

A DARK HOTWIFE STORY BY

Don Silver



*Toxic*

**ATTRACTION**

**BOOK 2**

# Toxic Attraction:Book 2

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Sarah's Descent

Don Silver

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# Introduction

Welcome to Book 2 of Toxic Attraction. If you haven't read the first, I strongly recommend doing so before jumping into this book. The events of this book pick up directly after the ending of book 1 with Lester having finally succeeded in his goals with Sarah Williams.

I hope you enjoy this dark hotwife tale as much as I did writing it. If you want to keep up with my writing here are the best places to do so:

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# Chapter One

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“M mmmmm,” Sarah moaned as she dreamed about her loving husband Dan. He was lying behind her in the bed, sliding his cock against the outside of her pussy.

“Put it in, Dan,” she moaned into the pillow. She felt Dan’s dick begin to push into her, stretching her.

An abrupt knock at the bedroom door caught her attention. Dan didn’t seem to notice, he kept pushing his dick into her wet pussy.

“Sarah!,” a voice on the other side of the door yelled. “Sarah, open the door, it’s Dan.”

Sarah looked over her shoulder to see the obese body of her husband’s roommate. Lester, holding her tightly as he worked his bare cock into her fertile vagina. Sarah wanted to yell back to her husband, but as she opened her mouth her body was hit by a radiating orgasm, and the only sound to escape was a long moan into the pillow.

Sarah stirred in the bed, slowly waking. It was still dark and she felt like she had been sleeping for hours. She felt immediately energized, as if she had the most satisfying sleep of her life. The bed she was laying in felt luxuriously comfortable, the sheets felt like silk wrapped around her body. As she started to get her bearings, she noticed two things. The first was that she was already incredibly

turned on. The second was that her entire body was warm, but she felt specifically warm between her legs.

She shifted her body and felt warm skin pressing up against her back. She reached down between her legs and felt the head of a cock pressing into her upper thighs and vagina. Dan was likely lying behind her, spooning her with his hard morning wood. She smiled at the feeling and wondered whether the kids would stay asleep so she could have her husband.

*Something isn't adding up.* Sarah's sleepy brain began to wake up as she licked her lips, enjoying the warmth radiating out from the body behind her and the cock between her legs. She opened her eyes and, even in the darkness, she realized she wasn't in her room back in Middleton. She was somewhere else, somewhere new. The cock she held in her hand was much larger than it should be.

Memories of the night before came flooding back into her brain. Walking to Lester's room, Lester stripping her and taking her on the bed. Her groggy eyes flashed open with alarm. She slipped out from under the arm around her, removed her hand from his cock with a caress, and reluctantly left the warmth of the bed.

Coldness enveloped her. She turned around and looked down at the bed as her body began to shiver. A large mass shifted under the covers. In the darkness of the room, she couldn't quite make it out but she knew who it was. It was Lester.

She must have fallen asleep after she'd let him fuck her the night before. She hadn't intended to spend the entire night in Lester's bed, but it must have happened. She fumbled around on the floor, trying to find her phone and clothes, but it was useless. She debated getting back in the bed to at least be warm, but she didn't want Lester to take up with her naked next to him.

She felt goosebumps spread across her naked skin. Then she remembered the snowstorm, the power must still be out. Sarah quickly scampered out of Lester's room towards the bathroom. As she crossed the hallway, she noticed it was dimly illuminated from the window in the living room. Lester must have his blackout curtains drawn in his bedroom. She locked the bedroom door,

stepped past her toiletry bag on the counter, and reached into the shower to start it.

She sighed in relief as she felt the hot water come on. Shivering, she stepped in and let the warmth of the shower envelope her body. She just stood there for what felt like hours, letting the hot water run over her tight body. Her mind just focused on the warmth, not yet ready to process the events of the night before.

She knew she had enjoyed herself. If she was honest, she had enjoyed what had happened quite a bit. It was like the culmination of months of teasing and flirting with a line that only existed for Sarah and Dan. She wouldn't have dipped her toe over that line if not for Dan's implicit trust and permission. She had just wished that he had been here with her last night, so they could have experienced it together. She had wanted to see the lust on his face and to have him scoop her up and take her back to his room afterwards.

She shuddered. She wasn't sure if it was the lingering cold or the flashbacks to how thoroughly Lester had fucked her less than twenty-four hours ago. Before seeing him with Lizzie, Sarah hadn't really expected Lester to be so competent in the bedroom. She hadn't believed she would ever be in the situation where he would have her alone, naked on his bed.

She tried to focus just on the warmth of the water. She'd figured out the rest of it later, especially after she found her phone and connected with her husband.

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Lester embraced the cold as he plodded out of his room into the hallway. He grinned thinking about how lovely it was going to be to slide into Sarah from behind in the shower as hot water splashed down on them.

He envisioned her breasts jiggling in his hands as he took his roommate's wife in the shower. He reached for the doorknob to the bathroom and frowned. *Locked.*

Lester turned on his heel and stomped over to Dan's bedroom door. He reached around and locked it from the inside and pulled it shut. He tried it once to confirm before heading back into his room.

Lester thought back to the previous night, how delectable Sarah looked as she came into his room, how soft and supple her body felt in his hands. How smooth her skin was as he ran his hands over every inch of her. How tight she was as he feed his cock into her. The way her legs held him tight, how her hands clutched him. How her tongue tasted as it rolled with his.

The beautiful look on her face as she came on his cock, the feeling of cumming looking down at her. She was his best conquest to date. He wasn't sure if it was all of the build-up in the planning and execution and finally having it pay off, or if she was just one of those rare women who checked all the boxes for him.

All he knew was that he wanted more of her. He wanted all of her. He wanted her face contorting in pleasure as he came inside of her, her own orgasm pulling him deeper and deeper into her. He wanted that look reserved for him and him alone. He yearned to have her body next to his. He had never felt this before. Usually, once he completed his conquests the women became a means to an end for him. Something about this time was different.

With the lights still out, he fumbled in the darkness until he found a flashlight. He quickly located Sarah's phone and her clothing. Then he went to his drawer and pulled out a single condom.

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As passengers continued to board the plane, Dan tried to call his wife again. He hung up when it went to voicemail. He sighed and leaned back, resting his head against the seat. He couldn't wait to just get back to Chicago.

When he had woken up in the hotel room this morning, Jesse was nowhere to be found. Dan had called the airline and managed to get on an earlier flight. It was a good thing, too, because it sounded like some of the later flights back to Chicago would be cancelled due to another storm front rolling in late in the afternoon.

Dan wasn't sure where Jesse was but he didn't particularly care. Jesse was an adult and could figure out his own arrangements. Dan was getting to his wit's end with Jesse, Walt and even the Lincoln Group.

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Sarah's phone started ringing in Lester's hand. It was Dan. Lester grinned as he forwarded the call to voicemail. Then he turned the call volume all the way down.

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In her haste to escape the cold, Sarah had neglected to grab any clothes to change into after her shower. She cursed at herself as she wrapped a towel around her luscious body in the dark bathroom. She had made that mistake before in this apartment and hadn't intended to repeat it.

She didn't know how long she had been in the shower. She'd lost track of time as the hot water washed over her and her mind wandered, mulling over recent events. She was still trying to reconcile everything in her mind.

Sarah gently disengaged the lock and opened the bathroom door. More light was streaming in from the living room. She turned her head and looked down the hallway. Lester's door was slightly ajar; she hadn't closed it as she left for the warm embrace of the shower. Dan's bedroom door was fully shut. She couldn't remember whether she had closed it last night or not.

She tiptoed across the hallway floor, trying to avoid making any noise that might wake Lester up. She really didn't want to have a conversation with him and have to deal with his smug face after having experienced her.

She turned the handle to Dan's room and pushed on the door but it didn't budge. It was locked. This door always seemed to have an issue with locking itself. She made a mental note to talk to Dan about getting the knob replaced.

Sarah tried the doorknob again to confirm that it was indeed locked. Her smooth legs felt cold, the power was still out and she needed to get clothed soon.

Then she remembered back to one of the last times this had happened. Clutching the top of the towel, she quickly dashed back into the bathroom and began searching through her toiletry bag until she found it.

She moved back into the hallway with a bobby pin in her hand. She wasn't able to do this last time but figured she didn't have much to lose. Sarah bent the bobby pin back and inserted it into the hole in the door. She tried angling it around but couldn't quite figure out how to unlock it. Feeling silly standing there, she knelt down in her towel, hoping the new position would help her be successful.

It wasn't long before she heard the heavy footsteps of Lester's fat feet in his room. She sighed and tried to concentrate on the task at hand: if she could just get into Dan's room she wouldn't have to talk to Lester. She was really hoping to connect with Dan first.

The footsteps grew closer and then stopped. Sarah could feel Lester's eyes on her. She tried not to acknowledge his presence, hoping he would be dissuaded and move on with his day. It seemed like a naive thought given the events of the previous night, but it was all she had to cling to. She felt Lester's presence beside her like she had so many weeks ago.

She stopped what she was doing and looked up at him. As her eyes trailed from the doorknob up to Lester's face, her brain quickly registered that he was standing there naked. Her eyes caught sight of his flaccid member dangling impressively between his legs and the hair matted onto his skin. He was looking down at her with a shit-eating grin on his face.

"Good morning," Lester said as he looked down at the young wife kneeling before him. His cock twitched at the sight and he was sure that Sarah noticed it. "How was your shower?"

Sarah didn't know why but she stayed there, kneeling in front of him. Her brain was still processing what to do, so she simply fell back on the familiar conversational rhythm, "It was good. I think the power is still out so I wanted to warm up."

Sarah knew she had to keep eye contact, not to look down at Lester's crotch or else she'd lose any power she had here. She tried to focus her eyes on Lester's unkempt eyebrows and to confine her attention to his unattractive qualities.

"You could have just come back into bed..." Lester reached towards her, attempting to tuck a loose strand of hair behind her ear. Sarah half flinched away, causing Lester to pause mid-reach before his hand went back to his waist, "I would have been happy to warm you up again."

He let the words hang there, waiting to see how she would respond. When it was clear she didn't intend to take the bait he added, "You seem awfully standoffish considering the amount of mind-blowing orgasms I gave you last night."

Sarah's eyes involuntarily flicked down to Lester's cock for a half second before returning to his face. That shit eating grin was still spread across his ugly features, but her brain was pushing her to look back down at what had given her those orgasms. If she was honest with herself, it wasn't just his cock, but the way he used it and the way he had fucked her with it. It was unlike anything she had experienced before.

She could feel her body growing warmer, the cold of the apartment starting to dissipate. "Last night," she paused, trying to find the words. "Last night happened because it's something Dan and I decided, okay? I don't want you getting the wrong idea that it's open season now, because it isn't."

Lester took half a step forward, his flaccid member beginning to rise. "I just want to hear you say it."

"Say what?" Sarah looked at him incredulously. Absentmindedly, she was still trying to push the bobby pin around, fruitlessly trying to open the door.

"That you loved it." Lester said. "That you loved the way I made you feel, that you loved my cock inside of you."

Sarah gulped, she felt her face turning crimson with embarrassment as her gaze once again dropped involuntarily to look at Lester's heavy cock and meaty balls bulging out from between his legs.

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Dan felt cramped on the airplane, but at least he had a window seat. He closed his eyes and tried in vain to sleep. He had tried calling Sarah again but still hadn't been able to get through. He would try again when he got back to the apartment.

For now, he kept reflecting on the night before, getting jerked around by Byron and being treated like his personal piggy bank. He felt good that in the end, he had managed to get the jackass to sign off on everything. He could go back to Walt and push this project forward, hopefully without any further visits to Minnelopis.

Even though things weren't going great at the moment, he tried to take a second to appreciate the win. He always tried to celebrate the little things which seemed to come around more often. He could barely wait to tell Sarah what had happened while he relaxed in her embrace. Her bedroom eyes always made him feel like he could get through anything.

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"Lester," Sarah tore her eyes away from Lester's cock and looked up at her husband's overweight roommate, "Last night was fine, decent even but just remember this is a thing for Dan and I, okay? We're still figuring this whole thing out, but --"

Lester stepped forward, his cock hard, jutting out against the young mother. He pressed the head of his cock against her soft cheek, "But you are ready for round two right?"

"Ready for more of this," he said, thrusting his cock toward her pretty lips.

Sarah quickly stood up, dropping the bobby pin to the floor. She clutched the towel to her chest as Lester's cock poked into her thigh. Without responding, she turned and walked toward the living room. She tried to calm her breath as she walked. She couldn't even admit it to herself, let alone to Lester, that he had taken her to new heights last night. She had to get some distance between them so she could

think straight. She felt warm and she could feel herself growing damp between her legs. *Since when did Lester have such an immediate effect on me?*

Acquiring some space to herself, away from Lester and his cock, would be good. She could figure out her next steps and maybe find her phone to call Dan. To ask him what he thought about all this. *To ask what he thought of round two.*

She shook her head at the thought. She couldn't believe she was so quickly considering the idea of letting Lester lay with her again. She still thought of herself as a faithful wife who had just gotten caught up in this sexual fantasy that was tearing out of the station like a speeding locomotive. Sarah could feel the fabric of the towel brushing against her nipples, she hadn't realized how hard they had become.

She'd go to the kitchen to get a glass of water, the cold would shock her system and help her think straight. As she moved past the couch, towards the kitchen, her next step was met with a surprising amount of resistance. Before she could process what was happening, she firmly finished her step and felt a pull on the bottom of her towel. It started to unravel and fall off her body. She grabbed two handfuls of the towel and clutched them to her chest.

Sarah looked down and realized the towel was hanging loosely in front of her, covering only her exposed heaving breasts. It dawned on her that her back and perfect ass were completely naked. She quickly turned around and saw Lester standing less than two feet away, smirking at her. She hated his dumb smirk but she was taken aback by the look in his eyes. That lustful look that Dan usually wore but that now seemed amplified on Lester's face.

"I asked if you were ready for more of this," he said, taking a step towards her, stroking his thick cock, and aiming it at her.

Sarah raised an eyebrow defiantly, looked down at Lester's cock and then back up at his face, "That all you got? With the way you are talking, I would have expected something a little more impressive."

A shocked expression momentarily ran across Lester's face but was quickly replaced by a smirk. He took another step closer as he

stroked his cock, "This cock is what gave you, what, how many orgasms last night?"

Sarah stood her ground; she wasn't about to let herself be rattled by someone like Lester, "Orgasms? Honey, are you so sure that I –"

"It doesn't really matter," Lester interrupted, "All that really matters is that I gave you more orgasms last night than your husband has given you in months."

Sarah hadn't expected Lester to bring up Dan. What he said was technically true but she hadn't been keeping score to realize it until he said it. She tried to think of a witty response to put Lester in his place.

Lester stepped to her side and whispered, "Tell me that you didn't enjoy yourself last night."

He stepped behind her. Sarah froze in place, realizing by standing still she was exposing her naked back and ass to Dan's roommate. Then she felt his fingers lightly graze across her lower back, "Tell me that when you go back home, you won't be thinking of last night."

"The night you finally gave in," he continued to whisper as he came around Sarah's other side, "The night you finally knocked on my door wearing nothing but that sexy lingerie set."

He was standing directly in front of her, too close for comfort. Sarah's chest was rising and falling rapidly.

Lester took a slow look up and down Sarah's body before looking her straight in the eyes, "The night I finally fucked you."

Lester quickly reached up, grabbed the towel and ripped it free from Sarah's clutching hands. He threw it across the room behind him.

Sarah stood there shocked, trying to modestly cover her breasts. She was now completely naked standing in front of Dan's equally naked roommate. Lester reached out and delicately grabbed Sarah's wrists, slowly pulling them away from her breasts. She didn't stop him: part of her brain screamed at her to, but the other part wanted to do what Lester wanted.

"Feeling you writhe under me," Lester closed the gap between them. He was standing right in front of her, looking up at her face. His large stomach pressed into hers, his hard cock pressing against

her thigh. "How your legs wrapped around me, how your pussy gripped my cock so tight."

He raised a finger to Sarah's bottom lip and gently ran it across the plump roll of flesh. "The way your tongue tasted in my mouth when you kissed me."

Sarah's mind was taking a second to catch up. It was like sensory overload and she couldn't process it, but she was keenly aware that her body felt a magnetic pull towards Lester. His fingers left her lips and his hand snaked behind her head. His fingers ran through the hair at the base of her neck before he strongly gripped the back of her head and pulled her towards him. Before Sarah realized what was happening, Lester's fat lips were pressed against hers; his other hand grabbed a handful of her smooth round ass and pulled her against his flabby body.

Sarah's rational brain shut off and she melted into Lester's embrace. She opened her mouth and his large tongue quickly entered and began running against hers. The heat coming from his body was intoxicating, particularly from between his legs. She felt his hard, naked cock pressing up against her thigh. Lester manhandled her ass, sending shivers running up her body. She pressed her ass back into his hands, now familiar with where his large palms fit onto her cheeks.

The way he touched her felt so primal, so visceral, so full of passion and desperation. Desperation to feel and experience her.

Lester held Sarah and turned, walking her back until her ass was against the couch. He continued to kiss the blonde beauty while running his hands all over her flawless body.

Sarah's skin felt like it was on fire, feeling Lester's fingertips roaming over her naked skin. He broke their kiss and looked deep into her eyes. A look of surprise flashed across her face: she hadn't expected him to stop kissing her. He smiled and tilted his head moving back towards her. Sarah closed her eyes and puckered her lips waiting for Lester's to come crashing down on her.

They never came, instead at the last minute he lowered his hand and began licking all over her breasts, running his tongue up and down her cleavage as he cupped her breasts in his hand.

“Mmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as she held his head to her chest, her fingers clutching his thinning hair. Lester’s tongue began running circles around her sensitive nipples before pulling one into his mouth and sucking on it.

Sarah involuntarily lifted her legs off the ground and arched her head back. She could feel Lester’s hot cock pressing dangerously close to her married sex. As Lester sucked on her nipple he started to gently thrust forward, pressing the head of his cock against Sarah. Her opening was soaked, Lester would find no resistance if he pushed into her with his naked tool right then.

That sparked a thought that came screaming out of her rational mind, forcing itself to the forefront. “Condom,” Sarah said breathlessly. “Lester, you need to put on a condom.”

Lester let go of Sarah’s nipple, much to her disappointment and stood up straight, looking into her eyes with no expression. Without breaking eye contact he slowly walked behind where Sarah was to the other side of the couch.

He grinned thinking about Sarah’s request for a condom. After months of planning and pushing boundaries, he finally had her at the point of accepting his cock. He wasn’t sure what had changed last night but he wasn’t going to question it. If things proceeded along these lines, eventually she would be begging for him to fuck her.

Lester finally reached the other side of the couch and leaned down to grab the condom off the coffee table. He had left one here and one in the kitchen to cover his bases. “Come here.”

Sarah felt her heart fluttering. Lester disengaging from her had given her rational brain a second to kick in. She could feel her breasts rising and falling as she worked to control her breathing. She took a few tentative steps around the side of the couch. Her brain was telling her this was the point of no return, she could just say no and walk away right now.

Sarah crossed to the other side of the couch and stood beside Lester. She shivered as she looked into his eyes. The way he was staring at her reminded her of how a predator would look at its prey.

He gently maneuvered her onto the couch. Her body responded to his brief intimacy and she spread her legs for him in anticipation.

Lying on her back, she watched as Lester opened the condom and rolled it onto his cock. He took up position between her legs and started to line his cock up with her pussy.

Sarah's rational brain was still urging her that it wasn't too late to prevent this from happening. To go find her phone and try to call Dan, even if just for reassurance that what he had said last night still stood and he didn't regret it. She had meant to text him afterward but had passed out. Yet she didn't move - her eyes remained glued to Lester's cock, poised to enter her.

Lester started to push himself inside of her, the feeling of his cock pushing its way past her defenses was silencing Sarah's inner protests. Again she was stunned - at his size, at the fact that she had made a cock this enormous get this hard and that, in turn, she was aroused enough to accept it into her body.

As Lester pushed more of his length into Sarah's wet pussy, he groaned, "I've been wanting to fuck you on this couch for a long time."

Sarah closed her eyes and focused on the intense pleasure she was receiving from Lester's appendage. She could sense the path of each vein on his member, how they pulsed with his desire. The walls of her pussy slickened in response.

"The last time we were here, you knew I was going to try to fuck you and you stopped me," Lester gestured with his head to the empty chair on the other side of the table, "Dan was sitting right there watching. He knew what I wanted to do and didn't do anything to stop me. He wanted me to fuck you all those weeks ago."

Sarah moaned at the feeling of Lester's cock as it began to slide in and out of her. She gritted her teeth and looked over at the empty chair where Dan had sat. She knew what Lester was saying was true, she remembered the intense look on Dan's face, how his piercing eyes had stared at the action unfolding on the couch.

Lester grunted as she shoved his entire length into the loving wife beneath him. Sarah gasped and gripped onto his arms as he did.

This couch was the one place where Sarah had consistently denied him, and had teased him for months. Now he wanted to symbolically break this place of denial by fucking her on it.

"Now I finally have you on your back with my cock deep inside you, I've been waiting to fuck you here for -"

Sarah cut him off, "Then shut up and fuck me, Lester." She reached behind his head and pulled him down towards her.

Before Lester could finish his monologue and process what was happening, Sarah's lips had found his and her tongue was in his mouth, entwining with his. Lester started to involuntarily hump her faster, he was so focused on her lips smashing into his, the feel of her soft tongue slithering against his.

In all his past conquests and even last night, Lester had always remained methodically in control: but this time was different. This woman was different. Lester didn't feel in control right now. These were uncharted waters for him.

Sarah's nails started to dig into his back, her legs encircling his hips, urging him deeper into her. Lester thought back to his breathing techniques, the ones that helped him regulate his arousal so that he didn't cum too quickly. But the feeling of Dan's wife's lips on his was something he didn't want to break away from. He wanted nothing more than to be held here in her embrace. He had to regain control.

With all of his strength, he pressed away from her, pushing against the couch with his flabby arms. He stayed connected to her but leaned back from her enough to assume a sitting position. With Sarah's legs still wrapped around his waist, Lester pulled his entire length out of her before slowly pushing it back in.

"Mmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, her face contorted with pleasure as Lester worked inch after inch back into her waiting pussy. Lester powerfully grabbed onto her thighs for leverage as he continued to slowly work himself inside of her.

Sarah looked up at Lester in bliss. She hated to admit how good he felt inside of her. Part of her brain was disgusted looking up at the vile beast of a man between her legs. He resembled a bridge troll, not a handsome prince of the kind that should be paired with

someone as desirable as her. But another part of her brain yearned for that coupling because it was so beneath her. The lustful gaze as he looked down at her, as she submitted to him, made her quiver.

Sarah could feel an explosive orgasm building. As long as Lester kept up his current pace and his cock kept grazing against every sensitive nerve in her pussy, her culmination was unavoidable.

"Play with your tits," Lester growled. "I want to watch you play with yourself."

Sarah's hands instinctively moved over her ample chest. She massaged and squeezed her breasts with the palms of her hands, running them in circles, stimulating herself. She had never pleased herself or played with herself in front of someone else before Lester had told her to. In all those times she had made love to her husband, she had always been focused on them, on their togetherness. "Mmmhmmm, like this?"

Lester grunted, "Yeah, yeah, just like that. How does it feel?"

"Good," Sarah mewed. She felt like she was on display for Lester. She'd felt like that every time Dan had watched her with him and now she was putting on a private show for Lester as his hard cock slid in and out of her.

As Lester's cock continued to stimulate her pussy, the embers of her orgasm were stoked into flame. Lester again withdrew his entire length from her and grunted as he abruptly shoved it all the way back inside her. Sarah felt his heavy balls smack against her asshole as he bottomed out in the depths of her pussy. The head of his cock explored areas within her that had been untouched until the past twenty-four hours. Her heels dug into his thighs, welcoming his cock's return to her newfound pleasure centers.

Lester increased his pace, each time he pulled almost his entire length out before slamming it back in. Sarah gritted her teeth and held tightly onto her breasts, stimulating herself, displaying herself for Lester, all while the feeling of his rock-hard cock sliding in and out of her was taking her to new heights. She couldn't wait to see the look on Dan's face when she told him about everything that happened. She imagined the lust spreading across it and his

immediately having to take her, bending her over the couch to reclaim her.

Sarah felt something at her lips. She opened her eyes and saw Lester's forearm in front of her. She parted her lips and two of his fingers slid into her mouth. She immediately started to suck on them, her tongue rolling against them.

"That's right," Lester groaned. "Suck them."

He realized that his pace was quickening, any self-restraint he had was melting away. He wanted to cum; he wanted to see this goddess spasm on his cock. "Close your eyes and keep sucking."

Sarah did as she was told. Her body was being overstimulated and now she was imagining a cock sliding in and out of her mouth. She sucked on Lester's fingers with abandon, trying to tease out the cum that would never come. Wanting so badly to please this second phantom cock.

Sweat was running down Lester's forehead. He felt a single bead stream down his back. He ran his hands over Sarah's smooth legs, his eyes feasting on her body before him. Watching her suck on his fingers and feeling them being sucked on was putting him over the edge. He started to pump his vile cock into her faster and faster. He knew it wouldn't be long before he came.

Sarah's orgasm was roughly building inside of her, she couldn't take much more. She felt like all this pent up energy was about to explode inside of her. She withdrew Lester's fingers from her mouth for a second to say, "Lester, don't stop."

Lester grunted in response, "Whose cock are you imagining in your mouth right now?"

Sarah extended her tongue and licked her fingertips as her pussy tingled, "Mmmhmmm, does it matter? Does it matter whose cock this is? Do you want me to say Dan's? Like you've completely switched roles?"

"Ughhh," Lester groaned, hearing this innocent wife talk vulgarly to him, too. Seeing her corruption was sending him over the edge, "No, not his. Think of my cock, picture sucking on my cock."

Sarah grinned mischievously and her breath caught in her throat as she felt her orgasm rise to the point where it would detonate. She

wanted Lester's cock in her mouth right now. She was going to put the fingers back in her mouth and suck on them, but first, she toyed with Lester, "If your cock is in my mouth, whose cock is fucking me then? Whose cock is making me-"

Her naughty line of play was quickly abandoned as she felt sparks begin to ignite, "Mmhmmm fuck, fuck Lester. Don't stop. Mmmmmmm. Fuck. Lester, Lester, uggghhhh LESTER!"

Every nerve in Sarah's body seemed to turn on all at once, as a blistering hot fire washed over her body. Lester's fingers pushed into her mouth and she sucked on them for all she was worth. She felt her toes curl and her thighs tighten around Lester's waist. She held her breasts together as her entire body seemed to spasm.

Sarah's pussy gripped onto Lester's condom-clad cock. She held his cock so tightly that Lester could barely move; he continued to try to thrust into her, but the clutch of her pussy on his cock and the look of orgasmic bliss on her face were too much. Lester slammed forward one last time and fell onto his arms above Sarah.

"Ughhhh, fuck," Lester groaned as his balls emptied and his cock started shooting stream after stream of his potent cum. Sarah's imploding pussy grasped him as firmly as a fist. He heard the mewl in her throat as he set her off again.

As Sarah's orgasm rocked her body, she felt a new warmth expanding in her vagina. She could feel the heat from Lester's cum. She imagined it spraying out all over her insides. Somehow the orgasm that was wracking her body intensified. She bit down slightly on Lester's fingers as she rode out the final tsunami wave that was washing over her body.

They stayed together, connected, and panting for several seconds. Eventually, Lester felt his arm strength begin to give out, his body was too much for him to keep propping up. With his last ounce of strength, he pushed himself up into a sitting position and began to slowly withdraw his cock from Sarah's amazing body.

Sarah whimpered as she felt his cock unsheathing itself from her body. As her orgasm subsided, the cold of the apartment crept back over her. She realized that at some point, while they were having sex, the power must have come back on. A light was now

illuminating the kitchen, but the heat hadn't yet had time to warm the place up.

She eyed Lester as he stood up and started to remove the condom from his impressive cock. The condom was full of Lester's hot white cum. She was impressed it didn't collapse under the pressure. She couldn't believe how much cum was in there, hadn't she just made Lester cum a few hours ago?

Sarah looked over his body with its odd proportions and general lack of muscle tone. Her brain registered that it wasn't an appealing sight. But there was a part of her – a part that she hadn't previously been fully aware of – that felt strangely drawn to this sight.

Sarah wanted to sit and think about that part of her a little more, but it would have to wait. For now, she needed to deal with the creeping cold that was causing goosebumps to rise across her body.

"Lester," she said, trying to sound innocent. "Can you open my door so I can get some clothes? It's freezing in here."

"No," Lester said. He tied off the end of the condom and looked over at her, "I can't open it but I can get you something to keep you warm. On one condition."

Sarah raised a challenging eyebrow, "And what's that?"

"I want to hear you say how much you enjoyed last night and today," he insisted, a smile spreading across his face. "Tell me how much you enjoyed fucking me."

Sarah felt strange admitting something like this to him. Even though they had been together twice in the span of a few hours, it was one thing to talk dirty during the deed itself, but it was quite another to verbalize it when they weren't engaged in the act.

*I've never cum like that - I didn't know I could cum like that.*

She shivered and relented, "It was great, Lester."

She saw that he wanted more. He wanted to hear that he had fucked her better than Dan and that she didn't really know how good sex could be until she had experienced it with him. In some ways, that was true, there were things she hadn't known were possible until the last few hours and she knew she wanted to experience them again. But she didn't want to admit that to Lester; she didn't want him to think he had some control over her.

Sarah looked directly into Lester's eyes, "You are top-notch, Lester. A true renaissance man when it comes to sex. One day I'm sure they will write stories of your prowess and men will study your techniques hoping to emulate your abilities."

Lester gave her a flat look and flared his nostrils out. Without saying a word he turned and walked to the kitchen. She heard the lid of the garbage can open and close before his loud footsteps plodded across the living room floor towards the bedrooms. For a few seconds, she thought she had upset him enough that he was going to leave her there, naked on the couch. But eventually, she heard the sound of his fat feet walking back toward her. He put a pile of unfamiliar clothes onto the table and gave her naked body one last triumphant look before he returned to his room and shut the door.

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Dan checked his watch. It had been twenty minutes since his plane landed at Chicago's O'Hare airport, but they were still on the runway. A few minutes ago the pilot had announced that there were mechanical issues with their gate due to the ice and snow from the previous day.

Now they were waiting for another plane to depart so they could enter their gate. Dan decided to try and call Sarah again but unfortunately, after several rings it went to voicemail.

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Sarah yawned and stretched out her limbs. She blinked her eyes, realizing she had fallen asleep on the couch in Dan's apartment. It only her took a few seconds to reach the conclusion that she must have fallen asleep after Lester had fucked her for the second time.

She sat up and shook her head in disbelief. She couldn't wait for Dan to come home. Even though he had pushed her towards this, she still felt incredibly guilty about sleeping with Lester. Last night had been a huge moment that she had built up to. This morning had

caught her by surprise and she was somewhat ashamed at how quickly she had given in to it. Especially since she hadn't discussed the second time with Dan prior to succumbing to it.

Still, she knew deep down that he was going to enjoy hearing all about it. The part that worried her more was how easily she had let herself go, how easily she had given in to someone like Lester. It felt like her entire marriage to Dan she had strong walls up around their marriage and fidelity. Ever since Dan had moved in here, it seemed like Lester had slowly been dismantling those walls until he could get inside. She didn't fully understand why she seemed drawn to him. She knew it had something to do with him being her polar opposite and being entirely unworthy of her attention. That disparity in itself seemed to be a trigger for her.

Sarah rubbed her legs together, realizing that, if she kept on this train of thought, she might become excited all over again.

She stood up and made her way into the kitchen to make herself a coffee.

As the pot began to brew, she heard the familiar sound of the apartment door unlocking.

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Exhausted, Dan entered his apartment and immediately dropped his bag on the floor next to a discarded towel. He shut the door behind him and looked around.

"Hey there, sexy," an alluring sound mewed from the kitchen. His loving wife Sarah was sauntering towards him with a big smile on her face.

Dan scanned Sarah up and down, doing a double take. She was wearing a pair of baggy sweatpants and a faded oversized t-shirt that read 'I'd Rather Be Raiding.' "Er, hey honey. How are you?" He cocked his head and asked, "What's going on?"

Sarah gave him a big hug and then a lingering kiss on his lips, "Mmmhmm, just making a big cup of coffee, I didn't get much sleep last night."

"Couldn't sleep after that long drive?" Dan asked, befuddled.

"Funny boy," Sarah playfully poked him on the nose, "No, I had something much more exciting keeping me up last night."

She was clearly teasing him about something, but Dan wasn't quite putting the pieces together. He didn't want to lose their verbal sparring match, though, so he tried to change tactics, "Funny, I didn't realize you liked to raid. I don't recall seeing that outfit in our closet at home."

As Sarah was walking back to the kitchen, over her shoulder she said, "That's because this outfit is Lester's."

Dan felt a twinge in his heart and his cock immediately began to swell. Trying to hide his growing erection, Dan awkwardly followed his wife into the kitchen. She was beginning to pour her coffee into a mug.

"Want one?" She asked innocently.

"Lester's?" Dan said, breathlessly. "Why are you wearing Lester's clothes?"

She turned and leaned on the counter, "Well, the door to your room locked me out again. I tried to pick it but I just couldn't get it. I was standing there soaked in just a towel after my shower. With the power out it was cold. Your roommate, thankfully volunteered to warm me up .... by letting me borrow these clothes. I'll admit, they aren't my favorite, but it was freezing in here."

"Oh," Dan chuckled to himself, "That's funny. For a minute there I thought Lester had tried something on you."

Sarah gave him a confused look. She put her coffee mug on the counter and walked up to him. Her facial expression changed to something more mischievous, "Well, he did try something last night but I turned him away..."

Dan was about to speak but Sarah beat him to it, "But then I got your text messages. I will say at first I wasn't fully on board, but you convinced me. I did what you wanted. God, Dan I can't even believe it. It was so wrong. So bad. I really wish you had been here with me, but I hope those videos helped you relieve some pressure last night."

Dan stood there confused. Slowly, however, he understood what Sarah was implying. That is, he thought he understood what she

was saying, but it just seemed too out of left field to be true. "Sarah, what are you talking about? What videos? What happened?"

Sarah stepped back, cocking her head. She was trying to read his expression to see what kind of game he was playing. "Last night, you were texting me. Were you drunk? I know you were drinking a bit, but I didn't think --"

"Sarah," Dan cut her off, "What happened last night? What are you talking about?"

Sarah's face was getting beat red, "You told me you wanted me to sleep with Lester, Dan."

"What? No," Dan raked his hand through his hair, "I didn't do that. I don't remember doing that."

He fished his hands into his jacket pocket and pulled out his cellphone, he opened his message app and scrolled down to the last exchange with his wife. "Alright, very funny. No, look here, the last message says 'Or else what? Gonna get Lester to warm you up?' ha ha, good one Sarah. I'm guessing you were pissed, I fell asleep on you?"

Sarah took his phone and looked at the screen. "No. No, there is more. We talked way past this, Dan. Where did the rest of the conversation go?"

"Sarah," Dan said lightly, "I don't remember sending anything else. I remember texting you from the bar with Byron and then, I think...after I just went back to the hotel and crashed."

Sarah stared at him blankly for a moment, trying to process what he was saying, "Hold on."

She walked past him and left the kitchen, moving towards the bedrooms. Dan watched as Sarah walked past his room and turned the handle to Lester's room and walked right in. Dan stood there paralyzed, he felt his cock aching. It was strange that Sarah would just open Lester's door without knocking. To him, it implied a level of comfort that he hadn't thought had been earned. Had something really happened last night? Images flashed into Dan's mind of Sarah underneath Lester's grotesque body, moaning in pleasure.

Dan's thoughts were cut short as Sarah exited Lester's room, holding some things in her hands. She stopped at Dan's door and

threw something in front of it, then walked towards him, head down looking at her phone. Dan needed to sit, so he moved to the couch and sat down. Sarah joined him.

"Here," Sarah said, "Look, I'm not sure what's up with your phone but we had an entire conversation." Dan took the phone and scrolled through the conversation. He saw the last message he had sent and then quickly got confused with the rest of the messages. He didn't remember sending these. As he continued to scroll, he began to realize that he hadn't sent these at all. He stopped and opened up the videos.

He sat there mortified watching Sarah and Lester together. He felt his breathing become shallow. Lester really had fucked his wife last night.

Before Dan realized what he was doing, he was marching down the hall toward Lester's room. His blood was boiling and he was ashamed to notice that his cock was also stiffening. He tried the doorknob to Lester's room as Sarah had done but it was locked. He started to bang on the door with his closed fist. "Lester! Lester! Get out here, now."

He continued to bang on the door but no response came from the other side. He felt someone grabbing onto his arm before he could bang on the door again. Sarah was pulling on him. Reluctantly he let her pull him back toward the living room. Dan was still breathing hard, the image of a bull puffing air out of its nostrils before rushing the matador popped into his mind.

"Dan," Sarah said, sitting him down and holding his hand, trying to calm him down. "What the hell is going on?"

"I don't know," Dan said, looking into her eyes. His loving wife was sitting there, patiently looking at him, trying to reassure him. She looked so loving and tender. He loved this woman with his entire being. The image of her face contorting in pleasure ran through his brain. "I don't recognize those messages. I definitely never saw those...videos. I don't think I sent those messages, Sarah."

Sarah removed her hand and scrolled through the phones, "What are you talking about? These came from your phone? What do you mean you didn't send them?"

"What times does it say on there? What time did the messages get sent?" Dan asked.

"Late. After 11 pm, going on until close to midnight." Sarah was looking between the phone and Dan. He could tell she was starting to get worried.

"I left the bar shortly before that, I think," Dan was thinking out loud, trying to piece things together. "I had my phone with me, it was there on the nightstand when I woke up. When I left the bar we walked back to the hotel. I think I just crashed immediately."

"We?" Sarah asked, "Who else did you leave the bar with?"

"Jesse...." Dan said. The pieces began to click into place in his mind. He thought back to that time when Jesse had clearly looked at his phone while he was giving a presentation. He had seen those pictures Sarah had sent in Lester's room. He had felt comfortable enough looking at his phone then, what was to stop him from doing it when Dan was passed out next to him.

"Dan, did your company put you and Jesse in the same room again?" Sarah asked. He looked up at her and could tell she was also putting things together.

"Yeah, they did. I think Jesse was in the bathroom when I hit the mattress...he," Dan breathed out hard, trying to control his emotions. "He must have opened my phone after I fell asleep. Fuck, Sarah, I think it was Jesse who texted this shit to you."

Sarah stared off across the room for a few minutes, trying to process what she was hearing. Eventually, she said, "So Jesse knows about Lester, he knows what we've been doing here. That is so fucking embarrassing."

Sarah put her face into her hands, "Dan, I thought it was you. I wouldn't have gone to Lester last night. I thought this was something you wanted. You kept pushing for me to go, I wanted to do this for you. For us. Instead, it was just some slimeball little jerk who was getting off on manipulating things."

A disgusted expression spread across her face, "Ew, god, Dan, he probably, he probably jerked off to the videos I sent you."

Dan nodded his head, agreeing with everything she said. He noticed that he could see his wife's nipples poking through the t-shirt

she was wearing but he didn't want to bring that up. The idea that his wife might on some level enjoy being put on display like that wasn't something a wise husband brought up at a moment like this.

"Sarah, did you actually go and sleep with Lester last night?" Dan whispered.

"I did. I basically served myself up on a platter to him and Lester didn't hesitate," Sarah said. She was still staring at the phone, transfixed like she was trying to focus on one thing before the world came crashing down on her. "Dan, how the hell did Jesse get on your phone?"

Dan sighed. This isn't the conversation he wanted. He wanted to hear more about her time with Lester, "He must have gotten on to it somehow. I don't know...last night, how long did, er, you and Lester, you know, how long did it go for?"

"Dan," Sarah said, the tension growing in her voice. "You don't have a lock on your phone, do you?"

"Lock?" Dan said inquisitively. He knew what was about to happen. He was ashamed he hadn't taken the time to set one up. He always liked to just get right into his phone when he wanted to.

"A lock, Dan, like a PIN or a swipe code. I know you didn't use to have one. Do you still not have one on your phone, Dan. Is that how Jesse got in? God, come on, Dan, that's so basic."

Dan deflated as Sarah chided him, "No, you're right. There isn't anything like that. Shit, I'll set one up. Fucking hell."

They sat there silently for several minutes, both processing the new information. All Dan wanted to know was what had happened with Lester, but he knew better than to push right now.

The ringing of Sarah's phone broke the silence. Dan glanced at it and saw that it was Sarah's father calling.

She answered, "Hey, dad...No, everything is fine..Yeah, Dan is here next to me..How are the kids?...Okay...Really?...Yeah, yeah, okay, that's probably a smart idea...yes, give me a little bit and I'll head back...okay, yes I will...I love you, too.. Bye, dad."

"What's going on?" Dan asked.

"That was my dad. He says hi, by the way," Sarah gave him a few sparing glances. "He said that I should head back. He saw on the

news that another big storm front is going to roll in tonight and hit both Chicago and Middletown. It's supposed to be a big one again that might last all of Sunday. The roads have supposedly been cleared, but if I don't leave soon I'll get stuck in it and might not be able to get back safely in time for work on Monday."

That all made logical sense to Dan. She should go and get back safely, but they couldn't end the conversation like this. There were too many unresolved issues.

He closed the space between them and took the phone out of her hands. He held her soft hands in his and looked into her eyes. "I'm sorry this happened. I'm sorry things happened this way. I shouldn't have put you in this position."

"Dan, what are we going to do? Your co-worker knows about what is happening here. He has seen videos of me. God, Dan he might have even sent them to himself. This could ruin me, if things get out \_"

"They won't," Dan said confidently. A righteous anger was boiling in him. "I'm going to take care of it, okay? No matter what, on Monday I'm going to get Jesse alone and take care of this. Don't worry, okay? I'm going to put him in his place and end it."

His words seemed to reassure her. She looked up at him with tears in her eyes, "Dan, I should have known, though. I should have known that wasn't you texting me. I never would have, I wouldn't have done what I did if I had known."

Dan encircled his wife with his arms and held her to his chest, "I know. I know you wouldn't have. It's fucked up Sarah, I'm so sorry."

Sarah eventually sat up and looked at her husband, then put a hand on his chest. "I need to tell you this. I went over to Lester's room wearing a new lingerie set, he was obviously happy. He wore a condom, Dan. We had sex on his bed and I accidentally fell asleep. When I woke up in the morning the power was out. I took a shower and, when I came out, the door to your bedroom was locked. I tried to get it open, but I couldn't. Lester came out of his room, naked. He followed me into the living room where..." she looked down at the couch where they were sitting, "Dan, he followed me out here and things happened again. We had sex again here, on this couch."

Dan was stunned, he looked down at the couch, "You had sex with Lester twice, Sarah?"

"Yes," She whispered. "Dan, I wish I could take it all back. I was excited to share it with you. I thought this was for us, for the fantasy, and something that you wanted. I'm so sorry, I feel so ashamed. I love you, I wouldn't have, you have to know that. I thought something like this might happen one day, especially after what happened last time, but I always thought you'd be here with me when it did. That we would do it together. When you, when Jesse suggested it, I had thought it was something you really wanted. Maybe you were a little drunk when you suggested it, but I thought it would get you off..."

Dan hated to see his wife like this. She was spinning and racked with guilt. He knew it was ultimately his fault that this happened, that she was pushed towards Lester. After all the things they had been through over the past couple of months, it made sense. *Fucking Jesse.*

Jesse's messages had come at the exact right time and seemed to have tipped the scales here. Dan was going to go nuclear on him on Monday. Still, he hated seeing Sarah like this. He had to reassure her. She couldn't drive in this condition, it would be too dangerous.

He held her hands and Sarah's breath seemed to catch in her throat. "It's okay, Sarah."

She looked up into his eyes bewildered and vulnerable.

"It's okay," Dan struggled to find the words. "It's not something I expected, and I completely get why it happened and how you were led into it. Things have been crazy over these past few months, we've done things together I never thought we would. It's been amazing and scary and confusing but, through all of it, we've explored it together. Who knows, maybe this would have eventually happened like you said. I mean, I've obviously thought about it, right? But I just hate that you were put into this situation where you were by yourself. I promise we will figure this out and work through it, okay? I love you, that doesn't change. We are good. Okay? We'll figure it out."

Sarah leaned in and kissed him, then she put her head on his shoulder, "I love you, Dan. I love you more than anything. I'm sorry."

"Shhhhh," Dan comforted her, rubbing his hand along the back of the t-shirt she was wearing. "Don't be, it's okay, it's okay. I love you. We are good."

Dan held her like that for a long time.

"Dan," Sarah whispered, "I don't want to leave you. I don't want you here in Chicago alone right now, but I think I need to get going. If this storm wasn't coming back I would stay tonight, but.."

"It's okay," Dan said comfortingly, "It's okay, this is out of our control and just shitty timing. You need to get back and take care of our babies. I'll be fine, don't worry. Like I said, I got this."

Sarah sat up and looked at him. He could feel the love and affection in her eyes. "I love you so much," she leaned forward and planted a lingering kiss on his lips. All Dan could think about was whether or not she had kissed Lester like this.

Sarah let out a long breath, "Okay. Okay, we'll talk more when I get home. Can you help me get into the bedroom so I can pack my bag?"

It only took Dan a few tries to pick the lock on his bedroom door. He did it while ignoring the sexy underwear that Sarah had discarded in front of it. It only took Sarah a few minutes to change into her normal clothes and get her bag packed. She folded and left Lester's clothes in front of his door.

Dan's raging hard-on hadn't subsided. If anything it grew more noticeable as he had watched his wife disrobe. Seeing her wearing Lester's clothes may have been innocent enough but it was like part of Lester was enveloping her. He had always loved the way she looked in Dan's oversized t-shirts. Seeing her find it acceptable to wear Lester's clothing, even if it was due to convenience made him jealous. Knowing that the same man had taken her, pushed Dan to action.

He slid up behind his wife and pressed himself into her without saying a word. He wanted to reclaim her. Sarah let his touch linger for a few seconds before moving away. She apologized and said she would if it wasn't for the incoming storm. Dan had unfortunately

missed his window. His wife was going to leave him, having spent the night with someone other than him, her husband.

Soon Dan was riding down the elevator with his wife. He walked her across the bitter cold of the parking lot to her car. They didn't say much but held each other's hands the entire time. Dan put on a brave face of reassurance, but all he could think about was Sarah's naked body entwined with Lester's.

"I love you, honey, you better drive safe," Dan said as he leaned forward and chivalrously buckled his wife into her seat. "Now get going and warm up."

"Not without another kiss," Sarah said as she sat behind the steering wheel. The car was starting to warm up. Dan wished he could get into the passenger seat and drive back to their life, but he had to stay and take care of things here. He leaned in and planted his lips on hers. Her hand rested on the back of his head, holding him there. He wished he could live in this moment forever, but eventually, their lips parted and the cold Chicago air replaced the warmth of his wife's embrace.

"I love you, baby," She smiled, tears still in her eyes.

Dan wiped them away, "I love you too. Now stop crying, it's not safe for driving."

They both shared a chuckle before Sarah mouthed 'I love you' one last time. Dan shut the driver's side door and stood back to watch his wife drive away. She motioned to him from the window, pointing towards the apartment building. She wanted him to go back inside so she knew he had got in safely.

Dan shook his head and pointed to her and then the road. A sad smile appeared on her face, but she followed his instructions and drove off, back toward their home.

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It had been a few hours since Sarah had left him. Dan was sitting on the couch in the apartment's living room with his laptop on his lap. He checked his phone to see if Sarah messaged him, hoping that her drive home had been uneventful.

The screaming wind of another storm front had started a few minutes ago. Hopefully, though, she should be clear of Chicago by now.

As much as Dan wanted to relax and wallow in his own self-pity, he knew he didn't have time for that. Monday morning was coming and he would have to come face to face with Jesse. He had underestimated him and was only now just beginning to see the kid for what he was.

It was time to do what Dan did best. Plan ahead and figure a way out of the mess he found himself in. He started to Google about the default ways iPhones and Androids backed up photos and videos. Was it possible to delete things permanently off of iCloud? He was going to figure all of that out and see what his options were, as well as try to anticipate what Jesse would do.

Jesse may have gotten one over on him and caused a series of events Dan couldn't have predicted, but he was still the same kid who was out of his depth and generally sloppy with his work.

After nearly two hours of Googling, watching YouTube videos and reading Reddit posts, Dan felt confident he knew what to do. He closed his laptop and grabbed his phone.

There was a text from Sarah that read, "I'm home, baby. I love you. The girls miss you. I'll call you later and we can keep talking, okay?"

Dan quickly responded and then swiped into his phone's settings. Ashamed, he finally put a PIN code onto his lock screen. If he had just done that months ago, things would have been very different.

With his immediate tasks done, creeping thoughts began to torment him. He'd heard what Sarah said earlier but he hadn't seen any of it happen. The idea of her with Lester .... his mind started filling in the blanks. Images of Sarah and Lester together. Lester grunting triumphantly as Sarah moaned in pleasure beneath him.

Lester's cock entering Sarah. Where were her hands? How did she look at him? What did he say to her? How had she responded?

He needed a change of scenery. He put the laptop on the table and stood up, ashamed to realize his cock was now erect. Just

thinking about Lester and Sarah together had caused him to get hard.

Dan tried to reconcile the fact that the idea turned him on by reasoning that it was all still just part of his fucked up fantasy: that if push had come to shove, he wouldn't have let things cross that line. He didn't feel all that confident about that line of thought, but it was what he was sticking to for now.

He knew that the thought of Sarah giving herself to Lester would torment him. Filling in the blanks with his own thoughts wasn't a useful activity. He wondered if he had actually seen them together, if it would still be this torturous.

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"Darkspire! Advance!" Ned shouted over the headset.

Lester was smirking as he went through the motions, destroying all the creatures in his path. He sat at his computer chair, satisfied and triumphant at his latest conquest. It had been the sweetest and most fulfilling yet.

But he was just getting started. He had more in store for the lovely wife of his roommate. Soon he would corrupt her further and make her learn more about what it was she really wanted. He'd tap into her desires and fantasies in a way her husband never had.

As he navigated his avatar through the dungeon, his thoughts drifted to Jesse. He had overheard Sarah and Dan's entire discussion. A frown spread across his face. He didn't know who Jesse was and he didn't like how close he had become to Sarah. Sure, he was only Dan's coworker, but Lester had used less leverage to get everything he had wanted out of women in the past.

Lester was threading a tight needle here, pushing Sarah just enough to break boundaries without freaking out. If Jesse applied too much pressure on Dan and Sarah, that thread could snap, ruining the rest of his plans.

He'd have to keep a close eye on things. He made a mental note to see what he could discover about Jesse after he finished this raid. Still, he had to thank Jesse in some ways. He had helped to expedite

Lester's timeline, though now Sarah had an element of guilt that Lester would have to overcome.

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Dan sat at the desk in his office, waiting patiently to see what Jesse would do. The sun outside his window was cresting over the building in the distance like it did every morning.

He had racked his brain all night, thinking of what Jesse's next move would be. Getting to know him over the past few months, Dan narrowed it down to two options. Either Jesse would secretly hold onto those photos and videos of Sarah to use for his personal enjoyment, or Jesse might grow a pair of balls and try to blackmail one of them. Jesse would have to come to the conclusion that Dan and Sarah would discuss things and that the truth would come out. So Dan was leaning toward the blackmail option.

His suspicions were confirmed when he heard a knock at his door.

"Come in," he said, shifting his attention to his computer, feigning doing work on the Lincoln Group file.

"Hey, Dan," Jesse peeked his head in, "Got a minute? I have something I need to talk to you about."

*Here we go.* Dan turned his gaze to his younger coworker, "Sure, Jesse come on in."

Jesse shut the door behind him and walked in until he was standing directly in front of Dan's desk, but then he didn't sit down. He was attempting to position himself in a domineering way.

"How's your wife doing?" Jesse asked.

"I'm sure she is doing great, Jesse, thanks for asking." Dan countered. He wasn't going to make this easier for him. He wanted to keep Jesse off balance and think that he had the upper hand.

"Ugh, did she have a good weekend?" Jesse asked, looking around Dan's office.

"I'm sure she had a great one. Now, Jesse, what do you want?" Dan focused his attention completely on Jesse.

"Well, I er, I thought you might be interested in something I have." Jesse said. "Something you're going to want to see."

"Oh yeah? And what's that," Dan asked him plainly, trying not to show any emotion.

Jesse slid his phone out of his pocket, tapped on the screen a few times and then held the phone screen towards Dan.

Dan leaned forward squinting, he wanted to appear like he was trying to get a better look. On the screen was Sarah, lying on her back as Lester lined his cock up with her entrance.

"Here's how this is going to go, Dan," Jesse started, "From now on when your wife visits you I want –"

Dan snatched the phone out of Jesse's hands and stood up to his full height, towering over the young man in front of him. Jesse immediately shied back, bumping into one of the chairs.

"Sit down, Jesse," Dan commanded sternly.

Jesse deflated and sat down in the chair closest to the door. Dan kept his eyes trained on the phone in front of him. He pointed his finger at Jesse. "What was it you were going to say? Next time my wife comes to town, what? What was it you wanted?"

Jesse stayed silent. Dan continued to tap on the screen. He quickly deleted the conversation between himself and Jesse. It was clear from this side of the conversation that Jesse had sent himself the videos from Dan's phone and then deleted the conversation where it happened. Thinking back to his googling last night, Dan moved over and deleted the files from the phone's gallery and download folders.

"Huh, Jesse? Speak up! What is it you wanted, huh?" Dan stayed on his side of the desk. He wanted to keep out of arm's reach of Jesse in case he tried something.

Jesse seemed to crumble, his fake facade of confidence crumbling under Dan's aggression. He reached out in Dan's direction, "Give me my phone back, that's mine."

Dan stopped what he was doing and stared daggers at his young coworker. "You want this back? Why the fuck would I give this back to you? You betrayed my trust over the weekend. You accessed my private property and coerced my wife into a compromising situation. You illegally copied content that wasn't yours and now you are trying to illegally blackmail me into what? Letting you fuck my wife? Is that your ultimate goal, here? Jesus Christ, kid, the police are going to

have a field day with you. You left all this evidence right here. I hope you're good and ready to become someone's bitch in prison."

Jesse withdrew his hand. Dan could see tears forming in his eyes. "Please don't call the police. I'm sorry, okay? It was a dumb idea. She is just so pretty and amazing and I just thought that -"

"You didn't think," Dan said firmly. He accessed Jesse's iCloud account and deleted the pictures and videos there. Then he opened the recently deleted album and permanently deleted them there as well, just like his googling had said to do, "You let your dick do the thinking and now you are in over your head in a world of shit. Do you know that guy in the video? He is at your place right now, going through all your things, going on your computer and hard drives to find all the evidence you left behind."

"What?" Jesse sat up alarmed. "There isn't anything at my place! I don't have anything else!"

"What do you mean?" Dan said angrily. He is going to find it all anyways, you idiot. The next step is turning it all over to the police as part of the report we opened this morning."

"No, no, no," Jesse sunk into his chair, tears streaming down his face. "There isn't anything at my house, it's all there on the phone. Dan, please don't go to the police. My life will be over my Dad will kill me."

"You should be more worried about what the guys in jail are going to do to you." Dan finished with iCloud and opened up the general settings screen. He quickly found what he was looking for. He tapped 'Erase All Content and Settings.' The phone screen turned black and a few seconds later the Apple logo appeared as it rebooted. "You've just ruined your life, buddy."

Jesse wept in the chair as Dan watched with disdain. It was pathetic how quickly Jesse had crumbled. This kid's dumb actions had sent his wife into Lester's arms and changed the trajectory of their lives. The phone screen illuminated showing the default iPhone 'phone set up' screen. Dan had bluffed about Lester going to Jesse's apartment. He had wanted to see if Jesse had backed the files up anywhere, but now he was confident based on how Jesse had reacted that the kid hadn't had the foresight to do that.

“So you’re saying everything is here on this phone, nothing else is anywhere else?” Dan demanded. Jesse nodded and looked up, avoiding meeting Dan’s eyes. “Good.”

Dan dropped Jesse’s phone onto his desk. Jesse eyed it, clearly about to make a move to grab it. Dan was faster, he grabbed the lead paperweight on his desk and smashed it down on Jesse’s phone. Jesse recoiled in shock as Dan continued to smash it.

Satisfied that the phone was broken, Dan threw it in his garbage can and then emptied the content of his coffee onto the top of it.

He looked up at Jesse to see his mortified expression at the destruction of his property. “What are you still doing here? Get the fuck out!”

Jesse scrambled to his feet and almost tripped over the chair as he dashed towards the door. He didn’t look back as he pulled the door open and rushed into the hallway beyond.

Dan sat down and glowered at the phone in his trash can. He knew that he had cut Jesse’s plan off at the head. Now that he seemed to have broken Jesse’s spirit, he didn’t know what would happen next. Hopefully, the kid wouldn’t be crying at his desk, drawing unwanted attention.

Dan grabbed some Kleenex and fished Jesse’s phone out, drying it off. Just in case something unexpected did happen, Dan took the phone and left his office. He wanted to get rid of the evidence as soon as possible.

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It was late.

The sun was setting over the towers of Chicago but Dan was still sitting in his office. Walt and the last of his coworkers had left over an hour ago. Dan was looking forward to going home and having a nice glass of whisky to settle his nerves after the confrontation with Jesse earlier.

Reading the riot act to Jesse hadn’t been what was keeping Dan at the office. Knowing he had to go back to the apartment where his odd roommate had fucked his wife, not once but twice, was turning

his stomach into knots. He pictured Lester's face and oddly shaped body crawling over his wife's toned, tanned legs, exploring up her breasts and licking around her neck. Sarah turning her head as his tongue reached into her mouth, then her reciprocating the kiss. Sarah grunting in surprise as Lester pushed himself into her, her arms holding his, her legs wrapping around his flabby waist as he fucked her. Sarah moaning Lester's name as she came on his cock.

Dan stood up, trying to get away from his desk, to get away from those intrusive thoughts. He wasn't surprised to see that his cock was pressing against the front of his dress pants, forming a clear tent for anyone to see. He was ashamed of it. He shouldn't enjoy these thoughts, his wife had just been coerced into having sex with someone under false pretenses. But he couldn't stop thinking about it and he couldn't help but get aroused at the idea.

His heart was beating quickly. He tried to push the images out of his head but it was impossible, they kept flooding back in. Thoughts of moans, grunts, screams, his wife urging someone else on.

He left his own office and walked across the dark floor of the outer office. It was time to finish his plan, the reason he had stayed so late. He looked around, but no one else was here.

Dan walked over to Jesse's workstation. Looking around one last time, Dan sat down at Jesse's desk and turned on the monitor. As he'd expected, Jesse hadn't bothered to lock or shut down his computer. At Dan's last employer, their IT team had a policy where the computer would lock automatically after five minutes of inactivity. Nothing like that existed here, given that they didn't have an IT team to begin with.

Dan quickly navigated around Jesse's computer, looking through the cluttered desktop until he found the Outlook icon. He opened it and dozens of Jesse's unread emails popped up. Dan shook his head at the lack of inbox management on Jesse's part, but he wasn't surprised. He did a quick search and pulled up the latest thread from Byron at the Lincoln Group.

Dan hit the reply all button and started to transcribe a message addressed to one of the other younger team members that Jesse was friends with. He typed up a brief but disparaging message,

making fun of Bryon and the Lincoln Group's sustainability goals and other specifications. This email would raise hell over there, he knew Byron would be furious and Walt would have to shit can Jesse.

Dan used Outlook's scheduling function and set this to send the next morning. He didn't want the timestamp to show it coming after hours, that would be too unbelievable and raise suspicion.

Satisfied that he was finally going to be done with Jesse for good, Dan finished scheduling it, exited the program and powered off the monitor.

Dan went back to his office to gather his things. He rode the elevator down and stepped out onto the cold streets of Chicago, thinking that his troubles were behind him.

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After Sarah had settled back in at home and put her girls to bed, she still felt the cold chill of the winter air in her bones.

Pouring herself a glass of red wine, Sarah moved upstairs to her en suite bathroom. She quietly disrobed and turned off the warm water filling the tub. She slipped into the water and closed her eyes.

The dangerous drive back home had seemed to pass in a blur. Her mind racing as she thought about everything that had occurred over the past twenty-four hours. She was angry with Dan for letting Jesse push her toward Lester. It was mortifying to know that some kid that Dan worked with had seen her exposed like that. Not knowing what he would do with the videos drove her mad.

She felt her thighs rub together, thinking that she knew of at least one thing that Jesse was likely to do with the videos while he watched them. The idea of someone seeing her, wanting her.....

Sarah reached out from the tub and grabbed her phone. She hadn't yet deleted the videos that she and Lester had created. She thumbed through, searching for one in particular. The video started playing, showing Lester's point of view as he lined his cock up with her pussy and started to enter her.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as she watched her face and body convulse in pleasure at receiving Lester's cock. She held her

thighs together tighter, her nipples felt hard as her breasts started to rise and fall to match her erratic breathing. She remembered what Lester said earlier, about who she would be thinking about when she returned home.

With a force of will, Sarah turned off her phone screen and set it back down next to the bath. She shouldn't feel as aroused as she was, it wasn't right. That whole situation had been an entire misunderstanding, she should be furious. She wouldn't have ever gone to Lester's room alone dressed the way she had been under normal circumstances, would she?

She lay there with her eyes closed, trying to think about anything other than Lester and his hard throbbing cock. After a few minutes, she sighed and opened her eyes. Sarah reached out and grabbed her phone; tapping the screen, she quickly found what she was looking for.

She sunk down further into the tub, her eyes glazing over as she stared at her phone screen.

# Chapter Two

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Walt held his face in his hands as he composed himself in front of Dan. "Dan, I have some bad news here. We're letting Jesse go. I'm sure you probably saw the email that he accidentally sent to the team over at the Lincoln Group. Well, they called me this morning, all irate, and questioned whether our team was actually serious about helping them complete their project the way they planned. It wasn't a good conversation. Anyway, Jim is breaking the news to Jesse now and security is on standby. I wanted you to hear it from me."

Dan sat in silence, feigning a concerned look, nodding his head along with what Walt said.

"I know how close you two have grown handling this account together. I hope you can still keep it on track without him. I was actually wanting to speak with you about that. I need you to go back to Minnesota. I know, I know you were just there, but we need to get ahead of this and smooth things out with them."

Dan sat back and looked at Walt. Worry and stress were apparent on his face. Hearing Walt mention Minnesota made his cock stir, thinking back to what happened the last time he had gone on a work trip. His wife got fucked by his creepy roommate Lester, thanks to Jesse's deception.

He was at work and he couldn't let these thoughts overwhelm him. The only thing he knew for sure was that this job was impacting his life and he was done playing ball.

"You know," Dan started, looking Walt in the eye, "Byron and the team there called you, not me. They clearly wanted an executive presence from here to respond. Do you think it would send them a reassuring signal if I were to go? It might make more of an impact if you and one of the other directors were to go and show a unified front."

Walt sat back in his chair pensively, his fingers connecting as his hands formed an arch. "That's probably a good idea. You're right, Dan, they need to be heard by the senior team after this. Thanks! That's a good idea, do you think –"

Dan stood up, cutting Walt off before he could invite Dan to join him on the trip, "Let me head back to my desk, I'll prep a summary of the recent trips and where the project is at and all the good things you can point to that we are doing."

Without waiting for permission to leave, Dan was out the door walking back towards his office. He stopped as something caught his attention out of the corner of his eye. Two burly security guards were walking alongside a meek young man holding a banker's box with his shoulders slumped forward. His eyes were focused on the content of the box as they arrived at the elevator.

Dan watched as the trio stepped in and the elevator doors closed behind Jesse. *That's probably the last time I ever see that kid.*

"He tried to save himself by lying through his teeth," a voice said from behind Dan. Dan turned to see Jim standing close by, taking a sip from his coffee cup as his eyes watched the elevator. "He said he never sent that email but, come on, the evidence was right there, everyone saw you did. Kid needs a lesson in accountability."

"Yes, he does," Dan agreed. Jim gave him a nod as Dan walked back to his office. He closed the door behind him and let out a sigh of relief. The Jesse problem had been solved.

He rounded his desk and sat down in his chair. Dan started to compile the report for Walt, but the photo of Sarah on his desk distracted him. His beautiful, loving wife. An image flashed into his

mind of her beautiful face in agonized pleasure as Lester started to put his cock into her. The image was burned into his mind after watching the videos on Sarah's phone.

His heart ached. Seeing those videos, knowing that someone else, especially someone like Lester, had fucked his previously faithful wife filled him with jealousy and hurt that he was trying to process. He probably needed to go see a therapist to get his head right.

Dan realized his breathing was short, he sat back in the chair trying to relax. As he did his pants felt tight against his growing erection.

"Ugh," Dan groaned out loud to no one. "What the fuck is wrong with me?"

Dan felt an enormous amount of guilt and shame for allowing this situation to unfold the way it had. He thought back to that first trip to Chicago looking for apartments. At the time he and Sarah could never have predicted that they would wind up in a situation where his bride would let a strange man like Lester crawl between her legs, but here they were.

He didn't understand how his cock always became hard thinking about this. His mind felt shame but his body obviously wanted more. It was intoxicating to think about. He felt his heart starting to beat faster, imagining what the morning after sex was like. Lester and Sarah hadn't recorded that one. The not knowing, the not seeing was almost like an unresolved trauma in his brain.

He wondered if Sarah had deleted the videos or if she had kept them. It hadn't been that long, but she was probably already back in mom mode and had forgotten all about them. He wished he'd kept copies of them just so he could see them again, but there was no way he could ask for them, not after where they had left things. Besides he would probably delete them out of that same arousing combination of shame and guilt.

He looked at his computer screen again. There was no way he was going to get any work done anytime soon. His Jesse problem was solved and now it was time to figure out what to do about his Lester problem. But first, he needed to talk to Sarah.

Dan fished his phone out of his pocket, quickly found her contact and called her.

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Sarah's heart skipped a beat as her phone started ringing. She reached across her desk and turned it over to see a photo of her dedicated husband Dan. She smiled and moved around the desk to close her office door, quieting the hustle and bustle of the hospital beyond.

"Hey, honey," she smiled as she answered her phone. "What's up? Everything okay?"

"Hey, babe! Yeah, everything is good, nothing to worry about. Just calling to say I miss you."

Sarah sighed and sat back in her chair. In response to her husband's voice coming through the phone, she tore her eyes away from her monitor and its list of things she needed to do. "I miss you, too, baby. I feel like I didn't really get to see you this weekend. I'm sorry I had to leave so soon after you got back in."

"Don't worry about it," Dan paused, "You had a good reason, besides I think it was good to get you out of the apartment..."

Dan's words hung there for a second, while Sarah debated how she wanted to respond. It was clear what he was referring to, but she still didn't know quite how to address what had happened.

"How's work today?" Sarah asked instead. She was nervous about Dan calling during his workday. Normally they just texted during the day and he would call in the evening. She wanted to know if that weasel Jesse had said anything to Dan or done anything. It made her skin crawl that he had seen videos of her, that he had pushed her towards Lester. She was still trying to come to grips with how she felt about her two encounters with Lester over the weekend. "Did he, did Jesse say anything to you?"

"I took care of it," Sarah could hear her husband smiling through the phone. "It won't be a problem anymore."

"Details, Dan! What happened? What do you mean it won't be a problem anymore?" Sarah asked.

"Yesterday he tried to come into my office. He acted like a big shot and was talking like he was going to blackmail me. Well, I quickly shut him down and got hold of his phone. I deleted everything, cleared out his icloud and broke his phone. Walt fired him this morning, so he won't be around anymore."

"Wait, what? Did Walt fire him because of the videos? Did Walt see them? God, Dan, this is so fucked and it's getting out of control." Sarah slunk back in her chair, the walls of her office suddenly feeling like they were closing in on her.

"No, no, no, don't worry, Sarah! No, Walt has no idea about them. He didn't see them. We are good. Jesse got fired because of a dumb email he sent to the Lincoln Group team. Well, he didn't actually send it but everyone thinks he did. I told you, I would take care of it."

Sarah initially felt a wave of guilt wash over her, learning that Dan was responsible for Jesse being fired. Fired on her behalf. But that feeling quickly disappeared, replaced by a feeling of the action being justified. If Jesse wanted to take such bold risks, he also had to be responsible when they backfired. He deserved it after the shit he'd pulled. He'd fucked around and been found out.

"Tell me exactly what happened," Sarah said to her husband.

"Last night after Jesse tried to blackmail me, after I nuked and destroyed his phone, I stayed in the office until everyone left. Once I knew everyone was gone, I sent an email from Jesse's computer to a friend of his in the office, making fun of the Lincoln Group but I left them all in the TO: field. I delayed it in Outlook to go out this morning. When it did, it caused quite an uproar. Walt had no choice but to let Jesse go. Security is walking him out now."

"Dan, I...," Sarah hesitated, trying to find her thoughts. "Is it wrong that I'm kind of turned on by how diabolical you are? I haven't been able to sleep since I came back, I've been so stressed about what would happen next. I'm glad to hear it's over. Hopefully."

"It is," Dan said in a reassuring tone. "Jesse is taken care of."

"Are you sure he still doesn't have access to those videos? He might be even more pissed now and would try to get revenge." The

thought terrified Sarah, what kind of mess Jesse could cause to their life.

"We're good. I'm sure. I made sure he hadn't backed them up anywhere, I deleted them from his phone and iCloud before locking him out. I smashed his phone and poured water on it, Sarah. And as for the email, he doesn't know it was me. Sure, if he was smart he might be able to figure it out based on the timing alone, but I'm not worried. Even if he wanted to get revenge right now, I'm not sure what he can try to do. He has nothing on us.

Sarah let out a deep sigh of relief that she didn't realize she had been holding onto for the past several days. "Good. That's amazing Dan. I'm glad we won't have to deal with him anymore.

"Now we just need to figure out our other problem," Dan said as Sarah shifted in her seat. She clicked a few things on her mouse, getting momentarily distracted by urgent issues arising in the hospital." We have to figure out what to do about Lester."

"Lester shouldn't be a problem," Sarah said as she read an email marked with an exclamation mark from her boss. "I told him that what happened doesn't mean future things will happen."

"And you think that's just going to make him go away," Dan shot back. "Lester isn't going to just stop trying. Now that you let him fuck you, he probably won't be able to stop thinking about it." Dan explained this last part slowly, trying not to get too heated about the topic.

Sarah angrily clicked off the email she was reading, "I only let him fuck me, Dan, because I thought it was you telling me to. I did it for you, for us. Do you really want to point fingers here? We're supposed to be in this together. It's 2023, how don't you have a PIN on your phone, especially on a work trip when you are sharing a room with a coworker? How did that not work its way across your mind? Maybe you didn't have to drink so much that you passed out and forgot all about me!"

Sarah realized that she was short of breath and her heart was racing. She had been so frustrated with Dan's role in what had transpired but thought she had successfully stuffed it down inside

herself: she hadn't realized it would bubble up to the surface like that and just explode.

The phone was silent.

"I'm sorry," Sarah said, holding her forehead. "That wasn't fair. I mean it's true, but I didn't mean to snap at you. It's just been a tough few days and things are on fire here adding to my stress."

"No, you're right," Dan said in a quiet voice. "You are right about all of it. For the record I do have a PIN on my phone now and some other security features. But you are right. It should never have been possible in the first place. I never stop thinking about you, Sarah, you know that."

Dan paused for a breath, "But we do need to figure out the Lester situation. You're right we are in this together. Maybe it's best if you stay away from Chicago for a little bit."

"Dan, how are we going to figure it out together if we're apart?" Sarah asked. "My parents felt terrible we had to cut our trip short and offered to watch the girls again next weekend. I haven't answered them yet. The weather looks good, no snow storms in route. What do you think? Should I come?"

"I don't know," Dan responded. "I mean, yeah, of course I want to see you. I want to see you more than anything. But I just don't want to put you in a situation here that gets, well, awkward or Lester says or tries something."

"I can handle Lester, Dan. We can handle him." Sarah was drawing circles on her notepad with the pen Dan had given to her a few years before. "We can make it clear that there won't be any funny business this time."

"This time?" Dan asked, "What do you think we do, going forward? I agree we can probably keep things under control if you do come this weekend. But what about the next time or the time after that?"

"Dan," Sarah said, putting the pen down. More flurries of emails were coming in, she couldn't ignore them forever. "As far as future visits are concerned, we'll cross those bridges when we get to them. Remember, we decide what happens, if anything. We're in control here. Remember?"

"Yeah," Dan responded. "You're right. I shouldn't worry about it. We'll just have to remind him of that fact." He sighed and their connection went silent for a few moments.

Sarah could tell there was something Dan wasn't saying. "Dan? What is going on in that head of yours? I can tell there is something you're thinking about."

"It's that last weekend. I can't seem to stop thinking about what happened." Dan admitted. "I just keep picturing you and him in my head. And the fact that it happened twice, I just can't get past it. It just keeps playing over and over in my head."

"Your mind is just filling in the blanks." It was suddenly feeling quite warm in Sarah's office. "It's not like it isn't anything you haven't seen before, just a little more intense. But seriously it isn't something you need to worry about or keep thinking about."

"I know. I know, Sarah," Dan breathed. "It's just I have like thousands of questions about how it all happened. What did you say when you went over there? How did Lester react? How did it, er, start, I mean? Did he want to wear the condom? What were you thinking while it was all happening?"

She could hear Dan rapidly breathing into the phone. "And the next morning? Was that in the bed again? How did Lester manage that?"

A thought occurred to Sarah. "Dan, can I ask you a question honestly?"

"Sure," Dan said.

"Are you hard right now? Thinking about it?"

It was several seconds before Dan replied, "Ugh, yes. Yeah, I am and I hate that I am. It's so messed up."

Sarah smiled. "Well, I love that even though we are so far apart, you can still get hard just thinking about me."

It was time to tease him. "Even if it's picturing Lester that is also getting you hard."

"Ew, Sarah you know that's not, you know that's not it."

Sarah laughed, "I know, I just like messing with you."

"Ugh, you do that so well," Dan laughed. "Bu, uh, what do you think we should do, going forward? So far we've pushed the

boundaries on everything but sex. I'm not saying we do that but what do you think? If we were to start up again, where would we go?"

Dan was dancing around the question he really wanted to ask. Sarah watched as more emails came in that needed her attention. "I'm not sure, Dan. We've been playing with fire for a while now. We could even just stop entirely, if that's what's best for us. I'm still not sure what I think of this past weekend." She paused. "What do you think? Is that something you'd want to have happen again? Lester and I?"

Sarah could hear Dan breathing into the phone. "I don't know. I don't think so. I know we kind of were pushing ahead with things, sometimes too much before either of us could process it. I mean, I've thought about it, more than once, but that's not how I pictured it happening. I'm not saying I wanted it to happen at all, but if it did, then I just thought I would have been there to keep you safe. The way it happened kind of sullied things for me."

"But you're still hard, thinking about it," Sarah added.

"Yes! It's frustrating. I can't control it, it's like the idea makes my blood boil but at the same time, I'm just drawn to it. I don't know, Sarah, but I do think we should try to put that genie back in the bottle, at the very least until we figure things out for ourselves."

"Agreed. I think that's smart." The light on Sarah's desk phone started blinking. She had the ringer off but could tell if someone was calling, "Hey, Dan, I have to run. I'm sorry, I know it's bad timing, but things are nuts here today. But I do need to give my parents an answer... This weekend, do I come?"

"I'd love to see you. I didn't get enough of you last time. If you are sure it's not too much for your parents and that the girls will be okay, I'd love to take you out."

"Sounds good, mister, I'll hold you to that. Okay, I'm going to run. I love you. More than anything." Sarah closed her eyes, blocking out the demand of work for one more second.

"I love you, too, boo. I can't wait to see you." Dan's words filled Sarah with the warmth she needed to go and tackle the challenges awaiting her outside her office.

As Sarah hung up the phone she felt a sharp cramping pain in her abdomen.

"Great," she muttered. "If that's not all I need right now."

She opened a drawer in her desk and located a box of tampons. She fished around and pulled one out and put it in the pocket of her pants. She closed the door and reached out to answer the phone.

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Dan hung up and leaned back in his office chair. He wanted to go out and see what his colleagues were saying about Jesse being let go, to try to get a gauge on the rumor mill and to see if there was any blowback coming his way.

That would have to wait. Dan needed to make sure his raging hard erection disappeared first. The last thing he wanted to do was get fired after Jesse for walking through the office sporting a tent in his pants.

Hearing Sarah's voice had made him instantly hard. During their entire conversation, he couldn't stop thinking about that voice screaming out in pleasure while under his roommate.

His brain was fucked and he knew it. He couldn't stop thinking about the two of them together.

Dan was a mess of emotions. He didn't know which way was up. All he knew was that he needed to get a handle on things before the situation swallowed both of them.

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Dan stayed at work a bit later than he'd intended to. Walt wanted some extra prep before he and a few of the other senior directors jetted off to Minnesota to save face with the team at the Lincoln Group. Dan was relieved he didn't have to go. He loathed the idea of boarding another airplane.

He watched the illuminated floors of his apartment elevator ascend until the door opened and he stepped out. It had only been a few months of living separated from his family, but things were changing

faster than anything he could have expected. He and Sarah were in a bit of a sexual renaissance that he wanted to explore. Getting out of their house and away from the kids had done wonders for them.

As he walked down the hallway to his apartment, he started to think about what he really wanted. Ultimately it was to be back with his wife and daughters. He finally felt like he had a stable footing at the company he was at now. Money was coming in and his family's finances, while not great, were at least better than they had been in some time. Perhaps it was time to take a breath and start exploring new options to bring his family back together.

Dan opened his apartment door and stepped in, dropping his bag to the floor. Getting the win with Byron felt like he was on the right track; nailing Jesse tied up one more loose end that he no longer needed to worry about. He finally felt like he could breathe.

A sound from the kitchen interrupted his train of thought. Seconds later his short, overweight roommate emerged wearing a pair of oversized basketball shorts and a new-looking t-shirt that had orange stains up the front. Lester was holding a cup of Ben and Jerry's ice cream and was spooning a large portion into his mouth.

"Lester," Dan said as he nodded to his roommate.

"Dan," Lester replied, standing there, spooning another portion of ice cream down his gullet.

Dan really didn't want to talk to Lester: just seeing him shoved his thoughts right back into the inescapable loop of the events of the past weekend. How Sarah could even have done that was hard to fathom, given Lester's appearance. Dan turned and started towards his bedroom.

"How's Sarah doing?" Lester said from behind him.

Dan froze in his tracks. He slowly turned and looked at his roommate who seemed preoccupied with his ice cream.

"How's Sarah doing?" Lester repeated himself as he licked a chunk of ice cream off the spoon. "Did she make it home safe?"

"Yeah," Dan said. Desperate to extract himself from the awkward conversation, his lips tightened into a line. "She made it home safe and sound. No issues, even with all the snow."

Dan started to turn toward his room.

“Good, I was afraid she might fall asleep at the wheel. She looked exhausted after the marathon fucking she had over the weekend.” Lester was intently scooping more ice cream out of the cup, scraping the bottom of the container.

“What?” Dan said, turning back to his roommate, “What did you say to me?”

Lester shrugged, “Just stating the facts.”

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, his patience wearing thin. “What the fuck are you trying to do right now? Trying to get me riled up or something?”

Lester smirked as he spooned the last bit of ice cream into his mouth, “I just wanted to thank you for encouraging your wife to come pay me a visit. It was a lot more fun than playing WoW.”

“I didn’t, that’s not –” Dan started.

“Did Sarah tell you about our time together?” Lester put the empty cup of ice cream and spoon down on the back of the couch. “I’m sure she told you we had sex, twice I’ll add. But did she tell you how many times I made her cum? How I had her screaming my name as I slid my cock in and out of her? She drained every ounce of my cum out of me and if she hadn’t driven home I think she would have milked me dry.”

Dan stepped forward and squared his shoulders the same way he did with Jesse the day before. “Listen, Lester, I need you to hear me. I get what little game you are playing at, but it isn’t going to work. The only reason Sarah went to you is because she thought that’s what I wanted, but it wasn’t. In no other situation would she ever have willingly fucked you. Got it? It happened under false pretenses and it isn’t going to happen again.”

“Are you sure about that?” Lester challenged, holding his ground. Despite their height difference, Lester didn’t cower to Dan the way that Jesse had done. “Who knows, I think Sarah wanted someone to keep her warm that night and you weren’t here to do it.”

“Like I said,” Dan met Lester’s eyes. “It was a mistake and it won’t happen again.”

“I hear you,” Lester stepped forward, getting close to Dan’s personal space, “But you are forgetting one thing.”

"And what's that, buddy?" Dan wasn't sure what he would do if Lester stepped up and tried to square off with him here, but he was interested to find out.

"I fucked your wife twice in less than twenty-four hours. Now she knows what it's like with me. What I feel like inside of her. There is no way she hasn't been thinking about that every second since she left here. She is going to want it."

Dan rolled his eyes. "As if, Lester. You must think really highly of yourself to believe you could have that impact on her."

"I guess we'll see, the next time she comes to visit, which bed she spends the night in." Lester started to move past Dan' but didn't break eye contact until he was out of his field of view.

Dan stood there silently.

"Oh, and Dan," Lester added from behind him. "Next time, maybe I'll let you watch."

Dan turned around and watched as Lester moved down the hallway toward his bedroom, "That's not going to happen, Lester. I already told you, it's done."

"I doubt that. You know why?" Lester twisted his door knob and opened the door to his room.

Dan rolled his eyes and crossed his arms, "Why's that?"

"Because you're going to want to see it. Going to want to hear her cum on my cock. Or else why would you have a hard-on right now?"

Dan glanced down and was mortified that Lester was right, his cock was hard as a rock.

Lester smirked, crossed the threshold into his room, and closed the door behind him.

"Goddammit," Dan muttered as he grabbed his bag and headed for his bedroom. He knew sleep would be hard to come by.

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Hours after his encounter in the living room with Dan, Lester sat ensconced in his command center. Ned was sending him incessant messages about getting the group together for another DnD session.

His party had their own Discord server and Ned was trying to find when everyone was available.

But that wasn't why Lester was so focused on his computer. He had been busy exchanging Bitcoin for pictures and videos of past conquests with strangers on the dark web when he received a notification from his most prolific buyer.

He opened the chat.

Cronos: What new stuff do you have for me?

Lester paused trying to think of a good response. Cronos paid well but he was demanding. He could be quite prickly, especially when he messaged Lester in the evening.

Lester began typing.

Darkspire: You're up to date on what I have.

Cronos: Bullshit. You're holding out on me.

Darkspire: Why would I do that? I like your money.

Cronos: Then who were you looking at in that last video with the redhead? Your blurred face was looking towards the door at someone. There were clearly sounds coming from that direction.

Lester stirred in his chair. He hadn't anticipated anyone picking up on that. He reminded himself to be careful with Cronos - there was very little the buyer didn't catch.

Darkspire: It wasn't anyone important. Nothing yet at least.

Cronos: Tell me about her.

Darkspire: Blond, young mother, beautiful, great chest, amazing ass. Tanned and toned. Smart and confident. A white whale if ever there was one.

Cronos: Send me what you have so far.

Lester wasn't about to share. Sarah was his, she wasn't like the other girls.

Darkspire: No.

Cronos: I'll send you 50k right now. I know you have something good.

Darkspire: Goodnight, Cronos.

Lester changed his status to offline and navigated back to the DnD server to see if he'd be playing DND this weekend. Cronos's demand stayed in the back of his head, though. Cronos had paid well for

everything else Lester had done in the past. While Lester had many other regulars and other one-off purchasers, Cronos seemed to have the means to afford Lester's extensive library. He often wondered who Cronos was. Given the sensitive nature of the videos, the precautions that Lester had taken and the anonymity, he would never know.

Lester exited Discord and logged into his private server. He scrolled through a screen meticulously filed with neatly labeled folders for each conquest. Each folder was filled with the best images and videos he had. Essentially backups of the hard drives in his drawer. It was much more efficient to send files to clients from here without having to hook up a hard drive each time for specific requests.

He exited the screen and then swiveled his chair to the side. Using his secret key, he opened his desk drawer and retrieved the hard drive titled 'Sarah Williams'. With care bordering on reverence he connected it to his computer. He clicked open the drive and began to lower his gym shorts for tonight's entertainment.

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Sarah turned off the ignition to her car and glanced down at the mileage. Driving back and forth between Middleton and Chicago was putting serious miles on her vehicle. She sent Dan a quick text telling him she'd just arrived.

She opened the door and was hit with the cold Chicago winter air. She hurried and shut the door, then opened the trunk to retrieve her overnight bag.

She didn't waste any time crossing the snow-covered parking lot before reaching the relative warmth of the apartment lobby. She caught a glance of herself in the mirror and noticed how rosy her cheeks were from the cold. She thought she looked cute despite all the winter layers and the unflattering winter hat she wore.

As she crossed the lobby toward the elevator bank, Sarah's heart skipped a beat thinking about getting more time with her husband. Since their last conversation, her heart had been aching to see him,

to be held in his warm embrace. She was thankful that her parents were able to take the kids but she really wished Dan would find a way to come back home soon, so they could all be together.

As the elevator ascended, Sarah ran her hands over her arms in an attempt to disperse the lingering chills from her body. As she walked down the hallway, she fished in her purse for her set of keys and thought about how warm it felt whenever Dan held her, particularly under the covers of their bed in Middletown. It had been a long time since that had happened. Perhaps on this trip, they could just take some time to lie together in that warm embrace.

All of the work stress was piling onto her, in addition to essentially being a single mother. Sure, she got a ton of support from her parents, but the day-to-day of it all was still on her. She wanted so badly for Dan to just hold her, for the world to just stop so her worries could wash away, even if just for a minute.

As Sarah opened the door and walked into the apartment she was quickly taken aback. She was disappointed by what she found, or the lack of what she saw. The apartment was dark, the lights were off. She had expected Dan to be anxiously waiting for her arrival seated here in the living room waiting for her. Instead, all she found was a dark, empty space.

As she turned to close the door she felt movement behind her. Before she could fully process what was happening, she found herself being enveloped by a set of arms and wet lips pressed against her neck. Her eyes instinctively shut, her arm going momentarily limp as she let her bag drop to the floor.

The lips moved across her neck until they pressed hard against her lips. She immediately returned the kiss without thinking.

She registered the sound of the door being her clicking closed but her mind was too busy processing the sensations of the warm body pressing up against her, the soft tongue beginning to push into her mouth.

Sarah raised her arms to encircle the back of Dan's neck. Her arms didn't need to stretch as far as they usually did. As she slid her tongue back into what she assumed was her husband's mouth, she opened one eye and realized it wasn't her husband at all.

It was Lester.

She pulled back from the kiss but his body was still pressed firmly against hers. "Lester!"

"Yup," Lester said before snaking his hand behind her head and pulling her face back towards his. His mouth found hers in a passionate embrace. Sarah was shocked and froze for a moment.

Her body was heating up, all traces of the cold Chicago winter had been wiped away. Her body was responding to the physical sensation while her mind played catch up. She opened her mouth and allowed Lester's tongue to invade it. She felt him press himself up against her; she could feel the heat radiating from his crotch as he slowly turned her and backed her up until her supple ass was pressing against the couch.

Lester's hand was roaming her body. It tore off her winter hat and had begun to expertly unzip her jacket. Once he had it open, his hand started to massage her breasts over her sweatshirt. He found her hardened nipple and tweaked it.

Lester continued to ground his cock against her as his hands ran over her body and his tongue battled hers. Sarah yearned to feel him touch her bare skin.

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Dan flushed the toilet and quickly washed his hands. He thought he'd heard the sound of the apartment door a second earlier. He had just finished responding to Sarah's text that she had arrived, so it must have been her.

He dried his hands and exited the bathroom. As he moved down the hallway toward the living room he abruptly stopped in his tracks, taken back by the sight in front of him. His loving wife was pinned against the couch by his short ogre of a roommate. Lester was pressing his crotch against hers and he was kissing her. No, they were kissing each other. Sarah was responding, her arms were around his neck and her hips were firmly pushing back against him.

Dan stood there for several seconds trying to process what was happening. Wondering how this had happened. She had just texted

him and now Lester was already mauling her. Given that she still had some outerwear on, Lester must have beaten him to the punch and grabbed her just when she opened the door.

Still, it was a little distressing how she was responding to his touch, especially given their conversation. Maybe it wasn't the best idea that she had come so soon.

"Sarah!" Dan said as he finally found it in himself to walk forward towards the obscene coupling.

Sarah disengaged from Lester's kiss and with some effort pushed against him until he let go. Within seconds she closed the distance between them and gave Dan a strong hug. His eyes closed as they rekindled their intimacy and he returned her embrace. When he finally opened his eyes, he saw Lester still standing there, staring at them.

"I missed you so much," Sarah whispered into his ear. "I don't know what just happened, it all happened so fast."

Dan kept one eye warily on Lester. "I missed you too. Don't worry, we'll figure it out. I don't think this was your fault."

Sarah pulled back to look at him. He wanted to kiss her and could tell she wanted to kiss him. Both hesitated since her lips had just been engaged with Lester's. She gave him a reassuring smile and nodded her head, understanding without saying anything.

"I need to freshen up," she said so both of them could hear. She turned and went back towards the door, avoiding looking at Lester. She grabbed her bag from the floor and walked back towards Dan. As she passed him, she gave his hand a strong squeeze before moving past him into the bathroom.

Dan heard the bathroom door shut and the lock engage. He stood there at the threshold of the hallway as if on guard. Lester hadn't moved from his own position, he was just standing there. Waiting. Eventually, he seemed to get bored and turned towards the kitchen, disappearing from sight.

Dan's body felt full of adrenaline. It finally dawned on him that he was breathing quickly, even though he was just standing still. His heart felt like it was beating a million times a minute. As he was trying to comprehend how he was feeling, it dawned on him that he

felt an incessant need to stand there and protect Sarah, but that he also harbored a sense of disappointment.

Disappointment that both Sarah and Lester had left the living room empty. He couldn't want them back together, could he? Dan leaned against the wall to catch his breath. Only then did he notice that his hand was absently touching his hard cock through his pants.

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Sarah stared into the bathroom mirror for several seconds, trying to regain her composure. She splashed water onto her face as she processed the rapid succession of events that had just occurred. She had wanted to be embraced by Dan so badly, that she had responded to Lester's touch.

On the trip here, she had planned to stay as far away from Lester as possible but he had intercepted her before she had time to try. She knew one thing for certain, she wasn't going to have sex with Lester again. Partially because she had promised herself, but also because she was on her week and she didn't like doing that. Her cycle should be ending soon but for now, it was still ongoing.

She didn't know what waited for her on the other side of the bathroom door, but it was time to find out. She relieved herself after the long drive and freshened herself up. She stripped down and changed out of the underwear and panties she had driven here in. No matter what happened, she wanted to look good for Dan. She put on a lacy turquoise bra and matching pair of panties. The panties were the same color, but they weren't an exact match, they weren't part of the same set. They had a wider cut that allowed Sarah to put on a new pad without it being too noticeable.

Sarah drew her hair back in a ponytail and looked at herself in the mirror: even though she knew it was vain, she did still find herself quite striking. She allowed herself to acknowledge that she looked pretty damn hot. With all the stressful things happening in her life, she was proud that she hadn't let herself go.

She put her black v-neck tee shirt and hip-hugging jeans back on and left the bathroom. She dropped her bag off in Dan's room

before she found him with his back to her, standing at the end of the hallway.

Sarah slid up behind him and embraced him from behind; she rested her face between the back of his neck and shoulder and her hands reached around to hug him. They stood together like that for a few seconds until she wanted to see her husband's face. As she moved around him, she let her hands fall and her right hand casually brushed against his crotch.

Sarah gasped as she felt Dan sporting an erection, "Dan? What's going on here?" Her voice was more playful than concerned.

"I don't know," Dan whispered from in front of her. "It's like I can't help it. It just happened, I didn't even realize it until you were in the bathroom."

Sarah felt her body tensing up and getting warm again. She held him and kissed his shoulder. Feeling her husband's erect cock had turned her on immensely. She hadn't felt it at all in what seemed like forever. Now she deliberately lowered her hand over the outside of his pants and explored his throbbing hard cock. She heard Dan's breath catch in his throat.

They stood there unmoving, save for Sarah's hand stroking her husband from behind. She wanted to feel it, to touch the bare skin of it, so she pushed her hand past the waistband of his pants and boxers until she got a firm grasp on his dick.

She started stroking it. Dan's hips subtly began thrusting into her hand. He rested his head on the wall and she gently jerked her husband off.

Both of their attentions snapped to the shape moving across the room. Lester had emerged from the kitchen and was standing there, staring at the couple. Sarah didn't stop stroking her husband.

"Dan," Sarah asked quietly. "What are we doing here?" The playfulness in her voice was gone, replaced now by concern.

"I don't know," Dan responded. He sounded conflicted and full of turmoil.

Lester just stood there, watching them with predatory eyes. Eventually, he stepped further into the room. He awkwardly peeled

off his faded t-shirt with a picture of the death star on it and let it fall to the floor.

Dan and Sarah watched as he shimmied out of his oversized basketball shorts until he was standing there in nothing more than his white underwear. Soon those were on the floor also and Lester was standing there in front of the couple, naked.

His cock was jutting out even though it was only half hard. Lester started to stroke himself while he stared at them. It was difficult to tell but Sarah knew that he was staring at her, remorselessly, deep into her piercing eyes.

"Think I can get a hand, too?" Lester muttered from across the room. Within seconds Lester had ratcheted up the sexual tension in the room.

"What do we do?" Sarah whispered to Dan, too low for Lester to hear. "Should we go back to the room?"

Dan didn't respond for several seconds. Sarah could feel his chest rise and fall quickly as he breathed. Finally, he responded, sounding conflicted, "No."

"Dan?" Sarah whispered, "Are you sure? We can still walk away. What do you want to do?"

Lester continued to stroke his cock, holding his ground. Dan struggled to find the words, saying them out loud was painful. Admitting them was painful. He just wished it could happen without him having to fully commit to the course of action. That he could watch the inevitable play out in front of him.

Dan grabbed Sarah's hand that was stroking his cock and intertwined their fingers. Then he gently pulled her along as he took a step forward. Dan led Sarah into the living room. He directed them toward the chair across from the couch.

"Dan," Sarah whispered as she noticed Lester moving behind them. "Are you sure this is what we should do?"

Dan looked her in the eyes. She could see the lust plastered across his face, she could feel the heat radiating from her thighs.

"No," he finally said. "But I can't help it, Sarah. I need to see this."

Sarah rested a hand on his strong chest "Dan," she said, "I'm not going to have sex tonight. I can't, it's not a good time. What do you

want me to do?"

Dan looked at Lester, who was sitting relaxedly on the couch, stroking his cock, seemingly in anticipation. "Go to him."

Sarah stood there as Dan slowly eased himself back down on the chair. She looked over her shoulder at Lester. If she wasn't already so turned on, she'd find Lester's looks and his action of stroking his cock utterly disgusting. But in her current heated state of mind, the thought of his eyes on her body, while he calmly and confidently stroked himself, was causing butterflies to dance around in her stomach. Her breathing sped up, and she felt the beginnings of lightheadedness.

She looked back at Dan, who seemed to be in a trance. His lustful expression appeared tinged with guilt. For some reason that she couldn't quite figure out, the conflicted look on his face turned her on a lot more than what Lester was doing. Dan sat there looking up at her, staring at her body but with his gaze somehow unfocused. She glanced down at the tent in her husband's pants. His obvious arousal told Sarah what to do next.

Sarah bit her lip and looked between the two men as she reached down and grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and peeled it off over her head until she was standing there with her turquoise bra and impressive bust on display. She faced her husband, seeing the lust-fueled conflict in his eyes as she presented herself to the men in her lingerie. She pushed her chest out, accentuating her curves, and widened her eyes. Dan understood she was again asking him for permission, wordlessly seeking his approval. He nodded. A smile formed on Sarah's lips as her gaze turned from her handsome husband to his squat troll of a roommate. The roommate whose impressive cock was now slick with precum, his stroking never having ceased.

She turned to face Dan and stared into his eyes. Without breaking eye contact she bent over at the waist and started to lower her pants, giving Lester the perfect view of her shapely ass. Lester emitted an audible groan from behind her.

Once she had lowered and stepped elegantly out of her pants, Sarah snapped up to her full height and looked over her shoulder at

Lester. "See anything you like?"

"Get that sweet ass over here," Lester growled, sitting on the couch with his legs spread as he stroked his cock.

Sarah looked back at her husband and raised an eyebrow. This was the point of no return and they both knew it. Dan subtly nodded.

With Dan's implied permission, Sarah turned on her heel and seductively walked towards her husband's overweight roommate. Dan watched as her perfect ass shifted from side to side like that of a runway model.

"Mmhmmm, what's that you're playing with? Is it for me?" Sarah said as she stood directly in front of Lester with a hand confidently placed on her hip.

Lester grinned, "It's a called a cock. But you should know that already. Heh, maybe you wouldn't since you've been married to Dan for so long and had to put up with what he's packing." His cock swelled as he finished his sentence as if to underline his point.

"And yeah," Lester continued, "It's for you. I'm going to slide it inside you and make you scream." His dark eyes told them both how much he meant this.

Lester reached for Sarah's thighs to grab her. She took a half step backwards, only his fingertips able to make contact with her supple skin. He tried to reach forward but couldn't: his gut was pressing against his thighs, preventing him from leaning over further. He grimaced from the effort.

"Not tonight, big boy," she said, looking down at the creature in front of her. "It's not a good time for that. Tonight I'm going to give you the best blow job you've ever had. Got it?"

"We'll see," Lester said, trying in vain to find a grip on her flawless body with his fingertips.

"This isn't a negotiation," Sarah said, bending over at the hips. She lowered her face until she was looking directly into his eyes. His fingers still barely touching her tanned skin, "This is how it's going to be —"

Lester suddenly stopped trying to grab her thighs; instead, he shifted his focus to her head which was now within reach. He

grabbed the beautiful wife by her head and shoulders and pulled her towards him.

The maneuver caught her off balance and she stumbled forward. Lester's lips were on hers before she knew it. As he pulled her down he raised his hips up and directed her body onto her back, lying across the couch.

For someone so overweight, Lester was suspiciously nimble when he wanted to be.

Lester's weight was pressing down onto Sarah's frame; as she opened her mouth to breathe, Lester's large tongue invaded her mouth, searching for hers. She was taken aback: one minute she was dictating terms to Lester; the next he had her on her back with his tongue in her mouth.

Dan watched as his creepy roommate sandwiched his wife against the couch. His pale hair-covered skin contrasted with her tanned, toned body. He watched in fascination as Lester closed his beady eyes and his tongue pushed into his wife's pristine mouth. Lester was still stroking his cock but now his cock head was pressed up against Sarah's thigh.

Angst, jealousy and lust coursed through Dan's veins. He felt his cock jump as he watched Sarah's hand against Lester's chest. At first, it was tense, pushing back on Lester's quick maneuver but then it relaxed, showing Sarah's willingness. Her hand rubbed him gently, an intimate lover's caress. Dan's heart sank as his cock throbbed.

Dan knew that Sarah said no sex would happen but he couldn't help but stare as he thought about the possibility. About watching his wife as another man entered her; watching her face contort with pleasure. He was fascinated and aroused by the idea, knowing that it had already happened but that he had been unable to witness it was tearing him up inside. He also felt a great deal of shame for his desires and for his wife's willingness to engage in his fantasies for him.

Sarah could feel the heat of Lester's cock as he rubbed it against her inner thigh, inches away from her married sex. The tension in her body slowly melted away as she felt Lester's skin upon her own. The heat from his body mixed with hers.

She finally relented and gave in, running her tongue against his. His large tongue dominated her mouth and clashed with hers, their two tongues dancing and sliding against each other. Their saliva mixed together, each experiencing fully what the other had to offer.

Sarah let one hand slide up the couch until it rested on the back of Lester's head, her fingers lacing through his thinning hair. His other hand ran down his body, feeling its softness until she reached the hard cock between his legs.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned into Lester's mouth as her fingertips found the large member. Lester's hand retreated as Sarah's took over. It was an awkward angle but she still managed to obtain a firm grasp on it, stroking it. She would stop and use her fingertips to run over his cockhead, then she would slide her fingers down and allow her nails to gently graze his balls. This elicited a guttural groan from Lester.

Dan watched as Lester's hands began to explore Sarah's body. Running over her ample chest. Sarah yelped as he squeezed her tits hard before his hand moved down to her perfect ass. He snaked his hand under her and grabbed a handful of it and pulled her body towards his crotch. Sarah's hips involuntarily bucked, pressing against his manhood. The couple groaned together, both of them remembering what it felt like when there were no clothes to prevent penetration.

Lester slowly removed his tongue from Sarah's mouth. Dan noticed how hard she was breathing, like she was gasping for breath. Lester started to lick down her neck, causing her body to writhe against him. His tongue continued to descend downward until it traced the depths of her cleavage. He started lapping at the exposed skin of her breasts.

Lester's tongue ran against the fabric of her bra and, becoming dissatisfied, he used both hands to pull her up into a semi-sitting position. He quickly reached around her and with one hand undid her bra clasp. As the clasps hung there limply, he let Sarah fall back to the couch as he grabbed the front of her bra, pulling it off in one masterful move.

Dan was unnerved at just how deft a maneuver it was. Perhaps he had been underestimating Lester this entire time. His wife now lay topless beneath this ogre of a man, her naked breasts rising and falling rapidly with anticipation. Lester brought Sarah's exquisite turquoise bra to his face and inhaled her scent for several long seconds while Sarah continued to stroke his unkempt cock. Both men's eyes lingered on Sarah's magnificent chest - her breasts never failed to distract either of them.

Then with a smirk, Lester tossed the discarded bra towards Dan. It landed in his lap, directly on his shorts that were concealing his throbbing dick. Lester kept eye contact with Dan as he lowered his head to Sarah's chest and started to play with her nipples. He ran his wet lips around her pert swollen nipples, avoiding direct contact with each one, and then alternated biting and sucking each one. He paid attention to the mewls coming from Sarah, mauling and devouring her breasts, changing his actions depending on the responses from his roommate's wife.

Sarah closed her eyes and thrust her chest up to Lester's mouth eager for the stimulation. Her free hand held the back of his head firmly to her chest, while the other massaged his throbbing cock. Already large in her hand, she felt Lester's cock stiffen, enlarging even further. Her surprise at this development only served to further fuel her own arousal.

As Lester's tongue danced around Sarah's perky nipples and drooled saliva all over her heavenly chest, his other hand started to tug at her panties. He snaked his finger under the hem and started to pull.

Dan watched as Lester tugged at Sarah's panties. He was doing the calculus in his head. If those panties were removed, Lester's cock was right there.

Before Dan could see too much, Sarah stopped stroking Lester. Her hand left his cock and quickly tried pushing Lester's hand away, "No, Lester, not tonight. Please." She said this carefully, as if she didn't want Lester to think she wasn't aroused by his persistence.

Lester continued to tug, focused on his goal. Sarah pushed his hand more forcefully and sat herself up into a sitting position where

she could swing her legs out from under the beast on top of her.

"Rhhmmm," Lester sounded momentarily disappointed by this turn of events. Sarah slid off the couch onto the floor as Lester sat up. Sarah knelt between his legs.

"I told you," she said seductively, "that I was going to give you the best blow job you've ever had tonight. Just sit back and relax."

Lester looked down into Sarah's beautiful green eyes and then his gaze shifted back to Dan. He smirked and said, "As long as it's a better blow job than you've ever given Dan, let's do it."

Sarah turned her head and looked back playfully at her husband, "Mhmmmm, I think I can do that."

She turned her head back around and lowered her waiting mouth onto Lester's large member. An electric shiver went through the married woman's body as her tongue connected with his cock.

Dan sat there in stunned silence as he watched his beautiful wife, the mother of his two children, begin to bob her pretty mouth onto Lester's cock. Her lips stretched to accommodate his size. The same lips he had stared at as they said 'I do' on their wedding day, just before he kissed them and sealed the commitment to their life together. Dan saw her savor his roommate's cock as she swirled her tongue around its tip.

While neither Sarah nor Dan was strongly religious, her voice from their wedding came back into Dan's head. Her words were as clear as if she was saying them right now: "I do promise and covenant, before God and these witnesses, to be your loving and faithful wife in plenty and in want, in joy and in sorrow, in sickness and in health, as long as we both shall live."

He watched as the woman who had pledged to be his loving and faithful wife took another man's cock into her mouth while she emitted moans of pleasure around it. She was now trying to get as much of it into her mouth as she could, but much of Lester's glistening shaft was still visible.

Ashamed, Dan began to lower his pants and boxers until they were discarded on the floor. His hard dick pointed towards the ceiling and he started to stroke it. Sarah's lacy bra was sitting on his

thighs. The feeling of the material on his bare skin added to his stimulation.

Lester broke his stare away from watching the beautiful woman engulf his cock. He looked up at her husband and a shit-eating grin spread across his face. "Hold on, let's get in a better position." Lester was at his ugliest when he smiled, as he did now.

He lightly pushed on Sarah's shoulders until she reluctantly let his cock slip from her lips. Lester scooted back and over so that he was lying propped up against the arm of the couch. Sarah, insatiably, crawled up the couch after him. As she felt him settle into position, she propped herself up on her arms in between his legs and stuck her tongue out to lick the entire underside of his cock.

"There," Lester said, as Sarah's tongue trailed down and started to trace circles on his hairy ball sack, "that'll give old Danny boy a better view of the festivities."

Sarah looked up at Lester. "How thoughtful of you," she murmured. Her mouth went right back to his left nut, engulfing it in a deep kiss.

"Heh," Lester grunted, pumping his dick into the air as Sarah hit a particularly sensitive spot on the underside of his balls, her tongue grazing across the little bumps and imperfections. "Thoughtful has nothing to do with it."

Lester cast a glare at Dan, saying, "I wanted to prove to him that I was right earlier."

Dan watched as Sarah's tongue reappeared from Lester's nether region. She looked momentarily confused as she looked first at Dan and then back up at Lester. "Right about what?"

"That you crave my cock. After getting fucked by me, I know you haven't been able to stop thinking about it." Lester sneered at Dan.

Even as Sarah had to admit to herself that Lester's large cock did feel amazing in her hand, knowing that she was the one causing it to react that way, she still wasn't about to let Lester walk all over her and Dan.

"Lester," Sarah said while looking between the two men in the room, "last weekend, that was a mistake. It won't happen again.

There was a miscommunication and I thought Dan was on board. Otherwise, I wouldn't have done what we did."

Lester grinned and grabbed Sarah by the back of her head and pulled her face down onto his cock. He thrust his hips off the couch.

"Ughh, mhhhmmmm," Sarah moaned, as she braced herself for the large cock invading her mouth, her tongue running underneath its length. His large cock pistoning in and out of her mouth, the way Lester just took control over her that way: even as her eyes began to water from discomfort, she hated to admit that it turned her on.

"Mmmhmmm," she moaned around his cock as it slid in and out of her pretty little lips, as it bumped up against the entrance to her throat. "Mmmmmmm."

Lester looked at Dan and winked. Then he abruptly pulled his cock from her mouth.

Disappointed, Sarah intuitively tried to wrap her lips back around Lester's fat cock but felt pain in the back of her head. Lester held her ponytail firmly in his grip, keeping her desperate mouth off of his throbbing cock. Dan's mouth was open in shock as he watched his wife's obvious attempts to continue fellating the loathsome slob.

"That's great Sarah, but that's not what I said," Lester grinned as he looked down at her. "Look at your husband."

Sarah looked visibly confused, why wasn't Lester letting her suck his cock? She looked from Lester to Dan.

"Now tell your husband honestly that you haven't thought about me and my cock once since last weekend." Lester was looking between Dan and Sarah, blissfully taking in their facial expressions. Even as he engaged in casual conversation, his cock didn't waver at all. Sarah had noticed this and her mouth watered even as she began to speak.

Dan shifted in his seat and Lester swore he saw Dan's dick twitch at his words. Sarah's face was masked with lust but her eyes still betrayed her. It was clear to everyone in the room that it would be a lie if Sarah denied what she wanted.

Lester lifted his hips off the couch and pressed his cock against Sarah's cheek. He held her head in place by her ponytail. Sarah

opened her mouth but Lester kept his cock against the side of her pretty face.

Dan watched as Lester slid the entire length of his meat against Sarah's face, resting it against her in a domineering fashion.

"Tell him," Lester said from a few feet away. "Tell Dan the truth. Tell him how much you've been thinking about this cock."

Lester slid his legs up and between Sarah's so that his fat thigh was pressing against her panty-covered pussy. He ran the length of it up and down several times, trying to stimulate her clit. "Tell him."

Sarah closed her eyes, getting lost in the feeling of having Lester pressing up against her sex and his hard hot cock pressing against her face. She opened her eyes and looked directly at her husband, the rest of the world and her worries melting away. The debauchery of this lowly man's giant organ on her face was turning sex upside down for the married mother.

Dan looked into his wife's eyes. The only emotion he was able to discern from them was lust.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned. "Dan. I'm sorry, I just can't keep replaying last weekend over in my head. He's right. Fuck, this bastard is right. I keep thinking about him and his cock."

"That's a good girl," Lester chuckled. He released his grip on the back of her hair, turned her head, and brought it down onto his cock. Sarah broke eye contact with her husband as her lips pressed against the fat cock in front of her.

Dan's heart skipped a beat. The admission plus her breaking eye contact with him to focus on Lester's cock made his heart and his cock ache. He stopped stroking himself for a second, afraid he was going to explode.

Sarah felt Lester's dirty salty precum begin to ooze out of the slit in his cock head. She pulled back and made sure to swirl her tongue around the head of his cock, locking eyes with Lester as she did. The taste danced across her tongue, stoking a fire deep within her.

She glanced at her husband, he was staring at them with wanton lust plastered all over her face. Sarah knew from past experiences that the dirty talk really inflamed Dan's desires and turned him mad with lust. She just hoped she wasn't getting too carried away.

Having licked up the last of the precum, Sarah dragged her lips to the bottom of Lester's cock and started planting soft kisses along his shaft while she stared seductively at her husband. She took her time, making sure each kiss allowed her tongue time to run over each of Lester's veins.

"How are you doing over there, my love?" Sarah queried between kisses. She wanted to make sure Dan was okay, that he was still on board with all of this. She knew that the dirty talk would turn him, so she planned to lean into it for him.

"Good," Dan croaked out. "You look so fucking hot."

"Stop talking to him," Lester commanded, "You're mine right now. If you really want to talk to him, use that pretty mouth to tell him how much you love my cock."

Sarah looked up at Lester with annoyance and then rolled her tongue up the base of his cock until it flicked over his cock head, "Mhmmmm, Dan. Lester is right, I can't get enough of his big cock." She took the head right back into her mouth, showing Dan the truth of it.

"Tell him you love it," Lester grunted. "Look in your husband's eyes and tell him how much you love my cock."

"Fuck," Sarah said as she used her hand to start stroking Lester's slickened cock, her heavy breasts bouncing as she did so. She turned her head and looked at her husband. "I love it, Dan. I love this cock. I hate that it's attached to someone like him but I can't stop thinking about it."

She bit her lip and stared into Dan's eyes as she lowered her head. "I crave it," she said, little louder than a whisper. Her eyes returned to the swollen object of her lust.

"Ugh," Dan moaned from his chair. He had resumed stroking his cock and could feel his balls beginning to tighten. The view in front of him was too much but Sarah's dirty talk always set him off.

Lester pulled Sarah up by the armpits until her chest came up over his groin. He put his cock between her breasts as they pushed against his fat frame.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's large cock sliding between her breasts. Sarah's sensitive nipples brushed against

Lester's naked body. She unconsciously ground herself against Lester's thigh, stimulating her clit against the fabric of her panties.

"That's it," Lester moaned. "I may not get to fuck you tonight but I'm going to fuck that chest of yours."

"Uhhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling an orgasm building up inside her. "Do it. Fuck my tits. Fuck them hard."

Lester started to piston his cock in and out of her breasts. Sarah held the side of her breasts tight, keeping them pressed together to milk Lester's massive organ. Dan could see the sheen of sweat, saliva and pre-cum coating his wife's breasts. He watched in horror as his wife humped herself against Lester's leg like a dog in heat.

His roommate really did have his wife in the palm of his hand.

"Your husband wants to know what it was like to fuck me," Lester said as his cock hit Sarah in the chin before disappearing back between her breasts. "I know you haven't told him how much you enjoyed it yet. Time for some honesty. Look at him, he wants to hear it. Tell him."

"Ohhhhh," Sarah moaned, it was all too much. The feeling of the cock between her breasts, riding Lester's thigh. Feeling how large and veiny Lester's cock was against her smooth skin, the taste of his cock and fluids lingering in her mouth. Being on display for Dan and seeing the conflict in his face, talking so dirty about Lester to him. Sarah was on the brink of exploding.

"Ohhh, fuck," Sarah moaned as her orgasm started to slowly wash over her. "Fuck. God, Dan, Lester fucked me soo good. Soo fucking good. He made me cum so many times I lost count and just passed out. I've never experienced anything like it before." She was quaking with bliss as she spoke slowly, her impending explosion obvious to both men.

Sarah's words cut through Dan's heart as his cock pulsed, wanting Dan to release his cum filled balls. They made eye contact just as Sarah's lips formed an O. Dan watched as his wife's body was rocked by an orgasm.

Sarah's nerves were on fire, as pleasure detonated deep within her body. She could feel every hair on her body stand on end: her toes curled as she jolted, coming hard on Lester's thigh. She made a

sound that was half scream, half moan as she rode the wave of her pleasure.

Her body still reeling from the mind-blowing orgasm, Sarah realized how hard she was breathing. She looked up at Lester lustfully. His face was painted with a lust that matched the intensity of her own. Two polar opposites who never should have been together, matched in a searing look of desire. Lester's face wore a tinge of triumph, as well.

Sarah knew why. He had fully conquered her the weekend before and despite her best efforts, she couldn't stop thinking about it.

"Tell me how bad you want it again," Lester growled. He reached forward and pulled her body fully onto his, his lips kissing her sloppily. Sarah's hand instinctively found his cock and started to stroke it.

"Tell me," Lester whispered. "I want to hear you admit it."

Sarah broke their kiss and stared at Lester's chest as she focused on stroking his cock.

"I want it," she whispered. "I want to feel it again."

Dan couldn't quite make out what Lester and Sarah were saying. The fact that they were having a private conversation, whispering together like lovers, was like a dagger to his heart.

"Kiss me," Lester said, his hand gesturing down his neck and towards his cock, "and then suck my cock, but tell your husband what you just told me at the same time."

Sarah had been kissed by Lester many times at this point, but now she was being asked to begin a kiss with Lester in front of her husband. She didn't hesitate at all to push her tongue deeply into the older man's mouth, knowing how hot this was for Dan and how much it was igniting her own lust, but not sure which was the greater factor at the moment. Dan watched as Sarah initiated a kiss with Lester, her tongue darting into his mouth first and then swirling seductively around.

"Mhmmm," Dan heard Sarah moaning into Lester's embrace as her hand continued to stroke the large cock between them. Dan was still flabbergasted that Lester was packing a cock like that. It seemed patently unfair that someone so inferior to him dwarfed him in this

one embarrassing respect. He knew there were things that Sarah could experience with Lester that she never could with him. There were things the obtuse couple across from him could share, that Dan could never share with his own wife. Heights they could hit that would leave Dan below, only able to watch.

Sarah broke her kiss with Lester and started planting light kisses along his neck. Her tongue flickered out and licked him intimately, running over the folds in his skin. She widened her eyes, looking at Dan intensely.

Dan watched as Sarah stared into his soul, all while she continued to grind herself gently against Lester.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned, never breaking her gaze from her husband's. She planted soft succulent kisses along Lester's neck, lover's kisses that were usually reserved for him. "I want it, Dan. I want to feel this cock again."

She emphasized the word cock by quickening the pace of her strokes on Lester's cock.

"I can't believe I'm saying this but it was just so fucking good. I need to, baby." She bit her lip playfully. Lester couldn't see it, so Dan knew that gesture was just for him. He hoped it meant that this was all a show for him, that she wasn't so far gone. But he knew that their dirty talk and roleplaying always contained an element of truth.

Sarah didn't break eye contact with Dan as she intently kissed and licked down Lester's chest and stomach until she reached Lester's throbbing cock. Her gaze finally broke with Dan's at last as she looked down at Lester's cock in front of her. Without looking back at her husband, Sarah licked her lips and took Lester's cock into her mouth. She paused with as much of Lester in her mouth as she could get, her enjoyment in performing this act apparent.

Lester worked her mouth using the back of her head, setting the tempo. He looked over at Dan, smirking. "I told you. I told you she wasn't over it. She may love you, buddy, but your wife loves my cock more."

"Isn't that right?" Sarah raised her head to speak but Lester held her down on his cock by the back of her head.

The only noise she could respond with was, "MMhmmppfffff."

Lester lay back in heaven, luxuriating in the feeling of this beautiful wife and mother milking his cock with her mouth. She really did give a better blowjob than he had ever received before. As much as he wanted to fuck her, he was enjoying her sucking him off. He especially loved how she was doing it for him right in front of her husband, loved making her admit and say all the nasty things she had.

Lester enjoyed the power. He had never had power over two people at once before. That new level of power was intoxicating.

Sarah's expert mouth was working his cock too well. Lester could feel his cum beginning to throb in his balls, getting ready to explode. He had one more thing up his sleeve before that happened.

Lester pulled Sarah off of him; she bobbed her head trying to reach his cock with her mouth but he didn't let her. Lester stood up and walked towards Dan.

Confused, Dan and Sarah looked at Lester, unsure what was happening. Sarah's mouth felt empty and she craved the feeling of his leg between hers, grating against her throbbing clit.

Lester only stopped when he stood directly in front and above Dan. He looked down at him and for the first time in Dan's entire time living in the apartment, he felt small. Even though Lester was a head shorter than him, right now Lester was towering over him as Dan sat here with his pants off and his hard cock in his hand. It was an extremely vulnerable position. Lester's musty smell was intensified by his proximity. If the situation hadn't been so combusive, Dan would have been utterly revolted.

"Come here," Lester said to Sarah.

Uncertainly, Sarah stood and walked over to the two men in her life. She stopped, standing directly in front of Lester wearing nothing more than her turquoise panties. She was breathing rapidly, her chest was rising and falling in anticipation. She didn't know what was going to happen next, but she couldn't wait to find out what it was.

Lester looked between Dan and then Sarah, before commanding her to, "Kneel."

Dan was surprised at how quickly and obediently Sarah complied. She knelt complaisantly, face to face with Lester's cock, clearly comfortable with the intimate proximity.

"I want you to touch yourself, Sarah. One hand in your panties and the other playing with your tits." Lester looked down at Dan's wife kneeling before him. He knew that, under that confident exterior, she had a streak of submissiveness.

Sarah looked briefly at Dan before dropping one of her hands down into her panties. Her fingers found her clit and she started to roll it between her fingers. She bit her lip as her other hand started to massage her own chest. Lester's musty aroma wafted into Sarah's nose as well. She breathed it in like a heady cologne. She hadn't been a fan of it when she had first met the man, but now it played on her senses like an aphrodisiac.

Lester held his cock in one hand and took half a step forward, pushing it towards Sarah's face. Dan watched as she obediently opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue. Lester pressed the tip of his cock onto her waiting tongue. He watched as his wife took the initiative and leaned forward to take Lester's hard cock deeper into her mouth.

Lester looked at Dan and smirked. He noticed that Dan had resumed stroking his dick, watching what was unfolding right in front of him. Lester grabbed Sarah's ponytail tightly, "You both said I couldn't fuck her tonight but you were both wrong. Dan, I'm going to fuck your pretty wife's face and you can't do anything about it."

With that Lester held Sarah's head tight and started bucking his hips wildly, rapidly thrusting his hard cock into her mouth. Sarah sat there receptively, touching herself, feeling more turned on than she ever had been in her life. Not only was she touching herself in ways only she knew how, but she also had Lester's big cock inside her mouth, stretching her lips. He was fucking her face the way he'd fucked her pussy last weekend, without a care in the world for her comfort, for her enjoyment. She remembered what it felt like to get felt that way, the raw animalistic abandonment of it. She knew Lester's complete lack of concern for her was exactly the thing about him that made her cum harder than with anyone else.

And she was doing all this right in front of Dan. Knowing he was watching and pleasuring himself to her but even more aware of how she was being used right in front of him, made to display the full measure of her submissive desires. She hadn't realized that it would turn her on but she felt like gasoline was being poured on her. The loop of her enjoyment fueling her husbands, her husband's obsessive engagement then driving her to enjoy herself even more, all of it combining, building on itself, and threatening to make her pass out from sheer sensation. She felt as if she was losing herself to an all-consuming lust and it frightened her a little that she didn't want to stop.

Her body was hot and she could feel another orgasm rapidly approaching. She already knew this one would be bigger than the last.

Lester wasn't gentle as he fucked Dan's wife's mouth. He was using his wife for his personal pleasure. Dan could only stare as Sarah played with herself right in front of him, her hips gyrating against her hand as she tried desperately to get herself off. Lester held her firmly as he fucked his cock into her mouth, causing her to gag.

Dan didn't realize how quickly he was stroking his cock until he felt his balls tighten as his cock exploded. He shot several ropes of cum into the air and they landed on his thighs, some soaking into his wife's discarded bra. He felt a small triumph that he had marked some part of her outfit this time. He continued to stroke the last bit of cum out of his cock before he slumped back stunned, his nostrils flaring as his breathing slowed.

Neither Lester nor Sarah noticed.

His lust-filled mind began to clear as he sat there, still watching his loving wife being dominated by his creepy roommate. He wanted to put a stop to this entire thing and get Sarah back. He was about to interject but Lester spoke first.

"Dan," Lester said without looking at him, "I am going to fuck your wife again. Feel her under me as she screams as we cum together." Dan's words died in his throat as his spent cock stiffened again.

Lester could feel his balls begin to tighten. He was going to cum soon. He looked down at Sarah in front of him. "Isn't that right Sarah?"

"Mmmhpm," she responded, Lester's cock still invading the back of her throat as he face fucked her.

"What was that? Tell us. Isn't that right, that I'm going to fuck you again?" Lester pulled his cock from Sarah's mouth.

Saliva dripped down her chin as she struggled to catch her breath, "Yes," she breathed, "You're going to fuck me again with... this cock." She paused, looking at it in awe. "Soon." Dan couldn't remember ever finding Sarah more attractive than she was now, sweaty, disheveled, her submissive eyes locked on Lester's, his fat cock resting on her bottom lip.

Lester tightened his grip on Sarah's blonde ponytail and shoved his cock back into her mouth.

Sarah felt her body begin to tense up, her orgasm couldn't be held back any longer. With Lester's big cock fucking her mouth, the fuse was ignited. She came, the sound gurgling up from her filled throat, "Mmmmmmmhphhh."

Pure pleasure rippled through her body, stretching to fill every inch of it. It pulled against her very soul as it washed across her body. She squeezed her breast firmly in her hand and pressed hard against her clit as her entire existence revolved around this one moment.

As Lester heard the loving wife kneeling in front of him cum, his balls unloaded. Streams of cum exploded from his cock and launched to the back of Sarah's throat. Sarah didn't so much as gag as she began to swallow Lester's hot vile cum.

As she felt Lester's cum flood her throat, Sarah's orgasm hit a new height. Her neck bobbed convulsively as his hot spunk coursed down her throat into her stomach.

Lester suddenly pulled back and his cock shot another rope of cum onto her face, marking her as his own. Sarah felt several more frothing ropes of cum strike her. She stuck her tongue out as one landed right on it. She quickly swallowed and began licking around her lips, lapping up whatever cum was in reach.

Lester's spray splashed over her chest, and Sarah continued to massage her breasts. Massaging his seed into the pores of her breast flesh. Sarah licked and touched herself, feeling like she was covered in Lester's cum, luxuriating in it.

Lester let go of her ponytail and Sarah felt her knees go weak. She fell back onto her elbows, thick streams of white cum painted across her chest and face. Sarah lay back with a satisfied look on her face as she wiped a glob of cum off her eyelid. Without thinking, she popped her cum covered finger into her mouth and sucked it clean.

Lester looked at Dan triumphantly. Dan wasn't able to take his eyes off of his young, beautiful wife in such a debauched state.

"Soon," Lester said as he walked toward his room. "She'll be mine again."

Dan mentally noted that Lester had left the room but all he could focus on was Sarah, lying on the floor, covered in Lester's vile seed. He was shocked at just how much cum there was: he'd never seen so much before, even though he felt he produced a healthy amount.

Sarah licked her lips with a satisfied look on her face. She blinked and opened her eyes, looking around at her surroundings as if she was just seeing them for the first time. Her eyes focused on her husband, seated before her.

"Come on," Dan said, as he stood up and reached for her. "Let's get you cleaned up."

Dan was careful to pick Sarah up by the arms, trying to avoid getting any of Lester's pungent cum on himself. It was bad enough that his most prized possession in the world had been covered in it.

"I don't know what happened," Sarah said as Dan led her to the bathroom. "Things just got really carried away."

"I know," Dan muttered as he opened the bathroom door. "I'm not sure how things just escalated like that. I swore when you were coming up here that it would just be you and me this weekend. That we would cut Lester off completely."

"I think we need to come up with a better game plan next time," Sarah said as she removed her panties.

Dan started the shower and made sure the temperature was just right for Sarah.

"Dan," Sarah said as she looked at herself in the mirror. She couldn't wait for the shower, as she turned the sink's water on and splashed it on her face, beginning the process of washing the cum off. "You know that all those things I said. All that dirty talk in there, I was doing that especially for you right? Even though I was with .. him ... it was still meant for you."

Dan wanted to hold and console her but her chest was still covered in Lester's cum. "I know. I know. Believe me, I know. You looked so damn sexy doing it and it turned me on to no end. I just can't believe how out of control it got, I should have put better guard rails up."

Sarah stepped past him and entered the shower, letting the warm water cleanse Lester's markings from her skin.

"Get cleaned up," Dan said. "We're still good, we just need to get a better handle on this and be better prepared for next time."

"Okay," Sarah said as she returned to the water running over her body.

Dan stayed in the bathroom, his back to Sarah as she showered. He felt like he had to keep watch, like he'd failed her before by letting things get out of hand. He stood there like a sentinel, but his thoughts kept drifting.

He wanted nothing more than to take Sarah to bed with him, but he knew it wasn't a good time for her.

As the water turned off behind him, he turned his head and saw Sarah wrap a white towel around herself. *God she is so sexy.*

"Are you ready for bed?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah," Dan said. "Let's go get changed and turn in."

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Everything seemed perfect at their house in Middleton. They couldn't have asked for a better day, the sun was shining and the weather was perfect. Birds chirped in the treetops. The girls were playing in the backyard and Dan was having a beer sitting on the back porch while Sarah had a glass of red in her hands and her feet propped up on his lap.

He felt a sense of calm and fulfillment that he hadn't felt in a long time. Everything seemed perfect. Then he started to hear a faint buzzing. Dan dreamily looked around to figure out where the sound was coming from.

He stood up and walked onto his back lawn. The sound seemed to be coming from everywhere at once. He shielded his eyes and looked up at the sky. The sun wasn't shining so brightly anymore; it was completely concealed by dark thunderclouds.

Dan turned back to Sarah but the porch was empty. Her empty wine glass sitting alone on the ground next to where they'd been sitting. Dan turned, looking around the yard, his daughters were nowhere to be seen.

Confused, Dan started to walk back inside, each step feeling heavier than the previous one. He opened the back door and walked into his kitchen. Long shadows seemed to creep from every corner of the room, drowning out the light coming in through the windows.

The buzzing was louder in here. He moved through the house, the buzzing growing louder and louder. As he walked toward the stairs, the shadows seemed to follow him. He could have sworn they were stretching out towards him when he wasn't looking.

As Dan ascended the stairs the buzzing intensified even more. Through the noise, he heard something else. Something familiar. He tried to focus on what it was. It sounded like a woman screaming. No, not screaming exactly.

A woman in the throes of pleasure, begging for more.

Dan reached the landing and started towards their bedroom. The buzzing and the sounds of enjoyment were growing louder. It sounded like Sarah was behind the door. Sarah was moaning.

The buzzing was starting to hurt Dan's ears. He needed to open the door and see what was on the other side.

He grabbed the doorknob and turned it.

A bright light shone into Dan's eyes. He blinked and raised his head to look around.

"Dan, get that," Sarah purred with her eyes still closed. They were lying in his small bed in the apartment in Chicago.

Dan blinked again and got his bearings. His phone was buzzing incessantly. He tried to shove down the memories of the night before and how twisted things had become. He focused on his phone.

Dan reached out to his end table and grabbed his phone, disconnecting the charger. He silenced it and looked at the number that was calling him. It was work.

He answered the phone with a groggy, "Hello?"

An automated message played. Some company-wide announcement. It asked him to log onto a Teams' call at 9:15 am.

"Fuck off," Dan said as he hung up and put his head back down on his pillow. He really wanted to see what was going on behind that door in his dream.

Sighing, he held the phone up to his face and checked the time. It was 9:10 am. Walt and the rest of the team really shouldn't be asking them to jump on a call on the weekend. They'd really been pushing what was acceptable lately.

Dan sat up and looked over at Sarah's form. God, she was sexy. He shuddered as he thought back to Lester plastering Sarah with his cum last night. His mind kept going back to Lester and his wife together.

Rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, Dan swung his legs over the side of the bed and stood up. He grabbed his laptop out of his bag, along with his set of AirPods and walked out into the hallway. He made sure to close the door behind him.

He walked into the living room and froze. He had planned to sit on the couch to take the call but it just dawned on him that he really didn't want to sit there. Not yet. Lester's recent triumphs had rendered the area almost radioactive to Dan. Strangely, he wouldn't sit in the area, but he always became rock-hard if he thought about the reason for his avoidance.

Dan made his way into the kitchen and started to brew a coffee as his laptop turned on. Within a few minutes, he was seated and logged into Teams. He was stuck in the meeting lobby until 9:20 am when the meeting finally started. As Dan glanced at the attendee list, it looked like the entire company was there.

Dan expected to see Walt as he usually ran the company-wide meetings. His spider-sense started to tingle as he recognized the head of HR as one of the four windows given the spotlight.

"Thank you all for coming on short notice and on the weekend. It is appreciated," the woman said. "The senior leadership team wants to start this off by saying what an amazing job you all have been doing this year and that we couldn't be prouder. We know you are all loyal and dedicated to the company and that each and every one of you would bend over backwards to help it succeed. That is how we know you are going to help us achieve the immediate goals in front of us right now."

Dan tentatively sipped his coffee. He thumbed his cell phone and started to scroll through his work email.

The woman continued, "As we look at our business, we realized we have opportunities to position our company better and be much stronger going into the future. But it will take all of us to put our heads down, do the work and make sacrifices to create this better future together."

Dan clicked on an email from the previous night from Walt. He had sent it to several senior members of the team, but he had included Dan on it as well. The timestamp was around the same time that Lester had begun defiling his wife on the couch.

Walt and the other directors had failed to appease Byron and the Lincoln Group. It sounded like they thought Byron was taking them for a ride, trying to get them to pay for expensive drinks and there was a bit of an argument. This coupled with what had transpired with Jesse seemed to hit a breaking point.

The Lincoln Group had dropped Dan's company and planned to withhold their outstanding payments. The company's cash cow was gone.

"That's why starting Monday we are going to undertake a new compensation policy, company-wide," the woman continued. "Going forward, in order to position us to be nimble and adaptable to market changes, we are going to examine new ways to find efficiencies and streamline our operations. As part of this, we will be recalibrating everyone's monthly compensation by a reduced forty

percent. We know you are all willing to make this change to help put us in the best position going forward as we build toward our goals together. If you have any questions about this, please speak to your manager or an HR team member this coming week.”

Forty percent. Dan sat back shocked. They were going to cut his wage by forty percent. He started to do the math in his head, trying to figure out their mortgage payments, rent, groceries and other expenses. Things were already way too tight.

“Thank you all for logging in, I speak on behalf of the entire management team when I say, I hope you all have a great weekend and we’ll see you on Monday.”

Forty percent pay cut. It wasn’t going to be enough for them to survive.

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Lester had watched Dan leave his room from the peephole. His initial plan was to slide into bed next to Sarah and see if he could push his luck and see what Dan’s reaction would be. The previous night had gone easier than he expected. Lester had thought Dan would stand up to him like he had earlier in the day but it appeared he was just a passenger to events when his lust to watch his wife took over.

When Dan grabbed his laptop and headphones, Lester decided to pause his plans to see what happened. As he listened in through his computer on Dan’s work call in the kitchen, he couldn’t have been more pleased with what he’d learned.

As he watched Dan on the monitor sitting back in disbelief, Lester sat back and contemplated the new opportunities this development presented. Lester’s face split into a grin as he thought through some of the same calculations that his roommate was probably making.

Lester’s planning was paying off in ways he couldn’t possibly have predicted.

# Chapter Three

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It felt like it had been hours since the impromptu Saturday morning company meeting ended. Dan just sat there in his apartment kitchen, dazed, staring at the black computer screen. It had long since powered down due to inactivity.

No matter how many times Dan went over the numbers in his head, there just was no way to make the financials of the new situation work. He still couldn't believe his company was cutting his salary by 40% and expected him to react with a smile for the good of the company.

He was going to have some words with Walt when he saw him on Monday. The hard truth of the matter was that his family had just reached some level of stability. With the pay cut, there was no way they could afford their mortgage payments and the rent on the apartment. If Dan moved back to Middleton, then they'd eventually lose the house. Back home, there simply wasn't any work to be found in his field or any other jobs that he would be qualified for.

He sat there in what felt like a catatonic state, his brain trying to process and find a solution. Perhaps he'd have to find a second job to try to make ends meet. He couldn't believe, at this stage in his life and with the experiences he had behind him, that this was something he even had to consider. It felt like he was backsliding and the walls were closing in. The idea of him standing behind a

counter taking a fast food order from a group of teenagers felt utterly humiliating to him.

Dan unconsciously ground his teeth together at the realization that his sabotage of Jessie could have very likely tipped the scales. Without the regular cash flow from the Lincoln Group, it seemed like the company couldn't make ends meet.

He continued to sit there in his near catatonic state until he heard stirring from the other end of the apartment. Sarah must be getting up. He could keep sitting here, eventually, she would come to find him.

What if Lester intercepted her first? That was the last thing he needed, his creepy roommate trying something this morning. Dan knew he'd played a fairly passive role the previous night, just allowing the events to unfold, but he wasn't sure he would be able to hold back his frustration and rage if Lester crossed his path today.

Dan was relieved when he heard the bathroom door close. After a few minutes, he finally stood up, shut his laptop and left the kitchen. As he started to cross the living room, his radiant wife stepped out of the bathroom and turned to look in his direction.

An alluring smile spread across her features as she made eye contact. Even in her pajamas and her messy hair she still looked better than most of the women Dan encountered on a regular basis.

"Morning, baby," Sarah said as she walked towards him. "How did you sleep? I was thinking maybe we can grab dinner tonight and talk about what happened yesterday. I brought that black dress and I was thinking –"

Sarah stopped in her tracks as she entered the living room. She could tell something was wrong with him. "Dan, what's the matter?"

Dan felt his shoulders involuntarily slump forward as he exhaled a long breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding. It felt like the walls of the apartment were closing in around him. "Let's sit." Sarah eyed him warily, knowing that something was amiss but unsure what it could be.

Dan motioned toward the couch and sat down. It dawned on him that he had avoided sitting here earlier but he just needed to sit anywhere other than in front of his laptop screen.

Sarah sat across from him, her body turned in his direction with a mask of worry on her face. "Dan, what's going on, you're scaring me. Did things go too far last night? I thought they kind of did at the end. It's always about you, I'm trying to turn you on."

Dan held up his hand, causing Sarah to stop talking. He focused his eyes on the couch between them. "No, it's not that. I mean, yeah, we need to talk about that, I still can't believe it, but no, this is something else. Work sent a message this morning asking everyone to jump on a call."

He took a breath and continued, "Anyway, most people in the company got on there and the head of HR started talking about the company and our loyalty to it but in the end, she announced everyone in the company was getting their wages reduced by forty percent."

Dan finally looked up and met his wife's gaze.

"Forty percent," Sarah said angrily. "Forty percent? They can't do that, Dan! That's huge! We can't....that's a lot of money. Dan, I..I don't know what to say. Fucking bastards - that's going to kill us."

"I know," Dan sighed. He had worked so hard over the past few months to keep his company afloat and now he felt like the boulder he'd been carrying was finally about to crush him.

"Why?" Sarah said, her voice now sounding more scared than angry. "Why did they do that? What reason did they give?"

"Business is a lot slower than expected and they've lost a few clients lately." Dan omitted that the pull-out by the Lincoln Group had likely played a big part in all of this.

"Okay...okay," Sarah said, as she leaped from the couch and ran into the bedroom. A minute later, she returned with her phone along with a pen and notepad. She sat back down and immediately started writing on the notepad. Dan stayed silent, knowing she was likely doing the same calculations he had been running through.

Finally, she looked up at him. "Dan...I don't know how we make this work."

"I don't know either."

"This is bad timing. Really bad timing. I just registered the girls in swimming lessons and the fee isn't refundable. I was banking on

paying off the card with your next paycheck before our mortgage gets taken out. Fuck, what do we do.”

“We’ll figure something out,” Dan mumbled, his eyes unfocused. They had always figured something out, right? He tried to tell himself this would be just like all those other times, but he was having trouble convincing himself.

He felt warm hands on his. He looked down and saw Sarah’s tender hands encircling his. The image of her hand around Lester’s cock from the previous night flashed into his mind.

Dan looked up at his wife. She had closed the distance between them and was sitting right next to him. She was looking up into his eyes with a determined smile on her face. He knew she wasn’t really feeling brave but was putting on a confident front for his sake.

“You are right,” she said firmly. “We will figure it out, that’s what we do. We’ll look for some areas to cut back and see what other moves we can make. I might have some stuff in the basement I could put on Facebook marketplace to help cover some bills. We’ll figure it out.”

The sound of a door opening caused the couple to pause. Lester emerged from the hallway, wearing only a ratty pair of boxers that caused his naked stomach to bulge out, “Hey, there...”

“Not now, Lester,” Sarah snapped at him. She turned her attention back to Dan.

“Hey,” Lester said, throwing his hands up in frustration. “What did I do now? Buyer’s remorse for all my cum you drank last night?”

Dan watched Sarah’s face turn beet red. She turned back to Lester, “No, Lester, not everything is about you. Got it? Dan just got some bad news from work and we are working on figuring it out, okay?”

“Okay, okay,” Lester said, trying to walk back his previous comments, “That sucks. What was the news?”

“Pay cut,” Sarah said with her back to him. She was focused on the figures on the notepad in front of her.

“Ouch,” Lester said as he walked backwards out of the room. Dan heard his door shut.

Sarah sighed and put down her notepad. “I’m sorry, I just wasn’t expecting this.”

"I know," Dan said reassuringly. "Neither was I."

"Well, the good news is, I can already think of a few ways to cut some expenses. It's going to hurt but we can manage it. It still won't get us all the way but maybe I can pick up some extra hours or figure something else out. But there is one thing I want to ask you and just see what you think."

"Shoot," Dan said.

"Do you think we should update your resume?" Sarah asked. "It's been months since you started here, maybe there are some new things out there."

Dan sat back, closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. The last time he had applied for jobs had been a grueling endeavor. Hundreds of applications, dozens of resume tweaks, dead-end interview after dead-end interview. He hated the process and didn't want to go through it again.

"Yeah," he finally said with a sigh. "Yeah, we probably should do that. You're right, there might be something better out there and we aren't even looking for it."

Sarah smiled reassuringly. *God, she is beautiful.*

"Okay," Sarah said, grabbing her phone. "Let's do this. We'll look at jobs and when we get a bunch of them, you apply and then I'll look at our expenses." The worried look was gone from his wife's face and Dan felt a little better about their outlook as well.

Dan and Sarah spent the next several hours camped out in the living room. Dan was on his laptop going through LinkedIn, noting jobs in Chicago that he would apply for and even some remote opportunities. He wasn't qualified for everything, but he would take a shot anyway. He reached out to old colleagues to start a dialogue, hoping their companies might have openings.

Sarah was on her phone across from him, looking at open jobs in Middleton. Dan was overqualified for all of them and none were in his field. She expanded her search and noted down a few in Chicago.

Dan smiled as he watched Sarah scribble something down on the notepad. She was like a bloodhound on a mission. He loved how she

immediately threw herself into figuring a way out of their problems. He loved her tenacity.

As he watched her work, he knew that eventually, everything would end up okay.

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“Darkspire!” Ned croaked through Lester’s headset. “We need to pull back, we lost our tank. That stupid 3lfReuns guy isn’t healing us, we’re gonna get screwed.”

Lester absentmindedly began moving his avatar after Ned’s. They were playing with some lower-level members of their guild. Their Chicago-based players in their usual crew weren’t on tonight. Lester was much more interested in what was happening on the small screen in the corner of his display.

He enlarged it to get a better sense of what was going on. The network traffic on the apartment’s wifi was busier than normal. Aside from Lester’s usual activities, there was a ton of traffic going to LinkedIn, Indeed, other job boards and what looked like company websites.

Lester reached out and grabbed a pen along with a stained paper towel he had been using to clean his Cheeto fingers. He started to scribble down some of the company names he was noticing, putting an asterisk next to anywhere he noticed traffic going to an application or thank you page.

It looked like the Williamses were trying to get Dan a new job. That tracked after what they’d told Lester earlier. He grinned as he thought about the news that Dan had received a pay cut at work. He could almost smell the desperation emanating from the young couple in the living room.

Desperation was an element Lester knew all about. Especially where best to push to exploit it. Lester chuckled to himself. *It’s too easy.*

If there was a god, Lester didn’t think he was what people normally imagined. He must be some kind of deviant given the gifts

and opportunities that kept falling in Lester's lap.

He barely registered Ned whining in his ear, "Darkspire come on, what are you doing? We're going to die here. I'll leave you if I have to. Lester! Come on."

This news presented a new angle for Lester, one he hadn't considered before but which could fit perfectly into Phase Two of his plans. He needed to isolate Sarah while simultaneously keeping his thumb on Dan's fantasy, making sure he stoked the fires just enough for Dan to submit. It would be like walking a tightrope, but he was confident. More than that, he loved the chase.

Lester decided to accelerate his timeline and put a new plan into motion. Part of him whispered caution but he decided to push forward anyway.

"Lester? You there, man?" Lester finished his ruminations and realized at some point his character needed to respawn.

"Yeah," Lester answered. "I just got distracted."

"Okay, just let me know next time, okay? We didn't both need to die there." Ned almost sounded apologetic. "Hey, I was talking to PhilWizard earlier today."

"Why do you still talk to him?" Lester rolled his eyes as he quickly switched over to Discord. He noticed several unread messages next to Cronos' conversation.

"Well, he is our DM for one. Anyway, we're going to try to get a game on the books for next month. Just wanted to confirm if you can come."

Lester looked at the unread messages and closed the browser. He didn't want to deal with those issues right now. Focusing on what Cronos wanted was something he'd handle later. "I'll be there, just tell Phil he needs to wrap up this dumb campaign soon."

Ned said something else but Lester noted a few more sites coming across his wifi network that he had to write down. Putting the pen down, he opened one of the drawers in his desk and pulled out a scrunched-up black silk robe. He brought it to his nose and inhaled the delectable scent of Sarah Williams. His boxers strained to hold in his swelling erection.

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“What about this one?” Sarah leaned over and showed Dan her phone. It was a job listing that was in his field but something much more specialized than he was used to. He smiled and shook his head, idly stroking her back in appreciation.

Sarah leaned back over to her spot on the couch and kept scrolling. He loved how dedicated and committed she was to solving this problem even though she really didn’t understand his industry. Still, he appreciated that he wasn’t doing this alone. He hated searching for jobs and dreaded the entire process.

He realized he was gripping his laptop too tightly. He relaxed his hands, remembering it wasn’t his computer that was jeopardizing the future of his family. It was Walt and the other execs, but Dan couldn’t help but wonder if some of the blame fell on him also. *They were in trouble well before this incident. It's not your fault.*

He tried to remind himself that he wasn’t solely to blame. It made sense but he still felt a pit in his stomach.

The sound of plodding fat feet growing closer broke Dan’s concentration. Dan didn’t look up, hoping that Lester was just going to the kitchen to stuff his face. To his dismay, however, the sound of the fat troll’s trajectory kept moving towards them.

Dan’s eyes flicked up from his computer screen in time to see Lester’s weak arms snaking their way over the couch, his hands moving over Sarah’s shoulders. His wife flinched at his roommate’s touch, but not as much as Dan would have hoped.

“Lester, what are you doing?” Sarah said as she tried to pry herself free of his grasp.

“You looked tense earlier,” Lester grinned, “I was just thinking of a few ways we could relieve that for you.”

Dan watched as his roommate took liberties with his wife, his skin connecting with hers. He felt himself being pulled back down into that trance-like state of their previous few encounters. The pit in his stomach started to grow, getting warmer. His rage and frustration were bubbling up.

Before Dan fully realized what he was doing, he was on his feet. His laptop was pushed off his lap onto the couch next to him. He quickly closed the distance to his wife and Lester. Lester looked shocked and took a step back, releasing Sarah from his grip.

"Not today, Lester. It's not a good time," Dan barked, his finger pointed at his roommate. "And besides, you don't just get to do that! Get that through your head. This isn't some weird arrangement now where you can just come onto my wife anytime you like, got it?"

Lester put his hands up defensively, feigning innocence. "I just thought I'd be helpful, is all, you know with all the money woes and everything going on."

"That," Dan paused, gritting his teeth and looking to the side trying to find the right words, "...that isn't any of your business."

"Well, it is my business if my roommate can't make the rent." Something had changed in Lester's demeanor but Dan couldn't quite place it. He didn't seem like his meek self. "I'd hate to have to tell the landlord we're going to miss the rent this month."

"That's not going to happen," Sarah chimed in, now turning to face Lester as well. "We're going to figure it out."

"No doubt, no doubt," Lester said, pacing the room and shaking his head, putting more distance between himself and Dan. "I'm sure you guys will figure it all out and this will just blow over."

"We will," Dan said, turning away from Lester. He wasn't in the mood for whatever game this guy was playing. But he was unable to completely block out the thought of the way Lester had positioned and spoken to his wife the previous night. Dan felt the nudging of desire, to see that happen again. If he just relaxed and let things play out, who knew what could happen right now?

But Dan couldn't listen to that voice. If he had stopped listening to that earlier they might not be in this mess. Jesse wouldn't have seen the conversation and pushed Sarah into Lester's flabby arms.

As Dan grabbed his computer and started to sit, Lester said, "Of course, I could help."

"Help us, how?" Sarah asked, narrowing her eyes as she tried to figure out what Lester was up to. Dan set his computer to one side and looked up at his roommate.

"Spit it out, Lester, what are you playing at here?" Dan felt tired and impatient. He wanted to get back to putting out new resumes.

"Hey, if you guys are in a position to turn away help right now, that's fine. Sorry that I offered." Lester started to walk back towards his bedroom. Dan didn't budge, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of making him stop.

Sarah looked quickly at Dan and then back over at Lester. "Hey, wait. What do you mean, help?"

Dan could have sworn he saw another grin appear on the side of Lester's face. When he turned fully around, though, it was gone. "I was just thinking that I could help you out. With rent. I could cover your half until you figure things out."

"And why would you do that?" Dan asked. He felt his blood begin to boil, thinking about where Lester could be taking this. He also felt his arousal flaring up, trying desperately to pull him back down into that chair and watch. He was grateful his tee shirt was draped over his crotch, hiding whatever effect this interaction might be having on him.

Lester, for once, looked uncomfortable. "Can I talk to you for a second? Privately? Sorry, Sarah, I need to speak to your husband man to man."

Sarah waved him off, returning to the job hunt. She knew her husband would share whatever Lester told him.

Lester went with Dan into the kitchen area and spoke softly, "I hate to see my roommate in a pinch. It's just not good for the morale of the apartment, it's bad energy." Lester's eyes flicked briefly in Sarah's direction, confirming Dan's suspicions. "And, of course, there are some ways you could pay me back."

"Like with a loan agreement and some interest?" Dan asked sarcastically. He wasn't buying Lester's delicate manner.

Lester smiled. "That's not exactly what I had in mind."

Dan responded flatly. "If you think I am going to pimp my wife out to you just so you can cover my half of the rent, you have another think coming. That isn't going to fly, I'm not going to let you fuck her like an escort just to cover our ass. Not happening." He'd made his

anger clear. In response, Lester turned slightly away from the living room to ensure only Dan heard him.

"Listen, I didn't want to say this in front of your wife, but you could really help me out here. Lizzie... that girl really broke my heart - she was gone so quickly. We had so many plans. And Sarah, you've gotta feel like an incredible stud when you're out and she's next to you. People must think you've got it all figured out. I admit, I got a little of how that could be with Lizzie. And with all this fantasy play, I thought maybe you'd be open to share a bit of how you feel when she's out with you. Would that be too much? I really don't like talking about my feelings or asking for help."

Dan stood in the small kitchen thinking the proposal through. He knew in his bones this was a bad idea that would only invite this odd troll further into their lives. He tried to quiet his lustful urges - he knew where that direction led. But they needed help and Lester was offering. Dan decided that the best course was to make the decision with his wife. He didn't trust himself to handle this correctly. Dan turned to the living room.

"Sarah, baby, Lester, uh, wants to take you out on a date."

"Dates," Lester corrected, now facing Sarah.

Sarah's eyes grew wide, knowing now what the catch to Lester's help would be. She frowned and crossed her arms over her chest, trying to conceal her curves.

"It isn't like that," Lester said, holding his hands up in front of him. "I don't want this to seem crude.."

His body language shifted again, his shoulders hunched forward and he stared at the ground. "I mean, yes, I enjoy my time with Sarah and I've enjoyed helping you two with your fantasy and all. But that's not what I'm offering." Lester paused, trying to approximate how what he said next should sound. He spoke haltingly. "Ever since Lizzie left me, I've just been sort of lonely here. I was hoping that if I helped with rent, I could take Sarah out once in a while."

Dan knew he shouldn't stand for this, but that darker part of him got the better of him. He asked, "What do you mean 'out'?"

"Like on a real date?" Sarah said, raising an eyebrow.

The thought of Lester leaving the apartment seemed preposterous to both of them.

"Exactly," Lester said, looking Dan's wife in the eyes. "Just a normal date with no expectations for anything else. Only some companionship."

Silence hung in the air as the three of them stood there. Dan narrowed his eyes at Lester, trying to figure him out. He had sorely underestimated Lester during their earlier encounters. He'd done the same with Jesse. Now he was trying to read the angles a little better.

"So?" Lester finally broke the silence, looking at Sarah, "What do you think?"

"I, uh," Sarah said, looking between Dan and Lester. "We'll talk about it."

Lester nodded and stalked back to his room. As Dan heard the door shut he looked at his wife, his eyebrows raised.

"Are we really considering this?" Dan felt tired. "We can't trust him, do we even know if he has the money to cover it?"

"I feel like he does, but we can always ask him to prove it," Sarah said. "This is just not what I was expecting. I thought we would just spend the rest of the day applying for jobs, not entertaining an offer from Lester."

"An offer to pimp you out," Dan muttered.

"He did just say 'date'. I don't really like it either. I know I can handle him, but just the idea of leaving you here to go out with him... it feels icky." Sarah sat back down, trying to distract herself with her cell phone.

"Let's go over the numbers again," Dan said. "If we keep all the bills the same, minus the areas you think we can cut, how long before we have to dip into our savings?"

Sarah sighed and looked up at him. "Honestly, we were barely keeping our heads above water before. I was going around the house like a hawk keeping the lights off to try and keep the bills low. I feel like we'll be dipping into what's left of our savings by next month."

One month. That's all the time Dan had before they started to deplete their meager savings. If he somehow got a miracle job interview this week, it would still probably be a while before they hired him, and who knew for how much? If he took Lester's offer they could take his reduced paycheck and build their savings back up, little by little. Enough to buy themselves some time.

He looked at Sarah. The expression on her face made him think she had done the same calculus.

"If," Dan said, raising one finger, "if we were to entertain Lester's offer. It would buy us some time. We would only do it for a little bit until we figure out our next move here."

"Not everybody gets a chance like this," Sarah added, "I bet a lot of your colleagues are going to be in worse off shape. We can make this work, we'll figure it out."

"Okay, fuck, I don't like it, but okay," Dan said as he stood up and passed Sarah on his way toward Lester's room. He knocked on the door and after a few seconds, Lester cracked it open.

"Yes?" Lester said, almost like he was pretending to have forgotten their last conversation.

"Sarah and I talked about it and we might consider taking you up on your offer. Can you really afford it?" Dan asked.

"One second," Lester said, closing his door. Dan stood there waiting around like a jackass. Lester opened the door and handed Dan a wad of cash. "Here, that should cover your half of the rent."

Normally Dan just paid his rent through his bank. Seeing the actual dollar bills in his hand made him pause for a second. It was a lot of money to hold in his hand, especially with how tight things had been the past four years.

"You," Dan started, "you...just keep stacks of cash lying around your apartment?"

Lester narrowed his eyes at him. "I try not to advertise it, thank you."

"Okay, got it," Dan said, breaking his gaze on the cash in his hand. He looked up into Lester's beady eyes. "I guess we have a deal. But remember, it's just dates. No funny business."

"If that's what Sarah wants," Lester smirked. "Oh, and I forgot one thing. The first date is tonight."

"Tonight?" Dan said. "That's too soon."

"I just gave you a bunch of cash to cover your rent, I'd say I earned it. Besides that covers this month's rent and you could have Sarah stay back home the rest of the month."

"Tell her we leave at eight." Lester shut his door, effectively ending the conversation.

Dan stood there facing the closed door. This offer felt too good to be true. As he walked back to the living room he wondered which of the predicaments he found himself in was worse.

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"This feels weird," Dan sat on his bed, watching Sarah as she got dressed.

"I know," his wife said as she stood in front of the full-length mirror, wearing just a sheer black thing with lace trim that framed her ass perfectly and a strapless bra that unclasped in the front. For a strapless bra, Dan was impressed with how well it pushed her breasts up, creating an impressive cleavage. She was applying her lipstick, one of the last phases of her makeup routine. "Like you said, it's only for the short term while we figure things out."

"Yeah..." Dan said, staring at his wife. She looked incredibly sexy as always, but he just couldn't imagine her out with Lester in public. For so long this situation had been contained inside this apartment where he felt he had some level of control over it. There hadn't been many times when he had just left Sarah alone with Lester either. "Do you have to get all dolled up? You look really sexy right now, I just feel weird you are doing all this for him."

Sarah turned and looked at him. "Are you implying I don't usually look this sexy?"

She started to walk toward him with her sultry bedroom eyes, the ones that meant he was either in trouble or about to get lucky.

"Uh, you know what I mean," Dan said, trying to hold her gaze.

"This isn't for Lester," Sarah continued, closing the distance between them. "This is for me. As much as I'd love to just throw my hair in a bun and go in my sweatpants, I like looking somewhat presentable when I go out. I don't particularly like anyone looking at me and thinking I look like a mess."

"You've never looked like a mess one day in your life," Dan added.

"Exactly," Sarah said as she sat down on the bed next to him. "I'll have this little 'date' with Lester. It's kind of sad, really. Anyway, when I get back, I'm all yours. I think I finished up earlier today."

"Finished up, meaning.." Things finally clicked for Dan. "You are off your week?"

Sarah nodded. "So let's have Lester pay for rent this month and pay for whatever it is we are doing tonight. And then when I come back, you get to take me to bed while he listens in from the next room."

Dan smiled at that. "You're evil."

Sarah laughed and the sexy, mischievous look returned to her face. She got up from the bed and grabbed the dress that was hanging up waiting for her. She'd already ironed it. As she began to put it on, Dan felt his erection growing; it looked incredibly sexy on her, even though on the hanger it had masqueraded as conservative formal wear.

The black dress exposed Sarah's bare shoulders and the top of her chest. The neckline sat right on her breasts, just covering the strapless bra underneath. There was a single sequined strap that was part of the dress before it changed into a gold chain that ran over her shoulders. The dress hugged her midsection and hips before draping down and falling past her knees. Somehow the subtle lines of the dress kept the focus on her curves.

"Can you zip me up?" Sarah asked, turning her back to him. The tight material of the dress stretched over her ass. Dan knew that men would be drooling over her tonight and he wouldn't be there to protect her, or even to watch it happen. The dress had a small slit in the back between her legs that exposed the backs of her knees and a bit of thigh.

Dan adjusted himself as he stepped over and zipped up the back of her dress. "God, you look amazing." Dan pressed himself into his wife's covered backside, showing her how hard she'd made him.

Sarah smiled as she reached over and grabbed her earrings. "Mmmhm, thank you." She pushed her ass back into him, signaling her anticipation for their post-date fun.

She slipped on a pair of black heels and then applied the final touch to her outfit, sliding her wedding ring onto her finger. "Going to miss me?"

"Terribly," Dan said. "I still can't believe we are going through with this. This isn't how I expected today to go."

"I know," Sarah said, stepping up to him and cupping his cheek. "Me neither. But we've always figured out how to move forward in the past. This is just a little speed bump before we get back on track."

Dan sighed, "You're right." He took a second and then asked. "Hon, do you still have the videos of you and Lester? That you made... that night?" He tried not to sound too plaintive, but his eyes belied a hint of desperation. "Maybe they'd help get me going so I'll be ready when you get back."

"Oh, no baby, I'm sorry. I deleted them. That it happened was a mistake and I didn't feel right with them still on my phone." Sarah's eyes were downcast as she gave her husband a peck on the cheek. She'd deleted the videos Thursday night, afraid that her bath time ritual of watching what she'd done with Lester was becoming too routine.

Dan nodded, an understanding look on his face. He seemed ready to accept that the moment was lost. "Alright, let's get on with this then."

The couple exited the bedroom and walked out to the living room, Sarah's heels clicking on the hardwood floor. It took ten minutes before Lester emerged from his bedroom, finally ready. Dan scoffed, thinking back to the rule that you never make a good-looking woman wait.

Lester had obviously tried his best to look nice but was still a mess. His clothes appeared new but the proportions looked off; the black pants and button-up navy dress shirt looked too big on him, like he was trying to hide his shambling body. Lester had tried to slick his hair to the side, but it looked unnatural and oily. He'd neglected to shave his stubble which covered part of his face and ran down the length of his neck. Dan almost felt sorry for the guy.

"Ready to go?" Lester asked, wearing his patented shit-eating grin. For a little bridge troll, this guy sure did have an outsized level of confidence.

"I am," Sarah responded, stepping up to Dan and purposely planting a long kiss on his lips. Dan knew the kiss was meant to reassure him but was also a deliberate play in front of Lester, signifying her love and commitment to her husband.

"Where are you going?" Dan asked.

"Dinner. Italian spot in Little Italy. Very romantic." Lester said.

Dan rolled his eyes, continuing to hold Sarah in his arms. He looked into her eyes and then whispered into her ear, "Have fun, and hurry back."

"I will, I love you." Sarah smiled. She grabbed her clutch and walked out the door that Lester was holding open.

As the door swung shut on its own, Dan was standing in the apartment alone. "I love you, too."

He stood there for a few seconds, his brain catching up with his immediate problems, trying to sort through them. *I need to keep moving forward.*

Dan grabbed a glass of water from the kitchen and sat down in one of the living room chairs. He'd remembered to avoid the couch this time. He opened his laptop and began looking through the job boards again, trying to find any new openings he might've missed earlier. Given that it was the weekend, no new jobs were popping out to him. He shifted tactics and reached back out to some old colleagues, seeing if anything was open or was about to open up at their firms. He tried to stay preoccupied and tried not to think about his wife out with his roommate, but his thoughts inevitably betrayed him.

The idea of Sarah and Lester walking into a restaurant and people assuming that she was his made his skin crawl. Though the predictable erection still began to form in his pants. He needed to get this fantasy under control.

He pictured Lester's hand on her bare back as he guided her towards their table, his eyes on her perfect ass as she slid into her seat. Standing next to her as she was seated, her face at the same level as his crotch. Lester pulling her into a back room...

Dan set his computer aside and went back into the kitchen. This time instead of water, he poured himself a glass of whiskey. He downed it in one gulp.

His thoughts drifted back to the previous night and his inaction; he had just sat there and watched as Lester did what he wanted with Sarah. This wasn't the first time he'd reacted this way, like a passive bystander watching events unfold in front of him. He'd known for a long time now that he'd wanted to see Sarah in a situation like this. Part of him felt like if he said anything, he would risk ruining the fantasy playing out in front of him. The other part of him just wanted to stay in the shadows and watch how his wife reacted without him there, seeing her fully give in to her lust.

Dan poured himself a second glass and headed back to his laptop. He had to keep moving forward.

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Sarah and Lester rode down the elevator in silence. It was awkward but Sarah barely noticed, her thoughts dominated by the new financial reality that she found herself in. She just wanted an opportunity to take a breath away from the stress they'd experienced the last couple of years.

It felt like the hits kept coming. Not only was Dan away from them, but now the job he had taken as a compromise was cutting his pay. Their income was already less than they were used to; she wondered how they were going to dig themselves out of this hole.

The elevator doors opened and Lester held them open as she exited. Sarah clasped her coat tightly as they walked across the

windy parking lot. Lester led her to a black SUV tucked behind the side of the building. He fumbled opening the passenger door and then let her in. At least he was trying to play the part of the gentleman.

Sarah slid over the leather seat as Lester closed the door. She noted that the car's interior needed a good cleaning, it was dusty and there were some fast food wrappers in the backseat; the cupholders were filled with receipts and old fountain drinks.

She'd have to talk to him about cleaning out his car before they went on their next date, otherwise she would insist on taking an Uber. *Why am I thinking about there being another date?*

"So where are we heading, again?" Sarah asked, trying to break the silence as Lester started the car.

Lester began backing the car out of its space. "A nice little Italian restaurant called the Rosebud."

"What's good there?" Sarah stared out the window as they began their drive. Despite all the times she'd visited Dan, she hadn't seen a ton of the city. She had spent most of her time in the apartment. Sure, they'd gone out a few times and seen some sights, but she still felt like she was just beginning to discover this city.

"Uh, everything," Lester replied without any further elaboration. Normally Sarah would try to engage in small talk, she hated awkward silences, but this time she was fine with it. Her mind was preoccupied with turning over ways she and Dan could try to remedy their current situation. It would be hard for her to pick up any extra shifts and she'd already asked her parents to watch the kids a bit too often for her liking.

Maybe there was something she could do on the side from home, or something that Dan could do in his off hours. She hated the idea and also hated that thinking about a way out of this was dominating her mind.

Her trips to Chicago were supposed to be a little break from the everyday worries and stress of her life. Now all she was doing was focusing on her stress.

She closed her eyes and let out a long breath, trying to focus on the present and not let her stress control her. *Just try to have a good*

*time this weekend, your issues are still going to be there tomorrow. Deal with them then.*

Sarah sneaked a glance over at Lester as he drove. She had to admit it looked kind of funny seeing him behind the wheel of a vehicle; it just wasn't something she had imagined before. Normally she'd have thought someone like him driving a large SUV was likely compensating for something but, in this case, she knew that wasn't true. Still, he looked out of place behind the wheel, as if driving wasn't entirely comfortable for him.

He had come through with a band-aid solution to their problem. Covering Dan's rent this month bought them some time. He talked like he could do it for a longer term, but could he really afford that? Sarah didn't exactly know what he did but she knew that he barely left the apartment.

Still, the extra cash for rent made their financial situation less dire than it otherwise might have been. Dan coming back to the room with the stack of cash from Lester had been such a relief. If little dates with him were the price to pay, so be it. But she wasn't stupid - she knew what a man usually expected after a date.

*Eventually he is going to want more.* Despite what Lester said about not having any further expectations of their arrangement, she knew that would eventually change, if it was ever true in the first place. He had explicitly stated his expectation the night before and she had gotten carried away with her dirty talk and agreed to it. Sarah suddenly felt the tension in the car, remembering her lustful urges and her unrestrained responses to Lester's demands.

She noticed her nipples growing uncomfortable against the fabric of her dress. She had been mortified earlier when her nipples had gotten hard as Lester was laying out his proposal to them. She had crossed her arms and covered them, hoping Dan and Lester hadn't noticed.

It was bad enough that she hadn't immediately felt repulsed by Lester's touch as he'd started to massage her shoulders. It hadn't felt terrible - luckily Dan had intervened on her behalf. Lester was becoming a regular presence in her life - he wasn't her husband, but he was helping. It made sense that she'd warmed to him a little.

Lester pulled into a small parking space on the street in front of an old-looking restaurant. The place must have been here for decades and seemed to embody the charm of a bygone era. As she undid her seat belt, Lester reached for her thigh as if to stroke it. But Sarah got out of the car, not having seen the gesture, much to Lester's dismay as he plodded around attempting to open the door for her.

As they entered the restaurant and were shown to their reserved table, more than one person turned to look in their direction. Sarah pretended not to notice but she felt eyes running over the curves of her body. She felt herself begin to inadvertently heat up at the attention. She'd subtly watched the expression on several men's faces. They'd look at her and their mouths would hang open, their elevator eyes going up and down as they looked over every inch of her. Their eyebrows would furrow in confusion as they finally saw she was with Lester, wondering what she was doing with someone like him.

Normally men were more tactful and would just perform a quick scan, looking away again before their dates realized. This time their eyes lingered. They probably thought that if Sarah was with a man like Lester, then they stood a better chance with a woman like her, too. She smiled unassumingly as they finally made their way to a cozy booth tucked in the back corner of the restaurant.

*Do they think I'm a prostitute or maybe that Lester is my sugar daddy?*

Admitting it made her feel guilty, but she was enjoying the extra attention she was receiving. The restaurant was dimly lit by candlelight, it had old furniture and extensive woodwork throughout: the kind of character you just didn't find in modern restaurants. Their booth was leather and it was probably the most private and romantic seat in the restaurant. Sarah imagined this place and even the booth where they sat were imbued with a lot of history. As Lester piled into the seat across from her, she realized how close they were sitting. Their knees brushed against each other. With her legs crossed, her foot rested against Lester's lower leg. Although she thought it was intimate, she decided to leave her foot where it was. They'd regularly been closer than this, after all.

"Good evening." A skinny waiter with a tight mustache was suddenly standing at the edge of their table. "My name is Claude and I'll be serving you this evening."

He handed them two menus each. "Here are the menus for tonight and a wine list. May I ask, are you celebrating anything special tonight?"

Lester looked at Sarah and smiled. His eyes flicked down to her wedding band, "It's our anniversary."

"Oh, that's wonderful," Claude said. "Congratulations."

"Thank you," Sarah said. Claude had been looking at her with a smile so Sarah decided to play along. Her foot rubbed against her date's leg as if to agree with the premise.

"So a night out away from the kids then?" Claude added making a bit of small talk.

"No," Lester replied. "No kids but don't worry, we are practicing quite a bit in that department."

Sarah blushed at the comment and noticed Claude smiling awkwardly, not sure how to respond.

"Wonderful, I'll be back in a few moments to take your drink order." Claude turned to leave but Lester interrupted him.

"How about this bottle of cabernet sauvignon?" Lester said, pointing to the menu.

"Excellent choice, sir," Claude said, "I'll bring a glass for you to taste."

Lester held up his hand. "No need, just bring the bottle."

"Right away, sir." Claude's head bowed slightly and he left the table.

"Anniversary, huh?" Sarah said, eyeing Lester.

He grinned, adding, "Sometimes you get free stuff if you say that. Besides, when we are out on these dates, we can act out whatever story we want. Let's have some fun with it."

"Fun is relative," Sarah told him. "You know the only reason I agreed to this is because of Dan's pay cut right?"

"Sure," Lester agreed, looking at her. "I get that but that doesn't mean you can't enjoy yourself. I do expect you to at least pretend to have a good time, otherwise, I might call this whole thing off."

“Easy,” Sarah said. “I didn’t say I wouldn’t be fun to be around, I just want to set the proper expectation.”

“And I expect that when we are out you will play the part,” Lester added. “And in this case, tonight the part is that of my very loving wife.” Lester had put his hand on her knee, grabbing it for emphasis as he finished speaking.

Before Sarah could respond, Claude returned with a tray full of drinks. He set the bottle of wine and two glasses on the table and then passed a flute of champagne to each of them. “Here, some champagne to celebrate your anniversary. Do you need more time with the menu?” Both of Lester’s hands were now in view, on the table.

Sarah and Lester each ordered different pasta dishes. Lester took the liberty of pouring a large amount of wine into Sarah’s glass. He poured some for himself as well but didn’t seem to enjoy the taste. Sarah took a large gulp of wine to help relax herself.

“So,” Sarah said looking around the room, “what do you like to do for fun, Lester?”

“I mostly play video games on my computer. Sometimes I’ll get together with some folks and play cards or other games,” Lester said, staring at her, his eyes flicking down to the cleavage her bra was creating.

Sarah rolled her eyes but she had grown accustomed to his leering. Despite his pretending to be a gentleman, he was anything but. “So cards, huh? Like poker or something?”

She watched as Lester took a small sip from his glass. He wasn’t really drinking it. It seemed to be more for show than anything else. Another concern off her list - she wouldn’t need to worry about him driving afterwards.

“More like Magic the Gathering,” Lester said. He was looking around behind her, probably just realizing that they were still being observed by the other patrons.

“I don’t think I’ve heard of that one. It’s nice that you have a group of friends that you can play with.” Sarah was trying to make some kind of small talk.

"Calling them friends might be going a little far," Lester said, taking a sip of his wine. A disgusted expression spread across his face at the taste. "I play DnD with a group of guys but I wouldn't really say they're my friends."

"What's d and d?" Sarah asked, following the trail of whatever conversational breadcrumbs Lester let fall.

Lester shifted in his seat; she wondered if he had ever talked to a woman about this before. "It's a role-playing game where we each have a character and play their role through an adventure or quest. We sit around a table and take turns rolling dice that impact whether our actions are successful or not. The DM, dungeon master, leads us through the campaign and crafts the story ahead of time for us."

"Sounds like fun...," Sarah said. "Is it just you and a bunch of guys or do you have any women in your group too?"

"Just guys," Lester said, taking another sip of his wine.

"Are women not allowed or something?" Sarah asked.

"No, it's not that, we just don't have any girls in our group. It's pretty rare to find a girl that wants to play and hang out with a group of nerds." Lester said.

"I get that," Sarah responded. "I was just wondering if that's where you met Lizzie."

Sarah had a gift for turning any conversation around and steering it where she wanted it to go. In this case, she wanted to know more about Lester's past flame Lizzie, who looked much too attractive to have ever been with someone like him. She supposed everyone in the restaurant was probably thinking the same thing about Lester and her tonight. She casually rubbed her foot against his leg, subtly persuading him to answer.

Lester wasn't responding to Sarah's question. He took another large sip of wine. She let the silence fill the conversation until Lester responded and was surprised to notice that her wine glass was already empty. Lester noticed too and started to refill it.

"Heh," Lester chuckled. "No, they wouldn't know how to act if Lizzie was there," Lester finally said as he finished filling her glass well beyond a typical restaurant pour.

"So where did you meet her?" Sarah gently pressed.

Lester smiled and looked at it, "She used to be my roommate. After a little while she fell for my charm and couldn't get enough of me."

"Then why did she move out?" Sarah took another sip of her wine.

Claude arrived with their food and set it in front of them. He announced each dish and made some brief pleasantries before departing.

"Her boyfriend made her," Lester said before sloppily digging into his pasta.

Sarah mulled the new information over in her head as she started to carefully spin her fork around her pasta. The buzz from the wine was dulling the edges of her stress. Lizzie had been his roommate and she'd had a boyfriend at the time; this was new information that she wanted to share with Dan. She wondered if Lizzie and her boyfriend had made an arrangement similar to what she and her husband were experiencing. She wondered if that was a cause for concern, but the thought didn't linger.

Sarah took another long sip of her drink as she looked at Lester slurping up his linguine. The way he ate was embarrassing, but Sarah couldn't help but feel a little sorry for him. His unmannerly way was probably due to a lack of social opportunities.

As she set her glass down and shifted back to her food, she noticed that the effects of the wine had taken a firm hold. The subtle buzz she'd felt earlier was a little stronger now. It was probably best that she slowed down and stayed in control tonight.

After several more minutes of silently eating, with no real attempts by Lester to make conversation, she tried for more information. "Lester, what exactly do you do for work?"

"IT," Lester briefly looked up at her but continued to focus on the food in front of him.

Sarah wasn't a technology expert but she knew enough to know that IT was probably a very broad field. "What kind of IT? Like managing servers?"

Lester chewed his food, seeming to think over his answer. Finally, he responded, "More like managing networks, overseeing an

exchange and the transactions that happen on it. Making sure it all runs smoothly and people get what they want.”

There was something Lester wasn't saying. “What's the name of your company?”

“I'm an independent contractor,” Lester said as he devoured another mouthful of pasta, speaking as he chewed. “I have lots of clients. I work for myself.”

Before Sarah could ask a follow-up question, Claude reappeared and noted the empty wine bottle. “Would you like anything more to drink?”

“She'll take another glass,” Lester said, pointing his fork in Sarah's direction.

“I'm fine, no thank you,” Sarah insisted, smiling at the waiter.

The couple sat and ate in silence. Claude came back over and set a wine glass down in between them, clearly siding with Lester's wishes over hers. Lester gestured to it. Normally she would be fine having another, but she was already cautious about her growing buzz. She took a sip of the new glass but had no intention of finishing it.

Sarah looked around the restaurant and noticed several heads turn away, not wanting to get caught looking in their direction. She couldn't help but enjoy the intrigue that was being drawn by their odd coupling. She thought about her fantasy of letting herself be taken by someone unworthy of her, but in her mind that had always been something done in private. Being on display with Lester in public was having an odd effect she would have to reconcile later. Her right foot was stroking the inside of Lester's calf. She wasn't sure how long she'd been doing that. Telling herself not to be awkward, she let her foot continue to lazily rub against him.

She finally realized she had been looking around the restaurant for longer than intended. As it registered that she had lost track of time, she suspected that the alcohol had her more firmly in its grasp than she had thought.

When she turned back to Lester, she was surprised to find that their plates had already been cleared. Their waiter strolled back up to the table.

"Any dessert for this evening?" he asked, silently appraising them.

"Oh, no," Sarah said. "I couldn't. I'm far too full from that delicious pasta."

"Just the check, then?" He asked, looking at Lester.

"Yep," Lester said, not engaging in the banter.

"I'll be right back with it," Claude said, moving off towards the back of the restaurant.

"If I'm paying for that, you should drink it," Lester said, nodding towards her wine glass.

"I didn't want another glass, you should take it up with the waiter." Sarah stood her ground. She already knew the alcohol was hitting her harder than she'd expected.

Claude returned with the check and placed it in front of Lester. Lester opened it and looked at the total and then shifted his weight to one side to reach into his back pocket and pull out a thick wallet. He pulled out some cash and started leafing through the bills.

"So, your anniversary, that's exciting," Claude said. "Any big plans for the rest of the night?"

"Well," Lester said loudly as he laid down several bills on top of the check. "I think we are heading home where I'm planning to make sweet, sweet love to my wife all night long."

Sarah felt herself blush and noticed several people within earshot discreetly glance in their direction. She was mortified and kept her eyes focused on the table but couldn't keep from smiling at the extremely awkward situation she found herself in. She pressed her foot firmly into Lester's lower leg in response.

Claude coughed awkwardly and collected the cash from the table. "Wonderful. I'll be right back with your change."

"No need," Lester responded, starting to heave himself out of his seat.

"Thank you," Claude said. He looked at Sarah before quickly averting his eyes. "Enjoy the rest of your night."

Lester finished extracting himself from the booth as Sarah swung her smooth legs out and stood up. As they moved through the restaurant, Sarah almost jumped as she felt Lester's hand on her

ass. She looked at him, mortified at the public display but he kept his eyes forward with a small grin on his face.

Sarah felt herself blush, knowing that many eyes in the restaurant would be tracking them like they had before. When they saw Lester's hand on her ass, any doubts about them being together would evaporate.

Out in the parking lot, as he opened the car door for Sarah, she again felt his hand on her backside. He had her right cheek firmly in his grasp this time.

"Thank you, Lester," she said and simply waited for him to remove his hand before getting into her seat. They stared at each other for a long moment. Then Lester relented and walked around to the driver's side. She sat calmly and folded her arms in front of her as they made their way back to the apartment.

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Dan filled his tumbler glass with more whiskey. As he headed back to the living room, he found it difficult to walk in a straight line. He sat back down and blinked, his eyes trying to adjust to the computer screen. He knew better than to apply for any of the jobs in front of him in his current state, but he could at least keep looking at them.

This was his third glass of whisky for the night. Or maybe it was his fourth. Either way, it was helping him focus, dulling the stress of his pay cut and the fraught situation with Lester. Lester was out with Sarah. Alone.

Thoughts immediately began to swirl in his head. He scrolled through another job posting without comprehending anything it said. His mind drifted, thinking back to that night when he had been in Minnesota. Sarah had come into his apartment from the cold and Lester was there, pulling her into his bed. Her legs wrapped around his hips, her nails digging into his skin. Lester grabbing the back of her head and pulling her into a sloppy kiss. Pushing inside of her, causing her to moan. To say his name. To scream it.

Dan shut his laptop and took another swig of his drink. The alcohol seemed to be dulling his sense of control, allowing the pull of

his fantasy to assert its spell over him.

He knew in his gut that he needed to see them together. It was like a missing puzzle piece; it continued to gnaw away at him. That element of the unknown that he knew had happened.

What were they doing right now? Lester had said dinner, but he really didn't know if he could trust that. He grabbed his phone and texted Sarah, asking for an update. Making sure she was okay. If she took too long to answer, was it because she was having a good time with Lester? Or maybe he'd put her in some other position where she couldn't reach her phone. Lester had claimed that this deal didn't entail anything other than a date. But Lester said a lot of things.

Dan paced around the apartment, sipping his whiskey. The silence of the apartment was deafening. He took another sip and was surprised to find that the glass was already empty.

"Fuck," he said aloud as the pull of his fantasy started to win out in his head.

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Dan heard keys jingling from the hallway and the lock disengaging. He was surprised to find himself standing, waiting with bated breath. He'd given up any notion of pushing out resumes a while ago. Besides, with the amount of alcohol he'd had, any applications he submitted would be riddled with errors.

Sarah entered the apartment first, her eyes immediately landing on his and a wide smile spreading across her face.

"Welcome back," Dan said, favoring the glass of whiskey in his hand. "How was dinner?"

"It was okay," Sarah kicked off her heels as Lester trudged into the apartment behind her and closed the door, "The place was very nice, my pasta was pretty good, too. We could go there next time you're feeling like Italian."

Sarah closed the distance between them and planted a lingering kiss, a kiss filled with implications, on her husband's lips. Dan smiled and whispered, "Everything good?"

"Nothing I couldn't handle," Sarah replied in a low voice. Dan knew that Sarah could handle a lot and wanted to press for more details.

"What about me?" Lester said from close by. Sarah turned to find Lester standing a foot away. He grabbed her hand and pulled her body into his, "Don't I get a good night kiss after our first date?"

Dan felt his heart begin to race, seeing Sarah in Lester's arms, their bodies pressed together. A whimper of rage tried to take fire in his stomach, but it was doused by his arousal as soon as it took form.

Sarah placed a firm hand on Lester's chest and pushed herself out of his grip. "I believe that is at the discretion of the woman."

*You want to see it.* Dan was standing there like a deer in the headlights. He was regressing back into his passive mode.

"Come on, you didn't have a good time?" Lester asked in a teasing manner. "I'll remember that for the next one. I'll pick something that will really appeal to you." A smirk was growing on his ugly face.

As Sarah stood her ground, Lester shrugged and headed to his bedroom. His exit lifted the tension in the room.

"Come on, lover boy," Sarah said to Dan. "Let's head to bed. You can help me get out of this dress and onto my back."

"I won't argue with that, ma'am," Dan followed his sexy wife down the hallway, trying to suppress the feeling of disappointment. His mind was betraying him once again.

As Dan shut and locked the bedroom door behind him, Sarah stood in the center of the room waiting for him. "Unzip me," she commanded.

The view of Sarah from behind was amazing. Waiting there in her dress, the top of her bare back exposed to him, the fabric of the form-fitting dress straining against her voluptuous ass. Dan felt himself getting hard as he slowly unzipped the back of her dress, revealing more of her gorgeous tanned skin. Sarah moved her arm around the strap and the dress fell to the floor, leaving his wife clad only in her black bra and thong.

On the other side of the wall, Lester's breath caught in his throat. From his peephole, he watched the dress fall from his date's body exposing a strapless black bra that cupped her magnificent breasts

and a lacy thin little black thong. The way it ran up her ass and flared out near the top, made him begin to stroke his cock faster.

He was still wearing his good date clothes but now he didn't care if he soiled them. He had to find a way to interject himself into this situation. If he picked the lock would that be too obvious? They both knew their door sometimes seemed to miraculously lock on its own, but would they buy that it could unlock on its own, too? Did he really care either way what they believed? So long as he got what he'd earned, what he deserved, they could go on thinking the place was haunted for all he cared.

Sarah held Dan's hand and pulled him towards the bed, looking at him with her raw 'fuck me' eyes. He could tell she must have had something to drink at the restaurant.

Sarah pushed Dan down onto the bed; he lay there looking up at his beautiful sexually charged wife as she started to tug on his pants.

"So, everything was okay?" he asked again as Sarah discarded his pants on the floor. "No funny business?"

Sarah smiled wickedly as she straddled him and began working on removing his shirt. Dan leaned up and complied. With his shirt off she began planting slow kisses on his chest, never breaking eye contact. "Would you care if there was?"

"I don't know," Dan said, fighting what felt like a one-sided internal battle. "What happened?"

"Mmmhmm," Sarah said, beginning to kiss his neck, her hands drifting down until they felt his hard cock through his boxers. She wasted little time, snaking her hand under the waistband and wrapping her warm hand around his naked cock. "What do you want to hear? That Lester didn't try anything besides grabbing my ass at one point or that he had me in a private booth near the back of the restaurant and couldn't keep his hands off me?"

Dan's breathing was getting quicker as Sarah spoke. She stroked his cock slowly as she told him what he wanted to hear. She had maneuvered her body so that her pussy was pressing up against the side of his thigh, grinding herself on him as she kept him hard with her hands.

"His hands all over me. The waiter seeing all of it." Sarah closed her eyes and continued to lick and kiss Dan's neck. "His hand going under my dress and touching me, working me up until he put my hand on his cock just like this."

She started changing the tempo of her strokes and she was not as gentle as when she'd begun. Dan thought of her stroking off Lester at a restaurant the same way.

"It all happened so fast," Sarah whispered in his ear. "Before I knew what was happening, I was under the table on my knees, servicing that magnificent cock of his. It's soo big."

Dan grabbed her and flipped her onto her back, pressing his boxer-clad cock against her pussy.

"When the waiter asked what we wanted to order, I had to apologize and tell him I was very full," Sarah said, making an innocent sexy pout that caused Dan to dry hump his wife harder. She gripped the side of his waistband and tried to pull his briefs down, but she wasn't at the right angle.

"I wish I could have been there," Dan moaned dreamily, kissing her lips hungrily. His attention turned to kissing the side of her neck and then he sucked on her earlobe, a move he knew would drive her crazy. Her body responded, her hips thrusting off the bed to meet his thrusts. "To see you behaving so badly."

"I'd love that," Sarah said, staring into his eyes. "I'd love for you to watch me like that. Seeing how turned on you get, knowing you're letting someone else touch your wife. Touch me." They were both looking down at her nearly nude body imagining what she'd just said.

Sarah turned to Dan and whispered, "Lester told the waiter I was his wife, and that tonight was our anniversary." She licked his ear and continued, "Then he made sure everyone heard that..." she paused here for effect, as if she couldn't bear to tell him this next part, "... that he was going to fuck me all night long." She nipped his ear and swirled her tongue against his neck.

Dan didn't fully realize that one side of his mind had won the battle until he heard himself speak, "Why don't we let him? Let's do

that right now." His face was now pressed against the side of her face, his suggestion whispered back into her left ear.

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked, feigning ignorance. "What do you want, Dan?" Her 'fuck me' eyes still glowed with desire, but now a light smile played on her lips.

"Lester is still here," Dan was sucking on her neck, trying to work her up. He hadn't realized he was purposely playing with her sensitive spots while he tried to sell her on his half-baked plan. "Why don't you show me what I missed at the restaurant? Make what everyone expected to happen, happen."

"Ugh, god Dan, that's so bad," she moaned. "He's going to hear us through the walls anyway, why don't you show him what he can't have? Let him hear you take me."

"What if...," Dan's mouth was speaking faster than his brain could comprehend the implications of his suggestions, "what if he can have it, have you? What if he gets you in his bed tonight? What if you played along with what he said?"

Dan was pressing his face into his wife's heaving chest, his lips exploring every inch of her breasts.

"You mean..." Sarah trailed off as Dan's hands began to press against her shapely ass, expertly manipulating her body. "You want Lester to fuck me?"

Dan responded by moving up and kissing her hungrily, pressing his hard dick against her body, desperately mimicking what he wanted to see.

"Last time was a mistake," Sarah breathed, breaking their embrace. "Are you saying you want me to do that again? With him?"

"I can't stop thinking about it," Dan said as he stared into her eyes. "It's like I just need to see it for closure. Knowing it happened, but not really having seen it, it's just driving me crazy."

He planted his hungry lips on her again. Sarah pulled back and stared into his eyes.

"Dan, tell me what you want to happen tonight. We're here together right now in this bed. We haven't been together in weeks. What do you want?" Sarah was incredibly turned on. Her buzz had

grown into inebriation but she felt like this was something she should ask. This was a big step, she needed to get it right.

"I want you," Dan responded. "I really want to have you all to myself but I...I want, I need to see it."

"See what? Tell me." Sarah challenged, knowing where this was going.

"I want to see you with him," Dan whispered. "I want to see you fuck him." He looked at his hands as he said this, not meeting her eyes.

Sarah's hips rose off the bed and started grinding against her husband. "Baby, is this bedroom talk or is this really something you really want me to do tonight."

"Fuck...I don't know..." Dan replied, the seeds of doubt in his mind were being overshadowed by his lust. "I want you to go over there."

Dan slowed down and stared at his wife. Sarah saw that lust-filled expression she could never get enough of. Seeing him look at her like that, she was immediately aware of how wet she was. Dan nodded.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat, knowing full well what he was asking. Dan rolled his weight to the side. Sarah lay there for a moment, trying to run through the different possible outcomes. She slowly sat up and slid her smooth legs off the bed and stood up, giving Dan a perfect close-up view of her ass.

He couldn't imagine a toned ass like that walking over and being presented to and mauled by a creature like Lester. Just the thought of that alone drove him wild.

Sarah turned around and looked at her husband. She shivered again as his intense, lust-filled eyes ran over her body. "Last chance in case you've had a change of heart."

She took a step toward the door, not breaking eye contact with the father of her children. Dan simply nodded at her. Sarah turned and unlocked the door. With one more look over her shoulder at Dan, she stepped into the hallway and approached Lester's door. She gently knocked.

After a few seconds, Lester cracked the door open. He was still wearing his oversized dress clothes from their date. He looked her

up and down, his eyes lingering on her breasts and legs before rising to look her in the eyes. "Did you come for your goodnight kiss?"

"And more," Sarah whispered as she closed her eyes and leaned in to kiss this ogre of a man, pushing the door further open.

Lester pulled back before her lips reached him, "I don't know."

"What?" Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him confused. She was serving herself up on a platter to him. This wasn't what she expected.

"Does Dan know?" Lester asked. Sarah didn't understand, why would Lester care if Dan knew, she knew how badly he wanted her and he usually didn't give a shit about Dan. The idea of giving herself to someone like that, someone who completely disregarded her husband. *God that's messed up that it turns me on this much.*

"Yes," Sarah said seductively, trying to reestablish their lustful connection, "He's the one who sent me over here."

"I don't know if it's a good idea," Lester said. She could see the tent growing in his dress pants, she knew he wanted this. "Dan is all over the place and inconsistent. He may want this right now, but earlier he was getting ready to fight me. I think he'll have regrets, get angry and then try to hurt me. I don't want that."

"Okay..." Sarah trailed off, not sure how to react or what to do from here, "but he wouldn't do that."

"Maybe, but he has been pretty stressed out lately." Lester paused - Sarah could see he was thinking. "I do have an idea," he went on, trailing a finger over her bicep and licking his lips. "What if you come in here and we lock the door? That way I know he can't come in while I'm busy with other things."

Dan had crept up to the threshold of his door, not wanting to miss anything. He listened to Lester's proposal. The idea of hearing Sarah being taken, being pleased through the walls, was hot but he wanted to see it. Needed to see it happen.

"No deal," Dan said, poking his head into the hallway. Lester leaned out to look at him, his face so close to that of his wife's. "Why can't we just go back into the living room like before?"

"I don't think so," Lester chided, "I think you'll get buyer's remorse when you see how your wife reacts to having my cock in her. Feeling

her grip me and cum on my cock will be too much and you'll lose it and probably attack me. You've never seen her like that."

"I'm not going to....fuck...I'm not going to attack you," Dan said, ignoring the backhanded insult, "What if I stay out here in the hallway and just watch from a crack in the door?"

*Am I really negotiating the terms of how Lester fucks my wife? He should jump at the chance to be with her.* Dan pinched the bridge of his nose in disbelief, he hadn't expected such resistance.

"Still not good enough," Lester said. "But I have another idea."

He left the doorway for a second and the couple heard him rummaging around his room before stepping back out into the hallway. He brushed past Sarah holding a long screwdriver.

"What are you going to do with that?" Dan eyed the screwdriver suspiciously but held his ground. Lester walked past him into Dan's bedroom which already felt like a violation somehow. Lester ran his hand over their adjoining wall like he was searching for something then raised the screwdriver to the wall and pushed it through the drywall.

"What are you doing?" Dan said, taken aback.

Lester swiveled the screwdriver around to increase the size of the hole. Neither Dan nor Sarah realized that this new hole was just a few feet down from Lester's hidden one. Satisfied with his handy work, Lester stepped back and looked at Dan.

"There! Your own personal peephole." Grinning, Lester handed the screwdriver to Dan, "Now you can watch. Don't worry, we'll get this patched up later. Or, y'know, maybe not."

Before Dan could respond, Lester walked past him back into his bedroom. Sarah followed Dan back to inspect the peephole. Dan closed one eye and leaned down to look into it. Sure enough, there was a view of Lester's bed, it looked much nicer than the one in his room.

Dan stepped back from the wall and Sarah bent forward to peer into the hole. Dan admired how sexy she looked from behind in her underwear. *Am I really going to serve this sexy woman up to Lester?*

Any further doubts were quickly suppressed by his overwhelming desire for this moment.

"What do you think?" Sarah asked as she turned around to look at her husband. Her eyes instinctively glanced down and noticed the hard cock pressing against his boxers.

"It works," he sighed. Dan felt a mixture of emotions. Shame, arousal, disappointment and a sense of achieving something he had long sought after.

Sarah stepped up to him and kissed him, "Just tell me if it gets to be too much and we'll stop it."

"Okay," Dan said looking into her eyes. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Sarah replied with a smile. As she walked out of the bedroom she gave Dan a reassuring look over her shoulder before disappearing from sight.

Dan crossed the room to the wall and looked through the hole. Lester was standing in his room already naked. He looked like a squat, hairy troll with pasty white skin. Lester's door opened and he knew Sarah was in there.

"Lock the door and come here," Lester said. Dan heard the door shut and then Sarah emerged into his field of view. Seeing them both together framed by this peephole seemed wrong. Her tight, toned sexy body contrasted against Lester's, his body the opposite of hers in almost every way.

Lester licked his lips and grabbed her hand, leading her to pose right in front of the peephole. Sarah looked up at the hole in Lester's wall; she couldn't make out Dan but she could see shifting light coming through it.

Dan was relieved that Lester had positioned her this way, like he was assisting in fulfilling the fantasy. But to Lester, this was purely a power play, he wanted to make sure his roommate understood in detail how much better he fucked his wife. Sarah faced the wall and Lester began to plant gentle kisses on her shoulders.

Sarah's skin started to tingle as Lester's lips brushed her skin. His hands started to gently caress her arms before they dropped to the sides of her thighs. She felt him gently grab onto her hips as his naked cock pressed against her perfect bubble butt. The veined skin of his cock rubbed firmly against the naked skin of her ass cheeks.

His flabby chest pressed against her back as one of his arms reached around her to begin massaging her breasts. Sarah pushed her hips back, grinding herself against Lester's cock. She eyed the peephole, wanting Dan to know this was all for him. She just wished she could watch his reaction, see the look of lust painted onto his face.

Her gaze on the peephole was broken as Lester turned her head towards him, his lips pressed against hers. She closed her eyes and returned the kiss, sucking on his lips, his tongue invading her mouth.

She unconsciously moaned around his tongue, she had forgotten how large it was as it danced with hers. The urgency of their sloppy kisses increased as Lester started to push himself faster into her backside.

Dan watched as Lester tore his wife's attention away from him, monopolizing her to himself. He felt his cock pressing against the drywall and couldn't hold back any longer. He dropped his boxers and started to stroke himself, already fully hard.

Lester broke off the kiss, leaving Sarah momentarily disoriented and breathless. With a sinister smile, he looked at the peephole and reached back down and ran his hand across Sarah's chest until it found the clasp of her bra. With an expert flick of his fingers, he undid the clasp and let the strapless bra fall to the floor.

Dan watched Sarah's bra fall off in slow motion, freeing her heaving breasts, displaying them for him. He watched his own wife through the peephole like some kind of perverted voyeur. He continued to stroke his dick, breathing quickly. He felt his mind slipping back to the familiar comforts of watching. Part of him yearned to take action and do something but his eyes were transfixed upon the toxic scene unfolding before him.

Lester's grubby hands started to grab at Sarah's breasts, roughly fondling them. Sarah's eyes were closed in pleasure, feeling the sensation of her sensitive breasts being manhandled and Lester's throbbing cock probing against her toned backside. Then she remembered she was being watched and she felt a new surge of wetness between her legs. She slowly opened her eyes and looked

at the hole in the wall, staring at it, imagining Dan's face. She bit her lip suggestively, putting on a deliberate show for her husband.

She rubbed her thighs together and pushed back further against Lester's cock, feeling it against the bottom of her ass cheeks. Being locked in a room with another man while her husband watched, she hadn't realized what effect this would have on her. It was so depraved, so wicked and with someone like Lester, no less. The combination ignited something in her. She reached behind her and pulled Lester into a deep kiss, moaning her desire into his mouth.

Grabbing her breasts, Lester slowly pulled Sarah over to his bed. He sat on the edge and pulled her down onto his lap, his cock now jutting out between her thighs, firmly against her soaked thong-covered pussy.

Dan watched as Sarah closed her eyes and blindly lowered her hands and began to run them up and down Lester's shaft. She played with the head of his cock and pulled it against herself as if she were stimulating her clit. For Dan, there was a surreal aspect to the scene, his bride with a gigantic cock poking out from between her legs.

"Uhhh," a moan escaped Sarah's lips. This wasn't lost on Lester, who continued to use his fingers to tease her nipples while his tongue and lips were all over her shoulders. He sucked and lapped at the nape of her neck, knowing it turned her on, using what he'd learned from their times together.

Sarah sat on Lester's lap, stroking his cock against herself for several minutes. It was such a tease and she knew from that angle that Dan would get an amazing show. Lester's cock twitched as she rubbed herself against it and she watched it swell in size. Disengaging from her husband's roommate, she stood up and, before she could move, she immediately felt Lester's tongue on her ass cheek. She stepped forward, pulling away and then turning to face him, her eyes immediately dropping to his crotch.

"You want to suck it, don't you?" Lester was wagging his giant cock at her, an ugly grin on his face.

Sarah nodded and began to kneel, her mouth opening. If she tilted her head forward at this moment, she would begin to drool.

“Wait, wait. Before you suck it, tell me why you want my cock in your mouth. Why shouldn’t I just shove it in your pussy?” Lester gripped his cock tightly, making the head bulge and fill with blood, taking on a dark purple hue.

Sarah seemed nearly put off by the question, but she’d played this game before. Her lips soon curled into a smile and her eyes sparkled as she spoke. Loudly enough for Dan to hear, she said, “Darling, it’s our anniversary. Don’t you want your special treatment?”

Lester was almost surprised at her callback to his role play in the restaurant. “Hah!” he barked. He adjusted his grip on himself and pointed his shaft towards the smitten woman. “Go on, then! Get to work, wifey!” Sarah made a sharp cry of pure pleasure as she engulfed his head.

“MMMMmmmm,” she murmured, beginning as she had become accustomed, by swirling her tongue around his head before measuring his shaft in deep kisses. She was still awed by the size of it, and mid shaft she had to stop, wondering if she was going to cum solely from the sensation of his cock on her tongue. Lester’s scent was sending her into a state of ravenous lust. She steadied herself and continued her kissing ritual. When she got to his balls, she slowly and deliberately licked between them as far back as she could.

At the peephole, Dan eyed the scene in arousal and disbelief. He’d witnessed his wife suck his roommate’s cock several times now, to his chagrin, but this seemed so much more intimate. Lester’s legs were spread wide now and it almost seemed like his wife was tonguing him under his balls. The thought made Dan shudder in disgust but his hardness was unaffected. He could hear his wife whimpering with enjoyment as this trash person presented his musty crotch to her pristine face. It was almost too much.

Meanwhile, Sarah was lost in ecstasy, her tongue swabbed Lester’s taint and his balls rested on her face. She took a deep breath of his musk and gasped in surprise as she felt an unaided orgasm gather and explode. Quaking, she pulled back and sucked Lester’s meaty cockhead into her mouth, the squealing noises she made signaled her cumming to both men. She knew they could both see that she’d

just had an orgasm from fellating Lester. She hoped it was hot for her husband.

Sarah slowly dragged her tongue up the length of Lester's shaft, staring into his beady eyes the entire time. *God, this is depraved.*

As she reached the head of his cock, she swirled her tongue around it and then swabbed it over his slit, tasting the salty precum that had begun leaking. She involuntarily moaned at the taste.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah's mouth began to draw Lester's cock inside her warm wet oral cavity. She held the base firmly as her lips stretched to accommodate Lester's appendage.

"That's right, wifey," Lester smirked. "Take it. Show Dan what a slut you've become for my cock."

Sarah felt a wall of inhibition fall within her. Had she really become a slut for Lester? For his cock? She felt how wet she was between her legs and thought back to everyone at the restaurant seeing them together. They'd all assume she was with him for his money, but how many of them would guess it was actually because of his cock and his skills in the bedroom?

Sarah lowered her head, taking more of Lester's cock into her mouth. She released her grip slightly on his cock and started stroking his shaft.

"Ughhh, yeah," Lester moaned. "I love watching your pretty face there with my cock in your mouth. I think about this every single time you have a smart comment to make me. Just shutting you up and shoving it in."

Sarah's eyes flicked up and looked at the troll in front of her. The angle was not flattering for Lester. His gut was pushing out towards her sitting on his thighs, his fat chest resting on his stomach. His double chins bulged out like coils of sausage as he looked down at her. She couldn't help but think of the difference between them and what Dan must be seeing through the peephole.

Sarah pulled her mouth from his cock and said, "Mmmm, then why don't you? When I talk back to you, why don't you just push me onto my knees and do what you want?"

*Because I'm patient.* Lester thought. *There is a bigger game at play and you don't even know you are playing it.*

"I will next time. Don't you forget it," Lester moaned as he grabbed the back of Sarah's head and shoved his cock back into her mouth. She eagerly obliged and kept furiously stroking his cock, "I'll shove my cock into your mouth just like this before I fuck your brains out and make you call me daddy."

Dan watched his beautiful wife's tight body kneeling before Lester's oddly proportioned one. The image of a frog sitting on its ass crossed into his head. *That is exactly what he looks like, but with hair.*

Seeing his wife lick Lester and the parts below his balls made him shudder but he felt his cock as hard as a piece of iron.

"Admit it," Lester groaned as Sarah rapidly sucked and stroked his cock. She was now using both hands in alternating motions, "You're becoming a slut for my cock. Don't deny it. Last night I fucked the shit out of your face and you loved every second of it."

Sarah thought back to the previous night and how Lester had mercilessly fucked her mouth in front of Dan. The way Lester took charge and just demanded that of her, and she went along with it. She'd never have imagined in a million years that something like that would ever happen, let alone that the memory of it would turn her on.

Sarah took her mouth off Lester's cock and looked over her shoulder at the peephole where she presumed her husband was. "Is that true, Dan? Do you think I've become a slut for Lester's cock?"

Suddenly she felt Lester's hands on the back of her head, in her hair. Thinking Lester was going to set the tempo, she readied to redouble her efforts to suck him off, and to have a second miraculous orgasm. She was confused as she felt his hands gripping her hair, holding her head away from his cock. He shifted his position and his hands were under her armpits, pulling her out of her kneeling position.

Lester awkwardly shuffled to the side as he dragged Sarah fully onto the bed, situated so that the peephole was opposite them on the wall facing the foot of the bed. He had her on her back as he kneeled by her legs. Lester glanced at the peephole behind him and smiled. Sarah followed his gaze and knew what was coming next.

Lester slowly and deliberately started to peel off her thong, her last piece of resistance. He pulled it down her tight thighs, across her toned calves and over her manicured feet, until it was fully off. He raised it to his nose and took a long sniff before tossing it in Dan's general direction behind him.

"Now it's time for your special treatment." He turned and winked at the peephole. "Happy anniversary, baby." Lester said, lowering his head towards Sarah's soaking pussy.

Sarah opened her legs without question, allowing the ugly man closer to her prized sex. When his lips made contact, she squealed. Lester started to use his tongue expertly and began teasing her clit, drawing circles around it.

Dan watched as Sarah's legs began to tremble and jerk, involuntary reactions to Lester's lewd touch. Her bare chest was rising and falling quickly, her hands gripped the sheets as Lester started to work her over. Her eyes were shut and she was faced away from him. Dan heard the smacking sucking sounds of Lester's oral ministrations.

Lester started to suck on Sarah's sensitive clit as two of his fingers snaked their way into her wet opening. As she felt Lester's digits enter her, she reached down and grabbed the back of his head, pulling him closer. He intensified his sucking on her clit, causing her to tighten her thighs around his head. "Oh, oh God. Ffuuh..."

Lester's fingers continued to piston in and out of the innocent wife. He made sure to graze his fingers over the ridges inside that formed her g-spot. He put pressure on it with each lash of his tongue. He could feel Sarah's pussy gripping his fingers as he probed it. He smiled internally at how soaked she was.

As he sucked down hard on her clit and rolled his fingers around inside of her, he felt the telltale signs of a woman about to cum. Her hips spasmed forward and he stayed with her, his mouth never leaving her sex.

"Mhmmm, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling her orgasm quickly rise out of nowhere. "Right there...right there."

"Don't stop," Sarah hissed, lost to the world. All she could concentrate on was the feeling between her legs, "Right there,

Lester, mmmh god, don't fucking stop. Don't stop. Ughh. fuck. Fuck. Fuck!"

Sarah came, and Lester felt her floodgates open around his fingers. He quickly withdrew them and stuck his tongue inside of her, licking and sucking whatever it could find.

"Mhhhhmmmm, fuck," Sarah sighed, coming down from her first orgasm. She knew it wouldn't be the last. It never was with Lester. His tongue felt amazing in her, she knew that with it he'd be able to coax another powerful orgasm out of her.

Dan watched as Lester withdrew his tongue and looked up at his wife. They held each other's gaze as Lester began to slowly crawl forward over her body, his cock pointing directly at his wife's vagina.

"Condom," Sarah said through her lust-filled haze. Lester knew by the look on her face that she'd let him slide into her bare if he ignored her. He'd been at this point before with many women. This situation was different and evolving and included variables he was still learning about, namely the man at the peephole. So he'd do what she asked, for now.

Lester quickly rolled off the bed and opened his drawer. He debated for a second but grabbed a condom from the unmarked box. He ripped open the package and slid it onto his impressive girth and then looked up at the peephole with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Alarm bells were ringing in Dan's head as he watched Lester get back onto the bed. He stood there immobilized as he watched Lester move between his wife's legs. Sarah's eyes were transfixed on Lester's cock inches away from her pussy. He had imagined she would look at him, look at the peephole during this moment, but she never looked up. Her mouth was slightly open and her eyes stayed with the massive organ poised to enter her.

She was lustfully focused on what was right in front of her. Dan felt a fire in his stomach, the resistance to his lust flaring up. His rational mind was trying to come back, screaming at him to intervene and stop this before it was too late. As his mind fought through the arousal and lust, Dan opened his mouth to object and

say something to stop what was happening on the other side of the wall.

Before the words left his lips, Lester dropped his hips and pushed his cock into Dan's wife. Dan choked on his words as he watched Sarah's beautiful face contort in pleasure as another man's cock entered her. Her body stiffened and then relaxed as Lester grunted and pushed himself further in.

Her legs wrapped tightly around Lester's flabby ass, her nails still clutching the bed sheets. Dan's arousal rose back up and he stared, watching as Sarah's body responded to his vile roommate.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's shoulder. "Fuck."

For someone so large and out of shape, Dan was seriously taken aback by the upper body strength and stamina Lester was demonstrating as he continued to slide his cock in and out of Sarah's wet pussy.

"Give it to me, Sarah," Lester growled, "I know you're close. Cum on my cock. Cum for me. Let Dan see what it's like to watch you explode on my cock."

Hearing her husband's name snapped Sarah back to reality. She had momentarily forgotten about Dan. Knowing that he was watching, listening, seeing her get fucked...it was too much for her to bear. She felt another orgasm thunder across her body.

"Oh FUCK! Don't fucking stop, Lester," Sarah cried out as her nerve endings felt like they were on fire. A shimmering orgasm rippled across her body, causing her toes to curl and a mask of pure pleasure to spread across her face. "Oh God."

She opened her eyes and looked at the peephole. She seductively blew Dan a kiss before Lester started thrusting into her more quickly, causing her kissing lips to change back into a big 'o-face'.

Dan watched Sarah cum, hard. Watched the mother of his children cum screaming on another man's cock. Dan let go of his own dick, afraid it would start spraying all over the wall. Just thinking about what he was watching was causing his cock to twitch as if it was about to burst.

Lester slowed his pace and grabbed Sarah's face in his hand. He turned her towards him and kissed her. She immediately opened her

mouth and let his large tongue snake its way back in, invading her mouth. She felt his wet tongue press against hers, and she pushed back on it, sliding across it, exchanging saliva with this beast of a man. Sucking his tongue and opening herself to him further, his cock driving her lust.

Dan watched the obscenity happening in the other room. Lester was making out with his wife and she was eagerly responding to it. His thrusts had slowed, taking on a more deliberate pace, showing her his level of control. Dan had never been more turned on in his life. His emotions were a mess but lust was in the driver's seat. He had been waiting over a week to see this, ever since it had accidentally happened last time. If he was being honest with himself, he had been waiting years to see this. To see Sarah with someone else. Something unlocked in Dan's brain and he wondered if they'd ever be able to go back.

Lester's hand snaked behind Sarah's neck, the other on her hip. He rolled himself over onto his back, pulling her with him. Lester lay on his back with Sarah now straddling his cock. Dan had the perfect view of Sarah, she was facing the wall. If she looked up they'd be able to make eye contact. But she didn't.

She stared lustfully down at the creature below her. She rolled her hips and started to fuck herself on Lester's cock, "Mmmuummm, oh god." Her hands pushed her hair back from her face so Dan could at least make out her contorted expression.

Sarah moaned and pushed down on Lester's chest with her hands. The bastard put his hands behind his head and just stared up at her. He watched her tits sway as she fucked him, her breathing growing more rapid. She looked down at him with contempt and lust.

"Go on, keep fucking me' Sarah," Lester growled.

"Ugh, I will," Sarah said breathlessly, "Fuck that feels so good."

Lester's cock was pressing up against a very sensitive spot. She wondered how this position would feel without the condom.

"I would love to see the faces of those people in the restaurant now, seeing someone like me fucking your brains out," Lester grunted.

Sarah gritted her teeth, forcing out the words. "I'm sure they imagined it. Wondering what I was doing with someone like you. Wondering whether or not I'd actually debase myself and fuck someone like you."

"Maybe on our next date, I'll bend you over the table and fuck you right there in the restaurant so they don't have to imagine it." Lester emphasized the sentence with another powerful thrust into her.

"Oh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt his cock reach untouched parts inside of her. Thinking of being fucked in front of a room full of people, everyone watching her and seeing her in the throes of pleasure with a man below her station. She found that incredibly hot.

"Tell Dan how much you're enjoying this," Lester said.

She'd been so lost in the feeling between her legs that she had forgotten her husband again. Her eyes snapped up to the peephole.

"Uh, shut up, Lester, and just let me get another one," Sarah said through gritted teeth. They were both slick with sweat now.

"Tell him. Scream it. Tell the whole apartment building how good my cock makes you feel."

The idea of not just Dan but others hearing her and the pressure of Lester's cock stretching her out caused her to have a mini-orgasm, "Ohmmmm." She was quivering, knowing the next one would be huge.

"You love it," Lester said with a shit-eating grin as he looked up at her. "Tell them."

Sarah's eyes held a mixture of lust and hatred looking down at him. "You bastard."

Lester raised his hips off the bed, pushing into her.

"Mhmmm, oh fuck," Sarah groaned at the sudden thrust.

Dan watched as Sarah's hips started raising and falling faster and faster. He was about to watch Sarah cum again. He gritted his teeth and clenched his fist on the wall. He was breathing hard from lust but also seething with desire. He wanted to take Sarah back into his room and reclaim her, erase whatever it was Lester was doing to her.

"So good," Sarah moaned. Biting her lip, she looked lustfully up at the peephole, "Give it to me, don't stop, mmmm, don't stop."

Sarah started to massage her breasts with her hands while staring directly at Dan's peephole. She was putting on a show for him. "Mhmm just like that."

Dan watched as Sarah stared at him, talking right to him. He started to stroke faster, his desire for his wife and lust for the situation mixing together like a combustible element.

"Lester, don't stop fucking me. Don't stop fucking your roommate's wife, you sick bastard," Sarah looked at the peephole and she ground her hips against Lester's thrusting cock.

The idea of being watched by her husband on the other side of the wall was pouring fuel on the fire of her lust as Lester's big cock stretched her insides. She pushed herself back down on his mammoth tool, feeling every inch of it slide across the sensitive nerves of her drenched pussy. His cockhead was deep inside her married pussy. It nudged against the area only Lester had been able to reach.

Lester grunted, holding her hips and pushing up into the beautiful wife. He knew he would get her again. Watching her ride him and be in control was mesmerizing. She was becoming completely broken by his cock.

The hairs on Sarah's neck began to stand on end. She could feel another orgasm slowly start building. Her pussy felt like it was on fire and the heat was radiating out from her body, the pressure behind the dam starting to build, waiting to explode out.

Sarah stared back up at the peephole. "Oh fuck. I'm going to cum. Dan, I'm going to cum soon. Keep stroking, baby, don't stop. Don't stop."

That was too much for Dan to handle. He needed to have her, to have Sarah back so we could fuck her. He pounded on the wall, "Sarah! Come back here!"

"Ohhh, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's cock press against her g-spot. "Lester slow down, stop. Fuck, I'm, I'm going back to Dan, uhhhh."

Sarah tried to raise her hips off of the monster member embedded in her pussy but Lester held her still, he started to increase the tempo of his thrusts.

Sarah stared helplessly at the peephole as she began to feel the dam inside of her about to burst. "Mmhmhhh, Dan, keep going, baby."

Dan pounded his fist against the wall again, yelling, "Sarah!"

Lester saw the sweat glistening on Sarah's chest, he held her hips firmly as he fucked his cock into her waiting pussy. She might be trying to disengage with the rest of her body, but the muscles of her pussy were firmly gripping his cock. He watched her face as she stared at the wall, trying in vain to include her husband in the festivities.

Lester gambled and let go of her hips. Sarah stayed connected, her pussy gripping his cock like a vise. Lester grabbed the back of Sarah's head as he continued to thrust into her. He pulled her face down slightly, breaking her gaze from the wall.

Sarah looked down into the beady eyes of her husband's roommate. She had been imagining the lust-filled gaze of Dan on the other side of the wall but was now staring directly into the dangerous greedy look plastered on Lester's face.

"Uh, uh, oh," It was too much, the walls inside of Sarah came crashing down as she stared into Lester's eyes. Sarah felt a tsunami sweep across her body turning every nerve on. She felt the pressure and heat from Lester's cock begin to wash over every inch of her.

As her orgasm overloaded her brain, she felt Lester thrust in urgency and grunt. Then she felt it as Lester came. She pried open her eyes and looked down as pure pleasure mixed with the ugly features of Lester's face. The sight was intoxicating.

Sarah felt another, bigger wave of an orgasm overtake her, dwarfing the previous one as she watched and felt her unlikely lover begin to come. She wailed on top of the brute, not caring who heard that he'd conquered her again, even better than before.

Watching Sarah cum on Lester's cock was too much, Dan was barely holding his cock but it started to explode, cum streaking out and blasting the drywall in front of him.

"Holy shit," he muttered as he watched Sarah and Lester cum together. His tanned and toned wife straddling a large, pasty white

hair-covered body. He'd never seen anything like it but knew that he had finally witnessed what he had been yearning for.

As Sarah began to come down from the mind-shattering orgasm, she was ready to begin riding Lester's cock again to milk out any last bits of pleasure she could get.

"Sarah," she heard from the wall in front of her. Dan was calling to her, as he had called to her just before she came. Her mind clicked back into place.

"Ohhh," she moaned as she heaved herself off of Lester's cock and rolled over onto the bed. Lester lay there in bliss, watching her smooth skin against his sheets as she shuffled off the bed and towards the door.

Sarah unlocked Lester's door and quickly rounded the corner until she was back in Dan's bedroom. She stopped, taking in a new sight for the first time in her life. Dan was naked, his cock in his hand, breathing hard and fast. Cum stained the wall next to him, directly under the peephole.

Sarah pushed the door closed and locked it. She crossed the distance and was in Dan's arms, his lips on hers, their tongues dancing. Their bodies expressing their urgent need for one another, to feel each other.

She pulled him down onto the bed and he quickly took his place between her legs, pushing his bare cock into her.

"Oh, fuck," he muttered, feeling her warmth envelop him. "God, you were so fucking sexy."

"Fuck me, Dan," Sarah moaned. "Fuck."

The couple kissed hard and fucked furiously for several minutes, both feeling the build-up of their impending release.

"Dan, don't stop, I'm going to cum," Sarah moaned into his ear.

"Fuck. I'm going to cum too, Sarah," Dan groaned, bucking his hips with urgency as Sarah's pussy started to milk his cock. He thought he could smell a hint of his roommate's mustiness mixed in with his wife's sweat. The reminder of what had just occurred not ten feet away lurched his hips into a higher tempo.

With Dan's head buried next to hers, Sarah opened her eyes and they immediately focused on the peephole. Was Lester now

watching them?

As she stared at it, she felt Dan begin to cum. His hot cum spurting and shooting inside of her. Sarah's body milked his cock as another orgasm hit her body, causing her toes to curl and her nails to dig into Dan's biceps. She closed her eyes briefly but opened them again, staring at the peephole as she felt pleasure washing over her. She waited to feel the intoxication that had come with her previous orgasm.

Dan rolled off her panting, finally having reclaimed his wife, fucking her for the first time in what felt like forever.

Sarah was breathing hard as well. But she couldn't stop focusing on the hole in the wall.

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The drive home from Chicago was fairly uneventful. The drive seemed to be going by faster and faster in her mind, even though the distance remained the same. Despite what she had initially thought, she had enjoyed the dinner with Lester. Maybe not so much for the company but the food and wine had hit the spot. She found his social awkwardness in that setting amusing, she could tell he was out of his element. It was almost like watching an inexperienced man on his first date, though Sarah was careful to not think too far in that direction. Lester was anything but inexperienced and while the situation may not have suited him, she knew how experienced he truly was.

She had been surprised that Dan had pushed her toward Lester again. Perhaps she shouldn't have been. All this time apart, his mind must have been running circles around what happened the previous week. Work was stressful and this was likely an outlet for that. Still, they were playing with fire.

Sarah loved that Dan had interrupted and 'taken her back.' Having him take such an active role and reclaiming her gave her goosebumps just thinking about it. She had unintentionally fallen into the role of having two completely polar opposite men competing for her attention. She knew she would choose Dan, every single

time. But she couldn't help but enjoy how the threat of Lester's presence could enable her to work Dan up so much.

She tried not to think too much about Lester as she drove. She didn't find him visually attractive and felt his personality was rather grating. She didn't want to admit that there was something about him that she found alluring. Sure he was well equipped and knew quite well how to perform in the bedroom but it was something else. Something more basic that she couldn't quite put her finger on.

Yes, he checked the boxes on her fantasy of giving in to someone lesser than herself. Perhaps it was the fact that he was also someone Dan considered to be lesser but was 'winning' her in some of these encounters.

She shook her head and tried to refocus as she pulled onto her parents' street. After a brief exchange, she had loaded up her daughters and was heading home. Events of the weekend disappeared as she slipped back into mom mode, hearing all about the activities her girls had enjoyed with their grandparents.

At home, she easily fell back into the solo parenting routine of dinner, giving the kids attention and eventually putting them to bed. It didn't take long for her eyes to close as well, given how active she had been over the past few days.

The next morning was a blur of another well-practiced routine. Getting the girls ready and out the door to school before Sarah herself drove to the hospital to start her shift. When she arrived at the hospital, she quickly dropped off her things in her office and began checking in with staff on various floors, getting updates on anything critical she needed to know about.

As she left the nurses station in the maternity ward, she felt her cell phone vibrate in her pocket. She continued walking down the hallway as she grabbed and unlocked her phone.

There was one new text message.

Sarah stopped in her tracks, staring at the screen. Staring back at her was a picture of a large, almost angry-looking cock, fully erect, a sheen of moisture evident at its tip. She recognized it immediately. It was Lester's. Her eyes flicked back up to the previous message, it

had been about confirming the time to come view the apartment way back when they had been searching for a place for Dan to stay.

Someone called Sarah's name from down the hallway. Her eyes were still transfixed on the screen in front of her. Sarah felt her cheeks getting warm, her breath was caught in her throat. She thought back to the last time she saw this cock, Saturday night, after the restaurant, in Lester's room.

As she stood there enraptured, her phone vibrated as another image popped up. After taking a second to render, she saw the same beastly cock as was in the first image, but this time it was adorned with a thong. It was the one Lester had removed from her Saturday night

*That's part of my La Perla set. Dan bought it for my birthday last year.*

In the image on her phone it was wrapped tightly around Lester's bulging cock, a full bead of precum having been pushed out its top. When she touched the image it went to live view becoming a looping short film. The massive cock twitched and throbbed as the thong tightened. The precum bead appeared and disappeared.

The voice from down the hall called for Sarah again, her brain barely registering it.

"I'm....coming....," Sarah whispered in response, absentmindedly biting her lip, "I'm coming..." Saliva flooded the distracted wife's mouth.

Sarah finally broke the trance and shoved the phone into her pocket before anyone noticed what she was looking at. She swallowed before she spoke.

"I'm coming!" She said louder, waving apologetically to the man down the hall trying to get her attention.

# Chapter Four

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Dan groaned as he rolled over and reached for his phone from the nightstand. Blinking his eyes, he tried to focus on the time displayed on the screen. He felt Sarah's warmth as she stirred next to him. Looking up at the familiar ceiling above him, Dan smiled. It felt good to be back in his bed in Middleton again.

"Remind me to thank your parents for taking the girls last night," He groaned as he closed his eyes and settled back down into the bed, "I want to sleep all day."

"HMMMMM," Sarah purred as she rolled towards him, laying her hand on his chest, "It was nice just having the house to ourselves last night. I really enjoyed it."

Dan smirked knowingly, "So did I. It was amazing."

"It was," Sarah nestled into the crook of Dan's arm. "I'm glad you could come home."

"Me too," Dan said. Work hadn't been the same since his company announced the pay cuts. Morale across the board was at an all-time low. Several colleagues had promptly left the company while some were quietly let go. Dan felt secure in his position but didn't take anything for granted anymore.

After a couple of weeks of the stressful and demoralizing work environment, Dan told his boss, Walt, he was taking a week off to go back home. Walt didn't give him a hard time about it, and he'd just

nodded and turned back to his computer screen. He seemed to be in damage control mode lately.

Dan had spent the week at home settling back into his old routine with the kids, helping Sarah run the household and trying to work on projects that needed doing around the house. Sarah couldn't take the whole week off like Dan; on the days without her, he'd spent his time searching for new jobs.

He was beginning to see just how dire the job market was. Depression was starting to creep into his thoughts due to the lack of follow-up from the companies he was applying to. He tried to press ahead and not let hopelessness sap his motivation.

Dan rolled over towards his wife and smelled her hair. *Sandalwood and strawberries.*

"I wish you didn't have to go to work today. We could stay in bed all day together." Dan sighed.

"Mhmmm, that sounds great. I wish I could, too, but the extra hours will help us."

DING

Sarah's phone chimed from her side of the bed. She reluctantly disengaged from her husband and rolled over to check it.

"Ugh," Sarah said as she put the phone back down and took her place once more against Dan.

"Work?" Dan asked.

Several seconds of silence elapsed before Sarah finally answered, exhaling, "No, it was Lester."

Dan felt the blood immediately begin to flow towards his dick. They'd gone the entire week without mentioning Dan's roommate once. He tried to keep his cool, and he didn't want Sarah to see him get too excited nor let on how fast he'd been affected.

"I didn't realize you guys were on a texting basis," Dan said musingly, testing the waters.

"We aren't," Sarah said, "I mean, he texts me, but I don't respond to him."

"What does he want?" Dan wasn't thrilled that his roommate was going behind his back and contacting Sarah, but it wouldn't be the first time Lester did something for his own gain.

"Well, he hasn't said anything, but I think I know what he is getting at," Sarah's eyes were closed as she spoke.

"What do you mean he hasn't said anything? That doesn't make sense." Dan asked.

"He just sends pictures," Sarah answered.

"Pictures of what?" Dan paused, "Oh. Really? That's kind of gross. Just unsolicited dick pics? And you don't respond to them?"

"No. I haven't messaged him back, but every now and then, he just sends another. He has even sent them while I'm in the middle of my work day. I open my phone, and a new dick pic comes in. I'd be mortified if someone saw them." Sarah laughed.

"Why don't you just tell him to stop? Why am I just hearing about this now?" Dan was not fully awake and turned to inspect his loving wife lying beside him.

Sarah looked up at him with gorgeous emerald eyes, "I'm afraid that if I start texting back, it'll send him some kind of signal. It's one thing to have things happen in the apartment, but this is starting to creep into other areas of our lives. And I didn't want to add to your stress, so I thought that if I just ignored them, he would eventually stop on his own. That's probably a naive attitude given what happened last time in Chicago but that's what I was hoping for."

Memories of the last night in Chicago crept into his mind, watching his wife and Lester together from the other side of the peephole, watching Lester experience his wife. Sarah's eyes losing focus as she screamed in ecstasy.

"Maybe you should send him a picture back..." Dan said playfully.

Sarah leaned up on one elbow and looked at her husband, "Do you really think that's a good idea? I feel like it would only make Lester more bold. Besides, we need to figure out what we're doing here. When I drive back up with you to Chicago tomorrow, Lester will probably be expecting another of his dates. I don't want him to think it's just open season, and he can get away with whatever he wants."

"Yeah," Dan agreed, "You're probably right. That's smart."

Sarah eyed Dan suspiciously, "If I did send him a message back, what do you think I should send?"

"HmMMMM," Dan contemplated for a moment before answering. "I guess that depends on what we're going for. You could continue to ignore him. You could message him and play it oblivious to the pictures he sent you. Or if you wanted to mess with him, you could send him a sexy picture."

"A sexy picture, hmm?" Sarah leaned in and whispered, "And just what would I be doing in this sexy picture? Showing myself off to your roommate?"

"Ah," Dan said, putting up his hands defensively, "That, I haven't thought far enough ahead on. Besides, you usually seem to be the creative one when it comes to the sexy pictures that drive me wild. I'm sure you could come up with something."

Sarah's playful expression turned serious, "That's true. But again, what message are we hoping to send to him? What do we want here, Dan? What do you want? When I come back with you, do we tell him we are pausing things, and these dates are going to be strictly platonic? If not, what do we do? What are the ground rules, you know?"

Dan's heart was beating out of his chest. He knew how his mind wanted him to answer, but his devious instincts easily betrayed it. He remembered how his mind would often drift, paralyzing him to the point of inaction to see the events between Sarah and Lester play out. An image of the back of Lester's head shaking as he enthusiastically consumed Sarah's pussy flashed quickly in his mind.

"I don't know," Dan lied. They'd talked about this in the past, but things had changed. He felt like they were moving fast, and he hated admitting what he wanted, "I haven't thought too much about it."

"Really?" Sarah challenged, "You saw me and Lester together last time, and you haven't thought about it once? I'm not buying it, Mister." She caressed her husband's bicep, enjoying the feel of his skin.

"Listen, I'm not here to judge or give you a hard time. You know I am in this with you. I would be lying if I said I'm not at least partially enjoying this playful adventure we are on. I know you'll always be there to catch me. I just need us to get on the same page

so I know where we are heading and, more importantly, where we aren't heading."

"Okay," Dan responded, "That's...that's good. Yeah, we should be on the same page. So, I guess, let's see. So, with the dates. I think, yes, for now, they are probably okay to keep going on, at least until we figure out our financial situation. What do you think?"

"Agreed," Sarah said smiling, "The dates are the easy part. I can handle those, and I can handle whatever Lester throws at me. What about the other stuff? Like what happened last time?"

"I think we deal with that on a case-by-case basis," Dan said, "When you get back to the apartment, we can debrief and figure out what we want to do."

"Okay..." Sarah looked at him, "But you know there is more to that, right? Like on a date, Lester might try to put his arm around me, maybe try to touch me or get me to touch him. Things might happen on the dates that we need to figure out."

"You mean like Lester trying something with you when you aren't in the apartment?" Dan asked. It hadn't occurred to him that the possibility existed that their nights wouldn't end up at the apartment with him being present. He remembered how his stomach had been in knots when he learned that Sarah had slept with Lester while he was in Minnesota, followed by an immediate rush of excitement over what he'd missed.

"I don't....I don't know." Dan finally said, "I mean, I want to be there, to know you are safe and to make sure everything is okay, but..."

"But?" Sarah asked after Dan had trailed off.

"But," Dan took a breath, aligning his thoughts, "But part of me gets excited, well, maybe not excited, but turned on just thinking about you doing things. The fact that it's an unknown thing, a thing I didn't witness where my mind kind of fills in the blanks, it's just a really erotic thing to think about. I don't know what we should do here."

"Okay," Sarah said, sitting up. She noticed that Dan was beginning to show signs of an erection beneath the sheets. "If I am out with

Lester alone, and he puts his arms around my shoulder, do you veto that or should I let it happen.”

“I guess that is okay, all things considered.” Dan shrugged.

“What if he tries to hold my hand? Or tries to kiss me?” Sarah asked.

“That feels almost too intimate,” Dan’s face was a mix of arousal and torment, “It’s a hot idea, okay, but I’m not sure. Maybe. As long as you acknowledge it just being for show and part of this whole thing.”

Sarah looked bemusedly at Dan, “Of course, honey, there isn’t an actual spark or passion here. It’s just Lester, right.” His wife wore a dismissive expression, as if the idea were beneath consideration.

“Right,” Dan nodded, feeling reassured. “Okay, what’s next?”

“What if Lester tries to touch me or wants me to touch him in a sexual way?” Sarah looked at her husband, trying to search his face for how he truly felt about this.

“Ugh,” Dan said, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose. “These questions and answers are a super un-sexy way to go about this. I wasn’t looking for a cold shower this morning.”

“I know, it’s tough.” Sarah said, “But the past few times, we’ve gotten swept up in the moment and had to deal with things afterwards. I want us to be on the same page going into this so we can control what happens.”

“That makes sense,” Dan opened his eyes and looked at Sarah, “I know, it’s just hard to talk about it and admit things, you know?”

“Admit what?” Sarah asked, “Do you want these things to happen with Lester? If I touch him?”

“Yes,” Dan closed his eyes again, “I just want to hear about it afterwards. I’m okay with some touching, even if you....even if you, you know, even if you head downtown.”

“You mean if I blow him?” Sarah asked, her face unconsciously falling into a seductive gaze.

“Yes,” Dan said exasperated, “Even that.” His mind was back in the Chicago living room. He held his exploding length as his wife sucked the cum from his roommate’s cock.

“Okay,” Sarah stared at her husband, “What about what happened the last time at the apartment? With Lester trying to go all the way?”

“That,” Dan thought deeply for a second, “That is something I’m not sure about. I want to be there for that. To see it. I mean, at least you can use condoms, and we know he is fixed. That is good. I just want to be at least included in that decision, okay? I don’t want to feel completely powerless like all of this is just happening in front of me.” Under his words, he could hear the echoes of his wife’s ecstatic screams.

“I get that,” Sarah smiled warmly, “I think these are some strong ground rules we can follow. I’m not going to initiate anything, but if things progress to certain points, I’ll know what I should and shouldn’t do. If things get pushed too far, I’ll call you, and we will figure it out.”

“That sounds good,” Dan said, “And again, we play each of these events by ear and adjust if either of us wants to.”

“A hundred percent, baby,” Sarah smiled and nodded, “This is for us, something temporary we are just embracing. Living out this fantasy of yours.”

“Of ours,” she corrected herself. A sly smile spread across her face. She lowered her hands underneath the sheets and searched for Dan’s growing dick, “I have a few minutes before I need to get up and get ready for work.”

Sarah bit her lip, “Why don’t I show you just how much I appreciate you coming home this week?”

With that, Sarah took a firm grip on her husband’s dick and began to stroke it while she lowered her head under the covers.

When Dan felt Sarah’s wet mouth engulf his growing cock, a sense of euphoria spread across his body. Dan laid his head back on the pillow, closing his eyes and focusing on the feeling of his wife pleasuring him beneath the sheets.

His mind kept drifting to their conversation about her date nights with Lester. He tried not to, but he couldn’t help himself; he blurted out, “Is this what you’re going to do for Lester this weekend?”

Sarah threw the sheets back, revealing herself as she licked up the length of her husband’s shaft. She stared back at him intently, “We

just established the date night rules. Who said it would be Lester I'd be sucking on?"

Dan groaned in response. Sarah always knew how to throw him off his game and surprise him in the most erotic of ways. Sarah winked at him, "I'm sure if Lester plays his cards right, he might be able to experience this. Is that what you want, Dan? For Lester to get his cock sucked by your horny wife?"

"Uh, yes," Dan croaked out, "God, you're so fucking bad."

"You haven't seen anything yet," Sarah smiled deviously as she lowered her head and began to feast on her husband's balls.

Dan was in heaven. Sarah was feverishly sucking and tonguing his nutsack, her tongue traveling almost behind it. His cock achieved its full erect size as Dan's memory focused on his wife doing the same thing to his roommate the last time she was in Chicago. "What, uhh, ooh, that's good, what do you like about sucking Lester's cock?" Getting the words triggered by the memory out and Sarah's tonguing of his balls was bringing Dan dangerously close to cumming.

Sarah ran her tongue across her husband's shaved scrotum as she considered the question. "What do I like about it?" she stopped and looked into her husband's eyes. "Hmm, I guess there are a few things..." Her head dropped down, and she quickly kissed the tip of his hard cock.

Dan got control of his breathing. "A few, huh? Like what... things?" His eyes were wide, searching hers. She was deliberating holding back information, torturing him.

Sarah had grabbed his cock, slowly licking the tip and the bit of shaft sticking out of her fist. After three excruciatingly long licks, she said, "Well, I didn't expect to enjoy the smell so much, but, I don't know, when his cock is in my mouth, I find his scent, so- so... primal."

Dan's cock twitched in his wife's hand. His opinion was that his roommate reeked, but his wife admitting to being aroused at the slob's scent excited him. He already knew his desires were the opposite of healthy; feeling this way about what his wife just told him made sense in terms of his fantasy.

“HHuuuhh,” Dan moaned involuntarily as Sarah sucked his cock back into her mouth and held it there, lazily slurping on it. “Wh-what else?”

“It’s hot,” Sarah answered immediately. “And not just, like, “sexy” hot. His cock is actually very warm. It’s really nice feeling it in my mouth.” Sarah returned to the cock in front of her as she finished speaking. She stretched her neck and let go of Dan, pushing her mouth as far down on his cock as she could.

Dan’s hand moved quickly to the back of his wife’s head, wanting to prolong the ecstatic sensation of being swallowed whole as his wife’s fluttered back and forth along the underside of his dick. He felt her tongue extend out and push against his ballsack. He knew he wouldn’t last much longer.

Sarah pulled off and sat back, pushing her arms together to put her breasts on display. She knew all of Dan’s buttons and the right times to push them.

“Also, when I suck his cock, my pussy gets really wet. Like, I can feel myself actually dripping. I always know that I’m going to get fucked really well after blowing that monster.”

Dan’s jaw was now hanging open, and his cock was standing straight up, quaking slightly in its rigidity. He knew his wife loved to tease him. Not saying who would fuck her in that scenario almost made Dan pop off right then and there. He stared at her wide-eyed, not knowing what she’d say next.

“But you know what I like best about sucking that creep’s giant cock?” Sarah enunciated the last word, making sure to give the “ck” at the end extra emphasis. She dove back down on her husband’s cock, sucking him frantically, focused on draining the cum from his balls.

Dan knew this was it, and he struggled to simply say “what?” but an unintelligible string of syllables left his mouth. His head pushed further back into the pillow. His eyes closed in bliss as he felt his wife’s inspired performance.

Sarah stopped sucking for a moment and spoke down as if addressing Dan’s cock directly.

"Lester's cock is fucking gigantic." She then sucked down his shaft, came back up and continued."

"It's gorgeous."

Sarah licked up his entire length in one achingly slow slurp.

"It's perfect."

Her tongue travelled back down his length, sucking lightly all the way. She paused dramatically,

"He chokes me with it."

She sucked on the tip of Dan's penis for a moment.

"He fucks my mouth without any consideration for my pleasure."

She slurped his head back into her mouth to taste her husband's cock. But only for a moment.

"And I love that."

Sarah went back to sucking on her husband's stiffened length for a full two minutes. She continued until she began to feel the telltale signs that her man was about to cum in her mouth. The groans at the back of his throat had become frantic. As she sensed his shaking reaching the point of no return, she looked up at her husband, his cock falling from her mouth.

Dan looked down at his wife, who was staring at him, waiting for his attention.

"Because that's exactly how he fucks me."

Sarah bent her head down to continue the blow job. Just as she got her lips fitted around the head of Dan's cock, his cum shot out, spraying into her waiting mouth. She slowly milked her husband, appreciating how sensitive he was when he came. She swallowed the entirety of Dan's load and then, smiling, lay her head against his thigh. Dan looked at her in awe, amazed at how lewd she'd gotten, knowing it would get him off.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah said as she rose from the bed and wiped her mouth with her hand. "Thank you for that."

"Thank you," Dan said somewhat deliriously as he closed his eyes again, feeling completely at peace.

Sarah bent over and kissed him on his forehead, "Go back to bed. When I get home, we'll order dinner in tonight."

"Sounds good, baby," Dan said as he closed his eyes and let sleep take him.

Sarah stared lovingly down at her husband. It felt great to have him back in their home finally. She hated that they'd be driving back up to Chicago in just a couple of days. Trying to be as quiet as possible, she grabbed the clothes she'd ironed the night before and put them on.

She appraised her wardrobe in the mirror. She loved the outfit, especially the white dress pants. Sometimes she wished her butt was a little smaller so it didn't attract so much attention when she was trying to present a professional image. She undid the top button on her blue dress shirt and put the white blazer on over it. She looked smart and professional, just the appearance she wanted to cultivate at the hospital.

With one last glance at her snoozing prince charming, she gently shut the bedroom door and headed out to work.

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It was a hectic day at the hospital, but Sarah was handling it without losing stride in her step. When she walked in, she was greeted by her boss, the hospital CEO, who was having a meltdown. Their payment processor was not functioning, and they had backed up Medicare claims that needed to be addressed ASAP.

It took a quick call to her contact at the payment processor and some light flirting with the man on the other end to have their systems prioritized to be put back online once the network outage was over. The rest of it was out of her hands, so she tried not to focus too intently on the head of the hospital spiraling.

"Come on," Sarah said as she dragged her boss, Drew, by the arm, "Let our teams deal with that. We have a meeting to go to."

"What meeting? I don't have anything in my calendar," the exec said, looking at his phone as they stepped into the elevator.

"You do," Sarah said, "It's with a college out of state. We're talking to them about fast-tracking their nursing students with paid internships and the potential of future employment."

“What?” He paused, running his hand through his hair in panic. “The board hasn’t approved any budget increases, Sarah, we can’t go in offering paid internships. Besides, they are already breathing down my neck here. We need to cut expenses, not drive them up.”

Sarah pushed the button to the tenth floor and looked at her boss. He quickly shifted his gaze from her chest and up to the ascending numbers on the elevator screen.

“Drew,” she said softly as if she were talking to her children, “You need to read your emails. I’ve already gone over the details there. We applied for and received a federal grant that will cover the internship costs for at least five years. Our nurses are burnt out, and our doctors aren’t far behind them. They need help, and you need them to keep doing well so our patient scores don’t drop. If that happens, then the board will have a much bigger issue. You can take this program to them as the win that it is. And you know all of this.”

“You’re right,” he said, perking up, “Okay, sorry I snapped, this day just hasn’t started out all that well. I’ll join you for this meeting, and we’ll get it done. What else do you have going on today that I should know about?”

The elevator door opened. Drew stepped out first, and Sarah laughed to herself and followed, “I’m meeting with a company to look into expanding our telehealth options to help us free up beds and deal with non-acute patients in a more streamlined way. Then I need to work with IT to develop another workshop or, short of that, an email to staff to educate them again on phishing and cyber attacks.”

“Didn’t we just do one of those recently?” Drew asked as they rounded a corner and headed towards the meeting room.

“That was last year, Drew, besides the IT guys keep saying we need to be vigilant, so I’m going to indulge them and keep them onside.” Sarah checked her watch; they were right on time.

“Okay, let’s go in there and get our team some extra resources. I’ll lead it off, but jump in where you think it makes sense.” Sarah opened the door and smiled warmly at their guests.

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"I hate driving back here," Dan said as they turned the corner of his apartment building's block. "I hate knowing that in a few days, you'll be gone, and I'll be stuck going to this shitty job that's now severely underpaying us."

Sarah put her hand on Dan's thigh. They were just finishing up their drive back to Chicago with only a few blocks left before they arrived at Dan's apartment, "Just remember, this is all temporary. Soon we'll get you out of there and into a new job, hopefully one closer to home."

"Yeah, you're right, let's change the subject." Dan said as he eased onto the car's brake as the light turned red, "Dinner tonight, what should we do? I was thinking maybe that Chinese place again."

"Oh, that sounds great," Sarah said, "I'm totally up for that. I want to get into some sweatpants, get a glass of wine in my hand and watch some trashy TV while we eat Chinese takeout."

"That sounds nice," Dan checked the clock. They were making great time today, arriving in the middle of the afternoon. "Maybe we should watch the show in the bedroom so we don't get disturbed."

"Oh yeah?" Sarah grinned at him devilishly, "Or do you want me to pour some of that sweet and sour sauce on my chest and let Lester lick it off?"

Dan looked at his wife in disbelief. She was staring at him with that sexy vixen look that made him want to jump her bones. He glanced back through the windshield and realized he was drifting into the other lane and quickly corrected himself, "Jesus Christ, Sarah."

Sarah laughed hard and then, through bated breath, said, "You are too easy, Mr. Williams. It's almost not fair."

"Yeah, yeah," Dan grumbled as he focused on the road while smiling ear to ear.

After a few minutes, the couple pulled into the apartment's parking lot. They quickly unloaded the car, with Dan carrying Sarah's carry-on bag for her. As they crossed the expanse of the parking lot,

Dan's fingers naturally found Sarah's, and they held onto each other until they reached the door. As they rode the elevator up to Dan's floor, they started to devise a loose idea of what they'd be ordering for dinner.

"Do we ask Lester if he wants us to order him anything?" Sarah asked as they came up to Dan's apartment door. He remembered the last time they'd done that and how ungrateful Lester had been. Since then, things had changed dramatically between the trio.

"Nope," Dan said as he unlocked the door and entered the apartment.

It only took a few minutes of the young couple settling into the apartment before Lester decided to leave his lair. Dan heard the plodding of fat feet coming down the hallway towards the living room, where Dan and Sarah were talking on the couch.

Their conversation came to an abrupt end as Lester entered the room wearing a pair of boxer shorts and a faded, stained t-shirt with a red crowbar and the words 'Black Mesa' on it.

"Mmmmmm," Lester involuntarily groaned as his eyes settled on Sarah sitting on the couch. Without looking at Dan, he made a beeline towards the young mother. Dan felt his heart start beating quickly as Lester loomed in front of Sarah, staring down at her.

"No, hello kiss for me?" Lester said as his eyes feasted on Sarah's chest.

Sarah looked to Dan, folded her arms and looked back up at Lester, "Hello, Lester. No kisses, you aren't my husband, remember? Besides, Dan and I were just talking about our plans for tonight."

Hearing Dan's name, Lester finally seemed to acknowledge Dan sitting next to her. He looked up and gave him a slight nod before his eyes settled back down on Sarah, "The plan is that today is a date night. Actually, we'll be leaving fairly shortly, so you better get ready."

"Tonight?" Dan and Sarah both said. They hadn't expected a date night to happen today, tomorrow, Saturday night would have made more sense.

"Come on Lester, be reasonable here, we just got in. Let us relax and settle in," Dan said defensively.

"You can relax but Sarah and I have places to be. I even have reservations, so we can't be late." Lester said, "Besides, you two have had plenty of alone time this week. I've been here by myself alone and would really like to go out with a pretty lady tonight."

"Alright, Lester, listen –" Dan started to get up but stopped as Sarah held up a hand.

"It's okay, Dan," Sarah motioned for him to sit back down, "It's fine. I'll go out, and you can get to work on those applications like you wanted to."

"Great," Lester said as he started to retreat back towards his room, "We leave in one hour."

When Sarah heard Lester's door close, she turned to Dan, "I know it's not ideal, but we need to keep him happy, like you said, at least for now. Besides, I know that you didn't get as many applications out as you wanted this week, so at least now you can do a few. I'll be back before you know it, and we can do Chinese tomorrow night, and we'll have Lester off our backs for a bit."

Dan held up his hands and sighed, "Alright, alright. But don't get mad if I watch some trashy TV without you and Sarah....just remember what we talked about, alright?"

Sarah leaned over and gave Dan a lingering kiss on his lips, "Of course, baby, it's you and me, remember?"

"You and me," Dan repeated back, "Okay, go, go get ready. I'm just going to chill here for a bit and decompress from that drive."

"Alright, boo, let me know if I can get you anything," Sarah said as she rose and made her way to the bedroom, pulling her carry-on luggage behind her. Dan watched his wife's perfect bubble butt sway back and forth as she walked away from him.

Dan was annoyed at Lester's sudden intrusion into their conversation and the derailment of his plans with his wife, but he couldn't help but feel a bit excited and anxious about Sarah and Lester spending time alone together. He partially hated admitting it to himself, but the rise in his erection was all the confirmation he needed. *I should really go see a therapist.*

After thirty minutes, Sarah emerged from the bathroom, looking radiant. She wore a pair of tight-fitting hi-rise black jeans that

tapered near her ankles, and a sleeveless leopard print halter top that showed a conservative amount of her upper chest. She also wore a pair of tan boots with a slight heel making her look a bit taller and accentuating the curve of her flatteringly ample ass.

"Do you have to look that sexy when you go out with him?" Dan asked as he ran his eyes over his wife's body again.

"Oh, this?," Sarah said as she gave a slight twirl and pumped her butt out towards Dan before straightening herself and smiling at him, "You know if I'm going out, I want to look good. I hate going out looking frumpy."

"I don't think you've ever looked frumpy in your life Sarah," Dan said.

A door closed behind Sarah, and Lester slowly came into view wearing the same t-shirt he had been wearing earlier, accompanied by a baggy pair of blue jeans and beat-up-looking sneakers. He slid his arm around Sarah's waist, "Ready to go?"

"Where exactly are we going?" Sarah asked. Dan noticed his wife stiffening at Lester's touch, but she didn't try to disengage.

"You'll see," Lester said as he led them towards the door.

Sarah gently removed Lester's arm and walked back towards Dan. She leaned over the back of the couch, planted a firm, wet kiss on his lips, and whispered, "I love you, baby, more than anything. I'll let you know what the plans are and call you if anything comes up."

"I love you too," Dan said as he stared up into his wife's beautiful green eyes, "Be safe."

"I will," Sarah responded. She stood up and slowly turned around. Lester held the door open and ushered her through. Soon, Dan was alone with his thoughts of Lester and his wife together.

Sarah and Lester rode the elevator down in awkward silence. Sarah expected Lester to say something crass, to ask about the photos he sent, but he stayed silent. The thoughts running through Sarah's head were driving her crazy, but she didn't want to concede defeat and be the one to speak first.

As the elevator doors opened to the lobby, Lester led her out to the parking lot. They passed her vehicle and rounded the side of the building to where Lester had parked his large SUV.

"After you," Lester said, making a show of opening the passenger door for her. Sarah braced herself, ready to sit in Lester's dirty, unkempt car as she had last time. As she got into the leather passenger seat, she did a double take and looked around the vehicle. It was spotless. All of the garbage was gone. The car looked and smelled brand new.

Sarah was so caught up appraising the vehicle's state that she didn't notice Lester taking her seat belt and buckling her in until his hand gently ran across her chest. She looked back just in time to hear the seat belt clicking into place and Lester's face right in front of her. He paused to look her right in the eyes before pulling back and shutting the door.

Lester walked around the vehicle, got in and started the ignition.

"You got your car detailed?" Sarah said, making a show of looking around the vehicle, "It looks great."

A sly smile spread across Lester's face, "I made Ned do it."

"Who's Ned?" Sarah asked.

The smile quickly vanished from Lester's face, almost like he betrayed something, "Nothing, no one, just a guy I know."

Lester backed out of the parking space, drove through the parking lot, and out onto the street.

"So where are we going?" Sarah asked, watching the road, trying to ascertain their destination.

Lester looked away from the road and ran his eyes over the body of the young wife, "Shopping." Sarah was used to being ogled by Lester at this point. She still thought it was gross, but it didn't give her cause to shiver anymore.

A few minutes later, Lester pulled his SUV into the parking garage attached to a mall complex. Sarah had never been to this mall before but noted it looked like its better days were behind it.

They exited the car and walked through the parking lot to the entrance. Lester opened the door to the mall and held it like a gentleman. As Sarah passed through, he couldn't help but stare at her perfect round ass. He smiled eagerly, knowing what was about to happen.

Sarah was taken aback as Lester caught up to her and took her hand in his. It felt unnatural as his large, meaty fingers interlaced with hers. She didn't pull her hand back, though, determined to keep up the facade of them being a couple.

Several people turned and looked in their direction, obviously perplexed by the odd coupling in front of them. A tall blonde bombshell like Sarah holding the hand of a shorter, unkempt incel-looking man like Lester. Sarah met each person's gaze until they looked away but couldn't help but enjoy the attention on some level.

Lester led Sarah to the lower level of the mall, where the crowds seemed to thin out. Sarah stopped abruptly when she realized where Lester was taking them.

"Are you serious?" Sarah asked as she motioned towards the lingerie store in front of them. "This is where we're shopping?"

Lester smiled and stepped up into Sarah's space. He ran his hand through a strand of her hair, "I want to get you something nice. You're always wearing sexy lingerie meant for Dan. I want you to wear something for me."

Before Sarah could protest, Lester clutched her hand and walked into the store, forcing her to come with him. A disinterested worker attempted to intercede and offered to help them, but Lester waved her off. She shrugged her shoulders and went back behind the counter. Sarah looked around. It appeared the young woman was the only one working at the moment.

"Grab a few things," Lester said to Sarah, "I'm going to look over there."

Lester left Sarah to wander the store herself. She stopped and ran her hands over several different bra and panty sets, wondering if Dan

would like them or not. It was a dumb question. He would like her in and out of anything she wore. Her attention landed on a baby blue set with lace flower petals acting as the trim and running over the semi-transparent material that made up the actual cups of the bra and parts of the underwear. She loved how the strap of the bra and the side-wings of the underwear looked more like pieces of ribbon. They were even adorned with dainty bows. She knew Dan would like it, which meant Lester probably would also.

As she bent over to grab her size from a lower rack, she felt something hard pushing into her backside. She glanced over her shoulder and saw Lester standing behind her, with his crotch thrust up against her ass. She couldn't believe that just a few months ago, she might have decked him for behaving this way. Now, she was letting him openly sexualize her in public.

"Come on," Lester said. He held up a handful of garments he had collected, "Let's go try these on."

She smirked, "I don't think those are going to fit you Lester."

He stared at her blankly before turning on his heel and heading to the back of the store. Sarah followed him as they came up to the changing rooms. The worker was back there rearranging discarded items.

"How many items?" She asked, looking suspiciously at Lester.

"Five," He said, holding up what he had and pointing to the set Sarah was carrying.

"All the change rooms are open, just head down there and choose one." She gestured over her shoulder. Sarah heard noise from behind her. She turned her head to see a few groups of women entering the store. The worker sighed and wandered to the front of the store to help them.

"Try this one on first," Lester said as he opened the door to the furthest changing room. He held up a black set of lingerie. Sarah raised an eyebrow at him. She took the small set of black lingerie from Lester and walked into the changing room, pulling the door closed behind her.

She smiled, enjoying that move after it shut Lester out. The change room walls went up several feet but stopped short of the ceiling. The

walls touched the ground, but there was a small gap at the bottom of the door where she could see Lester's wide shoes pacing back and forth.

Sarah took off her shirt and carefully hung it on a hook on the wall before stripping off her black jeans and gently laying them on the bench. She didn't want them to get wrinkled. She unlatched her boots and stepped out of them, standing there in just her white bra and panties. The pair she was wearing was one of Dan's favorites and very sexy. She held up Lester's pick, intrigued by what he chose.

She slowly peeled off her bra, stepped out of her panties and held Lester's ensemble up in front of herself while looking in the mirror. She had to admit, it looked interesting, and Lester seemed to have selected her size perfectly.

Within a couple of minutes, Sarah had the lingerie on and was admiring herself in the mirror. The bra pushed up her breasts, creating ample cleavage, even though its cut was more like a sports bra, with it extending below the cups with a black cotton strap running across her ribs to her back. Just like the set she had selected, the cups were made of a sheer material that let her skin tone through but it was adorned with black lines, creating a distinct look.

The panties were more of a thong that went high on her waist and used a similar pattern of black lines and sheer material. The tops of the thong attached to what could barely be described as a belt. The same sheer material with black strapping ran across her hips but stopped to show off her ass and the front of her panties. The 'belt' came to rest just over her belly button, where the two sides of the material connected with a little metal ring. Black stockings showcased her long, slender legs. The garters stopped mid-thigh while flimsy straps attached them to the 'belt.'

Lester had chosen well. Sarah breathed in deeply, turned and opened the door. She stood there confidently, pressing her breasts out as Lester's eyes roamed her body hungrily. He took in her entire figure. He couldn't have imagined this lingerie would look so good on her. The mannequin wearing it on the showroom floor had nothing on Sarah.

"We're definitely getting that one," Lester said while his eyes came to rest on Sarah's magnificent breasts. He pictured Sarah crawling up his bed to him, wearing nothing but that outfit.

"Good, I like it too," Sarah smiled as she quickly pulled the changing room door closed and locked it. She heard Lester try the handle. "I'm going to choose the one I grabbed and see how it fits." She enjoyed shutting him out of the room. At the same time, the nature of these clothes and how Lester stared at her affected her.

Sarah could hear more voices echoing in from the front of the store. It was getting busier. As Sarah lowered the straps of her bra, unclasped it and hung it on the hook, she heard Lester knock firmly on the door.

"What?" Sarah said to the backside of the door.

"Open it, for just a second," Lester said from the other side.

Sarah held one hand over her naked breasts as she used the other to unlock the door. She opened it slightly to not expose her bare chest to the rest of the store, "What is it?"

Lester grabbed the door firmly and swung it open. Sarah was standing there with one arm covering her breasts while her lower half was still gowned in the sexy stockings and underwear, "Lester!" she whispered angrily.

She retreated a step so no one would see her. It was the opening Lester had planned. He stepped into the small changing room and pulled the door closed behind him, locking it. Just then, more voices emanated from the hall. Other women were coming into the changing room area.

"I just didn't want to make the other shoppers uncomfortable," Lester whispered as he sat on the bench, disregarding her black jeans. "Just pretend I'm not here. Let's see that other outfit you picked out."

Sarah continued to cover her breasts with her arms. It felt stupid, given that she had been exposed to Lester multiple times, but she still felt somewhat vulnerable. The close proximity to each other in a public setting like this felt very intimate, more so than being back at the apartment. She felt uneasy but slowly convinced herself to get over it.

She stared into Lester's eyes as she lowered her hand. His eyes immediately came to rest on her heavy breasts as he licked his lips. Sarah undid the ring clasp on the lingerie belt and let it drop to her sides as she put her foot up on the bench between Lester's legs. Without breaking eye contact, she slowly bent over and rolled the garter and stocking off. She switched legs and watched Lester's eyes dart over her shoulder, looking into the mirror behind it. He had the perfect view of her ass in a compromising position.

"Which one's next," Lester asked without taking his eyes off her ass.

"The baby blue one I picked out," Sarah lowered her leg from the bench and turned to appraise herself in the mirror, pretending to ignore Lester's presence. It was short-lived. Soon, Lester was standing directly behind her. She could feel his breath on her neck. She could also feel that he was happy to see her.

"Here," he said, holding the baby blue bra and panty set up, "Go ahead, put it on."

Sarah's breathing was getting quicker. It was obvious to both of them in the changing room by how quickly her breasts were rising and falling. Sarah could hear voices close by: other women in the changing room area and more women outside in the front of the store.

She took the blue bra from his hands. Lester was watching her in the mirror as she slid the straps over her shoulders and the bra cups over her breasts. She reached behind her back to clasp it, but Lester reached out and held her hands, "Allow me."

Sarah let go, and Lester deftly clasped the bra.

"I think you need to take these off," Lester said as his fingers traced down her back and played with the strings of her black panties. He hooked both sides under his thumbs and lowered them down her upper thighs until gravity took hold, and they dropped to the floor.

Lester held up the blue panties, offering them to Sarah. She took them and, as gracefully as she could, bent over to step into them. As she raised the panties up her legs, she felt Lester's crotch gently grazing her backside. She took a half step forward and pulled them up to her waist.

"How do they look," Sarah whispered as she turned to face her husband's roommate.

"Delicious," Lester said as he sat back on the bench, "Give me a spin."

Sarah slowly spun around in a circle, giving Lester the full, unrestricted view of her body in the lingerie she had chosen for her husband. Putting herself on display like this for Lester in such a public space was already beginning to affect the young wife. She could feel her body betraying her.

"Come here," Lester said loudly.

"Shhhhhh," Sarah demanded. The last thing she wanted to do was get caught and have to sort out any trouble with the mall.

"If you want me to be quieter, why don't you get a little closer," Lester whispered as he patted his thigh.

Sitting on Lester's lap in the middle of a changing room was not what Sarah had expected from today's shopping date with Lester. She made a mental note to better prepare herself for the next one. She crossed the distance between them and opted to sit sideways on his lap with her legs still touching the floor.

As her blonde locks fell onto his dirty shoulder, Lester snaked his hand around her back, firmly gripping her waist, holding her in place. He leaned forward and began planting kisses on her shoulder. Sarah closed her eyes, letting herself get lost. Lester's other hand began caressing her breasts.

Sarah squirmed on his lap, feeling his rough lips and hands groping her. This is what she feared would happen, Lester trying something with her while Dan wasn't present. Her thoughts were dashed as Lester took hold of her head at the base of her neck and turned her face towards him. His large tongue pushed itself into her mouth as he roughly kissed her.

"Mmmhmmmm," Sarah's eyes darted open at the sudden invasion but closed quickly as Lester's expert manipulations caused the young wife to melt into the kiss. His other hand left her breast and traced down her body until it began toying with her panty line.

Wet, sloppy sounds emanated from the changing room as Lester and Sarah's lips battled against one another. Lester dropped his hand into her panties, his fingers quickly finding her clit and rubbing against it. Sarah's thighs closed around his hand, shifting up and down, trying

to stimulate herself. She moaned into his mouth as her tongue slid against his.

Lester's finger was expertly working on her clit. She could feel the stirrings of an orgasm beginning to build inside of her. Her legs kept pushing against his hand, asking for more. Suddenly, Lester twisted his hand and pushed downward until two fingers found her opening. He broke their kiss and grinned. He watched her face contort as he slid two of his digits inside of her.

She was already wet, letting Lester push the entire length of his beefy fingers into her. He noted that putting her on display must turn her on, as he'd suspected. Sarah closed her eyes, feeling his thick fingers pushing into her depths before retreating out and then driving back in. Lester curled his fingers, ensuring his fingertips pressed against Sarah's G-spot. With each thrust, Lester ran them against the sensitive nerve endings, stoking the fire within the young wife.

Sarah could feel it starting. Her orgasm was quickly approaching. She gritted her teeth to try and stay quiet. The last thing she wanted was to scream in pleasure for everyone in the store to hear. Just as she was about to cum, Lester withdrew his fingers.

The orgasm washed away, leaving her with a sense of emptiness. She looked at Lester with disappointment and confusion. Lester started to work on his pants, tugging the jeans down his legs.

"Take it out," Lester said hoarsely in her ear.

Without hesitation, Sarah reached into Lester's boxers and found his rock-hard cock waiting for her. She gripped it tightly and started stroking it as Lester shimmied out of his pants. Sarah adjusted herself to get a better angle and slid Lester's boxers down after his pants.

Lester's throbbing hard cock was standing at attention just a few inches away from her.

"Get on your knees," Lester whispered.

Sarah reached for her phone. She needed to text Dan to see if this was okay. She needed reassurance to feel like she could let go. That he would be there to catch her if things got wild. She swiped open her lock screen and quickly opened her messages with Dan. She began to type a text, but Lester yanked the phone out of her hands.

"Get up," Lester said as he set the phone aside and pushed her into a standing position, "Get on your knees and suck my cock. You know that your hubby would love that."

She knew that it was true. Dan would like it, which made her feel validated for what she would do next. They'd already discussed this exact situation earlier in the week, and he had given her the green light. Sarah stood up between Lester's knees, looking down at his angry cock pointing up at her. She became aware of the firmness of her nipples against the unfamiliar new bra.

The voices of other women drifted into their changing room. Doors opened and closed from elsewhere in the store. Sarah looked at Lester and raised an eyebrow, "You want me to suck your cock right here in the store?"

"You better believe it," Lester grinned, "This is what happens when you give it up on the first date. Guys have certain expectations."

"God, you're so full of shit," Sarah said, but her eyes were glued to Lester's cock. He had begun stroking it. She wanted it in her mouth.

"Your mouth is going to be full of this," Lester jerked his cock back and forth, "It misses you, don't keep it waiting."

Sarah bit her lip and broke her gaze from the cock. She looked up at Lester and slowly began to lower herself down to her knees. Her tanned skin touched the floor's carpet as she came face to face with Lester's cock.

A pair of heels walked by outside their room. Sarah noticed them through the gap at the bottom of the door. If anyone were to peek under, even from just a slight angle, they would see a woman's legs kneeling between a man's.

"Well, I don't want to keep him waiting," Sarah said playfully as she extended her tongue and licked up the entire length of Lester's shaft. Her tongue came to rest on the head of his cock and began to swirl around before her mouth lowered and started sucking on the slickened tip.

"Ughh," Lester groaned loudly as he leaned back against the changing room wall.

"Shhhhhh," Sarah said, removing her mouth from his cock. Lester responded by roughly grabbing the back of her head with one hand

and pulling her mouth back onto his cock while he thrust his hips up.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned at the unexpected move, more of Lester's cock pushing into her mouth. Her hands pushed down on his thighs, trying to regain control. Lester held her head still as he raised and lowered his hips over and over. Sarah held on and started moaning around his cock, embracing his pace.

Satisfied she wasn't going to quiet him again, he let her go. Sarah continued with the same pace Lester had set, her head bobbing up and down on his cock. Her hands left his thighs and gripped his cock. She started stroking him with both hands as her tongue danced around the head of his cock. Fellating this pervert sounded so loud in the changing room. Again, she wondered how much could be heard outside these thin walls.

"Lick my balls," Lester said in a whisper. Sarah felt satisfied that she had gotten him to listen to her and speak quietly. A part of her knew it was the result of the work her mouth was doing on his cock.

She looked up into Lester's beady eyes as she extended her tongue and let it lick the length of his shaft downward until it met the hair covering Lester's balls. Unperturbed, Sarah dived forward, her tongue drawing circles around Lester's nuts as her mouth sucked on them. She continued to lap and suck on them for several minutes, revelling in their size. She kept stroking his hard cock with one hand, feeling the veins running up and down his shaft.

Lester reached out and grabbed both sides of Sarah's head, pulling her mouth further onto his balls. He groaned as she sucked the sensitive area. Trying to silence Lester didn't even cross Sarah's mind. She was too focused and wrapped up in pleasing him.

When Lester let go of her head, Sarah immediately licked back up the length of his shaft as she stroked him.

"Mmmmmmm, god, this cock," Sarah whispered as she reached the top of his shaft and kissed it gingerly. "So fucking hot."

"I knew from the minute I met you that you were a good cocksucker," Lester chided. "I'm glad you proved me right." He pushed a stray hair out of her face as she readied herself to inhale his thick length.

Sarah smiled playfully, "Well, when you give a girl something like this, it's hard not to want to please it."

Sarah bobbed her head back down onto Lester's cock and took as much into her mouth as she could while using both hands to stroke the rest of his shaft. She swirled her tongue around him as she withdrew before pushing down and taking more of his cock into her mouth.

"I like to hear that you want to please me," Lester grinned.

"I said I want to please this," Sarah pulled herself free from his length and indicated his cock. She gripped it tightly in her hands before holding it against her cheek, amazed at how hard and hot it felt against her face. "It's this cock I want to please. You just happen to be attached to it."

"Whatever you say," Lester said, leaning back and closing his eyes. He put a hand on the back of her head and guided her mouth back onto his cock, "Get back to what you were doing."

Sarah obliged and continued to suck Lester's cock. She felt her knees scraping against the carpet, and her vagina got increasingly wet. She couldn't wait to return to the apartment after this so Dan could finish what Lester started.

Lester peeked an eye open and stared down in wonder. A few months ago, Sarah wouldn't give him the time of day. Now she was on her knees in public, sucking his cock in the changing room of some clothing store. She looked damn good in that baby blue set she had on too. He looked past her into the mirror. Her perfect heart-shaped ass was on display before him as she sucked on his cock.

He watched in fascination. Seeing her from behind as she bobbed her head up and down on his cock was intoxicating. He shifted his gaze back down to the young mother and found her looking up at him with those big, innocent eyes of hers. He suddenly felt his balls begin to tingle. Having her so willingly suck him off like this in such a public setting was just too much for him to bear. His mind raced with how he would corrupt Sarah over their future dates.

"I'm going to cum," Lester grunted as he began to thrust his hips up off the seat.

Sarah pulled her mouth off of Lester as her hands tightened their grip on the shaft as she kept stroking him, "Cum for me, Lester, Cum for –"

Lester used both hands to pull her mouth back down onto his cock.

"Mmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned in response. She felt Lester's cock suddenly stiffen and felt the familiar gush of hot cum spurt out of Lester's cock into her mouth. His cum blasted into the back of her throat, causing her to swallow instinctively. She wasn't ready for the next stream of cum and tried to pull away from his cock, but Lester held her firm. She sputtered and gagged, cum leaking out of her mouth.

Sarah quickly regained her composure. The third load of cum came with less intensity, and she quickly swallowed it while milking out the remaining stream from Lester's cock.

Completely satisfied, Lester let go of Sarah. She continued to suck the last drops of cum from his cock. Sarah slid her mouth off of Lester and wiped at her mouth. She was surprised to find cum had somehow gotten onto her chin and across one cheek. She quickly wiped herself clean and rubbed the excess cum onto her thighs.

Lester leaned back against the wall, his hard cock lying against his thigh. Sarah looked at him with a mixture of disgust and achievement. His body looked like a frog about to have a stroke, with a big belly protruding and his mouth hanging open, just a satisfied mass of a human being. But she did feel an overwhelming sense of satisfaction at having made him and his cock cum. Knowing she was feet away from other shoppers made it all the more victorious.

Sarah removed the heavily used baby blue bra and panty set and replaced them with her white ones. Lester watched as she shimmied back into her black jeans and put her leopard print top back on. Sarah checked herself out in the mirror, making sure she still looked presentable before putting her boots back on.

"God, you're something else," Lester lazily put his cock back into his boxers and pulled his pants back up. He gathered up the underwear that Sarah had tried on and all the ones she didn't, "My little slut."

"Hey," Sarah scolded him, "I'm not a slut."

"Heh," Lester said, standing up, "My cock says differently. Do you normally blow guys in store changing rooms?"

Sarah rolled her eyes, opened the changing room door and walked back to the front of the store. Lester followed behind her.

The worker from earlier eyed them suspiciously from behind the checkout counter. Lester headed in her direction and wordlessly purchased all of the lingerie. As they left the store, Lester's hand found hers again.

"She totally knew something happened," Sarah said as they made their way out of the mall.

Lester grinned, "Oh yeah, no doubt about it. She probably heard you slurping all over my cock, begging for my cum."

"Shhhhh," Sarah said, hitting him on the arm while looking around at the crowds of people around them.

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Dan sat anxiously on the couch, trying to watch the latest episode of some police procedural drama. When the credits came on, he realized he hadn't been paying attention at all, his mind completely distracted with thoughts of Sarah. Not only was she out with Lester, but he realized that they never did decide on how she should respond to all of the lewd pictures he had been sending her.

Even though he was seated calmly on the couch, he could feel his heart beating quickly and his breathing coming shallowly. He was anxious and needed to distract himself, but he couldn't help but wonder what was happening with his wife.

Dan abruptly stood up and turned the TV off before heading to his bedroom. He retrieved his laptop and headed to the kitchen to sit down. He needed to focus and do something productive. Pivoting to his work dilemma would be a good distraction.

Navigating to LinkedIn, Dan pulled up a job posting he had looked at earlier in the week. It was a remote position at an engineering company that he felt qualified for. There were already hundreds of applicants. Still, Dan navigated to their website and noted keywords in the listing. After a few minutes, he switched over and opened up

Microsoft Word to tailor his resume to the company's keywords, an old trick to help get through the mandatory HR screening process.

Just as Dan was halfway through editing his resume, the phone rang. He quickly snatched it, hoping it was Sarah with some news, his productive streak over just as soon as it started.

Dan frowned as he read the caller ID. It was Byron from the Lincoln Group. Byron fired Dan's company, and there was no reason for him to call. Dan, being the consummate professional, decided to answer anyway and put on his courteous customer voice.

"Byron, how are you doing?" Dan said after accepting the call.

"Danny Boy," Byron exclaimed into the phone. There was a lot of background noise. Dan suspected Byron was in one of the usual bars he haunted in Minnesota. "Long time no talk. How's it hanging?"

"Can't complain," Dan said, trying to limit his words purposely, "I'm surprised to hear from you after everything that went down between our companies."

"Yeah," Byron laughed, "Walt and the rest of your team really screwed the pooch when they came up here. That email your junior over there sent was bad enough, but those guys suck. They really should have just sent you back up here with that sweet wife of yours."

Hearing him talk about Sarah caused the hair on the back of Dan's neck to stand on end, "Well, that wasn't in the cards, Byron. So to what do I owe this phone call now?"

"Well, I'll get right to the point, Dan," the background noise on Byron's end became muffled. He must have gone someplace a little more private. "We've been looking at engaging other firms to pick up this project, but they just aren't cutting it. We don't want to go back with Walt out of principle, but it got me to thinking. You're the one who really understands this project and what we want. If we had you on board, you could help us liaise and deal with another firm and keep the project on track. We'd want to bring you in as a consultant."

Dan was silent for a few seconds, contemplating Byron's offer. While they hadn't even discussed salary, Minnesota was even further from Middleton than Chicago. He also didn't want to be dependent on Byron or the Lincoln Group.

"I'm not sure, Byron. It sounds like a great offer, but it might not be the best time here," Dan said.

"Oh, come on now," Byron exclaimed, "We need you to get this project done. Whatever you are making now we'll match it and then some. And you can bring that wife of yours along whenever you want, I sure know I wouldn't mind getting to know her better. She'll love it. I'll make sure to show her around the city if you're busy working so she won't get lonely."

"You'd do that?" Dan said flatly into the phone.

"Of course, who wouldn't want to spend some time with a woman like that? I'm sure I could show her a thing or two...about Minnesota of course," Byron half laughed into the phone.

"Byron?" Dan asked.

"Yeah, Dan, what do you think? Send me your personal email, and I'll send over a contract, and we can get you up here toot sweet." Byron said happily.

"Get fucked, Bryon," Dan said, standing up. "I'm not going to be working with you. You can take the offer and shove it up your ass."

"Hey, what the fuck!?" Bryon yelled loud enough that Dan had to pull the phone away from his head. "I call you with a job offer and you respond like THIS? You ungrateful little piece of —"

"Fuck off, Byron, and lose my number. I'm never going to work for you or the Lincoln Group." Dan smiled. It felt good to finally tell Byron what he thought without having to play nice for the client.

"You don't know the shit you just stepped in," Byron retorted. Dan imagined him frothing at the mouth. "You don't say 'NO' to me, you don't say 'NO' to the Lincoln Group, do you even have any FUCKING IDEA what we —"

"Bye," Dan said cheerfully as he hung up the phone.

Dan laughed as Byron immediately called again, wanting to finish threatening him.

"Loser," Dan said into the apartment air, satisfied.

After making a cup of coffee, Dan sat back down at the laptop and got back to work tailoring his resume.

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Sarah used her spoon for another scoop of the tavuk gogsu from the plate between her and Lester. He had brought her to a charming little Turkish restaurant called Cafe Istanbul where the two had shared an excellent dinner. The restaurant delivered some of the best Turkish food Sarah had ever eaten. This was her first time trying the milk pudding, a tasty little Turkish dessert.

Lester ran his hands over the white tablecloth and looked at her, "What do you think of all the photos I've been sending you?"

Sarah almost choked on her dessert, "Photos?"

Lester smiled, "You know the ones. I've seen that you read them."

Blushing and realizing she had been caught, Sarah said, "Oh, those ones, yeah, they are okay."

"Okay?" Lester raised a conspiratorial eyebrow. "That's all? I thought you would have enjoyed them a little more, given how much pleasure the thing in those photos has given you."

Sarah looked around to see if anyone had heard him, "Lester, while I appreciate all that it has done. I am married, and those photos come in while I'm at work or I'm at home. It's not like I'm just going to drop everything and respond to them."

"Just knowing you're admiring it while you're at work is enough for me," Lester smiled. "I'm just picturing your face as you open it."

Sarah rolled her eyes slightly, "Okay, the next one you send, I will respond with a thumbs-up emoji."

Lester stared at her flatly. He was about to respond but was interrupted by the waiter coming by to ensure everything was okay. Lester asked for the bill, which the waiter produced then and there. As Lester and the waiter settled up, Sarah thought back to the events of earlier in the evening. She couldn't believe that she had sucked Lester's cock in a public changing room. Anyone could have heard them or, worse yet, caught them. Still, she couldn't believe how incredibly turned on she was by the whole thing. Not only could she have been caught, but she could have been caught with Lester, someone so far beneath her.

Seeing the people's stares as they walked hand in hand through the mall or even as they were seated at this table. It was getting to her, knowing that someone like Sarah might be with someone below her station. She wished she could figure out why the idea turned her on so much. Like their previous date, her legs brushed against his ever so often.

She still felt hot and bothered by what happened. Lester had started to play with her before she blew him. She was right on the cusp of cumming, but he had stopped too soon. Now she felt like she was on the edge of a knife, waiting to be satisfied.

The waiter smiled, thanked the couple and left the table. Lester looked at her, "You know, this entire dinner, don't look, but there has been a guy sitting by the back window staring at you. I think he wonders why you are here with a guy like me and if he can steal you away."

"If only he knew the truth," Sarah said, her eyes on him over her glass as she took a last drink from her water.

Lester looked past her at whoever it was that was admiring her, then shifted his gaze back to her.

"I want you to stand up, come here next to the table, lean over and kiss me," Lester said, "It'll give him the perfect view of that sweet ass of yours while letting him know you are mine."

Sarah looked at Lester and rolled the idea around for a few seconds. She stood up and immediately felt the gaze of everyone in the restaurant fall upon her. She took a half step next to their table and then bent over at a ninety-degree angle, her black jean-covered ass on display for anyone behind her. She leaned forward and planted a sensual kiss on Lester's lips for several seconds before standing straight up again.

Lester stood up and joined her, walking out of the restaurant hand in hand into the Chicago night. They rounded the corner of the building, and Sarah could still feel the eyes of the restaurant's patrons on her as they walked past the window. Across a small parking lot, they found Lester's SUV.

He made sure to open the door for her and clip her belt in while his hand ran across her breasts a second time. Sarah ignored the

seemingly unintentional groping and tried to think of the best way to tell Dan what had happened tonight. Lester got in the driver's seat, and they soon pulled out of the parking lot.

Sarah contemplated the night's events, knowing she would be reunited with her husband after a short drive back to the apartment. Breaking away from her thoughts, she looked at the SUV's surroundings and didn't recognize this part of Chicago, "Where are we? Where are we going?"

"It's time for dessert," Lester smiled broadly as he turned the vehicle into a dark alley. They arrived at what looked like a loading area of a dark building. Lester pulled up next to a brick wall, parked the car and turned off the engine. He looked at the young wife, "Get in the back." A light from somewhere high above dimly lit the interior of the back seat.

"Excuse me?" Sarah said. She had been assuming that they were on their way back to the apartment. Lester had gotten a blowjob in the changing room, and dinner was over. That was the date.

"Like I said," Lester reached and caressed her bare arm. "It's time for dessert. You don't think I cleaned out the back of the car for no reason, do you?"

Sarah felt her breath getting shallow, and the soft hairs on her arm began to rise, "I...I need to call Dan. To make sure this is okay. We had a discussion and want to make sure everything is okay."

"Sure," Lester said, nonchalantly removing his hand, "Call him, but do it from the backseat."

Sarah reached into her purse and retrieved her cell phone. Then, feeling like a teenager, she turned her body towards Lester before reaching her foot behind their seats. Soon, the other foot followed as she moved from the front to the rear of the car, hunched over so her head wouldn't hit the roof. She felt Lester's hand on her thigh and then on her ass as she pushed herself past his chair. She turned and sat down on the wide leather bench seat.

Crossing the boundary into the backseat felt like the first time she stepped into Lester's room. She couldn't quite place why it felt familiar.

She opened her contacts list and tapped Dan's number at the top of her favorites. From the driver's seat, Lester opened his door and

stepped out of the car. Evidently, his body couldn't perform the same maneuver she just had. He stepped out and then opened the rear door to join her in the back seat.

With Lester's large body next to her, the SUV suddenly felt a lot smaller. His frame took up much of the backseat, just like it had earlier in the changing room. She felt almost suffocated like his body mass had her cornered, confined. Submissive.

Lester closed and locked the doors as Sarah pressed the call icon next to Dan's name. As the phone started to ring, Lester immediately closed the gap between himself and Sarah. He wasted no time putting his hands all over her body, diving into the cleavage of her leopard print shirt, running over the thighs of her black jeans. His hands ran quickly over her curves, but his touch was deliberate and began to turn the young wife on.

Sarah tried to concentrate on the phone. She held it up to her ear, waiting to hear her husband's voice. Lester's tongue was pressed against her bare neck, kissing and licking her there, driving Sarah crazy.

As her body was heating up and she began to lose herself to the physical attention, her husband finally picked up his phone.

"Sarah?" Dan said eagerly, "What's up, what's going on?"

"Err," Sarah said as Lester began to swirl his tongue around her collarbone, sending shivers up her spine, "We, ugh, we just finished dinner." Her breath hitched as Lester ran his hand up her thigh and touched her pussy lips through her panties, testing her warmth.

Sarah was finding it difficult to breathe and speak simultaneously, "Dan, I thought we were heading back to the apartment, but Lester pulled over somewhere. I'm calling because he wants me to be with him right here in the back of the car. Right now."

There were seconds of silence on the other end of the phone. Finally, Dan asked, "Sarah, are you already in the backseat of the car?"

"Yes," Sarah breathed.

"Where is Lester?" Dan asked hoarsely.

"Here's right here next to me," Sarah said as she looked down at Lester's body pushing against hers. His fat hand had burrowed inside

the cup of her bra, caressing her naked breast and teasing her nipple.

"What's he doing?" Dan asked. Sarah wondered what her husband's facial expression would be at this moment were he here. She wished she could see it, to tell what he was thinking. She guessed by the sound of his voice that he was turned on by what was happening.

"He's..." Sarah took a sharp intake of breath as Lester pinched her nipple, "He's touching me, touching me everywhere. I still have my clothes on though Dan. It's not too late for us to stop." She looked up at Lester's face as she spoke the sentence. He wore his patented smug grin, tinged with lust. "What do you think?"

Dan was silent so long that Sarah wasn't sure their call was still connected, "Hello, Dan? Are you still there?"

"I'm here," Dan said slowly as he deliberated every word. "I just don't know. I wish I was there with you."

"Me too," Sarah said as Lester began to tug at the straps of her top. He tore himself away from her neck and looked at her as he pulled her top up. Sarah immediately put her arms up, and her top was discarded onto the floor. Lester looked down at her heaving breasts before diving towards them. He started running his tongue between them and all over every inch of exposed flesh.

Sarah arched her back, pushing her breasts into Lester's face, "Dan. What should I do? What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know," Dan said quietly. She knew that he was still having trouble admitting what he wanted. He was wrestling with what he knew he should say versus what he really wanted. Or at least what his horny brain wanted at the moment.

"He's not man enough to admit what he wants," Lester chided as he continued to lap at her breasts.

Sarah held her hand over the speaker of her phone and shushed Lester, but Dan had heard something, "What did he say?"

"Nothing important. Do you want me to stop this and come back?" Sarah asked as Lester's fingers undid the button at the waist of her jeans. He started working on the zipper, and the sound of it lowering was so loud in the car she was sure Dan could hear it.

More silence from Dan. This was similar to when they were all together. Her husband might nod subtly but likely wouldn't vocalize his

growing desire.

"Dan," Sarah whined as Lester disengaged from lapping at her breasts. He started to tug at her jeans, pulling them off her smooth, tanned legs. "I need to know what to do here. Please. If you want me to stop this, say something."

She let her last line hang in the air for several seconds, waiting for Dan to respond. When he didn't, she added, "If you don't, I'm going to get fucked by your roommate in the back of his car."

"Fuck, Sarah," Dan said from the phone. She thought she heard the sound of a belt hitting the floor from his end. "God, it's so wrong. I can just picture it, though. Jesus."

"I know, baby," Sarah said. Lester had successfully pulled off her pants. Sarah was sitting in the back of the SUV, wearing nothing but her underwear. "It's so wrong. So very wrong."

Lester lowered his head and started to lick up Sarah's legs, taking his time he licked over every inch of exposed flesh, taking particular time to lick her thighs, causing Sarah to grind them against each other. She looked down at the troll-like man in front of her and realized that he had shed his clothes. *When had he gotten naked?*

"Dan?" Sarah said as she closed her eyes and let her head fall back against the seat.

"Yeah?" Dan said breathlessly.

"Last chance here, honey," Sarah said as Lester's face got incredibly close to her vagina. She shivered, feeling his hot breath on her dampening lips.

"Fuck," Dan groaned into the phone. She wondered if he was touching himself, listening to them. "Godammit. I'm not going to stop it tonight, leave the phone on. It's the closest thing to me being there."

"Fuck baby," Sarah moaned into the phone as Lester pulled her panties to the side and began pushing his large tongue against her slit. "God, I can't believe this is happening. Keep listening in, baby. You're going to enjoy what you hear. I love you."

"I love you too," Dan said into the phone as Lester grabbed it from her hand and placed it behind him on the SUV's center console. He gripped her thighs tightly and pulled them towards him, causing Sarah

to fall back onto the seat of the SUV, her blonde hair flared out around her on the black leather.

Lester gripped both sides of her panties and quickly pulled. Sarah yelped as she felt her panties being ripped off her body. Lester tore the material in two, letting them fall onto the seat beside Sarah's quivering hips.

"Those were from Dan," Sarah said, "One of his favorites."

"I can replace anything Dan gives you with something better," a grin spread across Lester's face as he lowered his head, looking at the pretty wife's face. She looked eager and willing for what was about to happen next, her tits rising and falling, betraying how aroused she truly was. Lester lowered his thick head between Sarah's luscious thighs, his tongue searching for her clit.

Sarah groaned, raising her hips off the seat as Lester's tongue found its prize and began to swirl around one of her most sensitive spots. Lester's tongue continued to gently put pressure on her clit as his fingers began exploring the outer folds of the young wife's pussy.

Lester played with her labia, feeling how wet and coated with her excitement they already were. He started to suck on her clit as he pushed two fingers inside of her. The heady feminine aroma of her sopping pussy was driving him crazy.

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"Ohhhhh," Sarah moaned through the phone's speakers, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

Dan listened, wondering what was happening. He wished he could see what was happening or have Sarah give him a play-by-play of what Lester was doing, but he dared not speak. He didn't want to jinx what was happening and have it disappear before him. He was back in a familiar place, being silent and still, observing.

Last time in the apartment, he had found the will to take action, to call to Sarah through the wall. But she wasn't close by this time. He couldn't hold her or reclaim her immediately. Part of him wondered if that was Lester's plan in taking her in his car.

"Oh fuck, yeah, right there," he heard his wife moan. Dan continued stroking his cock as he lay on the bed. He lightened his touch on

himself, not wanting to cum before Lester did. He wasn't sure if he could handle listening to them after he had cum and his brain had cleared.

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Lester's fingers were slowly and deliberately moving in and out of the young wife. He was resuming his corruption of the young wife from earlier in the changing room. This time he intended on making her cum for him.

The fat fingers inside of her and the sucking attention Lester was paying to her clit was causing Sarah's hips to rise and fall with his thrusts. She gripped the leather seat as she closed her eyes, focusing on the sensations that her husband's creepy roommate was delivering to her body. Her other hand went to her right knee, holding her leg aside as it hung in the air, ensuring that the fat man had nothing preventing him from devouring her pussy.

Never in a million years did she expect to be where she was. If her work colleagues could see her now, they probably wouldn't recognize the lustful woman moaning in the back of the SUV. Her thighs started to close on the sides of Lester's head, trying to pull him closer into her.

She tried to lift her ass off the leather seat, to push herself against the invading fingers and tongue. The leather stuck to her ass, she hadn't realized she'd been sweating. Finally, it detached and she ground her crotch against Lester's face. She could feel an orgasm quickly approaching from the depths of her soul.

"Don't stop," Sarah moaned as her hands found the back of Lester's head, her manicured nails running through his wispy hair, scratching his scalp. "Don't you dare stop Lester."

Lester didn't respond but continued thrusting his fingers into the young wife, running them over her g-spot that he had been teasing earlier. He started alternating between sucking on her clit and licking in large, firm circles. Lester sucked gently on her clit and began to hum deeply in the back of his throat.

The attention was too much for Sarah to bear, her first orgasm of the night came crashing down on her, rocking her very being, "Oh



When he finally managed to unwedge himself, he glanced and saw the area of the console that was under Sarah's phone screen light up. Dan was calling back. He turned around and saw Sarah staring at him lustfully, almost as if she was checking him out, looking at him as if he were the only source of sexual gratification in the world.

"Dan, I'm going to fuck your wife now, have her moan on my cock," Lester said as he moved onto the seat, "Last chance to back out, or you're going to have to listen to Sarah cum for me."

He quickly ripped open the condom package and rolled it onto his cock, dropping the rest. Sarah greeted him with open arms. As he lowered himself onto her, her hands were immediately on his back, urging him forward.

"Fuck me," Sarah whispered in his ear, biting her lip.

Without any resistance, Lester pushed his cock forward. Sarah groaned, feeling the head of Lester's cock begin to push itself inside of her. Followed by the first inches of his hot, throbbing cock, filling her. As Lester continued to push his cock into her, the young mother couldn't help but moan.

Lester sank his hips down fully, pushing his entire length into Sarah.

"Uhhhhhh fuuuccckk," Sarah moaned as she gripped Lester's hairy back. She felt incredibly full. The nerves across every inch of her pussy felt like there were on fire, all being stimulated at once. Then Lester pulled his cock out so only the head was still inside of her before slowly pushing his entire length back into her.

He repeated this over and over, much to Sarah's delight. She held on for dear life as Lester slowly and deliberately fucked her. Sarah arched her back off the leather seat, pushing her bra-clad breasts against Lester's chest. With each of his thrusts, his torso pushed against the fabric, teasing her nipples.

Sarah's legs wrapped around Lester's waist. She locked her ankles together and pulled Lester towards her as he thrust. She pushed her hips up at the same time, trying to take as much of his cock into her as possible. He ended each stroke by planting his cock deep within her, grinding firmly before fucking back into her again.

Sarah could feel heat enveloping her. The inside of the car was hot, but her body was on fire. Every thrust threatened to make her boil

over. She could feel another orgasm building from every inch of her body. It felt like it was everywhere at once, slowly simmering to the surface.

Her hands ran over Lester's back. She felt sweat running all over his skin. Sarah opened her eyes to see Lester's ugly face above hers. His sweat-drenched forehead was furrowed and determined. Sweat dripped off his body, falling onto her chest. Her own skin was covered in a sheen of sweat.

The sight of his face above her caused her to start thrusting back against him more rapidly. She was now setting the pace, and her body urged Lester to keep up. He did, his breathing becoming harder. Sarah thought back to their illicit exchange in the dressing room earlier. How could anyone have overheard them or seen them. Other people were so close as she milked the last drops of cum out of his cock. People staring at them in the restaurant and at the mall. Being the center of attention with someone like Lester.

Every inch of Sarah's body ignited at once. An explosion went off in her pussy as it gripped onto Lester's cock. Her orgasm surged out of her pussy and caused every nerve in her body to stiffen at once. Her pussy gripped Lester's cock harder, determined not to let it go. She felt her one leg involuntarily go straight as her toes curled.

"Mmmmmmm, oh, uh, Lester," Sarah groaned in pleasure as she threw her head to the side, her eyes rolling back as her orgasm seemed to drain the energy from her body.

Lester grinned while trying to catch his breath, "Say my name louder so Dan can hear it."

"Oh fuck Lester!" Sarah screamed, "Fuck me Lester. Don't stop. Don't fucking stop."

Hearing her say his name always got him riled up. He loved hearing it come from these pretty lips.

"Dan," Lester breathed, "Your wife is cumming on my cock, moaning for me. When was the last time you made her react like that, huh? She's my little hungry slut now."

Sarah knew it was fucked up, but the way Lester was taunting Dan was turning her on. The competitive nature of two men lusting over

her. It felt primal. She knew it would probably turn Dan on, too, so she embraced it and let herself get lost in enjoying it.

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Dan frantically hit the call button next to Sarah's name on his phone. The call had cut out just as things were getting interesting. *What's happening?*

He was picturing the phone ringing on the floor of the car, Sarah and Lester too engrossed in what they were doing to bother answering it. Sarah too consumed with pleasure to care.

The line kept ringing until he heard Sarah's voice. It was her voicemail again.

Dan took a breath and steadied himself as he tried to dial his beloved wife one more time.

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Lester was breathing hard. The car was like a sauna. As he felt Sarah beginning to come down from her orgasm, he needed to change positions. He pulled his cock from her and sat back on the seat. Sarah felt oddly disappointed at Lester's weight lifting off of her. The feeling of being fully enveloped by Lester's body, pinning her down now a memory.

"Get on top of me," Lester breathed, his mouth hanging open, trying to get as much oxygen as possible. Sarah wasted no time sitting up and crawling across the seat to Lester's position. She noticed beads of sweat and condensation running down the fogged-up windows of the SUV. Sarah looked hungrily down at Lester's large cock sitting up from his lap. She put her legs on either side of Lester's and began to lower herself onto his cock.

"Oh, mmmhmm," Sarah groaned as the head of his cock passed once again by her outer lips. Even though they had already been fucking, it still felt like he was stretching her out. She gripped onto the back of the leather seat and continued to slowly lower herself onto Lester's imposing cock.

Suddenly, Lester's large, fat hands were on her waist. He pulled her down onto the full length of his cock.

"Oh fuuucckkk," Sarah moaned, feeling the intensity of Lester's cock pushing into her all at once. They sat there, connected, but neither of them moving. Lester's hands reached up and undid the clasp of Sarah's bra. She moved her shoulders and let it fall forward. She removed it completely with one hand and threw it over her shoulder.

Her bare breasts were now on display to her husband's roommate. They glistened with sweat, her nipples brushing up against Lester's flabby chest.

Sarah stared into Lester's beady eyes, wondering what he would do next. He was unpredictable, and she found herself drawn to that. Lester stared back at her beautiful face, astonished that he was actually with Dan's wife. His hands snaked up her bare back until they found the base of her neck. He licked his lips and leaned forward while pulling Sarah towards him.

Their lips met, and they hungrily devoured one another. As Lester's large tongue began to push into Sarah's mouth, their bodies responded to each other. Lester pressed his hips against Sarah's as she rode his cock up and down, letting his length travel inside her.

Lester gripped the base of Sarah's neck. When she would pull herself up to the top of his cock, he would grip her harder and pull her back all the way down onto his cock. She moaned into his mouth each time. Lester knew she liked getting fucked hard like this, and he was happy to oblige.

A glow from behind Sarah caused Lester to open one eye. The phone was lit up again, Dan likely trying to call back again in vain. Lester smirked and resumed sloppily kissing Dan's wife, his tongue running over hers, tasting her lust.

She pulled back slightly and softly bit his lip. She looked at his face. His hard features seemed to soften while she was with him. His eyes were still intense, and he looked at her with that mask of lust that made her heart skip a beat. Like she was the only thing in the world, and he had to have her.

Both were breathing hard, sweat glistening off their bodies, mixing together where they touched. They were staring into each other's

eyes. Sarah felt an incredible sense of lust toward Lester, an attraction she never expected to find with him.

She broke off the eye contact, scared that he may be able to read what she was thinking. She closed her eyes and decided to focus on the feeling of his cock inside of her as she ground herself up and down it.

"Cum for me," Lester whispered, "I want to watch you cum. Watch you cum on my cock. See your pretty face contort as you cum."

Sarah opened her eyes and stared down at her husband's roommate. She bit her lip and nodded her head. His words flipped a switch inside of her. She felt another orgasm that seemed to have been waiting for his words. It was getting close.

"Cum for me, Sarah. Do it. Cum on my cock. Cum on Lester's cock." Lester urged.

"Uh fuck," Sarah increased her tempo as Lester continued to thrust up into her. Her orgasm started to take shape, it felt like a swaying wrecking ball trying to find its mark before everything came crashing down. "God, you feel so good. So fucking good."

"I can't wait until the day that I cum inside of you," Lester whispered. "I want to watch you cum while you feel me spread out into you."

"I bet Dan would like that too," Lester said louder, "Having my bare cock explode into you, filling you up. Isn't that right, Dan?"

Dan's silence spoke volumes. The mental image of Lester cumming inside of her, unprotected, was too much for Sarah to hold onto.

"OH FUCK," Sarah screamed as her defenses fell. She slowed her pace as her orgasm ripped through her body once more, the muscles in her pussy gripping Lester's cock as she slowly lowered herself onto it. Her senses seemed heightened, she swore she could feel every vein of Lester's cock through her pussy. She felt his heartbeat through his cock as a warmth enveloped her entire body.

"I'm gonna CUM," Lester bellowed into the car as he gripped Sarah's hips tightly and once more pulled her body down onto his entire length. His balls tightened, and he immediately began shooting load after load of cum.

Sarah was already riding out her orgasm. As she felt Lester begin to cum and the warmth of it inside of her, her mind immediately jumped back to his last comment. She felt the muscles in her vagina involuntarily tighten once more around his cock as another orgasm came out of nowhere and rocked her body.

"Oh God," She moaned, "Lester."

Lester's lips pressed against hers once more. Both of them were breathing hard, almost gasping for breath but neither one stopped. They hungrily kissed one another until long after Lester had stopped cumming. They sat there together kissing for several minutes as Lester's cock was still embedded in the young mother. The only sounds in the car were the couple's heavy breathing and the wet smacks of their tongues passionately crashing together.

Eventually, Sarah broke their kiss and pulled herself off of Lester's sweaty body. She found her bra, put it back on and looked with regret at her shredded underwear. Lester proudly tossed his rubber out into the alley, closing the window after hearing it land with another satisfying splat. They both got dressed and got back into the front seat. Sarah checked her phone and saw several missed calls from Dan.

When had Dan hung up? Why? Sarah now started to worry that she did or said something that crossed the line with her husband. Maybe it was the talk of doing it without a condom. She wanted to call Dan back to connect with him but didn't want to speak to him about this in front of Lester. She sent him a short message instead.

On my way back. I love you. Be there soon.

Lester grinned as he started the car and drove off into the night.  
*Ned's going to need to clean the car again.*

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Dan was about to try and call Sarah again when he read her message. She was coming home; they could talk then. He stared at his phone for several seconds while sitting on his bed, picturing what he had heard the start of and how it had ended.

It felt like things were getting out of control again, but he couldn't help feeling the throbbing of his still-hard cock. It was waiting for release. The images his mind created of his wife's coupling with his disgusting roommate made him feel anxious and, as much as he hated to admit it, desire.

Desire to watch and see what had happened. Next time, he could tag along on one of their dates. Or he could follow them or Sarah could take pictures or videos for him. At one time, she wouldn't dare, but things had changed between them over the past few months.

He walked across his bedroom and turned off the light before grabbing a handful of tissues from the nightstand. He laid back and lowered his boxers, unable to wait. His throbbing erection demanded satisfaction.

He thought about Sarah lying on her back with Lester between her legs. That shit-eating grin of his looking down as her sheer lust-filled face looked up at him. Her sexy eyes betraying her desires, wanting him. A look only he had seen previously.

He started stroking himself faster. Sarah's legs wrapped around Lester's thick waist. Her wanting hands clutching her breasts, toying with herself. Lester's ugly face next to her head, whispering seductions he couldn't hear. Dan sitting in the front seat, looking back at them as their bodies entwined with one another.

Sarah moaning for his roommate. Lester breathing hard. Dan continued to stroke himself, feeling his balls begin to tingle. Sarah's nails digging into Lester as she came, Lester roaring as he came at the same time before dipping his head and locking lips with Dan's quivering wife.

Dan came into the tissues. His body was overcome with pleasure. As he came down from his orgasm, guilt and shame followed. He cleaned himself up, dropping the tissues to the ground.

Sarah would be home soon. He would just lay there for a few minutes while he waited.

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Keys jiggled in the lock. The hallway light streamed into the dark apartment as Lester and Sarah entered.

"Thanks for the date," Lester said as he closed the door. His eyes ran up the young wife's body as she bent over to unzip her boots. As she stood back up, Lester was in front of her, his arms encircling her. "Time for my goodnight kiss."

Sarah was taken aback. She looked around for Dan, but her vision was quickly cut off by Lester's head lowering towards her face. His wet lips pressed against hers, and she felt her knees buckle, melting into the kiss. Her arms found his back as she returned the embrace. Sarah was surprised Lester didn't stick his tongue in her mouth like he normally would. This kiss was almost tender, intimate even.

After a minute, Lester broke the kiss and stared into the young wife's attentive eyes, "Why don't you spend the night in my bed?"

Sarah thought about laying in bed next to Lester and what might happen during the night. She had already done so much with him today, but the idea felt so wicked. She needed to talk to Dan, though, to figure out where his head was at.

"It's a tempting offer," She used a consoling tone that was well practiced from her role at the hospital, "But I want to sleep next to my husband tonight."

"Suit yourself," Lester said, backing away before disappearing down the hall.

Sarah steadied herself and went searching for Dan. She found him in his room, passed out on the bed. Sarah eyed the used tissue on the ground, concluding that he must have enjoyed overhearing her in the car. *Maybe he hung up after he finished, not being able to handle listening anymore.*

She smiled, looking down at the love of her life before stripping down. She couldn't believe she had just let Lester kiss her goodnight. What was she thinking?

She left the bedroom and walked into the bathroom for a quick shower. As the water hit her body, she realized how casually she had just walked across the hall. She laughed to herself, thinking how a few months ago, she'd wrap herself in a towel and tip-toe across the hall.

The hot water felt great on her naked skin, washing away the events of the night. As she finished and towelled herself off, she returned to Dan's room. She wished he was awake so they could talk.

She was disappointed he hadn't waited for her and perhaps had another session together.

She eyed the peephole in the wall, which was now covered on both sides. She wondered if Lester was still awake and what he was doing.

Sarah shook the thoughts from her head as she climbed into bed next to Dan and let the events of the night replay in her mind before letting sleep take her.

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Lester sat at his command center, feeling a sense of pride and victory. Tonight's mission had been a success. Sarah had let him push her further than he had thought possible. Two separate sex acts outside of the apartment, away from her husband.

His meaty hand gripped the mouse while the other dove into an already open bag of Cheetos. He revelled in the feeling of success, knowing what was next for the young wife. Slowly, he would continue to push her outside of her comfort zone, using his documented kinks of hers against her.

Before Sarah or Dan realized what was happening, he would entirely corrupt the young mother.

Lester checked his Discord message: a few more messages from Ned and the D&D group planning the continuation of their campaign. He wondered what the group would think of someone like Sarah showing up.

Closing the window, he navigated over to the camera feed from tonight. He watched Dan work diligently on his laptop before berating someone on the phone. Lester sped up the feed, watching Dan listen to Lester and Sarah in the car.

He chuckled under his breath as he watched Dan try to call back after Lester had hung up on him and then his little activity in the bedroom a short time ago. Lester opened the network log to see what Dan had been looking at on the computer, wondering if he had started to look at porn.

Instead, he found the websites on which Dan had been reviewing job postings. Lester quickly scanned the URLs until he found ones

where it looked like Dan had submitted completed applications. He noted these down in a separate document.

He couldn't just let Dan get a new job and change the status quo of the apartment. Lester was the one who made the deals. Things were just getting good with Sarah. He couldn't let Dan jeopardize that now.

Lester found Dan's LinkedIn page and used the information to create a new resume and cover letter riddled with typos and inaccurate information. He would need to get a copy of Dan's real resume at some point soon.

Satisfied with his fake version of Dan's application, Lester submitted it to the same companies Dan had earlier in the evening. Hopefully, the second error-filled application would cause the HR team to disqualify Dan from their hiring process.

Lester didn't like that he couldn't guarantee that. He would have to take other actions to sabotage his roommate.

# Chapter Five

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Dan adjusted his tie as he stared at the text on the computer screen. It said, 'Waiting for the Host to Start the Meeting.' He had already been sitting there for five minutes waiting for his scheduled interview with the Nexcom Corporation.

He looked around the living room as he waited. The updated furniture and decor made a much better background than the stark white walls of his room. He didn't want his bed visible during his interview as that seemed unprofessional.

He hated how nervous he felt. In the past, he would do interviews just for practice, graciously turning down the offers that always followed. Now he was in a more desperate position. The economy was much tighter, and the supply of open positions wasn't there. With his current company reducing wages and his devil's bargain with Lester, he felt more anxious than he cared to admit. He really didn't want that anxiety to be apparent in the interview.

Perhaps he shouldn't have been so hasty to have dismissed Byron's offer. Maybe he could have negotiated. It wasn't like Byron could have been serious about what he was insinuating regarding Sarah, could he? He regretted how he'd handled that, but Byron did have it coming. Perhaps there was some way to salvage the situation –

The text faded to black, and in its place, the screen was divided in two, with a man and a woman appearing on each side. The hiring

team at Nexcom introduced themselves and made some small talk with Dan before diving into the interview.

"So, tell us about the most recent project you've been working on," the woman asked. Dan could tell from her demeanor that he wouldn't have to work hard to convince her he was qualified for the position.

He paused briefly before saying, "I'm working on this really great project based in Minnesota that includes a ton of challenging sustainability requirements. It's going to be one of the flagship buildings for our clients. With it, I'm constantly juggling new requirements that pop up from our client. And I'm coordinating our internal team as well as all the contractors to line things up so that we deliver on time and under budget."

"What would your clients say about you if we were to ask them?" the man added. He was terse, and his eyes betrayed his caution. This was who Dan needed to convince.

Dan smiled, "Well, I think they would say I have been very accommodating to them, listening to their evolving project and ensuring I've helped them realize their vision, but I'm also able to guide them and push back in certain areas that don't make sense and might compromise their project. Overall, I'm sure they would say I have been an invaluable asset to their project and that they'd retain our firm for future projects going forward."

"Do you have other past clients like that? I ask because powerful referrals like that could help build up our book of business. Do you think you have clients in your network that might follow you to a new company?"

Dan felt like he was sliding back into a well-worn groove, "Of course. Granted, these are my relationships. I've cultivated them for years, and my reputation with them is important. I would need to ensure their interests would be protected and respected by any new company, so I likely would need to evaluate that over my first few months before I commit them to it."

The interviewers nodded and jotted down some notes. The man looked up first and said, "Dan, before we continue, I wanted to follow up on one point here that I see in your resume. Overall, your resume looks excellent and is pretty much an exact match for what we're

looking for. Now I just want to clarify that we do take this hiring process very seriously, and as such we expect the same from our candidates."

"Of course," Dan replied, smiling.

"Great, great," the man looked down at a paper in front of him and then back up at Dan, "What I want to ask about here is the lack of certifications listed on your resume. The posting clearly stated we need candidates with certified training in project management, earthquake resistance design and other supporting fields. Are you certified in these areas?"

Dan took a second to collect himself. He was sure that all of his certifications were listed on his resume. "Yes, I am certified, and I double-checked what was required of the role to make sure I met each requirement before applying. Perhaps there was some mistake with my application; all of those certifications should be listed. I can provide you with that full list if you give me a moment."

"Please do," the man said, "It's essential we have someone in this role with a keen eye for details. Is that you, Dan?"

"Yes," Dan said, feeling as if he was being led somewhere by the conversation. "I take pride in the fact that I double-check and often pick up on details that others miss."

"Then why," the man said, "Is your resume littered with spelling errors? Even when you mention your attention to detail on your resume, the word 'detail' is spelled wrong."

Dan knew that was bullshit. His resume was impeccable, and there weren't any issues with it. He was ready to correct this man but reminded himself that doing so wouldn't do him any favors.

"Perhaps," Dan started, looking at the woman on the screen, trying to discern how she felt about him, "An old version of my resume was submitted incorrectly. For that I take responsibility and would like to send you an updated one to ensure we are on the same page moving forward."

"I think that's wise," the woman said, "Obviously, we like your experience and wouldn't be interviewing you otherwise."

Her tone suggested she was lightly scolding her colleague. "Dan, perhaps you can tell us some more about your background."

"I would be happy to. Again, I will get you that updated resume. Prior to my current role, I used to work at...." Dan's voice trailed off as he heard a sound in the apartment. Lester was awake, which generally didn't happen until much later in the morning.

He stayed focused on the screen and tried to keep his composure despite the background noise, "I used to work at a design firm, Entra & Peck, that worked on projects around the globe. I spearheaded many prestigious projects for dozens of clients, most notably was...."

Dan could hear Lester's door shut and some shuffling sounds around the apartment. "It was an 80-story skyscraper in New York City. The project required us to coordinate a massive amount of contractors and work under tight budget –"

Dan stopped in mid-sentence as he saw a white blob move behind him on the camera. He watched in horror as the interviewer's eyes grew wide with shock. The woman put her hand over her mouth, and the man stifled a laugh with his fist. Dan watched in horror as Lester's naked form walked across his screen and paused behind him as he casually scratched his ass.

"Uh, I, uhh," Dan stumbled, trying to remember what he was just saying. He couldn't recall what the question had been. His eyes were glued to Lester's hairy, naked body.

"Okay, Dan," the man finally said, "I think we are done here for now. We'll be in touch."

The man's screen abruptly disappeared, followed shortly by the woman. Dan sat there frozen as his screen was filled with his own camera feed, displaying just himself as Lester walked past him towards the kitchen. Disappointment washed over him, and he became angry.

"God dammit, Lester!" Dan shouted, standing up. He marched towards the kitchen. As he rounded the corner, he immediately regretted it. Lester was stark naked, bent over, rummaging around the refrigerator. Dan was treated to a view of Lester's hairy ass. His musty scent filled Dan's nostrils. Lester's shower was obviously not part of this morning's routine.

"Ew, fuck. Come on, man. Put some clothes on." Dan said.

"Huh?" Lester stood up and turned around, his flaccid cock dangling between his legs. "Did you say something?"

Dan ignored Lester's dick, "You just messed up my interview! Why did you have to get up early and walk around here naked? Come on, man."

"Oh shit," Lester shrugged, "I'm sorry. I thought you'd be at work already."

"Didn't you hear me talking to people out here?" Dan said, not intending to let Lester get off the hook.

"I just assumed you were talking to our girl Sarah. Were you on a video call?"

"Yes!" Dan said. He didn't like Lester calling Sarah *'our'* girl. "They both saw you come into the room naked. You ended the interview right there."

"I feel violated." Lester said, "If you had told me you had an interview, I wouldn't have come out until it was over. Why didn't you tell me?"

Dan closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose. Lester had a point, as much as he hated to acknowledge it. Dan hadn't told his roommate. It hadn't even occurred to him. Somehow, he just expected Lester to have figured it out on his own.

"Just...don't do it again, okay? We've talked about the naked thing in the past." Dan returned to the living room and started packing his laptop.

"Where are you going?" Lester followed him, still naked. "We haven't finished talking about how you exposed me to strangers."

Dan looked at Lester flatly. He saw the bemused grin on the fat man's face. "I'm going to work. I told them I'd be late today. Pretty much a huge waste of time now."

Lester watched as Dan gathered up his belongings for work into a bag. He put one foot up on the arm of the couch, his cock dangling openly. "Hey, don't blame me."

"Dan slipped on his coat and put his bag over one shoulder. He turned to face Lester, momentarily stunned once again at his brazen nakedness. He held the door to the apartment open, "Why do you have to be the way you are?"

Lester smiled, "I am who I am. If you remember, I am a mother fucker after all, right?" He chuckled, enjoying his own joke alone.

Dan stared at him coldly before walking into the hallway and letting the door slam shut behind him. He could still hear his laughter as he neared the elevator.

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Sarah's fingers raced across her keyboard as she pursued her dream of having zero emails in her inbox. She was replying, forwarding and organizing her emails as quickly as she could before heading up to visit Dan in Chicago.

Sitting alone in her office, she had finished most of her work for the day. In her calendar, she had this time marked for cleaning up her inbox. There wasn't anything unusual today: typical approvals of department expenses, correcting an error made by Suzie in the billing department for the tenth time and putting off sales pitches by overly enthusiastic medical device salesmen who couldn't keep their eyes from staring at her chest. She paused on an email from the head of IT titled '*mandatory training*' so she could glance up at the time.

It was well past the time of Dan's interview. He should have had time to get to work by now. She pulled her phone out of the breast pocket of her blazer and called her husband.

"Hey baby," his warm voice greeted her. "How are you doing today? I miss you."

"I miss you too, baby. Work is work. It's going quickly. I can't wait to finish up so I can come up and see you. How did your interview go?"

"Ugh," Dan replied. "It was going alright, not the best by any means. They said there were some issues with my resume, but I know for sure there weren't. But it wasn't enough to stop them from interviewing me, so I handled it, but then Lester...god. Lester walked by the camera naked, and it put them off, and they cut the interview early."

"Wait, what?" Sarah asked. "Did Lester walk into your room?"

"No," Dan said, "I should have known better. I did the interview in the living room and he walked by in the background. I wouldn't be surprised if he did it on purpose."

"Neither would I," Sarah said, "Though next time, maybe do it in your room. Or maybe put up a virtual background."

"Lesson learned," Dan said. "I just wish I could do these at home in our house. I can't risk doing them here in the office, so there are limited places I can have them."

Sarah clicked on the next email, "Well, maybe this weekend we can find a table and chair for your room so you can have a better setup to take these calls."

"I like that idea, I just don't know if we should be spending any money right now," Dan said.

"Then we'll figure something out, we'll look on Facebook Marketplace or something," Sarah replied. "Point is, we'll figure it out together."

"Yeah, okay," Dan said.

"We'll get you out of that apartment this weekend and find something to cheer you up," Sarah smiled. She wondered what their weekend together would hold. She missed spending time with her husband. It seemed like every time she went up to Chicago, she had been spending more and more of her time with Lester.

As if on cue, a small chime went off in her ear. She pulled back the phone and saw a new text message.

"Hold on a sec, honey," Sarah said as she opened the message. Lester's angry cock was staring back at her. Lester's grubby hand was gripping its base, pointing his cock head to the camera. It was captioned 'thinking of you.'

"Sarah? You still there?" Sarah shook her head, not realizing how much time had elapsed since she'd received the photo.

"Sorry, Dan, I just got distracted with a work thing here." She lied. "Is there anything I can do this weekend to cheer you up? Maybe I can bring a special pair of lingerie I could model for you?"

"I like the sound of that. Maybe that white set that makes you look so innocent," Dan said.

"I can do that." Sarah smiled. "By the way, you need to tell your roommate to stop sending me pictures of his junk. It's going to get me in trouble at work one of these days."

"God, I don't think Lester will listen to anything I tell him to do, but I'll try," Dan said. "Have you responded to him at all?"

"No, I haven't," Sarah said.

"So, what? He just keeps sending you pictures of his dick. Like your text thread is just a wall of dicks, basically?"

"Pretty much," Sarah said quickly. She hadn't told Dan how many pictures Lester had sent her or how frequently she had looked at them. Knowing they were always there on her phone in her blazer was a constant thought throughout the day.

"Maybe you should just text him back and tell him to stop. Or block his number." Dan suggested.

"Maybe I should. Hold on." Sarah pulled open the thread with Lester again. She had been resisting texting him back. She wanted to keep her interactions with Lester contained to the apartment. Even there, it was starting to seep out into other areas of Chicago. But here, she could at least keep a firewall between herself and him while at work and home. She didn't want to give Lester access to her on a whim at any time through her phone.

Hesitantly, she typed a message.

Lester, please stop. I'm at work.

"Okay," Sarah breathed, "I just told him to stop and that I'm at work \_"

Bzzt

What are you wearing?

"Ugh," Sarah said, staring at the phone, "He just replied, asking what I'm wearing."

Sarah waited for Dan to respond. He was silent for several seconds, "Dan?"

"Yeah, sorry," Dan said. "Just a little caught off guard, is all. I've been replaying the interview in my head, and the thought of what he said threw me off."

"Threw you off, like, did it distract you from what happened with the interview?"

"Yeah," Dan breathed into the phone. "It did."

"Really?" Sarah said, swiveling in her chair. "What do you think I should do? Should I tell him? What if I show him, Dan?"

"Fuck, Sarah," Dan whispered into the phone. She wasn't sure where he was in his office, but she smiled as she played with her husband.

"What? What's wrong, Dan?" Sarah could feel her body heating up, "Can't you imagine me sending Lester a picture of what I'm wearing? You don't even know what I'm wearing today. Maybe I'm in a sexy little nurse outfit. Or maybe I could show Lester what I have on underneath my outfit."

After several seconds of silence, Dan finally said, "God, you are bad, Sarah."

"I just like to hear you squirm, dear," Sarah smiled, loving the effect she was having on Dan.

"So what are you going to send him?" Dan breathed.

Sarah had just been toying with her husband. She didn't actually plan on sending Lester a picture of herself, let alone take one while at work. "Do you seriously want me to send him something Dan?"

Dan was silent for several seconds before whispering, "Yes..."

Sarah didn't say anything, hoping that Dan would elaborate. After more silence, he finally added, "I know it's messed up, but the idea of you messaging someone like Lester pictures....I mean I just had a bit of a fight with him this morning over what he did and knowing he'd get to see you today after all of that...I don't know."

"That is certainly messed up," Sarah swirled her chair to face the window in her office. She looked out at the parking lot and buildings further in the distance, "You wanting Lester to see me. See my body. He has already seen so much of me. I told you what happened in his car last time. Sending him pictures feels like I'm actually dating him or something. What should I send him Dan? Just a selfie? Or should I strip down here in my office and take a picture for him?"

"I.." Dan started, "I don't know. Just start with a selfie and see where it goes."

"Ahmmmm," Sarah thought of ways to toy with her husband. "Maybe. We'll see. I was thinking something a little more risqué."

"What do you mean?" Dan breathed into the phone.

Sarah smiled, knowing she had gotten her husband sufficiently distracted from his interview woes. "Don't worry, my love. I'm just going to send him a few private pictures."

"What kind of pictures?" Dan asked.

"That's between a girl and her boyfriend, mister." Sarah smiled, knowing how worked up Dan would get at that line. "I'll show them to you when I get to Chicago, but for now, you'll just have to use your imagination."

"You're so fucking bad," Dan said into the phone, "I wish I were there so I could fuck you right now."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah mimicked a moan into the phone, "I'd like that. You better do that this weekend...unless your roommate beats you to it."

"Not going to happen," Dan declared, "I need you. You're going to be mine."

"Promise?" Sarah asked.

"Promise," Dan said confidently. "I love you."

"I love you too, baby," Sarah smiled.

"I have to run, honey," Dan said. "Walt called a meeting, and it's starting in two minutes. I can't wait to see you this weekend."

"I know, me too, baby. I miss you." Sarah wished the conversation didn't have to end but she knew she would have to get back to work soon too.

"I miss you too, baby. I'll text you when I get out of work. I can't wait to see you." Dan said.

"Love you," Sarah said one last time.

"Love you more," Dan replied before hanging up.

Sarah sat there looking out over the parking lot, not feeling like pursuing a zero inbox any longer. She wanted to go for a walk instead and stretch her legs. She looked down at her phone and saw another unread message.

Again, it was from Lester.

Show me what you are wearing.

Thinking back to her conversation with Dan, a small smile spread across her face. She held the phone up in front of her and took a selfie of her body, and sent it to her husband's roommate. Sarah stood up and intended to leave the room when her phone buzzed again.

I meant, what kind of underwear are you wearing

Sarah bit her lip, toying with what to do. Before she could respond, another message came in.

I need to see what you have on.

Sarah raised an eyebrow and typed a quick response.

And why is that?

Because I've been stroking my hard cock to send you pictures, and now I need relief

Why don't you watch porn or something then?

Those girls don't compare to you. Come on. Show me something.

The thought of sending someone like Lester a sexy photo had intrigued her while she chatted with her husband. Knowing that he intended to jerk off to them, that even hundreds of miles away, she could get someone off just by looking at her. She could feel her breathing begin to change and found herself getting slightly wet between her legs.

Sarah unbuttoned several buttons on her blouse to expose her chest. She was wearing a simple black bra that still accentuated her

breasts. She held the phone in front of her chest and with a moment's deliberation, snapped the picture and sent it to Lester.

That's what I'm talking about. Those look great. I can't wait to see those in person this weekend.

Who says I'm coming this weekend? Why do you think I'll let you see these?

Your husband talks loud. And because of this.

Another picture of Lester's swollen cock appeared on her screen, still as hard as it was before.

Are you wearing matching panties?

Maybe

Show me

Lester, I'm at work. I can't just strip for you.

Show me

Sarah looked out the window. She was several floors up, and no one would be able to see in. She took off her blazer and gently laid it across her chair. Sarah undid her belt and kicked off her heels before lowering her white jeans down her legs. She walked in front of the mirror on her office wall.

She had never exposed herself like this at work before, even when sending Dan selfies of herself. There was a thrill knowing that on the other side of these walls, other people were working, and they had no idea what she was doing. She shivered at the thought. She held up her phone to the mirror, angling the camera to exclude her face and anything in the background that would identify the setting. Satisfied

with the angle, Sarah turned to the side and pushed her ass out to give Lester a great view of it as well as her breasts that were still jutting out from her open blouse. The profile shot left little to the imagination without any other identifying information.

That's more like it. I can't wait to fuck that body of yours.

Tell me how much you miss this.

Another photo of Lester's angry cock appeared on her screen. This time it was leaking pre-cum.

Tell me how much you want it so I can finally cum for you

Sarah stood there, undressed, in the middle of her office, debating what to send. She realized her thighs were rubbing against each other, and her fingers had started to play with her panty line. She bit her lip and sent Lester a message.

I want your big, juicy cock Lester. I crave it.

Lester didn't reply for several seconds.

Fuck

A photo followed of Lester's hand wrapped around his cock. He must have been lying in a prone position. Cum was dripping down the length of his cock, running over his hands.

You're going to have to clean up this mess this weekend.

Sarah stared at the photo, transfixed by the sheer amount of cum Lester had produced. Just seeing that made her remember the taste of it and how it dappled on her skin. Her body felt extremely hot, and

she needed release as well. She turned and walked back towards her desk.

As she rounded the corner, she stopped in her tracks as she heard the door open.

"Sarah, did you see this email from IT? Who approved another training for –"

Drew, Sarah's boss, stopped dead in his tracks at the entryway to her office. He held the doorknob with one hand as he gawked at Sarah's state of undress.

Sarah covered herself with her hands as she scooted behind the desk, "Drew close the door!"

"Ughhhh," Drew stepped into the room and closed the door behind him, spinning around, his eyes lowering to focus on Sarah's exposed breasts.

"No! Not in here! Get out!" Sarah exclaimed.

"Right, right. Yeah." Drew quickly opened the door, stepped back into the hallways and pulled it closed behind him.

Sarah stood there mortified for several seconds before quickly buttoning up her blouse and pulling her pants back on. She sat in her chair and held her head in her hands as her phone buzzed with another message from Lester. She ignored it. This was precisely what she had been afraid of. Her games with Dan and Lester spilling out into the rest of her life.

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Lester stared at his phone, waiting for a response from Dan's hot wife. He wished she was here lapping up all the cum that he had splattered all over his cock. *Maybe I can get her to do that soon.*

He was leaning back in his chair with his legs propped up on his desk. The video of the first time he fucked Sarah was playing on his computer screen. Her moans of pleasure were like music to his ears. In all this time spent with the women in his apartment, nothing was sweeter than the sounds coming from Sarah as he finally conquered her and made her cum on his cock.

His eyes flicked down to the timestamp on the conversation. It had been a few minutes, and she still hadn't responded.

"Fuck," Lester said as he stood up and plodded over to the pile of dirty clothes on his floor. He reached down and grabbed a discarded shirt and used it to wipe his cock and thighs clean. Satisfied that he had cleaned himself up enough, Lester dropped the shirt back onto the floor. He surveyed the state of the room and how his clean habits had quickly regressed once he had bedded Sarah. Around the same time, his maid service had quit, and Lester had yet to find a new one.

Lester put the mess out of his mind. He didn't like the thought that his old habits had returned. That meant he wasn't in control, and his tendencies had won out in the end. Lester didn't like not being in control. *It's simply that Sarah is hooked on me, and I have leverage on Dan, I don't need to keep up appearances any longer. Besides, I have more important things to do than laundry.*

Sauntering over to his command center, Lester plopped back down in this chair. The chair's gas cylinder squealed in protest against his weight. He eyed the time again and pulled his computer chair closer to the desk. He fired up Google Hangouts and started the meeting.

Dan wasn't the only one with an interview today.

The video feed of a man popped up on his computer screen. He looked fairly forgettable, an average everyday background character you'd forget just after passing him by. Maybe late twenties. He introduced himself as Tim, his eyes nonchalantly looking over Lester.

"Tim, what did you think of the pictures I sent you?" Lester asked.

"Your girlfriend has a smoking body, man. I really want to see her face," Tim said excitedly.

Lester held up a hand to try and temper Tim's enthusiasm. He already wasn't enjoying Tim's energy. At one point, he had researched Dan's coworker Jesse, diving into his background and family. Ultimately, Jesse could be a variable Lester might not be able to control. His ties to Dan's professional life could have unforeseen consequences Lester couldn't predict. Lester kept the file on Jesse archived for the time being.

"How many sexual partners have you had?" Lester said flatly.

"Uh, like three, man." Tim said eagerly, "Is your girlfriend there? When do I get to talk to her?"

"In good time," Lester scoffed, "I want to get a feel for you first. Are you clean? Can you pass an STI screening?"

"Yeah, I mean, I think so. I haven't ever been tested or anything." Tim said, confused.

"How big is your dick?" Lester said.

"Hey now, man," Tim said, "Where's your girlfriend? I'd happily show her what I have, you know? But I'm not so sure, man, this is kind of creeping me out right now."

Lester ended the call, and Tim disappeared from his screen. *Waste of time.*

He had been chatting back and forth with Tim for a couple of days, trying to set up this conversation to learn more about him. He'd have to try a different tactic going forward.

The cursor on his screen shifted between apps. Discord had several messages from Ned and his D&D group. Their next session was coming up soon, much less frequent than they used to be. There were also a dozen or so unread messages from Cronos that he continued to ignore. As he continued to scroll, a notification appeared in the screen's lower right-hand corner.

He reflexively clicked it, opening the post from a Facebook employee group for Sarah's employer. The poster was complaining about another mandatory IT training session.

Lester smirked. *What funny timing.*

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Dan put his phone on the coffee table and hurried over to open the door. He poked his head into the hallway and heard the elevator chime. A few moments later, his loving wife Sarah came into view, pulling her carry-on luggage behind her. She looked great wearing a pair of sneakers, tight-fitting blue jeans and a t-shirt under a loose hoodie. Her blonde hair pulled up into a bun. When she saw him standing there waiting, a broad smile appeared on her face, and she quickened her pace to close the distance between them.

Without saying a word, she was in his arms, and his lips were on hers.

"I've missed you so much," Dan said when their lips finally parted.

"I've missed you too. I love you so much, baby." Sarah smiled, looking up into his eyes. For a second, the rest of Dan's problems seemed to melt away, and he just wanted to be in this moment with his wife forever.

When reality came back, Dan reached down, grabbed his wife's luggage, and led her into the apartment.

Dan shut the door behind them, and as if on cue, Lester's fat feet could be heard smacking against the wood floors as he marched down the hallway toward them.

Soon, the mass of his body shadowed the entrance to the living room as his eyes scanned Sarah up and down. With a grin plastered on his face, he started to walk with purpose towards the young mother.

Sarah froze, trying to reconcile the tender moment with her husband with his predatory roommate marching towards her, "Lester..."

Before Lester could close the gap to Sarah, Dan stepped in his path, holding up his hands. "Lester, take it easy. She just got in. Back up man."

Lester's eyes finally met Dan's, not bothering to hide his annoyance, "We have an arrangement."

"We do," Dan said, "And I've been thinking about that. You get a date but it doesn't mean you just get to come over and we do everything you say."

"Whatever," Lester said, relaxing his posture, "I can wait a few hours before properly greeting your wife."

"Yeah about that," Dan said, "I'm actually taking Sarah out tonight. It's been a long time since we've had a moment alone, just husband and wife."

"What?" Lester said, becoming visibly irritated, "No that's not the agreement. I get to take Sarah out."

Sarah came up behind Dan and hugged him from behind, her head resting on the side of his arm. "I'd really like some time with my

husband. I just drove a few hours to be here with him, Lester."

"The agreement," Dan said, "Is that you get dates with her. We never specified when these dates happen, so tonight I'm having time with her. You can go on your little date tomorrow."

"Are you sure she wants that?" Lester challenged. "She's been alone for weeks, she's going to need something to satisfy her needs tonight."

Dan eyed Lester. He could feel his desire to see Sarah with Lester beginning to stir inside of him. He couldn't let it get the better of him this time. "Don't you worry yourself about that. I, her husband, will take care of everything she needs, Lester."

"Are you sure about that?" Lester said, his gaze shifting to Dan's wife.

"Dan always leaves me very satisfied, thank you very much Lester." Sarah chimed in.

A bemused grin formed on Lester's face, "I'm sure he does. I'm sure he does a commendable job checking that box but we all know that you've never had those mind-blowing orgasms from Dan, like the ones you have with me. The ones that rock you to your core."

Lester stepped back, turning around, "Have fun with your little rendezvous tonight. Dan, try not to overthink about how much Sarah is fantasizing about me while she is stuck under you tonight."

"Fucking asshole," Dan said as Lester retreated to his bedroom. He turned around and noticed Sarah's face was flush.

"So," Sarah said, putting her hands on Dan's chest, "Where are you taking me tonight?"

"I thought it would be a nice change of pace to get out of here and go walk around the Art Institute and then grab some dinner at the food truck festival a few blocks over. That sound good?"

"That sounds amazing," Sarah beamed. "When are we leaving?"

"As soon as you want, no rush," Dan said.

Sarah looked down the hallway towards the bedrooms, "Let me just go freshen up and we can head out. Maybe in like 20 minutes?"

"That sounds perfect," Dan said, kissing her forehead.

Sarah grabbed her suitcase, "I'm just going to change out of these car clothes, pee, and touch up my makeup."

"You look great already baby but do whatever you need to," Dan said.

"Muah," Sarah blew an air kiss as she pulled her luggage towards the bedroom.

Dan stood there with his hands in his pockets, listening intently to the sounds of the luggage rolling down the hallway. He heard a door open and the luggage roll into it. He hoped it was his bedroom door but deep down a part of him longed for it to be Lester's. Sarah walking into his room to change right in front of him and Lester taking advantage of the opportunity.

He heard the sound of light footsteps next followed by a door shutting. Sarah walking across the hall into the bathroom.

Dan let out a long breath, "Get a hold of yourself."

After half an hour, Sarah emerged from the hallway looking as radiant as ever. She was wearing a slim pair of black jeans with a tight-fitting blouse tucked into it at the waist. Her hair was down, and she accentuated her naturally beautiful face with light makeup.

"Looking fine, girl," Dan said as he opened the door and held out his hand for his wife. They left the confines of the apartment and traveled down to the ground floor before getting into an Uber and heading to the Art Institute of Chicago. They spent the next few hours just talking as they walked past paintings and sculptures. Dan felt grateful for the time to reconnect with his wife. It reminded him of some dates they'd had earlier in their relationship before they'd married.

Eventually, they found that both their stomachs were beginning to rumble, so they left the museum and headed up the few blocks to where the food truck festival was being held. A few dozen food trucks were stationed in the parking lot with makeshift tables and chairs in the center. Light bulbs strands were strung across the entire lot, adding an air of intimacy to the ambience. Despite all of the options available, both Sarah and Dan gravitated towards one of the taco trucks. Both ordered steak tacos, margaritas and some Mexican fries to split. Afterwards, they both enjoyed an order of churros.

Their Uber home stopped in front of a hotel in downtown Chicago.

"Dan, I think he got the wrong address," Sarah whispered.

"Nope, we're here. Steve, thank you for the ride. Five stars from us, man. Let's get out honey." Dan said as he opened the door and ushered Sarah out his door onto the sidewalk.

"What's going on Dan?" Sarah smiled.

"A night alone, just for the two of us is what I promised. That does not involve going back to the apartment." Dan took her arm and guided her into the hotel lobby.

"But Dan, we can't really afford this right now." Sarah protested as Dan ushered them up to the check-in counter.

"Checking in, Dan Williams," Dan said to the clerk. He leaned over and whispered to his wife, "We don't get any time together when you are visiting or when I can get home. We need to take advantage of the time we have together. Besides, I need to get to you first before you leave me and roll around with Lester in his car."

Sarah blushed, "It's not like that...but I am glad we are going to be alone tonight, even if we can't afford it."

Taking their key from the clerk, the couple made their way up to the fifth floor. As their hotel room door shut behind them, Dan was all over Sarah kissing her and mauling at her clothing. It wasn't long before both of their clothes were strewn around the room and they found themselves on one of the queen beds in their underwear.

Dan was hungrily kissing his wife while his hands roamed her body. Her ass felt terrific in his hands, he was looking at it all night and loved feeling her bare skin in his palms.

"Oh, Dan," Sarah mewed, "I missed this so much."

"Me too, baby, I've been needing you so badly." Dan said as he began to tug at her panties.

As he pulled them off her ankles and threw them on the floor, he looked back at Sarah who was staring at him with her sexiest bedroom eyes.

"Get up here mister," she said.

Dan didn't even bother replying. He got back on top of his wife as she pulled his boxers down. Dan shimmied out of them, and his already hard dick sprang out. Sarah's hand found it and guided it down towards her wet pussy.

"Uh, fuck Dan," Sarah moaned as he started to push himself into her.

Dan eased his cock inside of Sarah and felt her body grip him tightly, "Feels so good Sarah."

"Uh, Uh, I needed this so badly Dan." Sarah moaned as she licked his shoulder. "God."

Dan was in ecstasy as he felt his wife's body respond to his touch, her hips pushing against his dick as her tongue began to tease his chest. "Sarah."

"Don't stop fucking me Dan," Sarah said as her hands found his ass and she pulled him further into her. Her large breasts were pushed up against his chest, a tantalizing view that was driving Dan crazy.

Sarah bit her lip and looked up at her husband's face. The lust written all over it turned her on, seeing his animalistic side begin to take over, his lack of control as he fucked her. Without thinking, she said, "He's was wrong. You know just how to satisfy your wife."

*Lester* Dan thought. He gritted his teeth and pushed his head down beside his wife's. She held onto the back of his neck and started to lick the side of his neck, sending shivers down his spine.

*That's what Lester said before we left. Satisfying her.* Images flashed into his head of all the times he had witnessed his wife with his roommate. The lustful way she looked at him. The way her hands looked wrapped around his cock. The way she moaned as he pushed himself into her, the way her body reacted as it orgasmed with him. The shit-eating grin Lester wore each time he did it. Could he satisfy his wife, the love of his life, better than her husband?

As these thoughts were racing through Dan's head, he unconsciously began to move his hips faster and faster, pumping his dick in and out of his wife at a rapid speed. Her body responded, she was breathing quicker and her hips tried to match his pace.

Dan's aroused brain couldn't help but think of the sounds his wife was making now in response to Lester. Her making these same sounds, moaning and urging him on. Her legs wrapped around his body, her hands pulling him closer. Her unseeing eyes losing focus from the pleasure. Her tongue on his neck.

"Ah fuck," Dan grunted as he came, his cum shooting into his wife. He gasped for breath and collapsed onto his forearms. Sarah's hips slowed until they stopped moving.

Catching his breath, Dan said, "Fuck, I'm sorry. I know you didn't finish, I just couldn't help it. It was all pent up. It was too much."

"Shhhhh," Sarah said, holding his face with one of her hands. "It was still wonderful. You felt so good. I love you."

"I love you too," Dan said as he rolled off his wife. Sarah rose and went to the bathroom to clean herself up. Dan heard the water from the tap running as he laid in the bed staring at the ceiling, knowing that he hadn't satisfied his wife the way she wanted—the way she needed.

Tomorrow, she'd be with Lester. The thought was like a punch to the gut, knowing that Lester may very well make his previously innocent wife cum and satisfy her. Knowing that he still wanted that to happen.

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Sarah and Dan arrived back at the apartment in the early afternoon. The couple enjoyed a lazy morning at the hotel before extending their time together at a restaurant for lunch.

Dan was preparing himself for another confrontation with Lester as they entered the apartment. To his surprise, Lester didn't emerge from his room.

Dan wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Perhaps Lester was actually occupied today. The couple settled in on the couch and Sarah put on the latest episode of a Netflix show she had started back at their house.

After thirty minutes, Dan started looking around, wondering exactly where Lester was. He wasn't about to go looking for him but it was out of character, especially given their last meeting.

Sarah reached forward, grabbed the remote and paused the show, "I'll be right back."

Dan watched his wife's hips sway and she left the couch and walked down the hallway. Her ass always made him stop and appreciate just how lucky of a man he was. She stepped into the bathroom and closed the door behind her.

When she came back out five minutes later, Dan was staring down at his phone. She threw a bundle of lacy material into his lap.

"What's this?" He said looking up at her.

"It's from Lester. He hung it in the bathroom for me." Sarah said.

Dan held up the lacy fabric in front of him, it unfolded itself, revealing a set of black bra and panties with sheer material and some kind of garter and belt, "Jesus."

"Lester bought that for me on our last *"date"*, Sarah made air quotes as she finished her sentence. "It had this sticky note on it."

Dan looked at the sticky note that Sarah was holding. It says 'Date starts at 3pm.'

"Well I guess he is taking a more passive approach this time," Dan said, still eyeing the black lingerie he was holding. He was wondering just what it would look like on Sarah.

Sarah grabbed the lingerie from his hands, "Guess so. I better go get ready for my hot date."

She smiled at the word 'hot,' enjoying the reaction it got from him.

"You're bad," Dan said, he suddenly felt very alone on the couch. "I really wish you could just stay here and we could watch more trash TV."

"I know baby, me too," Sarah smiled, leaned forward, and kissed Dan. Her lips lingered on his before she broke her kiss and walked toward his bedroom.

Dan shouted after her, "I want to see pics of you in that outfit."

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Just as 3 P.M. was approaching, Lester finally emerged from his dungeon. Dan stifled a smirk as Lester walked down the hall towards him. He was wearing oversized khakis that needed to be ironed and a short-sleeved button-up shirt that just didn't fit properly. It looked tight in all the wrong places and loose in all the others.

Dan had to remind himself that he probably shouldn't underestimate Lester. He had, within the course of a few months, managed to bed his faithful wife after all. While Dan certainly lit the match, Lester had taken it and was burning the whole fucking house down.

The idea of his wife moaning with pleasure due to this troll sent a shiver down his spine.

Before Lester could utter a word, the sound of another door opening caused him to turn around. Both men watched as Sarah emerged from the bathroom wearing a black, high-waisted, pleated tennis skirt that ran down to her mid-thigh. A dark green, crew neck, long-sleeve sweater sat on top of the skirt. It looked soft and loose, but her breasts still made their presence known. The stockings from the lingerie set hugged her legs, but the garter was hidden under the skirt.

His wife was wearing the lingerie set that Lester had set out for her.

"So," Sarah walked into the room, clearly trying to break some of the tension. "Are we ready to go? I think there is too much testosterone in this apartment at the moment."

Lester twirled his keys on one of his fingers, "Yep, I'm all set. Let's go."

He headed for the door as Sarah approached Dan on the couch.

She bent down and kissed him before whispering in his ear, "I love you baby. Remember, this is just temporary. And..."

She paused and, in a seductive voice, said, "I won't do anything you wouldn't approve of."

"Dammit, Sarah," Dan whispered, "I love you too, just don't stay out all night okay?"

"I'll try to be back before curfew," She winked at him and then walked towards the door. Dan watched as Lester smirked as he put an arm over her shoulders as they walked out the door.

Dan counted to thirty and jumped off the couch and crossed the room to the door. He grabbed his jacket and followed Lester and Sarah into the hallway. They were nowhere in sight. Dan sprinted down the hallway to the elevator and pressed the down button.

It seemed like it took forever but eventually, the elevator doors opened and Dan got into the empty car. He descended down to the first floor and poked his head out into the parking lot, looking for Lester's vehicle. He couldn't see it, so he hurried across the parking lot to the car he shared with his wife and started it up. As he was getting behind the wheel, he noticed a black SUV pulling out onto the street.

He hurriedly backed out of the parking space and tried to catch up to the other vehicle. He was several car lengths behind them and sped up a bit to close the distance between them. Dan felt like he was James Bond, pursuing a wily foreign spy, not a curious husband following his wife on a date with his horny roommate.

Dan was not three car lengths away from them. He hoped that the car he was pursuing was actually Lester and Sarah and not some random stranger. The SUV tapped on its brakes as the light at the upcoming intersection turned yellow. Dan slammed on his brakes at the same time that the SUV's brake lights disappeared. The SUV accelerated and crossed the other side of the intersection as the light turned red.

A steady stream of vehicles flowed in across the intersection. Dan craned his neck to try to keep track of the SUV but lost sight of it as it got onto the Chicago Skyway.

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Lester pulled into the parking lot and quickly got out of the car, hurried around the side to open Sarah's door for her.

"Thank you," Sarah said as she got out of the vehicle. Lester's hand eagerly found hers, and he directed them around the corner of the building and into the backlot. Stalls and vendors were set up in rows for the weekend farmer's market. Lester had learned about Sarah's affinity for certain things by poring back through years of her Instagram posts.

The couple strolled through the market. Sarah was enjoying looking at different stalls. Lester had thought a farmer's market would be the perfect outing. Not only was it something Sarah enjoyed but it was also easy to make conversation. He could just comment on the wares in each stall and ask her what she thought.

They received a lot of glances from the other attendees, likely for their mismatched pairing. After ten minutes, Lester decided to lay the foundation for what he hoped would be a way to endear himself to Sarah.

"It's nice being back here," Lester said, plastering on a cheerful smile, "I don't think I've been here since before I broke up with

Lizzie.”

Sarah perked up at Lester, offering details about himself. “Would you guys come here often?”

“Oh yeah,” Lester forced a show of enthusiasm, “Almost every other weekend. It feels like it’s been years since I’ve been back here.”

“Is it hard being back here with all the memories of her?” Sarah asked.

“It’s a little easier today,” He said as he squeezed her hand. “It’s frankly been a little hard going anywhere, to be honest. It’s easier just to stay in my room.”

“I get that,” Sarah said. “Breakups can be rough.”

“Have you been through a lot of them?” Lester asked.

“No, not a lot. I only dated a couple of guys before Dan.” Sarah said as she held Lester’s hand. They turned a corner and headed down another aisle. The vendors here sold all sorts of knick-knacks and trinkets. “I’ve consoled a lot of girlfriends through bad break ups, though. I’m something of a therapist to my friend group.”

“So what would you say is the best way to get over someone? To get out of the depress– the funk.” Lester asked.

“Well, I would say, you know, just get out there, right? Don’t hole up in your room and shut the world out. Get outside and do things, and try to find someone to share it with whether that’s romantic or not. Being social is a huge driver of all sorts of chemicals in the brain that help you through a break up instead of wallowing alone with your thoughts.” Sarah realized she had forgotten she was holding onto Lester’s hand.

“I will say,” Lester started, “That being out here on a sunny day today with a beautiful woman like yourself does make it easier.”

“Okay, stop that.” Sarah said, “See, Lester if you just get out more, it might be easier to lighten up.”

“Lighten up?” Lester asked.

“You know,” Sarah waved her hand, “Sometimes you can come across as pretty intense. Especially when it comes to Dan.”

“Well, I think it’s only natural to get a little intense when you’re competing for a woman like yourself.”

"It's not really a competition Lester," Sarah looked at him, "I'm married to Dan."

"Nobody's perfect," Lester laughed then turned serious. "I mean, who can make you cum the most times and scream their name at the top of their lungs."

"Shhhhh," Sarah slapped him on the arm, looking around mortified.

"Anyways, I'm just saying these dates have been nice. With the breakup, I either just threw myself into games on my computer or buried myself in work. I keep taking on more new clients than I can handle lately." Lester stopped to peek at a vendor selling vintage comic books.

"You said you work in IT right? We have an IT department at work so I know IT is kind of a broad category. What exactly do you do?" Sarah asked.

"Hey let's go in here," Lester directed her into a storefront. Sarah stepped inside and smiled. She loved cozy independent bookshops.

"Let's grab a couple of books, my treat." Lester said.

As they perused the shelves of books, Lester resumed their original conversation, "Yeah I normally just say 'IT' because people understand that and honestly don't care to dive any deeper. I work in IT security. Basically, making sure networks are safe; doing penetration testing, and helping resolve issues companies have. Stuff like that."

"And you can do most of that from home?" Sarah asked as she started to grab a few books off the shelf.

"Yeah I can do a lot of it remotely from my workstation in my room, but occasionally, I'll have to go into a client's office, especially if they have some kind of issue. I think I'm going to get this book." Lester pulled a copy of *Flowers for Algernon* off the shelf.

"I love that book," Sarah exclaimed, "It's amazing. It's heartbreaking and inspiring."

"Yeah? Well, I'll definitely get it then."

Lester and Sarah walked back to the front of the shop and Lester purchased their books.

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Dan was upset with himself at having lost Lester and Sarah. He uncorked his bottle of whiskey and poured himself a drink. He took a long pull from the glass and then looked down at it with disgust.

*Alcohol is such a waste of our money right now.*

Dan took another sip and moved to the living room. His wife was out there in the city doing god knows what with his roommate. If things got too serious, she would call, though, like she did last time.

He shouldn't worry. He loved her and trusted her completely, but they were in uncharted waters right now, which both thrilled and terrified him. He just wanted to know where she was, to see what she was doing.

His imagination was running wild with scenarios. He couldn't wait for her to come home and confirm what had happened.

He opened his phone and dismissed a series of work emails. He wasn't in a good state to respond, nor should he, given it was a weekend and he was currently being abysmally underpaid. Dan pulled up Safari and typed, 'how to turn on iPhone tracking.'

As he scrolled through the pages, he learned about how he needed to add Sarah as a family member so he could track her. Dan wondered whether she thought that would be a violation of privacy, but the more he debated the more he was sure she would be okay with it.

He imagined following them to a secluded alley and watching as the windows steamed up on Lester's SUV. Dan noticed how hard his dick was. He needed to get control of his fantasies before they consumed him. He was losing his grip and with his work and life situation, it was as if watching Sarah play with Lester was an outlet for his stress, letting him disassociate and enjoy himself.

Dan continued to read the instructions and thought about what else he needed to do to regain some semblance of control.

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Lester held the door to the restaurant as Sarah stepped out onto the nighttime streets of Chicago. Lester wore a kind smile and put a light hand on her back as he fell in step next to her. The sun had set some time ago while they'd been eating. Sarah pulled her phone out of her purse and checked the time, it was getting close to 10 P.M.

"Are we heading back to the apartment now?" Sarah asked as they walked towards Lester's car.

He opened her door and held it for her, "Just one more stop and then we'll go back." She couldn't read his expression.

"Where's that?" Sarah asked.

"You'll see," Lester said as he closed her door, turning away. He walked around to the driver's side of the car, got in and started to drive.

After a few minutes, Lester pulled onto a quiet street with less frequent street lights.

"Lester, where are we going?" Sarah asked from the passenger seat. She could feel the anticipation growing between her legs. She hated to admit the hold Lester was beginning to have on her. He'd started this fire with his texts earlier in the week, and it hadn't been taken care of yet.

"Just up here," Lester said as he turned into a tree-lined driveway. The driveway opened up after about 20 feet into a large, dark parking lot. Trees seemed to line the exterior of the parking lot, blocking its view from the street.

Lester pulled the car into the corner of the lot and shut off the engine.

"Why don't you get in the back seat?" Lester said.

Gone was the seemingly gentle man she had strolled around the farmer's market with. Sarah could see the lust behind his eyes, threatening to envelop her. She knew he wasn't asking.

"I should call Dan," Sarah said as she eyed the backseat.

"Why?" Lester said, "Are you expecting something specific to happen tonight?"

Sarah blushed at the comment. They both knew there was only one reason why she would need to call Dan. Sarah had telegraphed exactly what she was thinking.

Lester reached out and stroked the back of her neck, "How about this? We get in the back, and if things progress to that point, I'll even call Dan myself." He was openly ogling her breasts as he said this. Watching for the rise of her nipples, seeing them begin to make their appearance.

Without waiting for a response, Lester shoved himself out of the car and walked the short distance to the back door. He opened it and heaved himself into the back seat, waiting expectantly for Sarah to join him.

"Come on back here," Lester said, pointing down in front of him "I want to see you wearing the lingerie I bought for you."

Sarah rolled her eyes, let out a sigh and moved over the center console into the back seat. Lester sat in the middle of the bench seat and stretched both arms across the top.

"Come to daddy," Lester growled.

"Please, don't say that Lester," Sarah said as she moved to sit down in the seat next to Lester. In her mind the only daddy in her life was Dan, the father of her kids. The thought of Lester in that role, calling him "daddy." It made her feel deeply uncomfortable. And yet she could still feel the wetness growing between her legs.

He grabbed her around the waist and pulled her down onto his lap. He slid his hand down onto her thigh and pulled her over him so that she was straddling his lap, her pleated skirt sprawled over him, concealing his crotch.

"Mmmmm, that's what I like," Lester said, "So, what are you going to do back here tonight?"

"You tell me," Sarah said.

Lester grinned, "You say that like you don't want to admit what you want," he leaned in closer, "But I could always take that as you'll do whatever I want."

Sarah shuddered as Lester leaned forward. His belly pressed against her stomach, so his hands found her back and pulled her closer. His face disappeared under the side of her hair as he audibly sniffed her neck.

"You smell sweet," Lester growled in her ear as his hands ran down her back until they disappeared beneath her skirt. His grubby hands found her soft ass cheeks and he gripped both of them hard, mauling her flesh.

"Uh," Sarah moaned involuntarily. She hated to admit how much she enjoyed how rough Lester could be. She'd soaked through the lingerie; she knew Lester wouldn't miss that.

"In your text, you said you craved my cock. But when I saw you yesterday, you seemed so standoffish. Were you putting on a show for Dan?" Lester whispered into her ear as he began planting soft kisses on her neck.

Sarah rested her hands on Lester's flabby chest, feeling the lack of definition. She closed her eyes and focused on the sensation of Lester's lips on her skin. There was a time she might have disassociated and imagined Dan, pretending it was her husband's lips on her, but now there was no denying it was Lester. Her husband's creepy roommate. He was expertly playing her body like an instrument. Try as she might to deny it, under the surface, she couldn't help herself. She was beginning to crave his touch. Sarah knew from experience that Lester was only this gentle with her right before he made her cum.

"Tell me," Lester whispered, he pulled back from her neck and stared up at her emerald eyes. Moonlight shone into the car, framing her face. Lester couldn't help but marvel at how beautiful she was. Her eyes betrayed her thoughts, he could tell she wanted him.

"I just," Sarah started, "Don't like to be so blatant in front of him. It's different if we all have already worked ourselves up and things are happening in the moment but it's different during other times."

Lester made a mental note of this barrier. Perhaps in the future, they'd have to stay in for a date night. He wanted her to show him affection whenever he wanted. He would have to crush that if Dan and the apartment proved to be a barrier.

"Hmmm, why don't you make it up to me by taking off that top and showing me the bra I bought you?" Lester said.

Playfulness danced in Sarah's eyes as she smirked at him. She reached forward and pulled the bottom of her sweater over her head, dropping it onto the seat next to them. Lester's eyes tracked down, staring at her heaving breasts rising and falling with her breath. He had forgotten how good this bra looked on her. His time with it in the changing room was all too brief. He cursed himself for not setting up recording equipment in the car to capture this. He'd have to make her model it around the apartment for him.

"Was it worth the money?" Sarah asked, running her hand over her breasts, running seductively up the strap of her bra.

"Every penny," Lester smiled, licking his lips. Sarah shuddered with lust.

"Now it's your turn," a wicked grin spread on Sarah's face. She moved off his lap and began to undo the clasp on Lester's pants before tugging them down. Sarah raised an eyebrow as she looked down at the ratty boxers underneath, "Let's take these off too."

Sarah pulled off the boxers, and Lester's hairy cock sprang free, "There it is."

"How about you put that sweet little mouth of yours on my cock and greet it properly," Lester sneered.

Sarah bit her lip, "Not today." Lester frowned, but that disappeared as she got closer to him.

She mounted and straddled his lap again, pushing her sopping underwear-clad pussy against his throbbing hot cock. She began to move her hips, pushing herself back and forth against it, moistening it with her juices.

"Mmmmmhmmmm," She moaned, feeling his large hard cock pushing against her most sensitive area, "You have a condom, right?"

"I do," Lester said, raising his hips up off the seat to meet her movements, pushing his cock harder against her dampened panties, "But what if I didn't?"

Sarah didn't answer. Instead, she threw her head back and held onto her shoulders as she ground herself against his cock, mashing him up in between her labia. Lester felt powerful when she opened herself up to him, his cock swelled in response.

"What if I didn't have a condom Sarah? Would you let me slide it into you raw. Fuck you bareback? Let you feel all of me?" Lester grunted as he kept pumping his hips, matching the rhythm of her riding.

"I don't, I...I..." The thought of feeling Lester bare inside of her sent tingles over her body aided by his growing cock thrusting up against her pussy. She didn't like condoms, Dan had stopped wearing them after he had been fixed, once they decided two kids were enough. But Lester was also fixed. The condoms almost seemed like a symbol at

this point, of her keeping one last thing for Dan. In the car, at that moment, with Lester's cock between her legs, it almost felt silly, "Lester, I don't...I...Oh shit. Lester, someone else is here."

Headlights shone into the empty parking lot as another car entered. Lester turned and narrowed his eyes, wondering if Dan had somehow followed them. He smiled when he noticed it was a different car. He jabbed his cock up into her panty clad pussy, wanting her to feel his impatience.

Lester knew there was a good chance another car might be in the parking lot. He had hoped this would be the case. From the research he had done, this area was quite popular with enthusiasts of outdoor sex and others who liked to watch them. He knew Sarah liked being exposed to others. He intended to exploit this to fuel the flames of her lust and have her associate it with him. He continued to grab at her ass, pulling her down to bounce herself against his rock hard cock.

The car turned in their direction, its headlights illuminating the inside of their vehicle. Sarah ducked down behind the seat, trying to conceal herself. Lester moved his hands to hold onto her thighs, sensing she might try to disengage.

"Lester!" Sarah whispered, "They can probably see inside the car."

"The windows are tinted," Lester lied as the sound of the car's engines grew nearer.

Sarah slid his hands off her thighs and turned to lean over into the front seat. She reached over to Lester's door and pressed the lock button. The car's headlights shone into the vehicle. It was clearly headed in their direction.

With two hands, Lester pushed himself off the seat and raised the back of her pleated skirt into the air, exposing her ass to the unknown car.

"Lester!," Sarah hissed, trying to push herself backwards. He held her thighs firmly, his knees pressing into her calves. He quickly pulled down her panties down her thighs to her garters, making it hard for her to move her legs, "Lester move, please."

"Okay," Lester said and he bent forward and stuck his tongue into her tight pussy.

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned as she quickly grabbed onto both front seats for stability. Lester's tongue swirled around her insides, touching every sensitive nerve ending. The oversized appendage pushed deeper into her before Lester started to bob his head, thrusting his tongue in and out of her.

Sarah quickly thought to close her thighs to repel Lester's assault, but her body betrayed her and her legs stayed open. She felt her knees grow weak as Lester's large tongue pushed further inside of her, lapping at the juices that were flowing out of her, tasting her essence. The sounds of Lester devouring her crotch filled the small space.

"Uh, god, Lester. Please," Sarah said. Gravel crunched next to the SUV. Sarah opened her eyes and saw the dark shape of a vehicle pull in next to them, the headlights illuminating the woods beyond. "Oh fuck. Don't stop." Sarah bit down on her knuckle as her elbow rested on the front seat. She gasped as he continued to build the fire inside her.

The headlights of the next car turned off. Sarah closed her eyes as Lester's tongue continued to swirl around inside of her. He somehow began to expertly flick his tongue inside of her, against her g-spot, sending shockwaves of titillation throughout her body. She heard a car door shut from somewhere close by. She opened her eyes and craned her neck to the side, but all she could see was the dark shape of the front of the car. Lester was making it increasingly difficult to keep her hold on reality. His tongue shifted inside her, the sensation caused her to choke back a scream, lest the stranger hear it.

Gravel crunched softly over and over. Footsteps were moving around the other car. The crunching was growing louder. The driver was walking towards their vehicle.

"Lester," Sarah whispered, trying to stay quiet. She wanted to stay quiet and not be discovered. Lester's hand rose up from her thigh, his fingers opening the lips of her pussy until they found her clit. He gently began to rub it with his index finger.

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned. She tried to make a fist and put it in her mouth to stay quiet. She could feel her body further betraying her, as an orgasm was quickly building up, fueled by Lester's tongue and

fingers. Fueled by the presence of someone unknown so close, Watching them. Watching her.

"Oh god, Oh fuck, Lester, Mmmmmm. Uh, fuck....fuck....oh right there....fuck.....don't fuck....Lester!" Sarah screamed as she came. Her body unleashed a flood of endorphins that washed over every nerve in her body. Her hips thrust back into Lester's face, pushing his tongue as deeply into her as possible. Her nails dug into the leather seats as her eyes rolled back in her head. The frustration of having held and teased this pleasure for most of the week had her shaking from the release.

Sarah was breathing hard, holding onto the seats for balance as she came down from her orgasm. Lester withdrew his tongue and pulled Sarah back onto his lap, his hard cock pushing up between her thighs. She laid her head back on his shoulder. As she opened her eyes she noticed the features of a shadowed man standing outside the rear window.

"Lester," Sarah whispered, "Someone is out there, watching us."

She held her hands over her chest to conceal her breasts. Lester's arms came up and gripped both wrists and pulled them toward him, exposing her bra-clad chest to the stranger.

"It's dark, he doesn't have a great view of us. Relax. Let him watch. I know you've always fantasized about something like this." Lester relaxed his grip on her wrists. Even though her mind screamed at her to cover herself, her body was growing hotter knowing some stranger was a few feet away watching her, seeing her exposed. The more she considered what someone might see of them inside the car; Lester's flabby body and giant cock, her in lingerie with this slob, how wrong it all was, the more she knew she'd never been more excited.

She had waited months before she let her husband see her like this when they were courting. Now, a stranger had the same intimate view within seconds.

Moonlight began to illuminate the parking lot once again. Sarah saw the beat-up pick up truck next to them and finally saw the rough-looking individual standing outside the window. He was older than both Sarah and Lester. Unkempt salt and pepper hair with a shaggy beard that matched. She couldn't see much of his body, but he didn't

look athletic like Dan. His clothes reminded her of something a miner or an auto worker might wear.

The moonlight continued to sweep across the parking lot. Its edges illuminated Lester's SUV. The man outside grinned as Sarah came fully into view. Their eyes locked.

Sarah's breathing quickened. She didn't make a move to cover her chest, even though she felt her breasts rapidly rising and falling. Lester was unbothered, looking down between them. He had begun to rub his cock against her bare pussy, using it to play with her clit.

Sarah gulped at the sensation of being on display while being played with and closed her eyes.

"Lester," Sarah said, "He's staring right at us."

"No, he's staring at you." Lester corrected her. "What's his arm doing?"

Sarah opened her eyes and looked at the man again. He was staring at her hungrily with the same lust-filled mask that Dan and Lester both wore when they wanted to fuck her. She broke eye contact and looked down at his arm. It was moving back and forth rapidly.

"He's touching himself," Sarah whispered.

"What's he doing," Lester said as he pushed the head of his cock against Sarah's clit. Pre-cum oozed out of his cock and dribbled onto her clit. Lester rubbed the cum back and forth against it, lubricating her opening.

"He's jerking off watching us," Sarah said through gritted teeth.

"Watching you," Lester's other hand rose up and started to caress the tops of Sarah's breasts, gently stroking her skin. He didn't want to maul her breasts, he was trying to work her up, "What's he jerking off, Sarah? What is it? What's he got?"

"His cock," Sarah said loudly, "He's jerking off his cock watching me."

"Can you see it?" Lester asked.

"No, we're too high," Sarah said.

"Let's get a closer look then," Lester said as he used all of his strength to move Sarah off of his lap and over onto the seat next to the window.

Sarah stared at him with a look of lust and betrayal, "What are you doing?" Her voice was low, just above a whisper.

"Giving him a better view. Look at him," Lester's fingers quickly found her entrance. He stuck in one finger and began to push it in and out of the young wife slowly. Gradually building a sensation inside her.

"Ohhh, uuhhhh, Lester," Sarah moaned, closing her eyes, reveling in feeling the movement of Lester's slickened fingers and being on display for this strange man.

"Open your eyes, look at him," Lester said as he put another finger inside of her, further opening her.

"Ah, fuck," Sarah moaned as she opened her eyes. The man was hungrily staring down at her chest, his eyes feasting on her flesh. Sarah could see the dark outline of the stranger's fist pumping his cock.

"I don't think he can hear us very well," Lester said. He reached over and pressed the window control switch on the door. The window lowered, and the cool Chicago night air blew into the vehicle. The cold air caused goosebumps to run over Sarah's skin. She bit her lower lip expectantly.

"Fuck, Lester," Sarah moaned. The window stopped a quarter from the bottom, giving the man an unobstructed view of Sarah. The SUV was high enough that the man still couldn't easily reach in, but his face was inches from Sarah's. Lester continued to piston his fingers in and out of Sarah.

"Don't stop looking at him," Lester growled in her ear. Sarah's eyes met the stranger's. She saw his mouth hang open and his eyes hungrily staring back at her.

"Blow him a kiss," Lester said, remembering what Dan had made her do in the apartment several months back. Sarah puckered her lips and made a kissing gesture towards the man.

"God, you're so fucking sexy," the man said.

"Talk to him," Lester whispered, his fingers curling and dragging against her g-spot. Sarah could feel another orgasm building inside her. His fingers felt great but it was the lewdness of the situation that was pushing her over the edge.

Sarah didn't know what to say; this situation was all too much, too quickly. She took a deep breath and slipped back into her confident, sexy persona.

"Are you stroking your cock for me?" Sarah said to the stranger. Lester grinned. Sarah's pussy was audibly gushing as Lester's fingers moved in and out of her. "Do you like what you see, big boy?"

"Ah fuck ye," the man said, "I'm stroking this big old cock I got for you. God, you look so fucking good. You're young enough to be my daughter. You're so goddamn sexy."

"Are you going to cum for me? What are you picturing right now?" Sarah moaned as Lester's fingering was bringing her close to an orgasm.

"I'm staring at those tits of yours wondering what they look like under that bra. I'd love to shove my cock in between them," the man's hoarse voice said.

Lester slowly withdrew his hands from her wet pussy. Sarah looked at him with a look of disappointment. He stared into her eyes as he raised a hand to her bra strap. Lester gently held her chin with one hand and turned it back to face the man stroking his cock for her.

Sarah understood and kept eye contact with the man as Lester slowly lowered one strap off her left shoulder. Sarah felt her body tense as Lester's fingers looped around the other strap on the right and slowly pulled it down, exposing her bare shoulders to this stranger.

"Jesus Christ," the man breathed as he stared into the vehicle at Sarah.

Lester pushed his arm back behind the seat and Sarah's back until he found the clasp. His other hand held onto the bra cups as he pulled it off her body. Sarah's large, perfect breasts were unveiled to the parking lot.

"Hot damn," the stranger growled, "I ain't never seen titties that nice. Those are perfect. I wish I could get a taste."

"Mhmmmm sorry, you can watch but these are just for my man here," Sarah purred. She'd had enough foreplay. She turned and looked at Lester, desire burning in her eyes, "Where're your condoms?"

"Center console," Lester said tersely. Sarah moved from her seat and bent over to look in the center console.

"If you think her tits are great, you should see her ass," Lester said as he raised the pleated skirt giving the man a full view of Dan's wife's behind.

"Fuck," the man said as he continued to stroke his cock. "Ass is perfect too."

"Girl, why are you wasting your time on a fat man like that?" The man said, "Why don't you hop your ass on out and join me in my car? I'll show you a real good time. We can go right now!"

Staring at the stranger, Sarah grabbed a condom package then reached up and undid the clasp on her skirt, letting it fall to her ankles. She turned and ripped open the condom package, then shifted her gaze to the object of her affection. The man saw Lester's impressive erection and nodded, as if a puzzle he'd been trying to work out was suddenly solved. Sarah saw understanding cross the man's face, then she turned back to her companion and rolled the condom down Lester's large cock.

"Tempting...but Lester just gets me off so well. I'm not going to give that up. He may be big but he knows exactly how to please a woman." She got back into position on Lester's lap as she said this.

She was now naked in front of a complete stranger as she straddled Lester and positioned his cock at her entrance. She slowly lowered herself onto his dick, adjusting to fit his size.

"Fuck, well alright. I just can't wait to see you get fucked," the man said from outside the car.

Sarah pushed herself down until she was fully impaled on Lester's cock, "Uh, oh fuck Lester." Sarah loved how it felt when Lester pushed his huge cock inside of her. In her ecstasy, she leaned in to kiss him, her tongue ready to push into his mouth.

Lester stopped her, putting his hand on her chest, "Keep talking to our guest." He smiled as he raised his hips and pushed his cock deeper into Dan's wife, making sure his cock was deeply embedded before she continued speaking.

"Uh, oh, shit," Sarah moaned, feeling fuller than ever before. She looked over at the stranger with her bedroom eyes. "Mhmmm, it's too bad you didn't get here earlier. Maybe it could have been you, here, in

the backseat. Would you have liked that?" Her sexy eyebrows arched at the stranger with her question.

"Fuck yes, I would have given you the night of your life," the man said determinedly, his arm jerking himself faster.

"I don't know," Sarah breathed. She could already feel her pussy beginning to throb in anticipation of another huge orgasm, "Lester here has given me plenty of amazing nights." Sarah wrapped her arm around Lester's head and cupped her nipple to his mouth, offering her breast to him. Lester immediately took her tit into his mouth.

"But how would you do it? Which way would you take me?" Sarah eyed him as her hands made fists with Lester's chest hair. She continued to ride Lester's cock as his large stomach pushed against her and he slobbered on her breast.

"Well, I'd bend you over that seat and give you a good what for," the man said, smiling like a hyena.

"Mhmmmmm, I, I like the sound of tha- Oh, OHHH, oh shit," Sarah looked at him as she bounced up and down on Lester's cock. "Maybe next time you should get her earlier, so I could be moaning like this for, ungh, f-for you."

Then she started fucking Lester in earnest, she gripped his cock with her pussy and started to push down onto his cock, harder and faster, "Uh, uh, uh, oh, uh, OHH, oh, OH FUCK, Lester."

"Fuck Lester, don't stop! I love your fucking cock, don't fucking stop!" Sarah moaned.

"I'm not going to, cum for me baby. Cum for daddy," Lester growled, thrusting his hips up to meet her. He bent his head forward and started to suck and nip at Sarah's nipples again. His tongue swirled around her areolas. Lester gripped one of her ass cheeks tightly while he raised the other hand up and slapped her ass hard.

"Ah fuck," Sarah moaned, the pleasure and pain together cranking up her bliss.

He slapped her ass cheek again. And a third time.

"Fuck, man, give it to her!" the man encouraged from the lot outside.

"Uh, oh god," Sarah's nails dug into Lester's chest. Her mouth was agape, and her head locked down so that she was staring directly into

Lester's eyes. Her shocked look was accompanied by a high whine at the back of her throat. She came again for the second time that night, it felt as though she'd reached a new point of sexual delight with Lester's cock buried deep inside of her. Sarah held her breath and saw stars as his giant organ continued to drill her, it felt like every part of her body was on fire as a monumental orgasm continued to rock her body.

She finally let out a breath and slowed her pace on top of Lester, trying to catch her breath. Lester snaked his hand around her neck and pulled her down for a wet, sloppy kiss. Sarah's tongue ran over Lester's with wanton lust. She knew she would cum at least one more time that night - Lester's huge cock was still rock solid. She sucked his tongue deeply into her mouth, telling him she wanted more.

"Get up," Lester grunted as he pulled at her thighs.

Sarah got off of him. As his cock snaked out of her, she felt the emptiness it left behind. Her need to be refilled returned immediately. Lester put a firm hand on her back from behind her and pushed. Sarah fell to her knees on the seat as Lester positioned himself behind her. She looked up and saw the stranger outside staring at her as Lester pushed his cock into her from behind.

"Ah fuck," Lester grunted, feeling Sarah's pussy walls gripping his shaft, "God, Sarah you feel so good tonight. Very tight, I need to fuck you more often."

"Uh, fuck me now Lester," Sarah moaned as she fell onto her elbows. She pushed her hips back onto his cock as it pushed deeper into her, "God, fuck me right here you creep."

Lester smiled and grunted as he pushed the entire length of his cock into Sarah.

"Holy FUCK!," Sarah moaned as Lester pushed deeper into her than Dan ever had. A fleeting thought passed through her head, she had something she needed to do. Something about Dan. Lester pulled his cock out to the tip and rammed it all back into her. The vehicle's axle groaned with the effort as the entire car shook.

"Uhhhhhhh," Sarah was jostled forward, her head mashing against the inside of the car door. She focused on taking Lester's cock and the feeling of it inside of her. Any other thought a distant memory as

Lester consumed her entire being. She never wanted his pounding to cease. Lester's cock continued to deliciously thrust forward into her drenched sex, sending the horny wife to the heights only Lester could.

"Right there," Sarah moaned, "Right there Lester, don't stop. Don't you dare stop fucking me."

"I'm not stopping til I make you cum on my cock Sarah," Lester grunted as he ran his hand up her back and grabbed a fistful of the hair on the base of her neck. He pulled her head up, sending pain up her neck as his cock continued to throttle her dripping-wet pussy. Again, a damp sucking sound filled the car, making the three of them aware just how soaked Lester had gotten her. The stranger saw a dead eyed grimace painted on Lester's face as he grasped the beauty's hair as if it were a horse's reins.

Sarah lazily opened her eyes to see the stranger a few inches away as he pumped his cock while watching her get thoroughly fucked by her husband's roommate.

"That's it. Take it! Take it, baby!" the man said. "Ah fuck yeah, god you're so sexy."

"Ah, oh ffffuh- fuck me," Sarah moaned, staring into the stranger's eyes. At this point she really didn't know whether she was talking to him or to Lester. She just needed to keep feeling the sensation of getting fucked. "Fuck me." Lester jerked her head back by her hair and the flash of pain cranked the tension up inside Sarah. The creep knew Sarah loved the roughness; he pressed his cock deeper, stretching her pussy on the base of his shaft as he pulled her head back.

This situation was too much for Sarah to handle. She was in the backseat of a car, in a strange city, getting fucked and manhandled by her husband's creepy roommate while a stranger jerked off, staring at her. It felt like her sex was on fire. She could feel another orgasm getting ready to set ablaze and consume her, "Don't, uh, oh uh, don't stop, uh, uh, Lester...oh, uh don't fucking stop! FUCK MEEEE!"

Lester felt Sarah's pussy gripping his cock. She was close. He wanted to send her over the edge, "I'm going fucking cum Sarah. Give it to me. "

“Uh fuck, uh, yes,” Sarah grunted as she thrust back on Lester. “Cum for me, Lester. Cum, baby.”

Lester rammed hard into Sarah, pushing her further forward. She quickly adjusted and planted her hands on the car window to steady herself. She felt Lester’s cock begin to throb inside of her, he was about to cum. The sensation of feeling him pulsate inside of her caused her pussy to respond in kind, “Oh fuck, Oh fuck, Uh, Uh.”

As Sarah was beginning to feel the first wave of her orgasm about to slam down on her, she felt a hand on the back of her head. She had forgotten where she was. Lester’s fucking had pushed her head almost all the way out of the car window.

Sarah opened her eyes and saw the gravel under the man’s work boots. As she quickly got her bearings, her eyes widened at seeing a strange cock below her. Sarah had never seen an uncircumcised cock before, let alone seen someone furiously stroking one. Its size was similar to Dan’s, but this man’s manhood wasn’t as well tended to as her husband’s. The graying hair around the base was wild and untamed. She stared at the uncircumcised head, wondering what the difference would feel like to a woman.

Lester thrust hard into her, snapping her attention back to the cock firmly embedded inside of her. She realized she had been staring. The man shuffled his feet as he stepped closer. Sarah quickly glanced up at the stranger’s face.

The man pulled firmly on the back of her head as he stood up on his toes. Sarah opened her eyes in time to see the man’s mouth open and his tongue darting out towards her. Sarah’s pussy gripped Lester’s cock as this stranger pushed his tongue into her mouth. Sarah couldn’t help it, her body was on fire and out of control. She sucked the man’s tongue as it penetrated her mouth. She tasted cigarettes and stale coffee and she loved every second of it. Her tongue pressed back into the man’s mouth, her bliss making her lose control.

Sarah’s orgasm finally hit just as Lester’s cock began shooting warm cum into the condom. She felt blast after blast of cum explode inside her. Sarah’s mind reeled as she kissed the man back hard, she moaned into his mouth as a tsunami washed over her entire body, spreading pleasure out to every inch of her. Her pussy gripped Lester’s

cock as it tightened and she milked every last drop of his cum out, squeezing his pole like a frantic lover. Lester grunted loudly and pushed in deeply behind her, ensuring she took all of his seed.

"Ughhhhh," the stranger pulled his tongue back but their lips stayed partly together, a strand of saliva connecting them. He bucked his hips and came hard, his cum shooting onto the side of the SUV's door. Sarah's pussy pulsed on Lester's cock as the stranger groaned. As if trying to revive the massive organ inside her.

As the stranger finished cumming he moaned and lazily kissed Sarah. She felt Lester withdraw from her. She stayed at the window for a few seconds, kissing this stranger, her tongue dancing with his. After a moment, she finally got her bearings, blinked her eyes and pulled herself back from the window. Lester was peeling off his condom before tossing it onto the floor.

The man stood there looking exasperated, staring at Sarah. She could still see the burning hunger in his eyes. She turned to Lester and whispered, "Okay, take me home."

"We're going to head out now," Lester said breathlessly to the man, sitting comfortably naked in the back of the car.

He got the hint, trudged back to his car, and got inside. Lester eyed him suspiciously before pulling on his own pants and shirt. Satisfied that the man would stay in his vehicle, Lester opened the SUV door, got back into the driver's seat, and rolled up the back window.

Sarah's limbs felt like jello, and she took her time getting dressed, gradually slipping back into her outfit. By the time she was done, the other car was pulling away, its headlights briefly illuminating Sarah as she stared back.

"I think I'm going to stay back here," Sarah said to Lester. She put on her seat belt and let out a long breath. She couldn't believe what just happened. She lazed in the back seat, her legs slightly spread.

Lester started the ignition and drove out of the parking lot.

Sarah was tired. She hadn't been fucked like that since the last time she was with Lester. She had almost forgotten how intense her orgasms were with him. She couldn't believe she'd put on a show like that for a stranger, let alone that he had kissed her, and she'd responded in kind. Part of her worried what she would have done if

that door hadn't been locked and the man had opened it and come inside.

She stared out the window as they passed by different Chicago streets. The effect of the repeating streetlights was hypnotic. Her eyes felt heavy. She would just close them for a bit until they got back to the apartment. As she drifted off to sleep, Sarah felt completely satisfied for the first time that week.

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"Hey, wakey wakey," Lester nudged Sarah from the open car door. She opened her eyes and looked around, getting her bearings. She was in the back of Lester's SUV in just her bra and panties. She didn't remember putting them on but she didn't remember passing out either. The last thing she remembered was the taste of old coffee.

The details of the last hour came flooding back to her, "Ugh."

"Time to go upstairs," Lester said from the car doorway, "We're back at the apartment."

"Give me a sec," Sarah felt the cold night air against her soft white skin. She undid her belt and looked around for her clothes. She found her sweater and pulled it on over her head. She was searching on the floor for her skirt when her hand touched something sticky and wet.

"What the hell?" She looked down and saw it. Lester's large condom just sitting on the floor, his cum oozing out of it.

"Oh, would you mind getting that?" Lester smirked.

Sarah rolled her eyes and grabbed the condom, being careful not to let any of Lester's pungent cum leak out onto her. She went to pass it to Lester, but he didn't react.

"I don't want it, I just wanted you to get it out of my car," he said.

Sarah stared at him flatly, wondering what happened to the Lester from the bookshop.

"Fine," she said as she moved past him, got out of the car and walked to a nearby garbage can against the building.

Sarah knew Lester was trying to play games with her but she wasn't having it. She was too tired. He wouldn't expect her to walk out of the car in just her panties and a sweater, so that's what she did.

Lester retrieved her skirt and shoes from the SUV and closed the door.

"Here," He said, handing her the discarded clothing. Sarah took them and put them on along with her shoes. After Sarah was dressed, they made their way into the apartment building.

Sarah looked at her reflection in the elevator's mirror. She looked like a hot mess. Her hair was tussled, and she aptly looked as if she'd just been through the marathon sex session she'd just had. Hopefully, Dan was asleep so he wouldn't see her like this.

As the elevator doors opened, Lester held them for her to step through first. The man was a walking puzzle to her, polite and chivalrous one second and then he would talk to her like a jerk and act as if she were worthless. Her thoughts on Lester persisted until they reached the apartment door.

Lester stuck his hand against the door frame, barring her from going further.

"Before we go in," Lester said, looking into her eyes. "I want a goodnight kiss. I don't want that getting taken away from me."

As Sarah was about to respond, Lester grabbed her by her waist with both hands and pulled her body against his, mashing his lips against hers. Sarah closed her eyes and responded, kissing him back, his tongue pushing into her mouth, waking up her tired body.

Lester abruptly broke their kiss, leaving Sarah reeling. He turned and opened the door to the apartment and walked in, leaving her in the hallway. Sarah blinked her eyes and followed him.

Walking into the apartment, she saw Dan staring daggers at Lester. His gaze finally turned to her, and his expression shifted. He looked worried, taken aback by her appearance. He clearly knew what had happened and in that moment, understood that she'd fucked Lester and hadn't called him. He also looked like he either wanted to murder someone or fuck someone; perhaps both.

"Heh," Lester chuckled, seeing Dan's face as he left the couple standing there. The sound of Lester shutting his door made Sarah realize she was still standing in the doorway. She stepped forward and closed the door behind her.

"Dan," she said, moving toward him, "I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to forget to call you. Things just kind of escalated and got out of hand."

"What happened?" Dan was staring at her with intense eyes. They ran across her body, trying to decipher what happened. He could put the obvious pieces together but needed her confirmation.

Sarah shifted on her feet, she met Dan's eyes, "Well we went to a farmer's market and then dinner. After Lester drove us to a wooded parking lot where –"

"Not here," Dan said as he turned and marched to his bedroom. Sarah was taken aback by him not greeting her with a kiss or holding her and instead wanting to bring her to the bedroom. He must be angry with her.

She followed him down the hallway and gently closed the door behind her. She closed her eyes and braced herself against the door for a second. She took a deep breath and turned around. Dan was sitting on the bed, staring at her.

"Tell me what happened in the parking lot," Dan said, trying to stay calm.

Sarah sat on the bed next to him, "We pulled into this wooded lot. I told Lester I needed to call you to check-in. He told me to call when something was about to happen. He said he would call, which, obviously, he didn't. We both got distracted when another car pulled into the parking lot."

"Another car?" Dan asked.

"Yeah, it drove slowly and parked right next to us. It was so weird because it was a big parking lot and we were the only ones there." Sarah glanced at Dan. "The driver got out, came up to our window, and started watching us."

The intense look on Dan's face didn't dissipate. It looked like he was trying to hold something in.

"The guy watched us through the window. And then he started to touch himself." Sarah whispered.

"Touch himself where?" Dan asked hoarsely.

"You know where," Sarah said.

"Tell me exactly," Dan said.

"His cock. He started touching his cock while watching us." Sarah admitted.

Dan shifted on the bed. She could see he was starting to breathe faster. She still didn't know exactly how he was reacting.

"Go on," Dan said, not looking at her.

"Then Lester rolled down the window part way to give the guy a better look. Lester took my bra off and got me to talk to the guy."

"What did you say?" Dan said, staring at the wall across the bed. He gulped. A bead of sweat ran down his brow.

"Honestly, Dan I don't know what got into me but I said all sorts of stuff about him watching me, him wishing he was Lester right now and he kept saying how much he wanted me."

"Did you fuck this stranger, Sarah?" Dan's eyes snapped to hers.

"No! No, I wouldn't do that Dan. That's something else." Sarah said, placing a hand on his thigh. Dan didn't move to reciprocate the gesture. Sarah could see the tension locked in his shoulders. "Lester fucked...Lester and I had sex and the guy watched from the window."

"Did you make Lester wear a condom?" Dan asked sharply.

"Yes," She said, "He wore one. I put it on myself."

Dan grimaced at the admission, "What else?"

"The stranger kept watching and saying lewd things. Then Lester pushed into me so hard that it pushed my head out the window, and the man grabbed me and kissed me."

"Kissed you? Jesus, a stranger?" Dan said. Sarah could see that Dan's dick was beginning to grow in his pants, "What happened next?"

"Nothing. I broke the kiss, and Lester finished. Lester told the guy to get out of there. I fell asleep in the back and Lester drove us back here." Sarah felt a weight lifting from her chest.

"Sarah..." Dan started, "I don't know whether to be pissed at you, pissed at Lester or pissed at myself. This is something beyond what I ever expected."

"I know," Sarah said. "I know. I didn't plan this; it was a spur-of-the-moment thing that just happened. We got lost in the heat of the moment."

Dan sat there silently.

"Can I ask you something?" Sarah said. Looking past Dan at the wall he shared with Lester, she noticed that the peephole cover had been removed. Dan must have taken it off when he walked in.

"What? What is it?" Dan said.

"Are you pissed it happened, or are you pissed you weren't there to see it happen?" Sarah asked.

Dan gulped and let out a long breath. He pinched the bridge of his nose, "If I'm being honest, I don't know. I'm not sure how I would have reacted in that situation if it was happening right in front of me."

"I think you do, I think you know exactly what you'd do." Sarah whispered.

Dan looked at her, his expression somewhat softened, but a fire still raged behind his eyes. Sarah recognized the look. It was the beginning of the lust overtaking him.

Sarah slid her hand off his thigh and onto his crotch, "If you were there and this man started watching me. If I looked at you, would you have stopped it or given me your silent nod?"

Dan's cock twitched under his pants.

"Would you have let that stranger watch me get fucked? What if it was you and me in the car? What would you have done?" Sarah was now stroking Dan's cock through his pants.

Sarah withdrew her hand and pulled at the bottom of her sweater. She pulled it over her head and let it drop onto the floor. She gently played with her bra strap as she laid back on the bed, "What would you do if the stranger saw me like this? In just my bra? Would you stop it Dan?"

Dan stared at his wife, her hair was mussed and his roommate had defiled her and it showed. Sarah could read the turmoil on her husband's face. Eventually, one side won out. He crawled over to her.

"No," he whispered, "I'd let him watch us."

Sarah pulled at the waistband of Dan's pants. He quickly pulled them all the way off and did the same with hers, shortly followed by her panties. Sarah bit her lip as Dan lowered his boxes and tossed them onto the floor.

"Show him. Show the stranger how you fuck your wife," Sarah encouraged as she pulled her husband toward her.

The intense expressions returned to Dan's face as he grabbed Sarah by the back of her head, his other hand on her waist. Without any hesitation, he lined his cock up with her pussy and pushed his entire length into her.

"Uh, oh fuck." Sarah breathed. "Fuck Dan."

"Mmmhmmm," He grunted, "You like getting watched while you fuck Sarah?"

"Uh, oh, yeah," Sarah gripped Dan's shoulders tightly. Dan was fucking her hard and fast, just like she needed. "I love it. Someone, someone watching us together. Naked."

"Watching you," Dan grunted as he pulled his cock out and pushed himself fully back inside of her. "Watching how you moan, how you cum, picturing you doing it for them."

"Fuck Dan," Sarah bit his shoulder as he fucked her, "Don't stop baby. So good. So good."

Dan just grunted in reply as he pushed his foot onto the floor to get leverage, he tweaked his hip and continued to push into Sarah with renewed vigor.

"Fuck," Dan gritted his teeth and gripped Sarah harder. He looked down at his wife and saw her face contorting in pleasure. The pleasure from his cock. Something came over him, some primal urge for victory. Knowing that he was pleasuring her was electric.

Sarah opened her eyes and saw Dan staring down at her with an animalistic lust. He'd never looked more attractive to her. She reached her hands up behind his head and pulled his head down to hers as she sucked on his lips and tongue.

Dan pushed his tongue into his wife's mouth as she moaned around it. He kissed her hard and fast in time with his cock pumping into her unprotected pussy.

"God," Sarah broke the kiss to catch her breath, "Don't stop Dan, right there. Mmmmm fuck. Uh. So good Dan. Keep going. Don't stop."

Hearing her words, knowing she was so close, Dan felt his balls tingle. He pushed himself up on the bed and held onto Sarah's hips as he rammed her cock into her faster than before.

"Oh fuck Dan," Sarah moaned. "Uh, uh, yeah baby, uh, uh, fffffffffffUUUCK."

Sarah came on Dan's pistoning cock. She felt like her body was melting into his as he continued to pump himself into her.

"I'm going to cum Sarah," Dan breathed.

"Cum," Sarah said through her teeth as her orgasm continued to wrack against her body. One of her legs lifted into the air as her toes curled, her fingernails digging into Dan's back, urging him to stay in place as she came.

"Fuck," Dan said as his balls emptied and cum shot of his cock into his wife's fertile pussy, "Ah, AH, ARRGH. OH Fuckkkkk!"

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she felt Dan's hot cum shooting into her, washing over her insides, looking for purchase. Feeling Dan's cum inside of her caused her orgasm to intensify and prolong, her body rode it like a wave washing over a beach, never-ending.

Soon, Sarah and Dan were lying there panting, staring into each other's eyes. Neither said a word. Dan rolled off of his wife.

Sarah stared at the ceiling, wondering what Dan was thinking and whether he was still upset and had just gotten caught up in the moment with her. What was going to be next for them with all the craziness that was happening in their life? Now that clarity was returning to her husband's head, what would he say?

As if in response, Dan's hand found hers. She encircled her fingers around his as they both lay there in bliss. Neither said a word. Both just enjoyed the afterglow they felt in that moment.

Feeling the first bit of sleep begin to take him, Dan's last thoughts were about Lester. *Hope he heard that. Creepy prick...*

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The hot coffee sat untouched on Sarah's desk. She sat at her desk staring at her computer screen, her eyes unfocused. She was having a difficult time staying focused today.

She kept replaying the events of the weekend in her mind. Her date with Dan and the thoughtful gesture of getting them a private hotel room, followed by a nice sex session helped them feel reconnected.

Then the next day, Lester takes her out, culminating in her once again fucking him in his SUV while putting on a show for a complete stranger. Not just putting on a show but actively talking and flirting with the stranger at Lester's urging. Letting that stranger kiss her...and kiss him back.

It didn't escape her how similar the situation was to her early times with Dan on the couch while Lester watched, only Dan wasn't there this time. It was Lester who was both simultaneously playing Dan's role of putting her on display but also the one making her cum and pulling her further into risqué scenarios.

Lester had actually had a conversation with her this time, it felt more like a genuine encounter and she saw a side of him she hadn't previously. It was clear that he was in a bit of a funk since his break up but their dates seemed to be re-energizing him. She almost felt sympathy toward him; if it wasn't for his attitude and the intense way he fucked her she'd feel sorry for him. It was like she was peeling back the layers of an onion and discovering more and more about this trollish man.

Her thoughts were interrupted as her cell phone rang. She smiled warmly when she saw it was her husband calling. How he took her after she returned from the parking lot date with Lester flashed into her mind.

"Hey, love," Sarah said as she answered.

"Hey baby, I got some good news," Dan said.

"Oh yeah? Don't hold out on me, tell me what it is." Sarah said excitedly.

"I got another interview with another firm here in Chicago. This time in person, but it's in two days at their headquarters here in Chicago." Dan exclaimed.

"That's wonderful, honey," Sarah was silently dismayed that it was another Chicago job. She wanted her husband at home. "I'm so happy for you. I know you are going to do great, and at least in person, there hopefully won't be any naked people walking into the room."

"Heh, yeah, can you imagine? I'll have to take the morning off, but I don't think it'll be a problem. The office is pretty empty these days anyway." Dan said.

"It's getting that bleak there?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, it's just sad, honestly," Dan replied. "Uh, honey, I wanted to ask something else while I have you."

"Sure, babe, what's up?" Sarah noticed a bunch of email notifications popping up on her screen but kept her focus on her husband.

"About your date with Lester. I just wanted to double check, like, do you still feel safe? I'm pretty pissed that he would expose you like that to a stranger." Dan said.

"I mean, it's not like he planned it. The guy kind of just showed up, and Lester just rolled with it. I'm not going to lie, it did feel a little unsafe, not knowing what this person would do. But the danger did add something to it. It's like the same risky feeling I've had when we roleplayed scenarios like that, but turned up 100 percent. It was intense."

"What if something like that happens again? Do you think we should talk more about it? These dates, I didn't expect them to go in a direction where some random guy could get involved —"

Sarah's desk phone started ringing. She sent it to voicemail.

"Sorry baby, just a work call." Sarah said.

"Yeah, no worries, what I was saying is, do you think we should —" Dan was cut off again by Sarah's desk phone ringing.

"Babe, sorry, this must be urgent. Can I call you right back?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, no worries, I get it. I love you baby." Dan said. He sounded a little crestfallen.

"I love you too baby. Bye, my love." Sarah said.

"Bye baby." Dan said.

Sarah picked up the receiver of the desk phone, "Sarah Williams."

"Uh hey Sarah, it's Drew," her boss said awkwardly as if he just remembered their last interaction. Sarah felt her face blush. She still hadn't spoken to Drew about what had happened. She was mortified that he had walked in on her while she was in her underwear. She didn't even know how to approach that conversation.

"I need you. I mean, uh, you are needed. Come down to meeting room A114 this is an urgent situation that just happened."

"I'll be right there," Sarah put down the receiver and left her office. It was a short elevator ride and a bit of a walk, but she reached meeting room A114 within five minutes.

She wondered what she would find on the other side of the door. Perhaps Drew has waiting for her with HR to talk about her conduct in the office. That seemed unlikely. If anything, he was probably worried about her going to HR. The idea of doing that to him made her sick, considering the games she was playing with Lester at the time.

She opened the door, and the CTO, the head of IT, was standing in front of a projector addressing a packed room. Other department heads were present, along with some of the legal and communications teams. It was never a good sign when the lawyers came to a meeting.

She ducked into the room and stood in an open space along the back wall.

"It's not just our hospital," the CTO said to the crowded room, "several clinics in our network have also been locked out of their systems. The group responsible hasn't mentioned the clinics yet, just us. They might not even know they have compromised other systems since those clinics shared our infrastructure."

"So, what are our options?" Drew said, looking around, confused. "How does this happen? Whose fault was it?"

"I think," the CTO started, "That who is to blame isn't important at the moment. We can figure that out afterwards. Right now, we need to consider our options going forward."

He gestured to the lawyers and the communications people. "We're completely locked out of our systems here. The group claims to have our patient records and will release them online. The only way to get our records back and to get back into our systems is to pay their ransom."

"How does this just happen?" Drew said, exasperated.

"It appears that someone clicked a link in an email that was addressed from you. Obviously, it wasn't you, but they clicked it, and the ransomware installed itself on their computer and infected our entire network before we could catch it."

"Why didn't you catch it!" Drew said, standing. "This is why we have an IT department, is it not!?"

The CTO locked eyes with Sarah as if looking for sympathy. He suppressed a flash of anger that came over his face, "We're under-resourced here. Our budget is continually slashed. We barely keep on top of maintaining our current systems, let alone doing preventative work. You suggested that we outsource things like our firewalls, security, and redundant systems to Swan Systems two years ago. You should really take this up with them - they haven't answered our calls yet. Their response time is abysmal."

Sarah cringed. She knew that Drew had insisted on using Swan Systems because he could slash the hospital's budget and eliminate some jobs. It was also widely known that he was golf buddies with the CEO of Swan Systems and may have received an undisclosed kickback for awarding them the contract. There had been underlying tension between the CTO and Drew since the signing, but this was the first time it had come to a head.

"We're fucked!" Drew yelled. Some of the people in the room flinched at the outburst. "We're going to be cooked when the public finds out about this. All our data - compromised! The board is going to have my ass if we have to pay this astronomical ransom."

"If I may," Sarah said, stepping forward. "I think we're all upset by this. Obviously the bad guys here are the ones that are holding our data hostage. Right now we need to all take a breath and figure out our next steps. Let's do this; we set up a command center here in this room. Let's tighten the circle on this, only those who need to run point for their departments stay in the room. Department heads, pick someone from your teams who can lead the effort and coordinate your teams. Make them aware that if someone says jump, they need to jump *fast*."

All eyes were on Sarah, and Drew seemed to deflate a bit, knowing someone was taking charge. "Next, let's all of us do our jobs, people. Can the IT team take the next hour to give us a list of options here from a technical perspective as well as how we prevent this from happening again? Drew, can you get ahold of the CEO of Swan Systems? Even if you have to drive down there and bang on their door. Maybe take some of our guys with you. We are paying them, after all."

Sarah looked at the lawyers in the room, "Can you guys figure out what our options are from a legal standpoint and what our obligations are?"

Then she turned to the communications team. She mentally noted a few people appraising her body as she moved, "We need some plans for how we communicate this to the public and to our patients. Even our staff. Maybe different options for different scenarios."

Sarah looked back at the CTO, who was nodding along, "Which system are we locked out of? Patient records? Diagnostics? Payroll?"

"All of it," the CTO said, shaking his head, "It's a big headache."

"Okay, okay, alright." Sarah had her hands on her hips. She unconsciously had her chest pressed out as she surveyed the room. "Alright, well, department heads, it's time to figure out how to run a hospital without our current systems. Figure out where things are at with all the patients who are currently in beds, get the nurses on the phone to call outside doctor's offices to see who is supposed to be coming in. Hell, call in family members to help. Cancel non-emergency surgeries, and figure out what we can do. I'll connect with you all soon."

Sarah stood there, wondering what to do next. All eyes were on her. She looked at Drew, hoping he would step up and rally the troops. When it was clear he was comfortable sitting back she had to take reigns, "Alright, let's get going people. The only way we are going to get through this is to get moving. We're in this together. Let's go."

With that, people began filtering out of the room. The head of payroll slid up next to Sarah, he said, "We need to find a solution that gets us our data back. We have hundreds of thousands of dollars in outstanding invoices. We can't just ignore that debt. If we can't get back up and running, we won't even know how much we need to bill out for today. What about the procedures we do tomorrow? It's going to be a nightmare."

"We'll figure it out," Sarah said. "Let's just get started on the first step and then figure out the rest."

As people were filtering out, she heard a couple of people mumbling.

"Lives are at stake, and he wants to know who to blame?" one said.

Another chimed in, "He's worthless, but she is probably severely underpaid for keeping this shit together."

An hour later, Sarah was in the makeshift war room as the CTO was briefing a small subset of hospital staff.

"Our teams are on it, but we are reasonably sure we can't get in. We've identified it as a Bad Rabbit ransomware package. Our staff is mostly system admins, guys that maintain the network, repair our systems and manage devices - they don't handle this kind of thing. This should really be on Swan Systems. It is in their contract with us that they manage security."

"Let's get Drew on the line and see what he says," one of the other members said. He reached forward and dialled Drew's number from the conference phone in the middle of the table. It rang a few times before Drew answered.

"Hello, Drew here," his voice echoed into the room.

"Hey, Drew, we got the whole crew here. We're wondering what Swan Systems is saying about this." the CTO said.

"Uh, yeah, they are saying it's going to be impossible to get back into the system. We need to either pay the ransom and hope they give us back our data and pray that they don't extort us further. That or else we ignore it, and we'll have to rebuild our systems and set up a bunch of new servers from scratch."

"That's not going to happen quickly," someone said.

"Do they have any other options for us?" the CTO asked. "We have some data backed up, but I don't know if it's compromised. It shouldn't be since it would be from before the scam email we identified, but we would need to check it thoroughly."

Drew said from the speaker, "They are suggesting that we start rebuilding our system and not pay the ransom. That seems to be a typical approach in these situations."

"Of course, they'd suggest that," the CTO scoffed, "They are the ones who are going to be billing us to rebuild everything. They'll make a ton of cash off of us."

Sarah's mind was reeling. She didn't know how to solve this situation, she was out of her depth. She just wished she could get her

hands dirty, do the hard work and figure out a solution, but this wasn't her kind of problem.

The lawyers had already chimed in that the board would likely vote against paying the ransom. They'd reached out to other contractors, and IT security firms people had in their networks. They either replied with the same options that Swan Systems did or hadn't responded.

If she had known that this was the mess she'd be walking into on Monday morning, she would have called in sick and stayed in Chicago with Dan and Lester.

A thought occurred to her. It was a Hail Mary idea, but she might as well try it. Sarah pulled out her phone as Drew and the CTO continued to deliberate over the conference line. Under the table, she opened her messages. She ignored Lester's last message and typed.

Do you know anything about ransomware?

I know a bit about it. Why? What's up?

Have you heard of one called Bad Rabbit?

I have. It's popular. A lot of my clients are dealing with it.

"Excuse me, I need to make a call," Sarah said as she rose from the table while dialing Lester's number.

# Chapter Six

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“M orale is not good right now,” Sarah said as she sat in the hospital’s makeshift war room. Around the table were the heads of all the major departments and Drew, who looked like he hadn’t eaten in a week.

“Across the board, from custodial to nurses and doctors up through administration, everyone is on edge figuring out how to operate this place without our computer systems. Everyone is doing their own thing to get through the day, patient care is inconsistent across the board, and we are having to invent new ways of doing things or, in some cases, reverting back to how things were done before computers.” Sarah breathed, looking around at her colleagues. She hadn’t felt this stressed in a long time. She wished she could just pause time and escape to Chicago for a break from it all.

She shifted in her seat, thinking about laying under Dan while they made love. Getting lost in his touch, feeling him between her. Knowing she is being watched through the hole in the wall.

“That’s the problem,” one of her colleagues chimed in, “We have a lot of millennials and Gen Z on staff who’ve never had to do their jobs, let alone do anything in their lives without a computer. Now we are telling them to operate like we used to in the 80s and 90s, and their little brains just can’t handle it. I’ve got pathologists using tape recorders for dictation, for god’s sake. Then, someone will need to

transcribe those! We used to get biopsies done in a single day, but now we are backed up at least six weeks. It's ludicrous!

Sarah noticed the mood shift in the room. Everyone looked frustrated, which she knew fell back on her to solve. She had to figure out a way out of this situation and unify everyone. Something Drew should be doing but was proving incapable of.

"Everyone is going to be even more pissed this week," the head of finance chimed in.

Drew looked up from his phone, "What do you mean?"

"We're locked out of all our systems. We can't do payroll. We can't pay our people. We pay them every two weeks, which should be this week."

"Jesus fucking Christ," Drew said, putting his hands to his face.

Sarah quickly did the math in her head. She needed to get paid this week. Usually, she got paid on Thursdays, the same as Dan. That helped cover the mortgage payment that came out on Friday. Without that payment, she'd have to dip further into their already depleted savings.

"Can't," she heard herself saying before her brain registered she was speaking, "Can't we just go to our bank and get cash or checks and issue those to staff?"

She realized she was saying this more as an employee who desperately needed to get paid, not as the hospital administrator she was.

"Do you know how long it would take to get checks printed and write them all out manually? Do the calculations on who had vacation time and who didn't show up for shifts? We have hundreds of employees. It's impossible," the man sat back, huffing.

"It's a pain in the ass, but it's not impossible. Sure mistakes will be made, but it's better than having our staff walk out on us," another person chimed in.

Drew still sat in the back, covering his eyes.

"Drew," the CTO said loudly, trying to quell the upset voices in the room, "What did the board say?"

Drew sighed as he lowered his hands and stared at the table in front of him, "They didn't approve of us paying the ransom. They said we

can't pay it. We'll have to rebuild all our systems from scratch."

The room erupted in a series of groans.

Sarah turned to the CTO, "There's really nothing we can do here?"

Someone stood up and started berating Drew. The CTO, Jerry, turned to Sarah. She had to lean forward to hear him over the rest of the devolving discourse, "Every consultant or firm we have reached out to has told us that everyone either pays or rebuilds. Bad Rabbit is just too hard to crack. And if they could crack it and fix this for us, it might take months and that's something we don't have. The scammers gave us a deadline to pay or they will wipe the systems anyway. We're fucked."

Sarah sat back in her seat, stunned. Her colleagues continued their outbursts but Sarah couldn't engage. All she could think of now was her upcoming mortgage payment and what she needed to do to make sure it went through. She'd have to get the head of finance to take action and issue physical checks, but she also needed to find a way to solve this problem.

She gulped. She hadn't told anyone at work about Lester yet. He claimed to be able to help. She just wondered what it would cost.

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"Come on," Dan mumbled as he looked through the cabinets in the kitchen. "Just one clean mug. All I need is one clean mug. Would it kill him to ever clean up after himself?"

Dan had left his Yeti tumbler at work and was trying to make a coffee before starting his day. He heard a shuffling sound from the other room. His eyes flicked to his watch. It was just past seven am. His interview wasn't until this afternoon.

The toast popped out of the toaster, but Dan ignored it. He took a few steps to glance into the living room. Lester was sitting on a chair, struggling against his gut as he put on his boots. After watching him for over a minute, Lester finally got both boots on. His face was flushed beet red as he stood up and seemed out of breath.

"You're up," Dan couldn't remember the last time he had seen Lester get out of bed before noon, "Where are you going?"

Lester smirked at him as he opened the door, "To go see your wife."

The door shut behind Lester, and Dan rolled his eyes, "What a fuckface."

Dan returned to the kitchen, spread peanut butter on his toast, and started eating. He took bites as he continued to look around the cabinets for a clean mug but eventually gave up. *I'll hit Starbucks on the way in.*

As Dan sat on the bus to work, he ultimately decided to skip Starbucks and just make a coffee in the office. That was at least free. His mind turned to thoughts of Sarah and the issues she was experiencing at work. It sounded like her workplace was in quite a tight spot. Someone had clicked the wrong link, and now the entire hospital was locked out of their systems.

He knew it was a stressful situation but he still didn't like that Sarah had called Lester for his opinion. It didn't sit right with him. The only things Lester was an expert on were eating Cheetos and playing video games. *And fucking your wife.*

Dan shook his head. Self-defeating thoughts had been creeping up more often lately. He tried to keep a positive outlook but his situation was beginning to turn on him. It was frustrating. He wanted to take action, to do something to improve their situation but there was nothing for him to do. He couldn't work hard at a job that didn't exist. He could grab a lifeline that wasn't being thrown to him.

The only thing he could do right now was toil away at his current job while hoping to find a better one. He needed to stop spiralling, especially today. He needed to focus on his interview.

As the elevator doors opened on Dan's office floor, he couldn't help but be taken aback by how quiet it was. When he'd first started, the office would be bustling by now. As he walked towards the kitchen, he nodded to his glum-looking coworkers. It wasn't lost on him how many cubicles and offices now sat empty. He got the distinct feeling he was on a sinking ship.

He rounded the corner into the kitchen and saw one person in front of him, making their coffee. His boss, Walt.

"Morning Walt," Dan said as he grabbed his Yeti tumbler off the drying rack, "How goes the battle?"

Walt turned to Dan and smiled. Dan hadn't remembered Walt ever looking so old.

"Good Dan, good," Walt said, "I think we are finally on the right track, we're turning a corner. By this time next year this will all be a painful memory. But say, Johnson just put in his two weeks and I was hoping you could take on his workload. He has some projects on the go, so nothing too much."

"Yeah, no problem," Dan said. He didn't bother asking about compensation for the additional responsibilities. He knew what the answer would be.

"Thanks, Dan. I think this place would fall apart without you," Walt said, patting him on the back as he headed towards his office with his fresh brewed coffee.

Dan stepped up to the coffee machine and pressed the button. Dan watched his tumbler slowly begin to fill as the delicious scent of coffee hit his nose. He heard the rhythmic beat of his cell phone. A text message.

He reached into his jacket pocket and retrieved it. It was from Sarah.

Hey baby. I'm at work safe and sound. Another emergency meeting. They are saying we can't pay the ransom and have to rebuild everything from scratch.

Dan read her message and watched as three dots appeared. His coffee finished brewing but he stood there waiting for the dots to disappear. Eventually, a message replaced them.

Lester thinks he can fix this. I'm not so sure but I asked him to come in and see what he can do. I know, I know, it's Lester, right. But he has a website and everything, he actually looks kind of legit.

Dan felt his stomach drop. Lester had been serious this morning when he said he was leaving to see Sarah. Could he have stopped him then, before he left? Dan felt like he let another opportunity slip

through his fingers. But this time that opportunity had designs on his wife.

He balled his hand into a fist. He was cornered at work and felt like the rest of his life was slipping out of his grasp. Once again he had underestimated Lester and it had cost him. Lester had been truthful with him and presented an opportunity to counter but he had missed it.

Another message came in, sharing a URL. Dan clicked it and it looked very professional and gave an air of expertise and competence. Still, something about it seemed almost too perfect. Dan couldn't quite put his finger on why it bothered him.

It was probably his bias that Lester was heading to Middleton, his hometown. To come in and be the knight in shining armor to his wife. He gritted his teeth as he put the lid on his tumbler and headed for his office. He would toil away at these projects for Walt to what end? None of it would get him closer to his goals and none of it would get him closer to being back with Sarah and the kids.

As he closed his office door behind him he exhaled and took a deep breath. *Focus. You have the interview this afternoon. That could be a game-changer.*

"Screw this," Dan said as he sat down. Work would have to wait. It was time to prep for his interview.

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Rain was beginning to hit Sarah's office window. She watched the parking lot below as speckles of rain began to dot the cars. Holding her warm coffee mug to her chest, Sarah closed her eyes and focused on her breathing. She'd used this technique for years to center herself, try to relax, and shut out the world and problems around her by breathing.

The ringing of her desk phone broke her focus. Sighing, Sarah turned around, walked over to her desk and answered it.

"Hi Mrs. Williams. This is the security desk downstairs," the female voice on the other end said. "Your, uh...guest has arrived."

"Thank you," Sarah said, feeling the hairs on the back of her neck stand up, "I'll be right down."

Sarah hung up the phone and took one last glance out the window. Dark rain clouds were on the horizon. With one last sip of coffee, she left her office and headed to the elevator.

As Sarah entered the hospital lobby, it was striking to see Lester standing there. To see him out of the apartment, out of Chicago – in her place of work, in her hometown. She felt uneasy about it. Her brain wanted to digest and process. This was something she needed to think about. But Sarah had a job to do, and hopefully, Lester could help her get it done.

Lester was standing in the middle of the hospital lobby, awkwardly scrolling on his phone. He wore scuffed dress shoes - Lester's baggy jeans covered the heels. His grey sweater didn't look too bad, but it seemed to strain at his bulky mass. A faded white collar indicated he wore a dress shirt underneath, though Sarah couldn't be sure what state it was in. The strap of a black backpack hung over one shoulder.

Sarah rolled her eyes. She already knew Drew would hate him. Sarah should have thought ahead and gotten Lester better clothes. He was, after all, a reflection on her.

She nodded to the security guard as she walked across the lobby towards Lester. It only now dawned on her that perhaps this was a terrible idea. Her coworkers and colleagues would see her with Lester, her husband's roommate. Someone she had been intimate with.

Sarah straightened her skirt before stretching out her hand to Lester, "Lester good to see you again. Thank you for coming down."

Lester smirked at Sarah's professional etiquette, "Great to see you too, Sarah. Lead the way."

Sarah led Lester to the back of the lobby towards the elevator bank. They didn't receive as many stares as Sarah was accustomed to, likely because they weren't presenting as a couple.

As they rode the elevator down, Lester turned to Sarah, "You look great. Maybe next time we go out, I'll get you to wear something professional that I can take off you."

Lester reached up and brushed a strand of hair out of Sarah's face, tucking it behind her ear. Sarah gently pushed his hand away, her eyes darting up to the concealed camera.

"Not here. Not now," Sarah said through gritted teeth. Thankfully, it was just them in the elevator. "Let's act professional, okay?"

The elevator doors opened and Lester put an arm out to hold them and gestured for Sarah to exit first. As she walked past him he said, "So I shouldn't tell them how much you love my cock?"

"Sshhhh," anger flared on Sarah's face. She stared daggers at Lester, "I'm serious, Lester. Not now."

"Alright, whatever," Lester said, following her into the hallway, "Professional, you got it."

"Okay. Thank you." As they rounded a corner, Sarah said, "We're heading to a meeting room with the CEO and all the department heads. I've given them a brief heads up email about you. To be frank, the board and CEO are pushing for the entire system to be rebuilt. That's based on the advice they've been given. We can't or won't pay the ransom and everyone thinks it's unlikely we can get back control of the system."

"Yep. That's usually how it goes." Lester said.

Sarah stopped outside the meeting room door, "Listen Lester. I'm putting a lot on the line bringing you in here, okay? Please don't make me regret it."

Lester held up two fingers, "Scout's honor." She'd seen him do and say that before. She knew it meant nothing to him.

Sarah let out a long breath. There was no going back now. She turned the knob on the door and stepped into the war room. Heads turned and the entire room looked at her.

"Hey everyone," Sarah said as she walked into the room. Lester followed her in. She focused on the people in front of her. *Do they know? Can they tell? Stop it Sarah, there is no way.*

"This is Lester, the consultant I sent the memo about. He might be able to help us get back into our systems." Sarah gestured to Lester.

The CTO, Jerry stood up and shook Lester's hand, greeting him. A few others followed. Drew remained seated. He loosened his tie and said, "Nice to meet you, Lester. I'm sorry - I'm just a little skeptical. Everyone we've talked to, and to be clear, we have talked to the foremost experts in the field, who have told us it's impossible to get back into our systems in the timeline the ransomers have given us. We

are making plans to push forward and rebuild our systems and network. I apologize if i'm not more excited to meet you, it's just that I don't have a ton of faith that you can do what Sarah here says you can."

Sarah looked at Lester, she didn't know how we would react to that. He was so unpredictable.

"No problem, sir," Lester started. "I get it. Most other consultants and firms would say that. It makes sense - they really aren't incentivized to do anything other than help you rebuild your systems. I don't think they are malicious, but they might not have the skill sets. So their best course is to bill you a ton to rebuild your systems."

"Listen," Drew said, putting a hand up, "We are very close with our vendor Swan Systems. They are perfectly capable of doing the job."

"I'm sure they can rebuild it, but wouldn't you rather have your system back under control?" Lester said. Sarah was taken aback by Lester's confidence here, walking into an unfamiliar environment and going toe to toe with her boss.

"Sure," Drew said. "But that's not going to happen."

"Let me take a look and diagnose what's happening. If I can help, great. If I can't, we won't waste more of each other's time." Lester was still standing in front of the long table.

"The Swan System's team won't be happy," Jerry, the CTO, said looking at Drew, "But I think we should at least give the guy a crack at it."

Drew shrugged his shoulders and looked at Sarah, "He's your guy. I don't want to waste money or time on this option but if you think there might be a chance, go for it."

"Right," Sarah said, "I think it's good we explore all angles. Who knows? Maybe we get lucky here. It's worth a shot."

"Alright then," Jerry said. "Mr...Lester, what do you need?"

"I just need someplace quiet where I can plug into the network and run a diagnostic. It would also be helpful to see the security documentation that Swan Systems provided to help me diagnose what your security infrastructure looks like." Lester said.

The CTO glared at Drew, "Yeah, I would like to see that too."

"Alright," Drew said. "You need a quiet place to work? It isn't here. Why don't you go plug in out of the way somewhere? Sarah, what about in your office?"

Sarah felt her face go red. She hadn't expected that, "Sure, sure, that works."

She rose and led Lester out of the room as Drew berated someone from the communications team. She led Lester back into the elevator. They rode up to Sarah's floor in silence.

Sarah was surprised Lester didn't say anything. She led him into her office and showed him to her computer. Her chair squeaked as Lester sat down. He opened his backpack and brought a laptop, several wires, and what looked like USB drives. It all looked very technical and suddenly Sarah could feel a glimmer of hope that he might be able to rectify the situation.

"Okay Lester," Sarah was eager to get back to the war room. "Do you have everything you need?"

Lester nodded and started typing on his laptop.

"Okay then, I'll be back in a bit," Sarah said, leaving Lester alone in her office.

What's going on?

Dan stared at his phone screen. Sarah still hadn't replied to his message. He was sure Lester was already at Sarah's hospital. His mind was going wild with the implication. Dan had a hard time imagining Lester being able to help Sarah, he was probably just taking advantage of the situation, something he seemed to be an expert at.

*Focus.*

Dan had to push the thought of Lester out of his mind for now. He trusted Sarah. She knew what she was doing. He needed to focus on what was in front of him. His interview. He'd spent the last few hours running through mock interview questions, researching the company and people who may be involved in the interview process.

He glanced at this computer and saw several emails from Walt, forwarding information over on his new projects. He didn't want to

even look at them yet. He hoped he could nail this interview, secure a new job and all these projects would be the next guy's problem.

His phone screen lit up—a message from Sarah.

Hey baby sorry for taking a bit to respond. Lester is here and looking at our systems. No one is expecting much but I hope he can fix it. If not we might miss payroll this week if the finance team doesn't get their shit together.

Dan reread the text. The word payroll bugged him as much as Lester. Their mortgage payment was due Friday. He didn't track the state of the accounts as closely as Sarah, but he knew they'd be hurting if their pay cheque got delayed. Maybe he could call the bank and explain the situation.

Thoughts of their mortgage immediately turned Dan's attention to their house. *Lester is going to try to go to their house, isn't he?*

He typed up a quick response to Sarah.

They better figure that out. It's not acceptable for a business not to pay their employees.

Do you think Lester is going to try something? I'm sure Lester will try to worm an invitation out of you.

Sarah quickly responded.

Nothing yet. I'll give my parents a call just in case. I'm heading into a meeting and might not be able to respond for a bit. I love you. I will let you know what happens.

I love you too

Dan gritted his teeth, thinking about Lester in his home while he was miles away in another city. The thought made his stomach turn.

"Goddammit," Dan said as he realized his dick was as hard as a rock. The thought of Lester alone with Sarah in his house, in his bed, where he was supposed to be. Taking his place like that. It was too twisted not to get turned on by it. He needed to change his situation, if not just for the economics but so he wouldn't have to be confronted by his fantasies each time Sarah visited. It didn't help that in the time between visits, Dan's horniness would grow as would his desires to see his fantasies acted out.

*Focus on what you can control.*

Dan got up to go for a walk. He needed to get out of the office and clear his head so he could get back to preparing himself for his interview.

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My parents will pick up the kids from school. Would be nice anyway just so I don't have to be mom tonight.

I'm not planning on Lester coming to our house though. Feels weird.

Good luck on your interview

Sarah finished sending her messages to Dan. She had just peeked her head into her office to check on Lester. He barely looked up from the screen; he seemed to be working diligently. At least, she hoped he was. Sarah couldn't help but feel a sense of foreboding at the rain peppering the window.

She took the elevator back down to the war room and settled into the chair. Everyone was quietly working on their laptops, coordinating different activities from their respective departments. The IT team was able to set them up with new devices that weren't compromised, so they could at least try to coordinate things, but they still couldn't access critical systems though. Sarah took her seat, placing her phone down next to her laptop.

"So," Drew said, breaking the silence, "Where did you dig up that guy from, Sarah?"

Sarah shifted uneasily in her seat. She didn't like being put on the spot. Her professional corporate persona took over, " He's from the city. He has done work with my husband's firm in the past. He comes with good recommendations."

"Well, I've never heard of him." Drew didn't seem to like that she presented a plan other than his. She worried that his judgment was clouded because of his relationship with Swan Systems. Perhaps they wouldn't be in this mess if they'd gone with someone else.

"I don't know what to tell you, Drew. Perhaps I just have a better network." Sarah said.

Jerry and a few others stifled a laugh. Drew furrowed his brow and focused his attention on his laptop.

"We're supposed to get a big storm tonight," Jerry said. No one responded. Everyone was heads down in their work.

After an hour, Sarah checked her watch. It was already late afternoon.

"I'm going to go check in with some folks," Sarah locked her screen and rose, leaving her laptop and notebook on the desk. As she crossed the room she felt eyes lifting from computer screens, watching her body covertly.

She walked through the hospital and checked in with some friends and coworkers across different departments. While she trusted the department heads in the war room, she wanted to hear what the real pain points were. It was better to hear from the source rather than the sanitized versions that department heads might present.

Eventually, she found herself back in front of her office. She opened the door and found Lester hunched over his laptop. At some point, Lester must have left as she noticed a can of Coke and a Cheeto bag on her desk. The desktop had a fresh dusting of orange crumbs.

"How's it going in here?" Sarah said as she crossed the room. She realized she'd left him alone in her office for a few hours. She'd never have done that if she hadn't been locked out of her computer. As it was, he couldn't access anything personal on her work machine.

Maybe she'd had him stay in her office to hide him away, like she did in Chicago.

"Good." Lester said, looking up from his computer for the first time. "After looking at everything, I'm confident I can restore access to your systems."

"Really?" Sarah said more skeptically than she'd intended, "How? Everyone we've talked to said it would take months at the earliest to regain access and they couldn't guarantee it."

"It shouldn't take months," Lester scoffed. "I should be able to restore access and lock them out in a couple of days at most. The Bad Rabbit ransomware they infected your systems with is outdated. It has its own vulnerabilities that I can exploit to take control of it. Then it's just a matter of shutting it down and purging it from your systems."

"Lester, this is great news. Thank you. Thank you so much. We should go down and tell everyone now before Drew progresses too far on the rebuild." Sarah was relieved. She felt like she was walking on air as she nearly floated out of the office.

Lester rose from the desk and followed Sarah to the door. As she went to open it, Lester's hand came from behind her and pushed it closed.

"There is just the matter of payment that we need to work out," Lester whispered in her ear. Sarah felt her breath catch in her throat and knew her face had turned beet red. The floating feeling had disappeared as suddenly as it had arrived. In its place was dread, sitting in the pit of her stomach, and a slight hint of something she couldn't quite name yet.

She turned around. Lester was standing closer than she had anticipated, "We should head downstairs and discuss that with Drew and the others."

"Heh, eventually, we will. But there are parts of my compensation that only you can fulfill." He looked intently into her eyes.

Sarah wanted to back away, but she held her ground. This was at her place of work. She could be in serious shit if Lester tried something here.

"What exactly are you proposing?" Sarah asked.

Lester reached up and tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. This time, she didn't swat his hand away.

"Yes, I am going to ask to get paid by the hospital, but tonight I want a nice, warm, home-cooked meal. Think you can make that happen?" Lester's eyes narrowed.

Sarah understood the implication. Lester wanted to come to her house—the house with a mortgage payment that was going to get missed this week. Dan had been right. She was running through different scenarios in her head, different things she could say, alternatives she could try. She felt her pocket, searching for her cell phone. It wasn't there. *You must have left it down in the war room with your laptop.*

She really needed to contact Dan before she agreed to anything. He had predicted something like this might –

"Don't be coy," Lester said, closing the distance between them. His gut pushed into her flat stomach. "We both know how this goes. You pretend not to want this, and you put on a good show, but in the end, once I get you alone, you'll keep begging me for more."

A small smile formed on Lester's face, "I'll save you effort. Let's skip the song and dance. Just say okay."

Sarah stayed silent. Lester had her cornered in her workplace where she never let anyone walk over her. Here in her office, that was her domain and hers alone. How did he make her feel this way? As if she would cave to whatever he said.

Lester ran the back of his hands over her chest. He was groping her. He was still trying to maintain some level of professionalism but he still knew what he was doing, "Just say okay." His knuckle had grazed against her nipple, now he ran his palm over it, noting how firm it had become.

Part of Sarah's brain realized that she was being sexually touched in the workplace by an outside contractor. She thought HR might love to know that. She opened her mouth to speak, to put him in her place like she would if anyone else in the building tried this.

"Okay," she said, looking up into Lester's eyes. Part of her brain protested, she hoped her eyes looked defiant. But she knew they didn't. Lester's demand felt like a weight being placed on her, it was

easier just to give in then to push back on it. Did she really even want to push back? He was about to try and help everyone, did she really want to ruin that?

Lester grinned and backed away from her. She felt the heat from his body being drawn away. He motioned towards the desk. Sarah furrowed her brow, "Shouldn't we head downstairs and talk to everyone?"

"In a minute," Lester said, still motioning toward her desk. With a sigh, Sarah stepped past Lester, went to the other side of her desk and sat down.

"So," Lester said, stepping around the desk until he was looked down at Dan's wife, "What are you going to make me for dinner?"

"I'll figure something out," Sarah said, weighing different options in her head. She'd figure that out later. "Can we go down now and talk to Drew about your payment terms?" He was close enough that she could catch his scent. She crossed her legs, feeling vulnerable in this situation.

"Are you sure they can afford it? The price might be quite high." Lester grinned as he rested a hand on her desk. Sarah glanced at it, wondering if the desk would support his weight.

"Well, we won't know if we don't ask them," Sarah said looking up at Lester.

"That's the problem. I didn't want to come all the way here and not get paid. I think I'm owed a little down payment. Right now." Lester stepped closer to Sarah. His knees touched hers, she was eye level with his crotch. She just now realized this had been his plan all along.

"Lester," Sarah said flatly, "This is my workplace, I'm not going to sleep with you here. I could really get in deep shit."

Sarah thought about what would happen to her if she was caught doing this. Professionally she would probably be fired, which would ultimately devastate her financial plans with Dan. Personally, she knew how much her coworkers gossiped. Something like this would ruin them if it got out to her friends and family.

"Heh," Lester licked his lips. "I wouldn't dream of it. Besides, I don't want to spoil my dessert for tonight. Here." Lester handed her his

phone. Sarah glanced down at it. On the screen was a picture of a large cock. She immediately recognized it as Lester's.

She took a sharp intake of breath, looking at it. She quickly broke her gaze and looked up at him, towering over her. He was grinning again. The familiar environment of her office suddenly seemed illicit and cramped, as if she were once more in the back of Lester's car. She realized how large Lester's body seemed and how much space it seemed to take up.

"I haven't been satisfied with your sexting," Lester said. "Before we go back downstairs, I want to watch you touch yourself while staring at my cock."

Sarah glanced back down at the phone screen. Her eyes lingered too long. She felt herself salivate and heat emanating from between her legs, "Lester, I can't. Someone could just walk in."

Lester retreated to the other side of the desk and walked to the door. He locked it while looking her in the eyes. Sarah didn't move. Lester walked back and stood in front of her.

Sarah felt an odd sense of relief when Lester locked the door. She had been yearning for an escape from her responsibilities and problems. Part of her wanted to run to Chicago and lose herself again. But now it seemed like Chicago had come to her. She was locked in a room with Lester in a familiar place. It wasn't his bedroom or his car but it was her office. How he looked at her made her feel like she was the prize conquest in a high-stakes game. His stare felt intoxicating.

"I'm not going back downstairs until we do this," Lester said. "However long it takes depends on you."

Sarah glanced back down at the phone and then back to Lester, "Why? Why do you want this?"

"Because I want to see it first hand. I know you've looked at all the pictures I've sent you. I want to see you get off to them." Lester reached down and swiped the phone screen. Another photo of Lester's cock from another angle appeared. Pre-cum clearly leaking from the slit on its head.

Sarah stared at the screen. Lester took the opportunity to reach down and undo the button on her pants. Sarah glanced down and

swatted at his arm. He quickly unzipped her pants before stepping back and leaning against the window.

She stared back at the troll-like man. She could see the intensity written on his face - lust mixed with determination. He intended to get what he wanted. It was then that Sarah realized that she was breathing hard, her arousal clearly evident to Lester. She too could sense his excitement - the bulge of his cock was beginning to press against his baggy jeans. It wasn't obvious or obscene, but Sarah knew the shape of his cock well enough to know when Lester was getting hard.

Without breaking eye contact, Sarah raised her hips off her office chair and pulled her pants down to her calves. Lester broke eye contact first, tracking the pants descending down her body. His eyes running over her smooth and toned legs, so unlike his own.

Sarah bit her lip, exposing herself like this in front of him. At her workplace no less, in front of the large windows. She knew no one could see them but part of her still felt the thrill. She had mentioned a sexual fantasy to Dan once. About having sex in one of their workplaces. She never imagined she would be fulfilling part of it with someone other than her husband.

Lester's eyes lifted from her legs, back to her face. He was waiting. Sarah looked away from him, casting her eyes on the phone in her hand. Lester's angry cock was there, looking up at her.

Sarah breathed out as she dropped her other hand down to her panties. She played with the top of her white pantyline until her fingers disappeared below the fabric. Her eyes shut, and she leaned back in her chair as her fingers came into contact with her clit. She started to play with it, gently pushing against it in a circular motion, her fingers gliding over the slick hood.

"Mmmmm," a soft moan escaped her lips. She couldn't believe she was doing this in front of him.

"Open your eyes," Lester said, "Look at the phone."

Sarah complied, opening her eyes. She first looked at Lester, she noted that his cock had continued to grow in his baggy jeans, and then she turned back down to her phone. To Lester's large cock. She

swiped the screen. Another image of his cock sprang to life, his hand clearly visible as he stroked it.

Her fingers began to move faster as she focused on the screen in front of her. She took in the details of Lester's cock while her body remembered what it felt like inside of her, the depths of pleasure it had taken her to. She closed her eyes again.

The image of Lester's cock burned into her brain. She could imagine what it looked like on the phone without even opening her eyes. Sarah bit her lip and continued to touch herself. She could feel herself working her way toward an orgasm. She just needed to keep the fire burning –

Something clanged on the floor. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Lester. His pants were around his ankles and his impressive cock was pointing right at her. Sarah looked between the cock on the phone and the real hot throbbing cock next to her. She didn't know which one to focus on. Lester's musk filled her nostrils. Her facial expression was moving from slight confusion to deep lust.

"Put the phone down," Lester said as he waddled up to her. His hairy knees touched her as he stood directly in front of her. He slowly began to stroke his cock while looking down at Dan's wife.

Lester had his cock out in her office. In her place of work. It was just inches from her, pointed right at her. How did she get here? Sarah's eyes were transfixed on the head of Lester's cock. She leaned forward slightly towards it but caught herself. She pushed herself back into the chair despite what her body wanted.

Sarah put the phone down on the desk, her eyes never breaking from Lester's cock. He continued to stroke it slowly as Sarah increased the pace of her fingers. It was too much for her to resist. She could feel the fire burning inside her and wouldn't stop now. Couldn't stop now.

Her fingers continued to massage her sensitive clit. Sarah stared at Lester's cock as his fist travelled up the shaft toward her. As Lester gripped it close to the head, a bead of pre-cum began to ooze out. Sarah watched as it dripped out and hung on the base of Lester's cock before breaking free and dropping. Dropping down until it landed on her thigh.

It felt wet and warm. Sarah could smell how pungent it was. She stared at the glob of cum coating her pristine white thighs as it travelled down her thigh. Feeling it on her body, watching the trail it left behind, the whole situation was too much for Sarah to comprehend.

"Oh fuck," Sarah squealed as her thighs pushed together against her hand. Sarah came. She lifted her feet off the ground, and they touched Lester's shins. Her eyes closed, and she stopped breathing as her orgasm rippled through her body, "Mhmmmm."

"That's right, Sarah, cum for my cock," Lester growled. It was still his favorite thing to hear. The sound of the immaculate wife cumming was music to him.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him. She fixated on the hunger in his dark eyes. Lester took a breath, seeing the lust also coming from her eyes. She came down from her orgasm and her fingers continued to lightly stroke her clit, continuing to fan the flames.

Lester took a step forward, pushing her knees further apart. Sarah looked down at his cock mere inches away from her face. She looked back up at Lester's ugly face and then down to his beautiful cock. She could feel the heat coming off of it on her cheek.

Sarah continued to play with herself as she leaned forward towards him. She met his eyes, and her lips parted as she descended onto the head of Lester's cock. She could taste the salty pre-cum that had oozed out of the head. She delighted in the taste.

"Fuck yes," Lester growled as the head of his cock pressed against her tongue. Sarah gripped the shaft of Lester's cock with one hand while the other continued to work on herself. She knew there was something pressing she needed to do, but all she wanted to do right now was please Lester's cock. She whimpered as another spurt of Lester's foul precum oozed across her taste buds.

Sarah pulled her head off of Lester's cock, running her tongue up its length as it left her mouth. She lifted his cock up slightly and began to lick its underside, assessing the large specimen proudly as she bathed it with her tongue. Lester put a knee on her chair, just between her legs, giving Sarah more access. She leaned forward and licked down

his entire cock until she reached his balls. Sarah stuck her tongue out and licked where his balls connected with his cock as her fist started pumping his shaft.

She could feel his heartbeat in the veins of his cock, pulsating for her. Lester's pubic hair pushed into Sarah's face and nose as her tongue twirled around his ballsack. She felt fulfilled, knowing she could cause Lester's cock to grow to its full length.

Sarah could feel the wrinkle of Lester's ballsack on her tongue. The hairs were getting in the way, but she didn't care. Lester leaned back, pushing more of his balls into Sarah's waiting mouth. She was pumping his shaft furiously as she quickly ran the tip of her index finger in circles around her clit. She licked all over his balls, not content until she had completely covered every inch of them in her saliva. She sucked each one into her mouth, savoring the primal taste. She heard Lester's grunt of approval and it fueled her activity. Her hand moved faster as she soaked through her panties.

She could feel the veins of his cock pulsating in her hands. Lester leaned further back as Sarah dived forward with her tongue. Her eyes were closed and she licked further down than she ever had on Lester before, licking the area under his balls.

Lester's body shook at the sensation. Sarah didn't know what came over her but she liked causing that reaction. She licked him there again, swirling her tongue around the area. It tasted coppery and bitter the further she went.

"Ughhh," Lester groaned, his hand finding the back of her neck and pulling her tight against him. He pushed forward as Sarah continued to work under him. His balls, coming to rest, squashed against her face.

His body started to involuntarily thrust into Sarah's petite hands. He never lost control like this. His fingers found the hair at the base of her neck and he made a fist. He pulled her face up in an attempt to regain control, his balls running against her cheeks as her tongue followed behind. She continued to lick him as he pulled her up his shaft. When her lips reached the head of his cock she didn't hesitate to wrap her lips around it again. Sucking it feverishly.

Lester pulled his cock out of her mouth. Sarah stuck her tongue out, trying to get contact with it. He held her by the back of the head with one hand while the other gripped the base of his cock, just underneath Sarah's hand. He took his cock and rubbed it all over Sarah's face. Her saliva and his pre-cum mixing onto her forehead and cheeks, smudging her makeup.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's large cock draped and dragged across her face. She moved her head around, trying to lick Lester's cock as it moved over her skin. The wild movements of the slickened pole were driving the wife's excitement.

Lester grew harder, hearing Sarah moan as he dragged his cock over her face. It wasn't in his notes that she enjoyed that. He pulled back and roughly smacked his cock against the side of her cheek. Sarah's breath caught in her throat.

Lester stood still, appraising the situation. Sarah took advantage of his hesitation and grabbed his cock with both hands, and started working them up and down his shaft. She bobbed forward until her mouth found his cock and she rolled her tongue around its head. Her mouth opened and she took more of him in, sucking as hard as she could.

Gripping the back of her neck, Lester started to thrust sharply into her mouth. Sarah's hands tried to meet his thrusts but they were too unpredictable. The head of his cock tapped the back of her mouth, causing Sarah to gag as he tried to enter her throat. She quickly recovered and braced herself as it happened again. And then again. She focused on opening her throat for his unforgiving cock. Mascara ran down her cheeks as her eyes watered from the repeated intrusion. Her hips undulated as she sucked the fat man, in imitation of how she wanted to ride the organ presently pistoning in and out of her mouth.

Lester was fucking her mouth in her office with abandon. Somewhere far away, she heard a phone ringing.

"Uh, Uh, Uh," Lester grunted as he fucked the young mother's sexy lips. He wanted nothing more than to keep going, to cum down her throat. He looked down and saw both of her hands stroking his cock. This wasn't what he had planned.

He put a hand on her shoulder and pushed her back into the chair. Sarah's hands still held onto his cock. Her hips still moved seductively.

"Touch yourself," Lester said, prying her hands from his cock, "Touch yourself." He nodded at her panties, "Down there"

Lester stood up off the chair and continued to stroke his cock in front of Sarah. She stared at him, upset at having her prize toy taken away. She quickly complied and put one hand back into her panties as she teased her own clit. Her finger wandered briefly into her drenched crevice, sampling the heat there. She was getting closer.

Lester stood directly in front of her, stroking his cock while staring at the young wife's face. Her eyes were locked onto his angry cock head.

"Did you touch yourself?" Lester said through gritted teeth. He could feel his own orgasm quickly approaching. "When I sent you the pictures? Tell me." The soft slap of his playing with himself was doing something to the young wife. His fleshy tempo was building ominously to something she craved deeply.

"Yes," Sarah said before her mind could tell her not to. "I did." The depravity of confessing the truth to his face as she performed the same sin added considerable fuel to the fire inside the married woman.

"I knew it." Lester pumped himself faster, his sausage-like fingers gripping his bulging tool. Sarah's fingers moved to keep pace with Lester. "What did you like about them? What did you think about why you touched yourself? Did you like the pre-cum? Did you like the veins? Did you like the ones with my hands stroking –"

"Ugh, fuck, I thought about how good it looked. How it tasted and how fucking good it feels inside me," Sarah said, cutting Lester off. "Keep stroking for me, big boy. I'm almost there."

"You going to cum for me, Sarah? Cum staring at my cock. Don't stop looking at it." Lester grunted as he felt his balls tingling.

Sarah stared, transfixed by Lester's cock. Watching the slit in his cock head, waiting to see him explode. She was going to dart forward and take as much of him into her mouth as she could. She wanted to feel his cum hitting the back of her mouth. She wanted to swallow that warmth into her belly.

Sarah's fingers pushed hard into her clit. The images of Lester's cock exploding filled her mind, "Ah fuck. Oh god. Fuck!" The wet smacking sounds of their mutual masturbation were almost loud enough to be heard in the hall outside.

Sarah came hard for the second time ever in her office. Her thighs squeezed her hand and she felt wetness all over them.

"That's it....fuck," Lester said as his balls exploded. He felt the rush of pleasure expand through his cock. Sarah moved forward toward his dick, but Lester quickly put his hand on her head and palmed it like a basketball, holding her in place. The first rope of cum splattered across Sarah's neck and chin. Her body revelled in the warm feeling of Lester's cum on her skin. That he could paint her with his considerable lust, covering her with it.

Sarah rode the increasing wave of her bliss, a breathless groan passed between her lips, "Ahhnnngg."

The second stream of cum blasted her dark blouse over her breasts. The third painted her blouse again, as well as her cream blazer. Sarah was still revelling in pleasure. With her other hand, she reached up and felt the cum on her chin, absent mindeling dragging it up to her lips.

She sucked on her fingers, tasting Lester's perverted spunk as her fingers danced over her clit and her orgasm started to recede.

Lester bent forward and another rope of cum sprayed her panty cover hand. Lester leaned forward, putting his knee back up on the chair. Sarah removed her hand from her panties and placed it on his chest. Lester squeezed his cock and another rope of pungent cum blasted out again onto her white panties. Together they watched as it thoroughly soaked them in his fluids.

He braced himself, moving his hand to the back of the chair behind her head as he caught his breath. Sarah could still taste Lester's cum on her lips as she sat there, looking up at the beast of a man, wondering what he was going to do next. She stuck her tongue out and licked, then kissed his hairy chest, lingering on the sour taste of his acrid sweat.

Eventually, he stumbled back and leaned against her desk. It squeaked as it moved slightly across the floor. Lester was smiling from

ear to ear, looking down at the masterpiece he had just created.

Sarah's eyes followed his, and she looked down at herself. Her blouse and blazer were stained with Lester's illicit cum.

"Lester!" Sarah scolded, "What the fuck? We have to get back down to that meeting."

Lester was grinning ear to ear like he was very pleased with himself.

"Yeah, you're going to need to clean yourself up." He left her to it, turning to put his clothes back on.

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"It is entirely doable to get you back into your systems within a couple of days," Lester said from the front of the meeting room. All of the department heads were listening eagerly.

Sarah saw Drew's head turn towards her. She felt his eyes on her. She pretended not to notice as she kept her attention on Lester. No one had said a word when she entered wearing just a tank top with her pants, but she was sure more than one of them thought the bare shoulders and arms weren't appropriate for the workplace.

If anyone said anything, Sarah was prepared to say that had spilt coffee on her shirt and blazer and this tank top was the only thing she had to change into. Still, she didn't like how much skin she was showing to her coworkers. This tank top had a slight v-neck to it, so her coworkers could get quite the view at the right angle. She had cleaned off her remaining makeup, so hopefully, not too many eyes were on her. She had worked hard to attain their respect and be put on equal footing. She didn't intend to mess that up now. Besides, they were in crisis - what she wore to this meeting should be the furthest thing from anyone's mind.

Still, Sarah couldn't help but think Lester was subtly showing her off to her coworkers, flaunting his sexual conquest of her.

"The version of Bad Rabbit that infected your systems isn't impenetrable," Lester continued. Sarah squirmed uneasily in her seat. She could feel her wet panties but wasn't sure if it was herself or Lester's cum that was causing them to stick against her skin. She just hoped that it didn't make a damp stain that might be seen on the front of her pants.

"In fact, it has its own weaknesses that we can exploit to get you back in control of your systems. We'll have to disconnect you from the outside world for a period, isolate each system, and then regain control one at a time, but it should take days, not months. I can get started tomorrow." Lester stated to the group.

Sarah saw something in her coworker's faces that she hadn't seen in days. Hope. They looked around at one another, eager to believe Lester's prognosis.

"Okay, so what would something like this cost?" Drew said as he crossed his arms.

Lester nodded to Sarah, "Well, normally, it would be quite a bit more, but Sarah has already negotiated me down substantially. She is really quite impressive, I must say."

Sarah felt herself blush as Lester continued.

"I can draw up a contract to show you the particulars –"

"How much," Drew said, irritated.

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars," Lester said flatly, "I don't require anything upfront payment net thirty once you regain access to your systems."

That is a lot of money.

Sarah couldn't help but think about how that much money could change her family's life and solve so many issues for them. If only Dan could figure out a way to bring that much into their bank account. *How much money does Lester have?*

"That's ludicrous!" Drew said loudly, "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for a couple of days work!"

"Drew," Jerry said in a calm manner, "With Swan System's the rebuild would cost substantially more than that."

"That fee is for my expertise," Lester said, "And for quickly returning your access to your systems. Not only will you spend much more on rebuilding your systems, but if you go that route, consider the scope creep that will come with it. You will save months of productivity by not having your people perform manual workarounds. Like I said, I'm undercharging for this."

"I still don't like it," Drew huffed. "I think we should proceed with Swan Systems. Thank you for your time, Mr. Lester."

"Drew," Jerry said, "You have a duty to present this option to the board. You can't just walk away from it. His terms are good. He doesn't get paid unless he gets us back in, isn't that right, Lester?"

"That's right," Lester said smugly from the front of the room.

"Fine. Whatever," Drew waved his hands dismissively as he stood up. "I'll take it to them now. Jerry, they might call you in as well as some of you folks in legal. Be on standby."

Drew left the conference room as he punched a number into his phone. Jerry stood up and approached Lester, eager to get his teams ready to try and enact Lester's plan.

Sarah sat in her chair, watching the demeanor of the group change. She was happy that she was partly responsible for making that happen. She realized she was biting her lip as she glanced at Lester. No one usually stood up to Drew like that.

Now she just had to figure out what she was making for dinner.

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Dan

The hospital board is going to weigh Lester's proposal.

but he has a condition on helping. He wants a home-cooked meal tonight.

Dan stared at his phone as people bustled around him. He was early for his interview, so he decided to wait down in the lobby of the building. He planned to sit and mentally prepare himself. To calm down and be as professional as possible.

Now, he was short of breath, wondering what was happening back home. Dan typed a response to his wife.

Home cooked, as in cooked at our home?

This text exchange was coming at the wrong time. Dan could feel himself growing hard thinking about what could happen tonight. He imagined Sarah naked, just wearing her cooking apron. Lester coming up behind her with his grubby little hands.

He leaned back and breathed. He needed to focus. He couldn't go into his interview with a hard-on. *Why the fuck does this effect me like this?*

A reply came in from Sarah.

Yes. I don't know how to say no to this. Our mortgage payment comes out this week and work can't pay anyone with the systems frozen. I'll need to move money out of our savings to cover it. Lester can fix it for us.

Dan gritted his teeth. Obviously, Lester had more on his mind than just food. He was just thankful his daughters weren't going to be home. He reread Sarah's message. This all started with Lester as a way for them to explore their sexual fantasies. Him and his wife. Sarah's messages made this sound more transactional. This isn't something they would have ever considered before. Sarah would have shut it down if it was a random contractor offering to fix things to bang the hot hospital admin. But now she had a relationship with Lester.

Relationship. That word sounded dirty in his mind. The thought of Sarah having a relationship with that asshole. Dan tried not to think about the blood swelling to his crotch.

Another message came in from Sarah.

should I say no? Dan, what do you want me to do?

Thoughts of Sarah on her knees with Lester's cock in her mouth. Dan shook his head, hating how easily his thoughts had slipped. He needed to get a handle on this. A handle on the rest of his life. He felt himself spinning. He was going to be a mess for the interview. He checked his watch. It was twenty minutes before he was scheduled to be upstairs. Rechecking Sarah's message, he typed out a response.

I don't like it. I don't like Lester at our place.

Dan felt like Lester had him by the balls with the threat of the mortgage payment hanging over their heads. They could dip into their depleted savings and cover this payment, but what about the next one? If Sarah's workplace was still fucked up, they couldn't keep going back to their savings.

And if they said no to Lester this time, would he up his demands if they went back and asked for help again? He thought back to when they first took the apartment. He couldn't have anticipated how different his life would look.

I get the reasons why. We need to figure this out, figure out how to change our situation for the better. I'm not mad at you, I just feel like things are getting out of control.

Sarah typed a response.

I know. I hadn't expected any of this.

What should I do Dan? He said he'd walk away if I don't have him over for dinner tonight. I know we can figure things out if we have to, but what do you think?

I need to tell you something else. Lester cornered me in my office today too.

Dan felt his eyes bulge out of his head as he typed a response.

What do you mean cornered you? What happened?

Three dots appeared on the screen. It seemed like they wouldn't disappear, but soon they were replaced with a message.

He wanted a down payment on the deal. He showed me the pictures he sent and asked me to touch myself and then he stuck it in my mouth.

*Jesus Christ.* Dan hadn't even seen Sarah's office and Lester had already been in it and gotten a blow job from his wife. He could feel a tent forming in his pants, which was the last thing he needed before this interview. Now he was picturing Sarah on her knees, giving Lester a sloppy blow job in their bed. He hated himself for how much he wanted to see that actually happen.

Finally he found the strength to respond to his wife.

I'm not mad about the blowjob. We already laid ground rules for that. I'm just going nuts thinking about Lester in your office before I have even been in there. The thought of him in our house.....

Dan didn't know how to finish his thought. He meant to add another word to explain his thoughts to Sarah, but it didn't come. He felt conflicted. He was feeling too many emotions. Sarah beat him with her response.

the thought of him in our house what? Makes you angry, upset? Jealous? Or turned on?

There it was, staring back at him. All the emotions he felt bundled up in one nice little message. The problem was he felt all of those emotions, some more than others. Right now, he felt turned on and jealous, but he knew that if he were to beat off that angry and upset would quiet the others.

Yes

It was a simple and honest response. Sarah didn't respond back to him immediately. Thinking the situation through, he added another

message.

I can both not like it and be turned on by the idea. You know how messed up my brain can be. I honestly don't know what the best thing to do here is. What I know is that we will figure this all out together. I love you baby and I trust you. If Lester has to have dinner at our place, so be it but we can make it about us afterwards. Maybe use it and what happens to fire up our next time together.

Three dots appeared as Sarah typed up a response. Dan checked the time on his phone. He needed to get upstairs.

I love you too baby. I can't wait to be with you again and figure things out. I'll keep Lester in line and let you know what's happening. And you're right, we can use this for the next time we are together. Remember some of the role play we did in the past? I like that idea, and I can tease you for years about what happens tonight.

Dan smiled. It wasn't a total win, but he would take it for now. He really did need to get upstairs for his interview, though.

Babe, I need to run to this interview. Shitty timing I know. I love you baby and I trust you. Try to enjoy yourself tonight. I want to hear about it after. We'll figure out what to do next together. Let's just get through this next little bit.

I'm going to call Lester myself when I get out of my interview and set up some ground rules.

One last response came in from Sarah.

I love you baby. Good luck on your interview. I know you are going to crush it. <3

Sighing, Dan stood up and walked towards the elevator. He needed time to think things over. As the elevator ascended, he tried to push thoughts of his wife and Lester out of his head. He needed to concentrate on what was in front of him—the interview.

The elevator doors opened to a sophisticated office that was quite busy. Dan stepped out and looked around. *This is a place I would enjoy working at.*

After a few seconds of watching people mill around the office, Dan spotted the reception desk and walked over.

“Hey there, my name is Dan Williams. I’m here for my 3 pm interview with David Hutchinson,” Dan smiled at the receptionist as he took in the office beyond her desk.

“Thank you, take a seat. I’ll let them know you’re here,” she returned the smile. As Dan sat down, he cast a glance back at the receptionist. Her brows were furrowed as she looked at her computer.

Dan wanted to check his phone, but didn’t pull it out. He wanted to appear professional and focused on the task at hand. He wondered if Sarah had sent him another message. He relaxed his shoulders and sat back in the plush leather waiting room chair. First impressions were important, he didn’t want to appear too eager or worse - desperate.

After sitting longer than expected, Dan calmly checked his watch. It was ten after three. His interview should have started ten minutes ago. He scanned the room and briefly set his eyes on the receptionist. Her head was down, again focused on her computer.

He wondered if something was wrong. It was normal for interviews to start late. Sometimes they were scheduled back to back with other meetings that might run long. Soon this, David Hutchinson would walk out and apologize for the delay. Dan just hoped he had enough time in the room during the interview to impress them.

After an hour, a stocky man with salt and pepper hair appeared and bent down to whisper to the receptionist. Her eyes flicked up to Dan

and she pointed in his direction. The man nodded and mouthed something again before standing up and walking in his direction.

Dan stood up, walked several steps and stretched out his hand.

"Dan Williams?" The man said, not returning the handshake.

Dan put his hand back at his side, "Yes, that's me. Mr. Hutchinson, I presume?"

"No, not exactly." The man thumbed toward the receptionist, "Beverly tells me you are here for an interview?"

"Yes, I have one scheduled today with David Hutchinson," Dan said.

"Unfortunately, I think some wires got crossed. Dave's been on vacation for the last two weeks. He's on my team and isn't hiring anyone at the moment. I've double-checked with our HR team, and there aren't any active positions currently being filled." The man said flatly.

"What?" Dan said, not fully processing what the man said, "I got an email from David Hutchinson to come here for an interview."

Dan pulled up the email on his phone and handed it to the man. The older man took it and read through the message.

"Huh. That certainty is David's email signature," he continued, staring at the phone. "Well, there it is."

"There 'what' is?" Dan asked.

"The email address. That isn't ours. It's close. It looks like ours but it's a different address. That didn't come from David. It's not from us. It might be some kind of phishing thing, maybe." the older man handed the phone back to Dan.

Dan took it and reread the email in disbelief, "No way."

"Look at the email address. That's not our website. It looks close to ours but that isn't quite it. Hey, could you forward me that email? Our IT folks and HR teams might want to be aware someone is posing as us, talking to candidates." The man held out a business card. Dan took it numbly.

"Sorry that you wasted your time coming down here. It really sucks that this happened to you." The man said as he gave a sympathetic look before turning to leave.

"One second," Dan said. The man turned around to look at him. "Can I send you my resume as well? I have a strong background that

I think would benefit your team.”

“Sorry,” the man shrugged, “We don’t have the budget for any new roles at the moment.”

“What if you just humor me and take a look at it. If there isn’t a fit right now, that’s okay, but when something opens up, maybe we could discuss it.”

The older man shrugged, “Alright. Fine. Send it over with that email. I’ll take a look at it.”

“Thank you,” Dan said as the man turned and walked away.

Dan took one last look around the office and had an overwhelming desire to leave. He felt like a joke. It was embarrassing, and he suddenly felt like all eyes were on him. He rode the elevator and exited onto the cool Chicago streets.

Now, he had a phishing issue to deal with. That was just great. At least he didn’t put any personal information besides his email address. Everything else could be gleaned from LinkedIn. Still, something felt off about the email.

Dan started walking. He didn’t have a destination, he wasn’t even sure this was the right direction to get to his apartment. All he knew was that he wanted as much distance between himself at that building as possible.

He fished his phone out of his pocket and reread the email. He stopped at the entrance to an alleyway and googled ‘how to find out who owns a website.’ As he followed the instructions, a rough-looking man emerged from the alleyway dragging a backpack on the the ground. The homeless man looked around with wild eyes. They locked onto Dan’s for a split second before he limped off across the street. Dan noticed some scraggly tattoos on the man’s knuckles.

He turned his attention back to his phone. The website the email address came from was listed as having a private owner. It was a dead end. Probably some overseas phishing operation. Or maybe it was something closer to home. What if someone was fucking with him? Did Jesse figure out that Dan sabotaged him?

Maybe he would have to check in with Jesse and see. Maybe he could just do some sleuthing and figure out what Jesse had been up to since he got fired. Part of him wondered what would have

happened if he hadn't taken action against the kid. For one, Lester wouldn't be taking Sarah on dates. But would Jesse have let sleeping dogs lie, knowing what he knew?

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose. *Enough is enough.*

He was getting tired of all the setbacks life was throwing at him. He needed to make a change and take control of things. He started to walk again, this time with purpose. He made a mental list of all the issues and roadblocks he was facing. They seemed insurmountable, but if he broke them down into smaller pieces, he could figure them out and slowly overcome them.

He dialled Lester's number. It went straight to voicemail. Dan didn't bother leaving a message. What was he going to say? *Be respectful while you fuck my wife tonight?*

An image of Sarah moaning as she straddled Lester popped into his head. He stuffed it back down. He needed to get a handle on that part of his life. It was becoming all-consuming and spiralling out of his control. He wouldn't be as distracted if he could get that back in line. Everything else should fall in line afterwards.

He felt energized as he walked. He would reign in Lester and add new boundaries to things. Dan needed to get to Middleton. He scrolled on his phone to look up train tickets.

Once he got onto a train, he would research all the potential firms in Chicago and the surrounding areas where he could work. Maybe some other adjacent industries he wasn't aware of could use his expertise. Once he made a list, he would see who was hiring. If they weren't hiring, he would reach out anyway and see if he could network with important figures in the organizations.

He needed to fix things. If he didn't, he was worried about what life might look like a year from now.

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The rain was battering the windshield of Lester's SUV as his squat body sat behind the wheel. He was parked on the street around the corner from Sarah's house, waiting patiently for her text message.

Lester threw a handful of Cheetos into his mouth and then licked his orange fingers clean. Realizing he was done with the bag, he

crumpled it up and threw it into the backseat. He was scrolling through his Discord app when her message came in. It was just her address: no pleasantries or other text.

*Heh.* Lester grinned as he started the ignition. As much as she liked to put up a good fight, he was going to have her moaning his name before the night was over. Whether she realized it or not, tonight was a special night for them.

The windshield wipers cast the rain aside as Lester's SUV rumbled down the street. He didn't bother responding to Sarah. She probably thought he would take at least half an hour to arrive but he already knew where she lived. He wanted to surprise her and catch her off guard.

Lester swung his car into the Williams' driveway, parking directly beside her vehicle. He parked extra close to her car to make it hard for her to open the driver's side door. Never know when something like that will present an opportunity.

As he exited the car and the first pelts of rain hit him, he couldn't help but feel his bulge beginning to swell. Soon he would be in her home. He reached back into the car and retrieved the large bottle of red wine he had purchased earlier. He knew it was her favorite and would serve to loosen her up. He chuckled as he realized he hadn't even thought about using his *proprietary blend*.

He couldn't account for many variables on the other side of that door, but his prize was too sweet to ignore. He had already put the scales in his favor tonight. Coming in like a white knight to her workplace, throwing his weight around with her boss. Manipulating their systems to lock them out in the first place. Not to mention ensuring that Dan was preoccupied in Chicago and couldn't intervene.

That worked out well for him the last time. Thanks to Dan's coworker Jesse he had finally bedded Dan's wife. Now, he was preparing to cross another threshold with the young mother.

Lester knocked at the door and composed himself. He tried to suppress his grin as he heard footsteps approaching from inside the house. The stunning Sarah Williams opened the door with a confused look on her face. Her eyes scanned him up and down before settling on his face and realizing it was him.

"Lester? I just texted you," she said, still standing in the doorway. She looked past him at the quiet street. Lester assumed she was checking to see if her neighbors noticed him.

"I was in the neighborhood," Lester said as he stepped forward. His foot crossed the threshold. Sarah hadn't expected that. She was still standing in the doorway as his body pushed against and past hers.

"Nice place," Lester said, looking around at the well-kept home.

"Thank you," Sarah said, closing the door. She was still wearing her work clothes with an apron draped across them. "I didn't expect you so soon, I'm still just in the middle of cooking."

Lester was disappointed that she wasn't dressed sexier but he reasoned that he had surprised her. Who knows what she would have worn for him had he exercised patience. "You keep cooking, I'll give myself the tour."

He handed her the bottle of wine and started moving towards the stairs.

"Where are you going?" Sarah said, but Lester didn't answer. He picked up a photo of her from the hallway table. Dan loved the photo of her. It was taken on the day of their wedding. She was wearing her wedding dress, posing for the photo in front of a rustic wall at their wedding venue. Dan always said how it looked classy while at the same time being incredibly sexy.

Sarah stood there watching him as Lester began to show himself around her house. The way he showed up early and caught her unprepared made her uneasy. Now he was walking through her house unaccompanied, like he owned the place, poking his nose into anything he pleased. He went up the stairs and disappeared around the corner. Sarah glanced at the bottle of wine. It was her favorite. She dashed into the kitchen, put it on the counter and then darted to check the pasta cooking on the stove before quickly following Lester upstairs.

As she rounded the corner, his hand was on the doorknob to the girls' room, about to push on in.

"Not in there." Sarah said. "That's the kids' room. Off limits, Lester." She said flatly. There were some lines she wouldn't allow him to cross. Forget the hospital, forget the mortgage payment. Lester was to be

kept entirely apart from her children. He was already encroaching on the rest of her life, but she wouldn't let him cross that line.

"No worries," Lester raised his hands innocently and strolled down the hall. He peeked his head into the bathroom and the office before finally reaching the master bedroom. He stood in the doorway, scanning the room's contents. One large king bed, some dressers, makeup mirror, a couple of end tables, a walk-in closet, an ensuite bathroom. Lester stood up straight and took a deep breath.

Sarah felt the hairs on the back of her neck standing up. Seeing Lester at the entrance to her bedroom made her anxious. Nervous at how confidently he was walking around, she wished Dan was here, but she also pictured Lester on her bed, taking her from behind like she'd seen him do with Lizzie. She didn't know what to expect. Everything felt so unpredictable. For someone like her who liked to be in control, she couldn't help but wonder what he might try next.

He turned around to see Sarah staring at him.

"This is where the magic happens, huh?" Lester raised an eyebrow. Before Sarah could respond, he walked past her back down the hallway, "Smells good down there."

"Just so we are clear," Sarah said, following him down the hallway. "This is just dinner okay? There isn't going to be a sleepover. I assume you got a hotel room, right?"

"Yeah, I have one," Lester said, rounding the corner. He paused momentarily and glanced at the family photo hanging on the wall.

Sarah followed him back down the stairs and into the kitchen. He seated himself at their island counter. The sight of him heaped on her barstool just looked wrong. Sarah returned to her spaghetti sauce and could feel Lester's eyes on her.

"Can I have a taste?" Lester said.

She dipped the wooden spoon into the sauce. Cradling the spoon over her other hand, she brought it over to her husband's roommate. Lester didn't make any move to take the spoon from her so Sarah lowered it to his lips. Lester opened his mouth and took part of the spoon in, slurping her sauce. His eyes lingered on hers before saying, "Mmmm, tasty." He slowly licked his lips in satisfaction.

Before Lester could see her blush, Sarah turned around and returned to the stove. Feeding Lester like that felt strangely intimate. Her mind had barely registered how earlier he stepped past her into his house, breaking the sanctity of her home's threshold.

Lester sat at the counter and watched until the spaghetti was finished cooking. Sarah spooned generous helpings onto two plates and brought them into the dining room. Lester followed with two glasses of wine and sat down in Dan's place at the head of the table. Sarah paused for a moment. She hadn't thought about where they would sit. She placed Lester's plate in front of him and sat at the other end of the table.

Before Sarah could pick up her own fork, she heard Lester slurping his noodles from across the table. She looked up at him and was reminded of a toddler doing their best to eat. Sarah neatly used her spoon to twirl a tight ribbon of pasta around her fork before neatly putting it in her mouth.

She looked at him sloppily, eating her dinner. This was her go-to recipe that Dan had always enjoyed. Now that she thought about it, she had made it for him the last few times he'd visited from Chicago. She couldn't believe that the oily, unkempt man sitting across from her had put her boss in his place a few hours earlier. She hadn't expected that. She also hadn't expected how intrigued it would make her feel about him. Not to mention that Lester seemed to be the one person who could save her family from missing their mortgage payment this week.

"Did all that cyber security stuff today make you work up an appetite?" Sarah said as she began to twirl another portion of pasta. She was falling into the easy rhythm of conversation with Lester. She'd become used to talking to him over a meal.

"Not really," Lester said, slurping another couple of noodles, "I just want to build up my energy for tonight."

There it was. So far they had danced around anything happening here other than dinner but Lester had just made his intentions crystal clear. Sarah sat trying to will a witty retort to materialize but nothing came. She slid her wine glass closer and took a sip. It felt both like she had a decision to make and that it had already been made.

She tried to change the subject "If...when you get the systems back up at work. Can you focus on the payroll department systems? There're a lot of people needing to get paid."

Lester put his spoon down, "Don't worry, I'll take care of you. I'll get it done."

Sarah blushed, realizing that she probably showed her hand to him. She should be more careful about how she phrased things in the future.

"You look tight," Lester said, prompting Sarah to raise an eyebrow. "Tense. You could use some time just to relax. Just for you."

"I'll make sure to do that after all of this cyberattack stuff is behind us," Sarah said as she took another sip of her wine.

The odd couple ate mostly in silence as rain continued to batter the house's windows. When she didn't feel Lester's eyes on her, she heard him sloppily inhaling his dinner. When they were finished, Sarah downed her wine and took their plates back into the kitchen to the sink. Lester followed behind her.

"Dinner was delicious. Why don't you let me do the dishes, and you can go upstairs and get ready," Lester's eyes looked greedy. The power flickered briefly.

"Ready for what exactly?" Sarah said, placing a hand on her hip as she sized Lester up. If he wanted her, she was going to make him work for it.

"Ready for the rest of our date tonight. It would be rude of me just to eat and run. And I realize I surprised you earlier and you didn't have a chance to get ready." he stepped close to the young wife. "Why don't you go upstairs and change out of your work clothes into something more comfortable."

His fingers traced a line down her bicep before reaching past her to grab the dish rag in the sink. He didn't wait for a reply, he just stepped past her and started washing the dishes. Sarah wanted to tell him about the dishwasher but thought better of it.

"I thought our date nights only took place in Chicago," Sarah challenged.

"There was never anything that specified that in our agreement," Lester said as he started to scrub their plates. He looked back at her

to see if she had any reply. Sarah followed his eyes to her nipples, showing their hardened state through her top.

Sarah blushed and reasoned that she really did want to get out of her work clothes and shed the stress of her day, "Fine, I'll be back in a few."

"Take your time," Lester said, not turning away from his dishwashing as she left. When he heard her feet going up the stairs, he dropped the dishcloth and walked away from the sink. He poured Sarah another glass of wine and set it on the counter.

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Sarah was upstairs in her walk-in closet, stripping off her work clothes before throwing them in the laundry hamper. She looked through the clothes hanging in her closet, trying to figure out what to wear for Lester.

*Wear for Lester.* The thought seemed so inconspicuous in her mind before she caught it. When visiting Chicago, she'd bring some sexy outfits and lingerie for Dan. Lately, Lester had been the beneficiary of her choices, seeing them before her husband could, but she couldn't help but enjoy the extra attention she got when she wore them out with him. Now, she was mulling over what message she wanted to send to Lester. If Dan was here, she might open her lingerie drawers and find something really sexy to –

She heard the front door close. Sarah grabbed the first robe she could find and threw it on. As she hurried down the hallway, she realized it was a sexy teal one that stopped at her mid-thigh. She reached the bottom of the stairs as Lester returned through the door with his backpack over his shoulder.

"Just getting something out of the car," Lester said, eyeing her, "Were you disappointed? Did you think I left?"

"I just heard the door and wanted to see what was going on," Sarah said. For a second, she thought that Dan might have come home. She slowed her breathing down from the excitement of rushing to the door.

"You really took my instructions on dressing comfortably to heart," Lester's hungry eyes were on her legs as he scanned her whole body.

Sarah tightened the robe's belt and went back up the stairs.

Lester went to the kitchen to retrieve the wine bottle and glasses with his bag still over his shoulder before following her. When she heard the bedroom door open, Sarah was back in her closet trying to figure out what to wear. She peeked her head out and saw Lester standing in the doorway like he had earlier.

"Lester!" Sarah said, "Go back downstairs, I'll be ready soon."

"You're already ready," Lester said, stepping into the room and unzipping his backpack. He placed the wine down on the bedside table and pulled a dark bottle with a pump out of the bed. Sarah watched as he topped up the glass of wine and handed it to her.

"You've had a rough time lately with the cyber attack," Lester said as he moved closer to her. His voice grew softer, "As your Chicago boyfriend, I wanted to come over tonight and help you relax. I brought my massage oil. Do you like massages?"

"Uh, yes," Sarah started before Lester took her by the elbow and led her to her bed. Lester's proximity was making the air thick in the room. Sarah could already feel several different parts of her body responding to the short man's presence.

"Let me take care of you. Let me make you lose all this stress you're carrying for everyone else." Lester said as he guided her towards her bed.

"Lay down then, and I'll get started," Lester said, sitting her down on the bed and taking a sip of his wine. Sarah followed him and took a long sip. The wine felt smooth in her mouth, and she could feel it beginning to relax her. She took another long sip and welcomed the beginning of a comfy burn in her belly.

"Lester, I don't know, are you sure you want to do this?" Sarah said as her body relaxed from the wine, "We could always go downstairs and watch a movie or something."

"Finish your drink and lay down," Lester thumbed his phone and relaxing music began to play. He grabbed the bottle and pressed the pump down until vanilla-scented massage oil squirted into his hand.

Seeing the oil in his hands seemed to quiet Sarah's protests. She took a large gulp of her wine and placed the glass beside his. The music was working for her as well. She wouldn't have suspected that

Lester had any taste, much less that it would sync with hers. She smiled to herself and undid the belt on her robe, laying flat, face down on the bed. The wine felt warm in her stomach.

Lester's eyes opened wide. All of his planning was coming to a head in this crucial moment. Sarah Williams was lying prone on her marital bed, ready for him to touch her body. There was just one last thing he needed to do. He reached down, silently grabbed her phone off the charger, and muted it. Now, they wouldn't be disturbed.

He rubbed his hands together, spreading the oil between them. He crouched on the bed with her and his finger found the top of her robe near her neck. Lester slowly peeled it off her body until it was discarded on the floor and Sarah's nudity was exposed to him. He marvelled at the sight of her fantastic ass, his eyes feasted on her long-toned legs. She had an incredibly sexy back.

Lester put his oiled hands on her shoulder blades and massaged the young mother. Years ago, he had missed an opportunity with a roommate by providing a lacklustre massage. He then vowed never to let an opportunity pass him by again. Now, Lester considered himself quite proficient at using massages to work a woman up.

His hands pressed into her back, over and over, moving in a circular motion. He pressed into the areas where he could feel Sarah held a lot of tension. He worked methodically and deliberately, loosening up one small area at a time. His cock continued to swell in his boxers as he moved his hands over the beautiful wife.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily as Lester continued to put pressure over her tight shoulder blades. He focused on the area for several minutes, eliciting soft moans of approval from her. Sarah could feel herself relaxing into the bed. She wasn't sure whether it was the massage or the wine fully taking effect, but she just enjoyed the sensation.

Lester's thumbs started working over her lower back, right where her spine met her hips. It felt good. Really good. Dan didn't give massages often and she hadn't had their area focused on before. Lester's thumbs sank into her flesh and pushed up her spine until his hands pushed down on her shoulder blades again.

"Uh," Sarah moaned as Lester's hands moved up to her shoulders, kneading the knots she hadn't realized existed. Lester's weight shifted on the bed and she felt his legs on either side of her hips. He was straddling her from behind. She could feel the change at once, it seemed like he was able to push harder down into her back, using gravity for assistance.

"Mhmm," Sarah groaned. Lester began pushing his hands from her hips up to her shoulders and then repeating the movement. Each time he did, it felt amazing. She couldn't even stifle the moans.

This move was deliberate by Lester. Each time his hands pushed up the young wife's back, his crotch would push against her magnificent ass. He had stripped his pants off and his cock was tucked under the waistband of his underwear. After several minutes he noticed Sarah's hips beginning to push back against him as he pushed into her back. *Time to toy with her.*

"Just a minute," Lester said, as he eased off the bed. He walked over to the light switch and dimmed the lights. He reached into his bag and pulled out a lighter and some candles. Lester also took the time to remove his shirt and underwear quickly.

"What are you doing?" Sarah's eyes were closed but she could hear Lester moving around the room.

Lester set the candles on the tops of the dressers and bedside tables. He lit them and turned off the light completely, "Just setting the mood." She felt the air shift by her feet as he returned to her.

A relaxing fragrance drifted into Sarah's nose. She couldn't quite place it but she could tell it was from a candle. He began tenderly massaging her feet before she could ask Lester about it.

"Uhhhhh," Sarah groaned as Lester's chubby fingers began to knead at her soles. He spent time on each of her toes, her heels, and the tops of her feet before moving on to her ankles. The pressure he applied got steadily firmer as he worked up her legs, but it never crossed over into unpleasantness. Sarah spent a lot of time on her feet at work and felt like she was in heaven - Lester was worshiping her. She would be all for it if more of their 'dates' could include massages. Gone were the thoughts of repulsion for this strange, oddly proportioned man.

She knew what Lester would probably want after the massage was over. But she could worry about that then. Right now she just wanted to enjoy the feeling of being pampered and getting lost in someone's hands running over her body.

Once the massage was over, she would call Dan and update him on what was happening. Earlier, he had given her the green light to sleep with Lester tonight but she would confirm it with him beforehand. He would probably give her his silent approval like usual as he breathed into the phone.

As much as this started with them exploring Dan's fantasies, she needed this tonight. With all the stress, the finances, the issues at work, carrying the weight of everything. She just needed a release.

Lester's hands worked over each of her ankles, rotating them around, pressing down in strategic spots. He softly put her leg back onto the bed and pressed his knuckles into her calf. He was subtly building a rhythm with his hands, reinforcing the tempo he imagined he'd take his prize with.

"Uh," Sarah groaned as Lester's palms ran up her calves before pushing down in the middle with his thumbs. They made semi-circles as they worked their way up and down, "Mhmmm."

After several minutes of massaging her calves, Lester moved his hands up to her thighs. He expertly elicited more soft moans from the young wife before his fingers began to work on her upper inner thighs.

Sarah could feel Lester's fingers working her skin just inches away from her sex. As his hands continued to press into her, she felt something drag across her calf. She knew instantly it was Lester's cock brushing against her skin, over and over.

She could feel herself growing wet at the sensation, not to mention the pressure that Lester was applying to her body. She couldn't remember the last time she felt this relaxed. He moved his hand slowly up the inside of her left thigh, he was going higher and higher.

Sarah bit her lip, wondering how high he was going to go. On their own, her knees moved outward and she propped her backside up, thighs spread open. His fingers just brushed the outside of her lips as his fingers began to work over the top of her thighs. Every few

seconds his fat fingers would accidentally touch her now raised and open pussy. Each time Sarah's body would move down and grind itself against the bed a little bit, searching for more stimulation. Each time Lester's digits would pull away, leaving her wanting more.

Lester's fingers abruptly left her thigh and switched to the other leg. He repeated the teasing process, this time his fingers would occasionally press more into the lips of her undulating pussy.

Lester smiled as he saw Sarah's hips moving back and forth, looking for contact with his fingers. He wasn't going to give her the satisfaction just yet. He wanted her hurting to get more. Desperate for more. Desperate enough to let him slide into her with nothing between them.

He raised his hands off her thighs, letting his fingers dangle tauntingly over her wet folds. She groaned loudly as he slid his hand up her moist slit before coming to rest on her ass. Lester applied more oil to her body and began to massage each ass cheek in turn. He used the palms of his hands to put pressure on each cheek before his fingers would firmly grip them. It was a cross between a massage and an outright grope, but Sarah loved it. Her hips were moving on the bed and he could hear her whimpering into the pillow.

Lester pushed her back to prone and continued to work over her ass for several more minutes before scooting up her body and resuming his original position, straddling her ass as he massaged her back. This time his naked cock was resting against her sweet ass as his balls dangled between them, pressing against her dripping wet pussy.

As Lester's hand began working their way up her back, his hips followed suit, pushing into Sarah's naked backside. Sarah could feel Lester's large hairy balls pressing against her opening, his cock sliding up against her ass crack.

He continued putting pressure on her back while slowly thrusting against her body. Lester kept quiet, not wanting to snap Sarah out of it. Her hips pushed back against him with each thrust, and soft moans were escaping her lips.

As Sarah's hip thrusts became more prominent, Lester slowed himself down. Her ass bounced back against him several times while

he held himself still. Her body already wanted him, he just needed to send her over the edge.

Sarah groaned in disappointment as Lester got off and kneeled next to her. He quickly dropped one hand between her legs and started to play with the outside of her slit.

"Ohhhh, uh, mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester teased her. Her hips continued to thrust back towards his hand until he extended one digit. As she pressed back against him, his finger slid into her wet pussy.

"Uhhhhh," Sarah groaned as she felt Lester's fat finger begin to stretch her out. Lester added another finger and pressed them down toward Sarah's sensitive G-spot.

She continued to moan as she gently thrust herself back against Lester's hand. He only moved his hand slightly to maintain the illusion of thrusting, in reality, Sarah was doing all of the work trying to get herself off.

"Mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as her hips started to thrust back faster. Lester's fingertips were pressing against her G-spot. Each thrust she made had them slide against it. Lester could feel Sarah's pussy beginning to tighten around his finger. Her thrusts were growing faster and faster. She was going to explode soon.

Lester pulled his fingers out of Sarah.

"Naaahuu," she groaned in frustration. She had been so close. Sarah needed relief. All she could focus on right now was that feeling. Raising herself up on her elbows, she looked back at Lester. As soon as she made eye contact his hands were on her hips, flipping her body over. He'd read what she wanted loud and clear.

"Do you have a condom?" Sarah breathed hard, staring at the man's troll-like features. She found herself drawn to him, despite his appearance. Her mind was in a million different places. Work was a distant memory, she thought about Dan and wished he was here but more than anything, she realized that Lester was about to fuck her in her marital bed. Her legs parted for him slowly

"I do," Lester grinned as he quickly lowered his head between her legs, his tongue parting her lips and pushing inside of her.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah’s thighs squeezed Lester’s head. Her legs seemed to be spasming from his touch. One of her hands found her clit and started to massage it as his tongue twirled inside of her.

The fat man was in heaven, he was dining on the finest woman he’d ever seen, about to make her cum repeatedly in the bed she shared with her husband. He formed a tight seal with his lips while thrusting his enormous tongue deep inside Sarah Williams, further up into her than any man had ever been. He placed the tip of his tongue against her g-spot and firmly pushed, tasting the place that made the wife cum so hard, trying to set her off.

“Oh my god,” Sarah’s free hand gripped the sheets. Thunder roared outside, shaking the house. The rain was battering the roof and windows but all Sarah could focus on was the feeling of Lester’s large tongue inside of her. “Uh, don’t, oh, uh, don’t stop.”

The tree in the backyard groaned in protest against the winds battering it—the tree where Dan had installed a swing for the girls the year before.

Sarah let go of the sheet and grabbed onto Lester’s head, trying to pull him further into her. She wanted as much of him touching her as possible. Her thighs continued to squeeze the sides of his fat head as his tongue probed her most private of areas.

Her hips were lifting off the ground as Lester began to dart his tongue quickly in and out of her, fucking her with his tongue, his head moving smoothly with her thrashing hips. Her nails dug into the back of his head as she pulled him closer.

Sarah groaned as Lester’s tongue pushed deep inside of her. His finger was expertly working her clit in time with this tongue. She was ready to come, she was so close. She could feel her body yearning for it, reaching for it. It was almost there. It felt like the walls to the dam were about to burst. She closed her eyes and gripped Lester’s head with her hand and thighs, preparing to ride the tidal wave of an orgasm that was going to wash over her.

“Oh, ffffuuh, oh fuck ohfuckohfuck...”

Lester could feel her muscles beginning to tense up. He withdrew his tongue and stopped massaging her clit.

Sarah felt her orgasm receding. All the build-up being washed away, disappearing, "Uh...noooo. Why?"

Lester climbed up the bed between Sarah's open legs. They parted further for him as he ascended her body, his weight settling on top of her. Sarah's bare breasts mashed together against Lester's, he snaked his hand around to the back of her neck and turned her face towards him.

Sarah's hips raised off the bed as Lester's mouth devoured hers, "Mhmmmmmm."

His large tongue parted her lips and searched for hers. When it found it, his tongue swirled hard against hers. Sarah's tongue responded by dancing with his, her own tongue pushing back against his until it darted into his mouth. Sarah moaned involuntarily into the wet, sloppy kiss. There was a rightness to how natural this felt. She felt like that should bother her more.

Thunder cracked outside again. It sounded so close. She could feel the electricity in the air surrounding her, almost like she was a lightning rod, attracting a deadly lightning strike. She couldn't stop.

Lester's bare cock rested on top of Sarah's pussy. His shaft parted her outer lips and pressed against her clit while his cock head rested on her lower abdomen. With his tongue buried deep in the young mother's mouth, Lester began to slide his cock up and down over Sarah's wet slit.

Sarah's body shuddered, feeling Lester's huge cock sliding against her. His cock was running over her clit, sending electric sensations throughout Sarah's body. Her soaking wet lips parted around the base of his cock, wanting more. She ground her hips against his cock as he slid it up and down her, "Ugh. Mhmmmmmm." Her bare feet were in the air on either side of the fat man's ass. Her toes clenched, expressing her need as they brushed against his buttocks. A stranger seeing them together might think Lester was crushing the sexy wife, but Sara felt otherwise.

The weight of Lester's body on top of hers was intoxicating. She felt pinned down and helpless as his gut pushed against her stomach. She hadn't ever been attracted to a body type like Lester's but now she found herself getting lost of the sensation of being underneath him.

Lester broke their kiss and hunched himself. He grabbed Sarah's bare breasts in his hands and pushed his face into them, alternating sucking each one. His tongue sloppily ran over her breasts like a man possessed. He began flicking his tongue and sucking on her nipples. Sarah whined in pleasure as he sucked on her nipples. She spread her legs a little wider, feeling the bottom of his wide shaft opening her lips, the hot head of his cock lay against her clit.

"Uh," Sarah moaned as she arched her back off the bed, thrusting her breasts into Lester's face as she continued to grind her hips up against Lester's cock.

He picked up his speed, sliding his cock up and down her pussy faster and faster. He dipped his hips a bit, causing his cock head to press into Sarah's clit. It slid over it faster and faster. Sarah's hips raised off the bed to meet his urgency, she could feel herself growing closer to the orgasm that had been eluding her all night. She needed to feel that release. Her hands were on the back of Lester's head as he feasted on her breasts.

Lester pushed himself up until he was looking down at Dan's wife withering beneath him. A light caught his eye. Sarah's eyes were closed, focused on the ecstasy between her legs as his cock continued to tease her clit and outer lips. Sarah's phone screen lit up, an incoming call from Dan.

He smiled, knowing his moment was at hand. Thunder shook the house again. Lester grabbed Sarah's hands and placed them on her chest. She immediately started to grope herself, running her nipples between her fingers. Lester placed his hand on her shoulder to hold in place. He stared at her beautiful face as it contorted in pleasure.

Lester slowed his thrusts and let his cock rest on Sarah's pussy. She continued to grind her clit against his cock, matching the pace they had set together. She needed to cum. It was so close. She could feel it there, just on the other side of an invisible barrier.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at her husband's roommate. He stared intently at her with that hungry, conquering look that drove Sarah wild. His face was full of lust. Lust for her and her body. Seeing him stare at her like that caused her to pick up her pace, sliding herself against his now still cock.

She ached for it. She didn't understand why he stopped moving, she wanted to feel it against her again. She rolled her nipples between her fingers, "Uhhhhh. Mhmmmmmm, fuuuckk."

Lester could tell she was getting close. She was on the edge of an orgasm. Her hips were thrusting against him faster now, her pussy running over his cock as she stimulated herself against him.

He didn't break eye contact, he wanted to savor this moment forever. He pulled his hips back as Sarah did the same, his cock head running down her clit, down her slit until it was positioned with her entrance. He kept his cock still, waiting for her.

As Sarah pushed her hips and pussy back towards Lester's cock, she felt her pussy open and take in Lester's entire cock. Her mouth formed a large O on her face, and surprise flashed behind her eyes. She pulled her hips back and pushed back down onto Lester's bare cock. As she did it again, Lester sunk his hips down, pushing his cock inside of her.

"Ohhhh fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester finally push his cock into her. It felt like gasoline had been poured on the orgasm so close at hand. She bit her lip as she felt herself being stretched around Lester's cock. Momentary pain was replaced with pleasure. She raised her hips again and thrust back, feeling the entire length of Lester's cock fill her.

Lester had immediately begun his breathing exercises when his cock entered the lusty young mother. It was simply the finest pussy his cock had ever felt. He focused on how much he deserved to fuck this pussy, on how much work it took him to get her. He grinned as he shifted his hips and fucked her at the same tempo he'd massaged her with, continuing to build pleasurable associations that only he knew about.

There was something she needed to say. Some distant thought she needed to focus on but it was just a distraction from her orgasm. She focused on Lester's cock plunging between her legs as he sunk down over her, her breasts mashing against his chest. Her nipples pushed against the skin and coarse hair on his flabby chest.

Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's girthy hips, locking her ankles behind his trembling ass. She felt his big hairy balls slapping

her wildly under her pussy and then Lester slowly began to pull himself out and push back in, thrusting into her.

"Ahhh oh fuuuuuuu," she couldn't tell if lightning had struck or if it was just inside her as Sarah came on Lester's cock. Her pussy holding onto it as she squeezed him tightly around the widest part of his shaft. Her hands left the sheets and grabbed onto his back, holding him in place so he wouldn't leave and tease her again. Sarah felt her eyes roll back and saw stars as she finally got the orgasm her body had been craving.

Lester pushed through the vice grip Sarah's pussy had on his cock, continuing to thrust inside of her, building back to the steady pace. Now that he was in her bare, he imagined taking her in all kinds of different positions and locations, watching her face as he taught her how to fuck. But for tonight, he would fuck her like this.

Missionary was his favorite position. The ultimate pose of submission, lying on their backs, allowing him between their legs, watching their face as he fucked them. Watching as he made them cum.

Lester grinned. Tonight he wasn't just going to fuck Sarah. He was going to make love to her in her marital bed. Lester began to plant light kisses on Sarah's neck as she came down from her string of orgasms.

She began to release his cock from its vice grip. Lester thrust into her slowly and deliberating, ensuring a controlled pace. He kissed her neck and held her face with one hand like a lover would. When his lips reached her ear, he whispered, "God, Sarah you feel so good. I love this." His pistoning hips never stopped their work.

A large branch cracked from somewhere outside as rain pummeled the roof of the Williams' home. Sarah, lost in lust, moaned back, "I love it, too."

Lester felt so different in her tonight. So much larger, so much better. So good. As her pussy gripped his cock she could feel all the ridges and veins running over it. She groaned as she could feel his bulbous head running up and down the canal of her pussy. His cock always felt so good inside of her but tonight it felt so much better. So fucking good –

"Ah, uh, Leesster, uh," Sarah was having trouble putting her thoughts together, "The, uh, uh, condom. Is it on?"

Lester grunted, his mouth sucking on her ear lobe, "Oh, no, I forgot it."

Sarah's hips pushed against him at the admission, the reality of Lester's bare cock in her caused her body to respond. Lester was the second person who had ever put their bare cock inside of her.

*Thank god he is fixed.* She couldn't stop fucking him now. She needed to cum again. It felt so good having Lester's bare cock inside of her. She never liked the feeling of the latex. Feeling the bare skin of his cock, the ridges, the veins. Just knowing she was letting his raw cock into her pussy made it all feel so much better. And maybe she was kidding herself, but she could swear his cock was bigger with the condom off.

"God, mhmmmm. We shouldn't be. This is bad," Sarah groaned. She tilted her hips towards him, allowing him deeper inside her.

"Feels good to me," Lester swirled his tongue around Sarah's earlobe, "Do you want me to stop?"

After saying that, he pulled his entire length out of her until just his cock head remained. Then he slowly pushed it all the way back in until his cockhead was pressed against her cervix.

"Ugh....mhmmmm," Sarah groaned feeling the sensation of Lester's bare cock inside of her. She knew better but she didn't want it to stop, "Don't stop. It feels so good"

"Feels better than with a condom?" Lester said.

Sarah nodded.

"Tell me how good it feels."

"So fucking good. I love how you feel inside of me," Sarah moaned. She knew how much cum Lester could make. If he wasn't fixed she would be much more worried right now. But even if he wasn't, would she stop things?

Lester continued to plant little kisses all over her neck before reaching her lips. He didn't shove his tongue into her like usual. He just planted soft, gentle kisses on her lips. She kissed him back, matching his movements.

Her hands found the back of his head as she held onto him. Lester continued to caress her face. He broke their kiss and looked into her eyes, "I love being with you. You make me feel like a better man."

Sarah realized that Lester wasn't fucking her like he usually did. He wasn't fucking her hard and fast and saying lewd shit to her. He was saying loving things. He was fucking her slowly. He wasn't fucking her at all. He was making love to her.

Making love to her in the bed that should be reserved for her husband. Sarah moaned at the realization and felt her pussy grip Lester's cock milking it.

Lester whispered while staring at her. He caressed her face, his thumb stroking her cheek, "Do you love being with me? Do I make you feel good?"

"Uh, yes," Sarah said quietly, "You make me feel soo good."

They were the only ones in the house, why were they whispering? It seemed too intimate.

"Tell me," Lester said as his cock slid out to the tip and slowly back in, "Tell me that you love being with me."

He wasn't asking if she loved his cock, or loved getting fucked by him. The question was being with him in his entirety. Sweat dripped off his forehead and landed on her chest.

"I love it," Sarah said, closing her eyes, and focusing on how good he was making her feel.

"Then show me," Lester said, "Cum for me. I want to feel your body cum around my cock as I make love to you."

"Uh," Sarah grunted. The feeling of Lester's weight pressing down onto her. As his body thrust into her, his chest pushed against her, stimulating her nipples. This man fucked her so good but now he was making love to her, whispering things in her ear. The only other man to ever make love to her was Dan, something they had done countless times in this very bed.

Now Lester was taking that too. He was claiming her in a way she hadn't expected. Sarah always loved when Dan made love to her, she felt their connection deepen. It felt so different than when they would fuck. It was like she was opening herself up to him, letting him touch her heart.

"I miss being with you," Lester whispered, "All I think about is you. This feels so right."

Lester was trying to plant thoughts into her head, trying to make her feel things for him, "I can't get enough of you."

"Fuck, Lester," Sarah moaned. His slow, deliberate lovemaking was working her up. Her skin was glazed with sweat. His bare cock felt amazing inside of her. She could feel another orgasm building, seemingly emanating from Lester's cock, "God, don't stop. Don't, uh, ah, fucking stop. Right there, Lester." Her legs were clamped around him, drawing him up into her.

"Tell me how much you want me," Lester whispered while kissing the side of her face. His hand continued to stroke her face and hair.

"I want you so fucking bad. Keep going baby," Sarah whimpered. She thought about how Lester wanted her to call him 'daddy,' but she couldn't. Baby still felt too intimate, though, something reserved for Dan.

"I like you calling me that," Lester said quietly. Lightning flashed and illuminated the room. The candles around them still burned, casting shadows of Lester and Sarah's coupling on the walls.

Sarah's hips were thrusting quickly against Lester, trying to break his deliberately slow pace. She could feel her chest and neck growing flush. Her back grew tight, her toes began to curl. Tension spread throughout her body, waiting for release, "Uh, ah, mhmhmhm, yes."

Lester's hand found Sarah's. He interlaced his fingers with hers and held them to the bed above her head. He felt her wedding ring pressing into his finger. He relaxed his grip on her and slid the ring off her finger. He placed it on the pillow next to them and again interlaced her fingers.

"Tonight, you are all mine," He whispered, "Give yourself to me. Cum on my cock. Be mine."

"Uh, this is so wrong," Sarah moaned. Lester taking off her ring in her marital bed felt so wrong. She couldn't deny that it was wrong, making it hotter than expected. That ring symbolized her love and commitment to Dan. Lester just removed it from her body.

"Tell me that you're mine tonight, Sarah. All mine," Lester whispered, his cock sliding out and pushing back into her.

Sarah didn't hesitate, she knew saying the words would help her get off. It was so lewd and taboo and it turned her on, "I'm yours tonight, Lester. Only yours. Fuck me. Take me from my husband.."

Lester grinned at her words. He could feel her body tensing under him. She was frantically thrusting back into him. She was going to cum.

He leaned back and looked deep into her beautiful green eyes. She stared back up at him with an animalistic lust. Lester's licked his lips, "Fuck Sarah, I'm going to cum."

He felt her legs tighten around his waist. She wasn't going to let him go.

"I'm going to cum in you, fill you with my cum. You're going to take all of it." Lester grunted as he increased his pace, feeling his balls begin to fill with cum, "Do you want it? All of my cum?"

The alarm bells in Sarah's brain were silenced by her overwhelming focus on her body's imminent orgasm. The thought of Lester, her husband's roommate's illicit cum flooding her unprotected pussy was the match that ignited the flame.

"Give it to me," Sarah screamed, breaking their hushed whispers, "Cum for me, Lester, Cum. I want it all."

Sarah felt the tension in her back give way as a massive orgasm exploded across her body. She let go completely as ecstasy washed over her body. She felt Lester's cock pulsate and then felt the familiar feeling of hot cum shooting into her, washing her insides. Lester's illegitimate seed was exploring her married, forbidden pussy. A loud, groaning shout erupted from the short man. To Sarah, it sounded like a triumphant warrior her whole lower body quaked, the bliss extended by the sound.

It felt like Lester's cum was covering every inch of her insides, there was no place they weren't exploring. Her orgasm intensified, knowing Lester had just cum inside of her, "Oh god. Uh, ah, ooh fucckkk. Mhmmmmmmmm."

Lester looked down at Sarah, her eyes were closed but her mouth hung open, gasping for air as she felt his cum flooding into her body for the first time. Claiming her body as his. Unlike Dan, Lester wasn't fixed. His cum was just as potent and virile as ever.

Knowing that his was cum was blasting into her fertile pussy brought immense satisfaction to Lester. He had finally achieved what he set out to do all those months ago. Have his roommate's wife, mother to his children, willingly take his cum. Beg for it.

With a labored breath, Lester emptied the rest of his ballsack into Sarah before collapsing onto top of her. The sweat from their bodies melded together as his cock lay buried in her. His full weight on top of her was starting to crush her.

Lester rolled off onto the pillow next to her, onto Dan's side of the bed. He smiled, full of satisfaction as the storm continued to rage outside.

Sarah's mind was messier than her body as she lay there covered in her sweat and Lester's. She needed to get up and go to the bathroom to try and clean herself up after Lester had deposited copious amounts of his pungent cum inside of her. She felt exhausted from the lovemaking with Lester. She would get up in a couple of minutes. She just needed to catch her breath for a second.

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Dan tried to call Sarah's phone again. For the third time, it went right to voicemail. He checked the time. It was late enough that she should have checked in by now. He knew what was probably keeping her: his roommate, Lester.

He cringed at the idea of Lester being in his home and felt shame and arousal at the thought of Lester taking Sarah in their bed.

Dan paced around the living room. He had returned to the apartment after a few hours of wandering, thinking things through. Dan walked over to the couch and sat down, opening his laptop.

He bought a one way ticket back home for the following afternoon. Dan was going to crash whatever it was Lester was doing. Taking out his phone, he sent Walt a text telling him he would be working remotely for a few days.

Switching tabs, he opened up LinkedIn and his email and slowly started reaching out to old contacts. It was time to engage the power of his network and make it work for him.

Tomorrow, on the train, he will do another exhaustive job search. Not just for positions in his field but ones in adjacent fields or teaching positions, whatever job or combination of jobs he could find to right the ship of his life. If he had to, he would take a second job working in fast food.

Knowing Lester was fucking his wife set a fire in his stomach. He wanted not only to reclaim her but also to reclaim their life together.

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Lester opened his eyes and looked around. It took him a few seconds to take in the unfamiliar surroundings and realize he wasn't in his room. He was in Sarah's.

He wasn't sure how much time had passed, but the rain outside had stopped. Shuffling out of bed, Lester made his way to the ensuite bathroom. He took a piss and then quietly looked through the medicine cabinet and drawers in the bathroom. *No birth control.*

His cock stiffened at the thought. Lester made his way back into the bedroom as the moonlight shone in through the window, illuminating Sarah's naked form. She was lying on her side, sound asleep.

Lester kneeled on the bed next to her and ran his grubby hands over her soft, naked skin. He parted her lips with his thumb. Sarah's eyes slowly opened as she sucked on the digit in her mouth. She was having an intense dream about her husband's roommate.

She felt something dragging back and forth against her pussy. She looked down and saw Lester looking down at her, watching her face as his hand stroked his cock against her, "Lester."

"Sarah," he answered, licking his lips. He pushed forward slightly, and the head of his cock pushed into her. She gasped, remembering Lester's naked cock cumming in her earlier. She had fallen asleep and never got up to clean herself up.

Sarah looked up at him, not saying anything. She understood what was about to happen. Lester could read her thoughts through her eyes. Adoration. Lust. Desire.

"Turn over," Lester said.

Too tired to protest, Sarah did as he asked. She felt an overwhelming need to please Lester. She felt how hard he was and

wanted to make his cock cum again. Sarah lay flat on her stomach, just like when he massaged her.

He took a moment to admire the amazing sight of Sarah's ass as she lay naked on the bed.

Within seconds his cock was pushing into her pussy from behind, stretching her.

"Uh, God. Yes," Sarah moaned into the bed sheets. Her hand moved underneath her until her fingers found her clit. She started to touch herself, caressing her sensitive area gently. Lester grabbed each of her ass cheeks and grabbed them hard as he pushed his entire length into the young mother.

"Ohhhh fuck, Lester," she said through gritted teeth as Lester pushed his entire cock into her. She felt his balls dangle between her thighs. His hands moved off her ass cheeks, one putting pressure on her lower back while the other pushed her head into the mattress. His gut dropped onto the small of her back, pushing down on her supple ass. He moved himself inside her, giving her the animal fucking she craved. Hitting her from behind with powerful thrusts.

Sarah felt immobilized by his weight. She could feel her body pushing down into the mattress. The pressure from his meaty hand on her head caused her pussy to throb. She felt powerless to stop whatever Lester was going to do to her. She wanted him to do it. She wanted to be taken roughly by him.

Lester started bucking his hips, fucking her hard and deep. He wasn't making love to her like before. Now he was fucking her. *Fucking me raw.*

Guilt momentarily flashed into her mind but was replaced with a sense of urgency and lust. She rubbed her clit as she pushed her ass back onto Lester's cock, trying to take more of him into her body. She wanted to feel every amazing inch of him inside of her, "Mmmhmmmm shit. Ohhhh."

Sarah opened her eyes. Her worldview was shaking as Lester pounded into her. Her bedroom door was open. She was still shaking off her dreamlike state. She imagined her past self standing in the hallway, watching her get pounded by a brute like Lester, watching as she moaned under him.

Lester was relentless as he pounded repeatedly into Dan's sweet wife. He held her in place and concentrated on fucking her. He wanted to feel her cum on his bare cock again before he blasted another load of his cum inside of her. He gritted his teeth and thrust into her, relishing in feeling her pussy without a condom. Sweat ran down his torso and onto Sarah's back. The heat from their bodies creating a furnace in the room.

Her pussy was soaking wet, she worried about Lester slipping out of her. Lester's gut was already slipping on her back from sweat. She gripped his cock hard, trying to hold him in place. She wasn't sure if she was strong enough down there to clamp onto a cock as large and strong as Lester's. She couldn't believe where she was, in her martial bed, pinned down and loving getting thoroughly fucked by her husband's odd little roommate. She remembered the first time she met him. If only her past self could see her now. The reverie triggered a quick flash orgasm as Lester adjusted his knees and fucked deeper into her. He held his cock firmly in the young wife and began fucking her again.

Lester threw the pillows off the bed as he rammed himself hard into the young mother. Both of them stayed silent as they fucked, each focusing on the immense pleasure the other was giving. Both felt changed by their raw fucking. The only sound in the room was that of their bodies slapping together.

"I'm gonna cum," Lester said. It was a statement. He wasn't asking for permission. It was just a fact. Lester was going to cum inside of her unprotected pussy again for the second time that night.

The words rang in her ear and sent an electric spark right down to her vagina. She gripped him hard and started frantically massaging her clit. Lester's cock throbbed, and Sarah could feel the blood pumping in it. She could feel his balls begin to move between her legs and Lester's cum move up through his widened shaft.

Sarah's body was wracked by another orgasm as she felt the first spurt of Lester's cum shoot into her, adding to the already hefty deposit he put in earlier, "Ahhhh mhmmmm."

Her fingers pushed hard into her clit as her body was overrun with pleasure. Sarah felt out of control of her body, her vagina clenched

around Lester's cock, milking him for his creamy substance. Every fibre of her body seemed to tingle all at once. She never wanted this feeling to stop.

Lester grunted as his cock continued to shoot load after load of his virile cum into the young mother. His balls tightened as he flexed them, trying to empty himself into her. Trying to empty every last drop.

Satisfied that he had deposited all the cum his balls could produce, Lester let his arms give way and collapsed onto Sarah. She felt his large body push her further into the mattress, his weight making it difficult for her to get a full breath.

Grabbing her hips, Lester rolled off of her onto his side. He pulled her with him, keeping his cock buried in her pussy. He didn't want anything leaking out. His large, fat arm draped across her body, holding her in place.

Sarah felt how warm Lester's body was behind her. It felt good. She felt too tired to push his arm off right now. She just wanted to close her eyes for a second and wait until Lester fell asleep. Then she would get up.

As they both lay in the sweat and cum soaked sheets, their breathing began to slow in unison. Together they both drifted off to sleep while Lester's cock stayed hard inside Dan's young wife.

# Afterword

Thank you for reading Book 2 of Toxic Attraction. If you would like to follow me and read other stories by me, please check out the links below:

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