large Lester’s appendage felt in her hand. If she didn’t know better, she would have thought someone had slide a heavy piece of deli-meat into her hand.

Sarah’s planned speech evaporated from her head. She felt Lester’s warm breath on her bare shoulders as he stepped up behind her. She still held his cock but now she could feel his body push into hers. She felt his gut bulging into her back.

She felt a tinge of disgust at a body like Lester’s being so close to hers, but it was matched by a thrill of excitement. The idea of being taken by someone who was not only so undeserving, but also someone who her husband disregarded. She shivered as Lester slowly ran his fingertips along her bicep.

Sarah decided that she would simply give in and enjoy whatever this night would bring. No more fighting against it. She had Dan’s permission. He wanted this. She wanted to explore it. As she was

about to tighten her grip around Lester's cock and turn around, he released her.

The sensation he was stoking inside of her still smoldered but he had taken away the gasoline, leaving her frustrated. She turned to look at him. He sauntered over to his computer chair and sat down, spinning the wheels to face her.

Lester had long since disposed of the slipcover he had originally put on the chair for Sarah's benefit. It felt wrong to him. "Come here."

Lester licked his lips as Sarah slowly strode over to him. She looked at him with an intensity he hadn't seen from her before. She stopped directly inside of his spread legs, her knees almost touching his dirty computer chair.

He leaned forward and began stroking the outside of her thighs. He looked up at her face past her breasts that were heaving directly in front of him. "What is this decision you and Dan came to, then?"

Sarah looked down at Lester's plump frame. The way he was bent over, his chest pressed against his gut. She couldn't help but think of a hairy toad squatting, mimicking a human sitting in a chair. "Dan and I decided we want to try something new."

Lester grabbed her hand and gently pulled her down onto him. Sarah's legs fit perfectly between the arms of the computer chair as she straddled his lap, his hard cock pressing against her covered pussy.

"I want to hear you say it," Lester said, one hand grabbing a handful of Sarah's ass while the other worked its way up her back. "What are we going to do tonight, Sarah?"

Sarah looked down at the brute beneath her, directly into his eyes. "We're going to fuck, Lester. Just one time. Just for tonight. I'm going to let you have me."

Sarah watched as Lester's gaze deepened, his brow furrowed in intense concentration. Passion radiated from his features. He licked his lips. Sarah found herself increasingly turned on by the way he was staring at her. Like a warrior readying himself to conquer.

Sarah was breathing quickly now. "We have to take some pictures and videos for Dan."

Without saying a word, Lester's hand traced up her back until his fingers intertwined with the hair on the back of her neck. He pulled, eliciting an involuntary moan from Sarah. Without letting go, he put pressure on her neck, pulling her face closer to his.

Sarah had thought Lester would jump all over her right away. She'd imagined bending over the bed and letting Lester take her as he had done with Lizzie. She didn't anticipate him trying to intimately kiss her. She closed her eyes as her lips finally made contact with Lester's. His tongue snaked its way into her mouth and lapped at hers. She moaned again, her body melting into his.

Lester began thrusting his cock up against Sarah. Her body responded by pushing down into it, seeking it. Wanting to feel it against her. Lester's hands were running all over her body until they settled on her ass, one hand on each cheek. He mauled them in time with his thrusts. Lester's lips were devouring Sarah's, they were making out hard with each other.

It was exciting for Sarah, like the first time she had been with her husband. There was a naughtiness to what she was doing, but also the excitement of something new. Something different. She was still trying to reconcile how she was feeling with that fact that it was Lester making her feel that way.

Lester cracked one eye open and glanced at the webcam affixed to his monitor. The lights were off but he was confident it was recording.

Lester abruptly broke the kiss and forced Sarah off of him. He grabbed her phone from her hand and opened the camera app. "Let's take a few of those pictures."

Lester snapped one of Sarah standing here in her lingerie set, breathing hard and looking hot and bothered. He switched to video mode. "Tell your husband what you're going to do tonight, Sarah."

Sarah bit her lip, "Dan, I'm going to let Lester fuck me tonight."

"Fucking right," Lester mumbled. "Get on your knees, Sarah, you hurt my cock's feelings earlier when you said you didn't want it. Time to make amends."

Sarah obediently sank to her knees in front of Lester. She subconsciously noticed the stains on the chair but her mind was too

preoccupied with Lester's cock pointing directly at her. "Hmmm, we can't have that now."

She slowly started stroking his cock with her fingers tips. Lester aimed the camera at her. "Put my cock in your mouth and I'll take another video."

Sarah eagerly opened her mouth and started to lick Lester's shaft. Her tongue swirled around his skin and public hair until it reached the head of his cock where she lowered her mouth onto it and moaned.

"Mmm, that's right, Sarah," Lester said to the video. "Suck my cock, wifey."

Lester sat there for several minutes while Sarah worshipped his cock with her mouth. It wasn't lost on him how quickly she had sunk to her knees in front of him compared to all the coaxing and setup that was required previously.

As Sarah's tongue crested the top of his cock, Lester held the back of her head and guided her lips down to his balls. Sarah took the hint and started lapping at his sensitive area with her tongue.

Sarah could feel the skin of Lester's ball through the matting of public hair covering them. Normally she liked Dan to be clean shaven or at least trimmed down here. She didn't love the experience of excess hair but it seemed to work with Lester and his general not-giving-a-fuck attitude.

Sarah's tongue continued to draw little circles around his balls. She alternated between licking them and sucking on them, careful not to pull too much public hair into her mouth.

When she felt Lester's hand release its pressure on the back of her head, she continued to lick the underside of her balls, wanting to please him even without his direction. A thought flashed in her mind, disturbed at her admission of wanting to please Lester in such a subservient manner. The thought quickly vanished as she looked up at Lester and saw his cock towering before her.

Sarah's thighs were grinding against one another. She could feel herself growing wet with anticipation. Sarah's mouth started to water as she stared up at the bulbous cock in front of her. She had to have it.

She licked her way up his balls until her tongue found the base of his shaft. Sarah remembered how much Lester had liked the way she kissed his cock, so she started planting long, lingering kisses on his shaft as she worked her way up.

Sarah licked and kissed every inch of Lester's shaft. She was in awe of how much cock there was for her to work with. When she reached the head of Lester's cock she just sat there and stared at for a few seconds as her manicured hands danced along his shaft.

When a drop of precum oozed out of Lester's cock, Sarah smiled and without thinking bent forward and licked it up. She quickly swallowed it, feeling its warmth travel down to her belly. The warmth was replaced with emptiness. She wanted more.

Sarah gripped Lester's cock with both hands and opened her mouth. She descended on Lester's dick like a woman possessed.

With the phone still in hand, Lester stood up. Sarah never disengaged, her mouth was still attached to his cock, her tongue running along the underside of it as she sucked as much as she could fit into her mouth.

Lester pulled his cock out, much to her disappointment. He pulled her up by her arm and led her over to the bed. She was standing in front of it when Lester pushed on her shoulder until she fell back onto the bed. She propped herself up on her elbows as she watched her husband's roommate climb over her like some kind of wild predator.

He tossed the phone to the side. It landed a few feet away on the bed. Lester lowered his weight onto the young wife, pinning her in place.

"I told you I was going to lick you all over one day," he whispered in her ear as he extended his tongue and began to run it up and down her neck. Sarah's body responded, trying to twist out of his grasp, overwhelmed by the sensation. But Lester's gut held her in place. Instead, the only thing she managed to do was rub her pussy against his hard cock.

Lester pinned her arms over her head as his tongue continued to trail down her shoulders and dance around her collarbone. When he

reached her breasts, he let go of her hands and started massaging each one as his lips lapped in between them.

Sarah continued to grind herself against Lester's cock. It felt so close, she desperately wanted to take off her g-string and feel it against her naked pussy. Her hands held the back of Lester's head, her fingers raking against his thinning hair, pulling him closer into her chest.

"Let's take this off," Lester said as he pulled her partially up and expertly reached around and unclasped her bra with one hand. He ripped it free and discarded it onto the floor, making a mental note of where it had likely landed.

With the most magnificent set of breasts he had ever seen now free in front of him, Lester dove back in, taking a nipple into his mouth and swirling his tongue around it.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned as she closed her eyes, losing herself in the sensation.

Lester took turns feasting on Sarah's breast, sucking and licking over every inch of them until they were covered in his saliva. Satisfied that he had fully tasted her breasts, he worked his way down to her panty line. He tugged on her panties with his hands. He paused and looked at Sarah, waiting for her to check why he'd stopped.

She opened her eyes and looked at him. He wanted to see her face. To see her surrender, knowing what would come next as he removed her underwear from her body. As he began to slide them off, she didn't move. She didn't protest. She let him remove her last line of defense.

Without breaking eye contact, Lester lowered his head in between her legs and began to lick Sarah's pussy lips. His large tongue seemed to stimulate every sensitive part of her body. It found her clit and began to gently flick it with the pressure of its weight.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned, one hand still holding Lester's head. The other covered her eyes in disbelief. "Mmmhmmm."

Sarah's hips were rising to meet Lester's face as he lapped at her clit. He dropped his chin and pushed his tongue forward into the

young mother's soaked pussy.

Sarah groaned at the intrusion. Lester began by slowly licking circles around the inside walls of her pussy. He reached his hand around her thigh and put his thumb in contact with Sarah's clit as he gently rubbed it.

"Mmmmmm, fuck, Lester," Sarah wined as she tried to close her thighs around his head. "That feels so good."

Lester's tongue began to push deeper into Sarah. Then he retracted it. Pushed it back in. Retracted it. Lester repeated the process as Sarah's hips pushed against his mouth, seeking his tongue. He mimed fucking her with his tongue.

Sarah felt her legs go numb and her toes curl in as a surprise orgasm exploded from her pussy and enveloped her entire body. "Shiiit, uuhhhhh, fucck."

Sarah extended her arms to the side, fingers digging into the luxuriant material of Lester's bedsheets. She gripped them as her orgasm continued to rock its way through her body, trembling with each tongue lashing Lester continued to give her.

Lester's face felt soaked with Sarah's juices. He knew she was ready and he didn't intend to miss this window of opportunity he'd worked so hard to create. It was time to finally throw patience to the winds and be rewarded for the expertise with which he'd played this game up to this point.

Lester withdrew his tongue and stood up. He looked down at the sight before him. The proud and confident Sarah Williams, lying naked on his bed, withering with the heat of the pleasure he'd already tormented her with, ready for him to fuck her.

Lester stepped forward and got ready to mount Dan's beautiful bride. Sarah's mind began to clear from her orgasm, finally taking in her surroundings again. She noticed Lester climbing on top of her. "Lester, do you have any condoms?"

Lester wanted to snarl at her. She had to 'know' that he'd had a vasectomy. He desperately wanted to slide into her bare, to experience her free of any impediment before filling her with a load of his potent seed. It appeared patience had reared its ugly head once again.

Lester hid his scowl and backed off, quickly moving over to his nightstand. He opened the bottom drawer, looking at two different packs of condoms. One had an orange 'X' written with a sharpie on its box. Lester grabbed the other box and tore open one of the condoms.

He quickly put the condom on and then snatched Sarah's phone off the bed and started filming a video. This one was from his point of view, trained on his cock as he moved to the bed and then panned up to Sarah on display before him, lust painted across her face.

"Tell me what you want," Lester said as he moved onto the bed between her legs. "Tell Dan."

Sarah squirmed, her body shifting, trying to find Lester's cock. He lined his cock up with her pussy, positioning its head against her entrance. Lester pointed the camera up to her face. Her lovely tits and beautiful face filled the frame of the phone.

Part of Sarah screamed at her to go back to her room. She couldn't believe where she was, laying on her back in Lester's bed, legs parted for him with his cock pointing right at her. She looked up at creep standing between her legs, at his filthy body and the lust painted across his face. She felt his large cock head pushing up, teasing her entrance. Her body was on fire, needing release. Her mind might be screaming at her to leave but it was drowned out by the needs of her body. She couldn't believe what she was about to say.

"I want your cock, Lester," Sarah moaned, feeling his cock head at her entrance. "I want you to fuck me, I want UH OH FUCK"

Lester pushed his entire length into the pretty wife, cutting her off in mid-sentence. He sat there triumphantly with his cock buried deep within Sarah Williams.

The way Lester thrust his entire cock quickly into Sarah hurt, but it was a good hurt. In its simplistic form it was the hurt of a primal man taking a woman without any other care in the world. Sarah felt herself stretched to the brink by Lester's cock. She had never felt so full before. Thankfully Lester had warmed her body up, it didn't take long before she felt like her body had a handle on his massive organ.

She could feel Lester touching places within her that had never been explored, stimulating virgin nerves. It felt amazing.

"Mmmmmm," She moaned looking at him with a lust-filled expression. He held his cock still as she rolled her hips on it, trying to coax him into fucking her. Lester stopped the video and quickly found his number in her phone.

Sarah groaned under him, frustrated, wanting more of his cock but also taking a second to grow accustomed to his size. Lester enjoyed the way Sarah's pussy was milking his cock. He quickly sent himself all the videos, then deleted the evidence that he'd done so. Then he begrudgingly sent the videos to Dan's phone.

Lester tossed the phone onto the floor and moved over Sarah until he was face-to-face with her. "That's enough fucking photos and videos. You're mine, now."

Before Sarah could reply Lester pulled his hips back, pulling almost all of his shaft out of Sarah and then slamming it back into her.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned as her arms gripped Lester's biceps.

Lester slowly pulled back slightly then thrust firmly into Sarah again, driving yet another couple inches deeper than the last thrust, forcing a deep guttural grunt from her with each powerful thrust into her yielding canal. He slowly repeated the same move and over, making slow steady thrusts into her. Sarah's legs involuntarily wrapped around his waist, pulling Lester's cock deeper into her. Lester could feel Sarah's pussy gripping his cock tightly.

"Uh, uh, uh," Sarah's moaning was growing more frantic. She was going to cum again. She was astonished at how quickly her body was giving her another orgasm.

"Do it," Lester growled in her ear. "Cum for me, cum on my cock."

The words sent Sarah over the edge. Her world exploded with pleasure as her pussy tightly gripped Lester's cock as she came. Her body was racked by an orgasm that seemed to never end.

Even though her pussy held onto Lester tightly, he continued to push through her contractions, fucking Sarah right through her culmination for all he was worth.

As Sarah finally felt her orgasm begin to subside, Lester pulled back until just the head of his cock remained inside her, then with an evil grin, he drove into her as hard as he could, finally driving balls deep into her tight pussy. Sarah felt a rush as another tsunami of bliss quickly rose up to take its place, eclipsing it altogether. "Uh, fuck, Lester. Fuck."

Sarah's nails dug into Lester's bicep, her feet clamped so tightly together behind his ass that she threatened to cut off his circulation. Lester took his opening and pressed his lips against Sarah's.

In her orgasm state of bliss, Sarah accepted Lester's tongue like she would have a passionate embrace from Dan. She tenderly sucked on it, her tongue running into Lester's foul mouth. Their tongues ran over each other, massaging one another, both eliciting and giving pleasure.

Lester continued his slow deliberate pace.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned around his tongue, not fully realizing how openly she had embraced Lester. She turned her head to the side and Lester started to nibble on her neck. "Ugh, god, Lester."

The perverseness of the words leaving her mouth struck her. Moaning the name of this vile man while he was inside her. After she was willingly accepted him into her most precious place.

Sarah had something in mind she wanted from Lester. "Uh, uh, oh, uh."

She was just having trouble getting the words out. "Lester," she moaned as his cock continued to invade her sweet pussy. She felt fuller than she ever had before, she was having trouble reconciling the stimulation with her need to articulate her desire. "I want you to fuck me from behind."

Lester grinned. He knew she had been thinking about his encounter with Lizzie. *Checkmate.*

Lester quickly withdrew himself from her and scurried down the bed, pulling her legs with him as he went. When her hips reached the edge of the bed, he tried to turn them over. Sarah got the message and obliged, turning her hips until she was lying on her stomach, resting on her elbows, her perfect ass standing in the air.

Lester licked his lips. He had Sarah Williams bent over his bed ready, begging to be fucked. He looked in awe at her delicious ass as he lined his cock up with her pussy. He thought about ripping off the condom and sliding into her bare; he didn't think she would object, but he knew tonight needed to be perfect to ensure the next one.

He started to push his cock into her, his head only part way in. "How's my cock, baby?"

"It's, uh.....FUCK" Sarah moaned as Lester slid another inch into her the moment she started speaking. "Good. So good."

She groaned as he slowly stretched her out. She felt like she was watching from outside her body, watching as her husband's disgusting roommate forced his exceptional cock into her married pussy, she could almost see Lizzie watching them from the doorway...the same way she had.

"I think Dan made a mistake letting you do this," he said as he pushed another inch into the blonde bombshell. Sarah gripped the bedsheets in her fists as she tried to push back onto his cock. "There is no way you'll have enough of this after tonight."

"Ugh, you really think highly of yourself... OH FUCK! UGH!" Lester slid the rest of his length into Sarah. He loved catching her by surprise and ruining whatever confident speech she was about to give him. It was time she learned her place after months of teasing.

Whap.

Lester slapped his hand across Sarah's perfect ass and watched it jiggle. He gripped her hips like a vice with his hands and pulled her back as far as she would go onto his cock. He slammed into her as hard and as fast as he could. He knew from his notes that she liked getting fucked hard, that she loved it when Dan was a little forceful with her. He also knew that Dan had nothing on him.

The girth of Lester's cock was immediately noticeable to Sarah in this position. Maybe it was just the few seconds they were disconnected but feeling his cock as she was bent over in this position, it felt unlike anything she had ever experienced. Lester's cock felt like it touched every square inch of her very being. She felt

herself growing even wetter just thinking about how much his cock was stretching her.

Lester took one hand off her hip and put it between her shoulder blades. He pushed her torso down into the bed with that hand as his other hand held her ass in the air. Lester held her down as he fucked her for everything he was worth.

Sarah's body was responding to the way Lester was treating it. His relentless pounding was driving her crazy. With Lester's hand on her back, holding her down, she felt like she was helpless to keep him from doing whatever he wanted to her. This savage man was plundering her.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned into the bed, "Fuck, fuck fuck, shit. LESTER!"

Sarah screamed his name as another orgasm rocked her body. Lester continued his rapid barrage into his pussy: each thrust seemed to generate another mini orgasm that ran through her body and set her nerves on fire. "FUCK ME."

"Mmmm," Lester snarled from behind her. "I love hearing you moan my name. I just wish I'd bent you over this bed the first time you set foot in this apartment."

Sarah thought back to that first day in the apartment, checking it over with Dan. She would never have imagined that she would be in here, getting fucked from behind by the awkward man showing her the apartment. All that Sarah wanted was warm place for her husband to sleep.

Sarah stopped thrusting back into Lester and just lay there catching her breath. Her nerves were still awash with the after-effects of the orgasm Lester had just given her. She suddenly realized again just how tired she was. Then she felt pain. Pain at the base of her neck.

Lester had grabbed another handful of her hair and was pulling her up. Lester kept pulling her up until her arms were fully extended below her and her hands were on the bed. He held her neck in a tight grip to one side so he could see her face. His fat gut rested on her perfect ass as it bounced below it.

Lester put one foot on the edge of the bed as he pushed as far into his roommate's wife as he could get. "Say my fucking name again, Sarah. Scream it. Let the whole building know who is fucking Dan's wife."

"Lester!" Sarah panted. She opened her eyes and looked directly ahead at Lester's computer. "Uh, Lester. Lester...Fuck me, Lester. Uh."

"Louder! Louder! " Lester bellowed from behind as his cock pushed deep into a new sensitive area Sarah had never felt before.

Lester stood still, catching his breath. He stopped pushing into the toned young wife and watched as her beautiful ass kept pushing back onto his cock, seeking more it. His ass cheeks jiggle each time she pushed herself down it all the way. Lester had a shit eating grin plastered on his face as he watched Dan's innocent wife fuck herself on his hard cock, trying to take as much of it into her as possible. He was truly breaking her in, tearing down her mental barriers and making her his. And she didn't even realize it.

"Mmmmm, fuck, Lester. Don't fucking stop, Lester. Uh, Oh LESTER! LESTER," Sarah knew she was about to experience another orgasm. The idea of someone listening to them, knowing how bad she was being, hearing her get fucked by a creep like Lester sent her over the edge, "LESTER, FUCK. GIVE ME YOUR COCK. LESTER!"

"Aaaagghhh, FUCK," Sarah's head started spinning. An intense warmth spread out from her vagina and covered every inch of her body. It felt like it would extend into eternity. It required all of Sarah's strength to hold onto it so it wouldn't slip away. Sarah's arms collapsed from exhaustion.

Lester looked around at the mess they'd made of his bed. The lights in the hallway flickered briefly and then they were plunged into darkness. The power in the building had gone out. The silence was deafening. Sarah seemed to be spent, but Lester had yet to cum.

He pulled himself out of the young wife and moved to the other side of the bed. He felt around until he found her and scooped her up by her arms, depositing her on one of the pillows.

Lester climbed on top of Sarah and she willingly opened her legs for him. Lester took his condom-covered cock and pushed into Sarah's wet opening.

Sarah groaned once again feeling Lester's rigid cock slide into her. She still couldn't believe how big this asshole was. Each time he put his cock into her she felt stunned. She wondered how she would have originally felt about Lester had she known what he was packing at their first meeting. The heights his cock could take her to.

"Oh," Sarah moaned. Everything was catching up with her. Between the drive and now this incredible fucking from Lester, she was running on fumes.

As much as Lester liked to fuck women in a multitude of positions, missionary was his favorite and that's how he wanted to fuck Sarah when he finally came. There was something primal about the position, a woman fully giving in and submitting to him.

Lester sunk the rest of his length into Dan's beautiful trophy wife. The dark room was silent except for the wet sounds of their copulation. It seemed like the entire world had come to a stop except for the two of them. Like everyone else was holding their breath, listening to them as the storm howled outside.

Lester slowed but kept his deliberate pace. Never relenting. Giving no quarter to Sarah to recover her bearings.

"Mmmmm," Sarah moaned from beneath him. Lester leaned in and kissed her perfect lips as she gently kissed him back.

"Fuck, you feel so good Sarah," Lester whispered. "I can't wait to cum in you."

Lester noticed Sarah's body responding to his statement. It seemed to wake her up slightly, her hips raising up off the bed, seeking more of his cock.

"Ugh, do it," Sarah moaned in his ear. "Cum. Cum for me."

"Have you ever been fucked like this before?" Lester asked. He knew he had her now.

"No," Sarah whispered back. "Never like that. Mmmmmmm"

"You really think you'll be satisfied with just one night of this," Lester growled into her ear. "You'll want more of this cock."

"Uh," Sarah moaned "Oh. Uh. Maybe. It does feel great."

Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's hips. They fucked slowly in unison for several minutes, in perfect synchronicity. Sarah's hand rubbed Lester's sweaty back, pulling him down into her.

Lester dropped his hips a bit lower so that the top of his cock would run against Sarah's G-spot. He knew he'd hit it when he heard her purr into his ear.

"Mmmmm...yeah. Right there, Lester," Sarah moaned. With the lights out, she could concentrate entirely on the feeling between her legs. "Right there, don't stop."

Lester could feel her body getting close, he had to thrust faster into her to meet her pace. "Sarah, I'm going to fucking come soon. You're finally going to get it. All of it."

"God, Lester," Sarah moaned. She wanted to feel it. She needed to feel it. To know that she'd made something as powerful as his huge cock cum. To finally be conquered by a beast like Lester. "Cum, Lester. Cum for me."

Sarah's hips were pushing back against him rapidly now. Her pussy felt like a vice grip around his cock. She would milk all of the cum out of him. There was no stopping it now. They were both heading to the brink and Sarah was pressing down on the gas.

Lester was about to fully break her in while she begged for it.

"I'm gonna cum, Sarah." Lester breathed as his sweat dripped off his forehead onto her. Her hands gripped his hairy ass cheeks, her nails digging into them.

"Fuck," She moaned into his ear. "Cum for me Lester. Cum in me. Cum for me, Lester. Give it all to me."

As the words left her lip, Sarah felt Lester's cock begin to swell even larger. It began to throb inside of her. She felt the warmth of Lester's cum begin to shoot into the condom inside of her. Her pussy instinctively gripped onto him, trying to milk as much out of Lester as she could.

"Fuck," Lester let out a primal growl as he felt his balls begin to empty themselves.

"Oh fuck, shittt," Sarah held onto Lester hard as another orgasm rocked over her body. The feeling and thought of Lester cumming inside of her was too much stimulation. "Mmmmmmm, fuck, Lester."

Lester stayed connected with the young wife for several seconds before he withdrew himself and flopped over onto his side of the bed. He lay there triumphantly, knowing that all his plans had finally come together.

Sarah let the numbing bliss of her last orgasm continue to wash over her. It had felt amazing. More intense than anything she had experienced before. Her mind wanted to dig into that thought, but her exhausted body won out and pulled her down into sleep.

Lester listened to Sarah's breathing change. She was asleep. He had fucked her so well that she'd passed right out in his bed. She hadn't bothered to retrieve her lingerie or go back to her own bed. Another barrier down and one more step toward normalizing the idea of her spending the night in Lester's bed.

Lester grinned, staring up at the dark ceiling. This was his biggest triumph yet. All the planning, all the chess pieces he'd played so carefully, it had all worked. He wondered what the next day would hold and how Dan would react. He could probably go check Sarah's phone, but he really didn't care.

Lester pinched the base of the condom and threw it onto the floor, in the vague direction he thought Sarah's lingerie was scattered. With any luck, his cum would stain them, ruining them for Dan's future enjoyment or at the very least marking them.

He rolled over behind Sarah and backed himself up behind her sweet ass in a spooning position. He draped his arm and blanket around her and settled in to go to sleep. He planted his cock between the bottom of her ass checks and her sweet tasting pussy. He theorized that spooning and cuddling after sex might help build affection unconsciously somewhere in her brain.

As he slowly drifted off to sleep, one thought popped into his mind.

It's time to put Phase 2 into action.

Jesse lay in the hotel bed in Minnesota with blood-red eyes and a mess of sticky cum covering his hands, himself and his bedsheets. He had stayed up for hours jerking off to the videos of Sarah playing with the gross guy in her apartment.

He couldn't believe what he had been seeing: that such a high-class woman like Sarah would fuck around with a guy like Lester. He didn't know what was going on, but he wanted to learn more.

He sent several more messages to Sarah, but she didn't respond to any of them. She'd likely forgotten all about him as Lester had gone ahead and fucked her.

The sun was beginning to peek over the horizon and glow through the sides of the room's blackout curtains. Jesse needed to sleep. Dan would probably be up soon and trying his best to get back to his wife, not knowing the situation he would soon be walking into.

Jesse wiped his hand clean of his cum and thumbed through Dan's phone. He sent himself all of the videos and pictures and then deleted all evidence of the text exchange from last night. Dan would have no idea what had happened until he walked into his apartment.

Jesse set the phone back down on the end table and went to sleep.

AFTERWORD

Thank you for diving into the world of Toxic Attraction. There are many more adventures for Dan and Sarah to come. I write other stories that exist in this same 'universe' that you may also enjoy.

If you want to keep up with my releases, head over to DonSilver.org and join the mailing list or dive into the active Discord community for my writing.

Cheers,
Don