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[Insider] Toxic Attraction: Chapter 33 Alpha



[Don Silver Stories](#)

27 minutes ago

Alllrighty everyone, here is Chapter 33 of Toxic Attraction. As always this is the Alpha full of ugly warts like grammar, typos and probably a lot of other things I'll need to clean up. I've already spotted a few logical inconsistencies that my caffeine addled brain missed in this draft. There is a lot happening in this chapter and it shakes up the status quo of our heroes quite a bit.

I've gotten a few messages (still catching up! Forgive me) from some readers asking if I feel bad about what happening to Sarah. The Dan part of me says yes while the Lester side of me is rubbing my hands while grinning.

Anyways, lets get to the good stuff. The chapter is posted below. I'm going to clean up undercover and get it posted for everyone. Also look for a short story poll sometime this week and you all can vote on the next thing I write (no cheating this time - you know who you are!).

Sarah tapped the wheel of her car anxiously as she peered out the windshield. She didn't like being back here. She felt the eyes of every person and car that passed and the judgement from the looming hospital in front of her. It's windows seemed to be watching her and she pictured a person in each one, staring down at her, knowing what she did.

She tried not to think about things but she couldn't help it. It had been a few days since everything he happened and she knew that the rumor mill would be working in overdrive within the hospital. News of her illicit affair with Otis the janitor would have spread like wildfire through the hospital. The remaining colleagues she respected would never look at her the same way again. And all those petty new hires would likely smirk knowing the sexy former administrator had fallen so low.

People are like that. Happy to see others fall from grace. Just look at any celebrity tabloid magazine at the grocery checkout. And now it was Sarah's turn. She could just picture herself on one of those covers, a paparazzi photo of her and Otis together.

Her stomach turned in knots as she started to bite her nails. Maybe this wasn't the best idea, but it was the only one she had. Still, how could she ever work at this place again with everyone knowing what she did. There was no way that bitch Mary had kept her mouth shut. For a professional head of HR, she was probably the one fueling the rumors and cackling about it from Sarah's former office.

Sarah tried to shove those feelings down deep. She tried to ignore the anxiety she felt whenever someone walked by her car. The way her skin crawled and she just wanted to drive away. She remembered to breathe and took a deep breath.

It had only been a few days and she had only applied to a few jobs. She knew it took time to vet candidates and review resumes. Logically she understood that. But she couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of shameful rejection already. It weighed on her like a heavy blanket that she needed to carry around. She didn't realize she could feel worse but day after day the feeling of rejection, the guilt over what she had done, the pestering of her parents and the knowledge that she had put her life and her kids lives into a tailspin was weighing more and more on her. She felt ready to break anytime.

Sarah stared at the empty parking spot just a little bit away. The hospital's new CEO Richard Thornhill wasn't in yet. Ever since he cancelled those early morning daily meetings he never came in on time. There was always something important he was supposedly doing but Sarah knew that he just didn't like working. He wasn't the savior the board had promised them. Short time, he probably looked great by cutting so many expenses and jobs. But it would add up over the long run, probably well after he had left the position and it was someone else's mess to clean up.

Her breath caught in her throat when he saw his old BMW pull in to the empty spot. It was now or never. The moment where she threw herself at the mercy of the one person above Mary and pleaded for her job. Her heart threatened to beat out of her chest but she wasn't sure if it was because of the idea of going back to work at this place after everything or the thought of what might come next.

Sarah wished she had a glass of wine to gulp down. She'd need to pick more up later. It was becoming too easy for her to reach for a glass when her stresses piled up.

With one last glance around the parking lot, Sarah exited her vehicle and walked towards Richard's car. Everytime her heels clacked on the asphalt parking lot, she felt her anxiety rising. She wanted to wince at the sound but held her head high. She didn't want to seem too desperate or weak.

“Mr. Thornhill, Richard,” Sarah said as the man was getting out of his car. The words seemed thick on her lips. She didn’t know Richard as well as she would have liked. He had moved fast to consolidate power at the hospital and subsequently Sarah had felt frozen out. It hadn’t been long after he started that Sarah was no longer included in the top level meetings.

When Richard Thornhill stood and looked at Sarah, her impression of that man hadn’t changed since their initial meeting. The word swarthy came to mind immediately. His thinning grey and white hair desperately needed a trim. For the amount of money he made as the CEO, Sarah was sure the man could afford to go someplace that actually styled his hair. Instead it looked like he was a frequent customer of Super Cuts.

As always, his suit looked expensive and immaculate but the shirt he wore underneath it was wrinkled, old and discolored. She didn’t know why he just wouldn’t get it dry cleaned with the rest of the suit or replace it. It boggled her mind. It was old, she could see the collar fraying as she closed the distance between them.

His steely, hard eyes looked her up and down, the crow’s feet at the sides of his eyes noticeable alongside the other wrinkle lines adorning his face. He squinted before saying, “Mrs. Williams?”

As he did his eyes ran up and down her body again, this time taking his time to drink in her curves.

“You aren’t supposed to be here,” he said tentatively as he closed his car door, “What is it you want?”

“I was hoping to discuss the situation with you,” Sarah said as she subtly smoothed out her pencil skirt. She was dressed as she would if she were going into work: sharp, professional with an edge of sex appeal.

“Oh?” A sly smile spread onto Richard’s face, “I thought Mary covered things quite thoroughly.”

Sarah knew where this was heading. Part of her had hoped that it didn’t need to go in this direction but she had to lean into it after the look he gave her. “Mary did quite a bit of talking but didn’t quite get into the meat of what was important. I know you would be much more thorough if you would hear me out.”

“Well then,” Richard said as he clicked the unlock button on his keyfob and opened his door again. He gestured to the passenger side door, “I’m all ears.”

“So, tell me,” Richard said from behind the wheel of his BMW as he drove Sarah through the streets of Middleton, “What exactly am I missing here? Multiple people walked in on you and one of the janitors in a compromising position. It seems pretty black and white to me.”

Despite his probing question the stupid smile on his face never faltered. Sarah looked at him while he stared out the windshield. From this angle, she got a better look at the teeth on the side of his mouth. They were yellowing from too much coffee or something else. She bet he had the front ones whitened to look more professional. Another veneer hiding what this man really was.

“If you look into the details,” Sarah said tentatively in a low, sultry voice, “I think you’ll find that it was all a misunderstanding.”

“A misunderstanding that left you both in the room naked?” Richard shot her a knowing look.

“Well maybe I was a bit naive but the janitor spilled some chemical on my clothes and his, he said it was toxic and we needed to remove them as quickly as possible before they touched our skin,” Sarah crossed her legs, smiling as she watched Richard’s eyes land on them for a few seconds.

“Eyes on the road,” Sarah whispered.

“That does sound plausible,” Richard clicked his tongue, “And you’re hoping I can go to Mary and straighten all this out?”

“No,” Sarah said, “I want you to go to Mary and put her in her place and tell her what to do.”

Richard chuckled and looked at her again as if appraising her, “I like the fire. I didn’t know you had that in you. I like that. I like it a lot.”

“You’ll like it a lot more once I’m reinstated. You should really think about letting me help you more. I could run the hospital in my sleep, you wouldn’t have to lift a finger or worry about the day to day,” Sarah put her hand on the shifter in between them on the console and ran her fingers over it.

“That does sound beneficial,” Richard chuckled lowly. His cheap cologne filled the car. It wasn’t as messy as Lester’s but the seats were fraying and it needed a good detailing. It honestly looked like the kind of car someone would pick up used and just never take care of.

“I think we should discuss this more inside,” Richard said as he turned off the road on the outskirts of town and pulled into the notorious pay by the hour motel. Sarah gulped as she looked up at the dingy motel. She had drive past this place with her parents as a teenager and later Dan as an adult. Her and Dan would joke about it. Her mom would always make a comment about the type of people who would frequent such a place. And now here she was, Sarah Williams mother of two about to check into a room.

“Be right back,” Richard grinned and got out of the car. It wasn’t long before he was walking back to the car, twirling one of those oldschool motel room keys in his fingers. The large plastic rectangle with the room number attached to a key ring with a single key on it. Sarah felt her skin crawl at the pep in the man’s step but she forced a smile on her face and stepped out of the vehicle.

“This is us,” Richard said motioning to a door and unlocking it. He held it open and Sarah just stared at the open doorway. She was about to prostitute herself. She felt lower than she ever had before but she needed to do this. Her family needed it. Her girls, [X] and [Y] needed her to get this job back.

Sarah let out a long breath, straightened out her tight fitted white blouse and walked past Richard into the dingy motel room. She turned up her nose immediately at the outdated shag carpet and red wallpapered walls. This place hadn’t been updated since before she was born and she doubted it was ever cleaned properly. Who knows how much dead skin cells, dust and other things she didn’t want to think about lived in the carpet and on the walls. She didn’t even want to think about the single Queen sized bed that took up most of the room. Just like the carpet and the walls, the comforter looked just as old. It was a real romantic place to bring a woman.

The door closed behind her and for a moment the room was dark. Then Richard flicked on the light switch behind her. Stuttering florescent bulbs lit the room, casting it in a pale yellow the same shade as some of Richard’s teeth.

“Now,” Richard’s voice came from behind her. Sarah straightened her face and turned around to the older man pulling off his suit jacket, neatly folding it and drapping it over a chair, “I believe we are going to discuss the benefits of you coming back to the hospital.”

Sarah steeled her nerves as Richard's hungry eyes roamed over her. They paused at her face, then again at her breasts being contained by her tight, white blouse. His eyes continued down to her hip hugging pencil skirt. Rich turned the hold wooden chair to the side and plopped down in it.

"There are two benefits I'd love to see right now," Richard said, his stupid smile plastered on his face as he stared at Sarah's chest, "Consider this your rehire interview."

Sarah let out a long breath and decided it was time to put away the stressed out, maniac Sarah of the past few days and slip into something more comfortable. Something that she found comforting. Something she craved. She adopted her Chicago Sarah persona, the one that embraced all of her own dark desires.

Sarah licked her lips and stepped forward towards the older man. She looked down at him with a look that screamed sexy and began unbuttoning her blouse.

"Many other employers want these benefits Richard," Sarah said as the top of the blouse hung open. She smiled inwardly as she saw the CEO's eyes widen at the bits of exposed skin he could see. Sarah almost groaned at seeing the lustful hunger in his eyes. It used to be just be Dan's eyes taking on that piercing gaze that made her wet. Now it felt like whenever she exposed herself like this, any male's eyes got her engine going. She didn't let herself dwell on the thought.

"Sarah," Richard said taking on a stern tone. The one he had used in the past to reprimand her in front of other members of the hospital's leadership. "It's Mr. Thornhill or sir to you."

"Mhmm," Sarah moaned as he slowly untucked her blouse. She'd hated him using that tone with her in front of everyone else. It had been so frustrating. So belittling. But here, in this dingy motel room, it worked for her, "Yes sir."

"That's better," Richard said not taking his eyes off the young mother. Sarah finished untucking her smooth silk blouse and and slowly teased the man in front of her as she took it off. Soon she was standing in front of the hospital's CEO in nothing more than her pencil skirt, heels and white lacy bra.

She carefully laid her white blouse down on the table before seductively running her hands over her bra cupped breasts, "Are these the benefits you wanted to see?"

"Yes, lets see em," Richard commanded. Sarah didn't respond, she just stared at him with her piercing green eyes and lowered one shoulder strap. Then she did the same with the other. She stepped up right in front of Mr. Thornhill and slowly turned around, putting her bubble butt right in front of him.

"Can a girl get a little help?" she said coyly. She felt the older man's finger brush against the naked skin of her back causing her to surpress a shudder. He took his time, running his fingers up her back until they found the clasp. With a couple of pulls and twists it came free and she felt the tension around her torso lessen. Sarah stepped away from Mr. Thornhill, letting him stare at her naked back. She held the bra cups against her chest, not letting them fall.

She looked over her shoulder at him and saw that the hugner in his gaze had grown more desperate. She loved teasing men like him. Sarah slowly turned around to face him, still holding her bra to her chest.

She waited until the older man took his gaze off her chest and looked up at her impatiently. Then she let go and her bra dropped to the floor, exposing her naked chest to the man that used to be her

boss. The man that came in and fucked up everything at the hospital. She heard a sharp intake of breath from him as she subtly pushed her chest out.

Sarah didn't waste anytime. She reached behind her back, pushing her heavy breasts together as she undid the zipper on her pencil skirt. It fell to the floor leaving Sarah in nothing but a pair of black heels and her lacy white panties.

"How's this Mr. Thornhill?" Sarah asked.

"Come here," The CEO said unable to contain himself. Sarah walked over to him until she was standing right in front of the seated man. He stared up at her, unable to look at her face as his eyes were glued to her breasts at eye level.

Then a smirk spread across his face, "Get on your knees."

Sarah put her hands on the arms of the chair, her breasts swaying in front of the man. Then she slowly lowered herself onto her knees in front of him, making sure she brushed her body against his knees and shins.

Sarah felt a pit in her stomach as her knees touched and then settled into the motel room's shag carpet. She could almost feel the dustmites crawling over her skin.

"What now sir?" Sarah breathed looking up at him. Her hands went to his knees and ran up and down the tops of his thighs.

"Undo my belt. Take it out," Mr. Thornhill said with a raspy breath.

"Mhmm yes sir," Sarah licked her lips and unclasped his belt and took down his zipper. She could see him tenting in his pants. Sarah's hands dug into the waistband of his pants and tugged. Richard was caught off guard but quickly raised his old ass off the chair and Sarah pulled his pants completely off. He grabbed them from her hands, folding them carefully before putting them on the table next to him.

"My, my," Sarah mused as she looked at his boxer briefs, "What do we have here? It looks like someone is happy with my assement so far. Let me get a better look."

Sarah's hands went to the waistband of the boxers and repeated the same move, peeling them off Mr. Thornhill's pasty white legs until his cock sprang out. She stared at it for a second before pulling his boxers the rest of the way off.

His cock was big. Bigger than she had imagined and bigger than any man of his age had any right to carry. It wasn't Lester big but she knew it was bigger than her husbands. Somehow that felt unfair. To both Dan and her.

Sarah just stared at his cock, purposely not doing anything. He eyes flicked up to the man staring down at her with his dishelved appearance, "What should I do now Mr. Thornhill? Is this how you interview all your female employees?"

A sly smirk spread onto his face, "Just the special cases. And I think you know what you need to do."

"Mhmmm," Sarah bit her lip and drew a circle on his thigh with her fingertip, "I think I do too."

She leaned forward, running her fingernails up his bare thighs making him groan. She planted her heels firmly into the shag carpet and grasped the thick shaft of his cock in her hand. Without

breaking eye contact, Sarah lowered her mouth until her outstretched tongue came into contact with the tip of his cock.

The man let out a guttural groan as Sarah's mouth enveloped his fat cockhead. Sarah hand stroked his shaft, brushing up against the grey pubic hair at its base. Sarah moaned around his cock, knowing it would drive him crazy. She pumped her fist up and down his shaft she her mouth stretched to accomodate his girth.

Sarah's other hand rested on his thigh, her nails digging into his flesh. It wasn't long before Richard's own hands found their way onto Sarah's head, his fingers running through her blonde locks.

"Thats it," Richard groaned, "Show me what you bring to the table."

"Mhmm-hmmm," Sarah moaned in response as she stroked him and bobbed her head up and down his shaft. Her tongue tasted this man she despised but she did it anyways. She was determined to enjoy this as much as possible. Sarah twisted her wrist as she stroked, making sure she went up and down on him with some added friction.

Sarah pulled back and swirled her tongue around the head of his cock. Finally she closed her eyes and dove back down, licking up and down the side of his shaft.

"I have many skills I bring to the table," Sarah moaned as she held his shaft just below his cock head and kissed and licked up and down his shaft. Her mouth closed on the side of his girthy cock as she sucked on his shaft. She had to keep moving and kissing around to get all of it. Sarah tongue dragged down his impressive cock until it tasted his pubic hair. It reminded her of the shag carpet her knees were digging into. They were both probably from the same era.

Sarah kept going until she found his ballsack through the foliage and started lapping at it. Her hand started stroking the older man while he groaned in pleasure. Sarah swirled her tongue around his hairy balls before taking one them into her mouth and sucking on it. She reached out with her other hand and gently grasped his ball sack in her hand and started flicking her tongue across it quickly eliciting another groan from Mr. Thornhill.

She cradled his balls in one hand and lifted them up slightly so she could lick underneath it. She felt the older man shudder under the touch of her tongue and suppressed a smile from spreading on her lips. She kissed and licked the underside of his nutsack and even let her tongue brush up against the top of his thighs around his taint making him quiver. She dragged her tongue back of up his balls and his shaft, opening her eyes to look up at the man who would be her boss again soon. She lapped at a dribble of pre-cum that had oozed out of his cockslit and made a show of swallowing it.

Mr. Thornhill's mouth hung agape as she swalled the small bit of his load. She raised her eyebrows at him and turned her attention back to his lovely cock in her hand. She wrapped both of her hands around it, the thumb and middle fingers just being able to touch. Then she worked both wrists, stroking him as she looked up at him again.

"So," Sarah said in the same voice she'd use at work. Her professional, business leader voice, "How is my interview going? Are you pleased with everything so far?"

"Very pleased," Richard groaned as he pushed down on her head, making her take her eyes off him as she mouth opened and she tasted his cock again. "You definitely have the skills I'm looking for. You're a great cock sucker."

Sarah felt herself beam inwardly at the compliment. It was fucked up. She knew she was good at sucking cock. She always had been but she'd gotten much better since starting things with Lester. But hearing it come from a boss, someone who had authority over her. Praising her in the same way as if she did a great job on a project made her feel renewed pride. It was a fucked up dynamic but one she was more than happy to indulge.

Sarah got into a rhythm and spent the next few minutes bobbing her head up and down on Mr. Thornhill's cock while stroking his shaft. He didn't say anything else to her, just sat back with his head on the chair as Sarah expertly sucked his fat cock. The only sounds filling the dirty motel room were her wet slurping sounds, her occasional moans with her mouth full of his cock and the older man's grunts.

His fingers dug into her hair and he pulled up on her head. Sarah gasped and took a breath as a long strand of spit ran between her bottom lip and the head of his cock.

"What?" Sarah said looking up at him, irritated at being broken from her hard work.

"Try that again," Richard Thornhill growled.

"What do you want now sir?" Sarah said licking her lips with still stroking his cock with one hand.

"I need to assess some of your other skills," Mr. Thornhill said.

"Which skills are that?" Sarah bit her lip and looked into the older man's hard eyes.

"It's time to see how tight that pussy is," Mr. Thornhill chuckled, "You didn't think you'd just be sucking my cock today, did you?"

Sarah didn't bat an eye at his comment. She just squeezed his cock in her hand and looked up at him with a mask of lust, "I'm willing to do anything to show you how dedicated I am to this job...whichever position you want to put me in."

A shit-eating grin spread onto the man's face again as Sarah let go of his cock and stood up. She lowered her lacy white panties and stepped out of them but opted to keep her black heels on.

"Get on the bed," Richard said as he got up and started to unbutton his shirt, "On your hands and knees."

As the man took off his last piece of clothing, Sarah crawled onto the dirty old comforter and got into position. With her heels still on, she waited for him, on the bed on her hands and knees. Just like the shag carpet, Sarah didn't like touching the comforter with her naked skin. The worst part was that her palms were flat down on it.

The bed shifted back and she felt Richard shuffling behind her. Sarah closed her eyes as she felt her superior's body line up behind hers. The man's hand drifted down and it was Sarah's turn for a sharp intake of breath as the man's fingers touched her glistening, wet pussy.

"Already wet for me," Richard mumbled to himself from behind her. He pulled his hand back up and ran it under his nose, sniffing it. His hands went back down to Sarah's ass and he started playing with her ass cheeks, grabbing them roughly and grinding his fingertips into them.

"This was the first thing I noticed about you," Richard said, "When you were late for that first meeting. This ass looked fantastic. Fuck I love it. Who knew you'd be such a slut."

Sarah looked over her head at him sharply, "I'm not a slut. I'm just dedicated to my job. I need to make sure everyone is performing at their best. That includes you, sir."

"Now that's a job description I can get behind," Richard chuckled and held his cock in his hand, he pushed the head up against Sarah's wet opening and ran it up and down the slit.

"Not gonna tell me to put on a condom? Aren't you married?" Richard asked, amused.

Sarah looked at her wedding ring on her left hand and compartmentalized what she was doing from the vows she had made that day.

"I'm married to my work," Sarah said in a husky voice, "I always give my work 110%. I do what I need to make sure everyone is satisfied. Do you want to put a condom on or do you want to slide that fat fucking cock into me raw?"

Mr. Thornhill just shook his head as the smile on his face widened, "Jesus Christ you are something else. If only I'd known sooner and I would have made you my executive assistant."

He pushed his cock forward and parted Sarah's pussy lips but she scooted forward just a hair so that his cock wasn't inside of her. She looked back over her shoulder, "We're negotiating for a better title than that."

"Oh? Really?" Richard grinned, "I like your negotiating style. What did you have in mind?"

"COO. Chief Operating Officer," Sarah said looking back over her shoulder at the older man behind her. At his sagging chest and pasty white skin.

"That's a big job," Richard muttered as he seemed to mull it over.

"I can handle big," Sarah said as she pushed her ass back against him. Her pussy pushed back onto the head of his cock. It slide into her, opening her pussy up wide to accomodate his girth. Sarah's ass slammed back against Mr. Thornhill's pelvis almost rocketing him back off the bed. His entire length was buried inside of her making her want to roll her eyes back into her head.

The older man's hands quickly gripped her thighs and a fire lit in his eyes.

"Now fuck me," Sarah paused deliberately and looked into his eyes, "Mr. Thornhill."

"Time to put the new hire through their paces," Richard said, gritting his teeth. He pulled his hips back, dragging his cock with it until just the head was still inside Sarah before he thrust hard into her again.

Sarah almost jumped forward on the bed, not expecting the strength of the thrust. Richard did the same thing again. Then again. Sarah whimpered in pleasure as her fingers curled into the dirty comforter.

"Uh fuck," Sarah moaned as her body rocked back and forth as Richard fucked her. She whimpered and moaned as his fat cock stretched her and pushed and hit all the best places inside of her. The places that would drive her towards a mind blowing orgasm that she desperately needed.

Richard's hand left her ass and ran up her naked back until her roughly gripped the back of her neck. He held her in place as he fucked her. Sarah thrust her ass back against each thrust. Richard's hands unfurled until he was grabbing the base of her skull, his old fingers running through her hair.

Then he pushed her head down into the dirty comforter below. He held her hips up in his other hand and pushed deeper into her. At this angle, his fat cock was smashing against her G-Spot making her body thrash under his surprisingly strong grip. Sarah opened her eyes and saw nothing but red. The dirty comforter was all around her, making her skin crawl. It's unwashed musk filled her nostrils as she breathed in. Her luxurious blonde hair was splayed out across it. But it felt so fucking good she couldn't bring herself to protest.

Richard put more pressure on her head as he fucked her. Her face sunk deeper into the comforter. She closed her eyes and tried to focus on the feeling of his cock inside of her, not the comforter touching her lips and face.

His cock felt so fucking good pounding against one of her most sensitive areas. She couldn't believe she was in this position, in this dirty motel room with someone like Richard Thornhill. It was so fucked up. Before everything happened, she wouldn't even mess around with Dan in her office after hours. But now she'd been fucked by Lester numerous times there. She'd sucked and fucked a janitor and now she was pinned to the bed in a dirty motel room with the CEO's cock inside of her. She had trouble making sense of it.

Richard's fat cock head pounding against her G-Spot snapped her back to reality. Her fingers tightened around the comforter as she held on. Her jaw was clenched as she let the older pound into her. She was close to cumming already.

It was so fucked. It wasn't just the sex and the abuse her G-Spot was taking from his large organ. But the fucked up situation and location of their sordid sex was driving her crazy. She used to think she preferred sex in her own bed but now she was ready to orgasm in a dirty fucking motel room where men took their whores.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned into the comforter, "Fuck Richard. God. You feel so fucking good."

"That's," Richard said as he pulled all the way out and thrust back in hard making Sarah's body rock on the bed, "Mr. Thornhill to you."

"Yes," Sarah breathed, "Mr. Thornhill."

"Say it again," he demanded and slapped her ass making her whine.

"Yes sir," Sarah moaned loudly, "Mr. Thornhill."

"Good girl," Mr. Thornhill said in a raspy voice from behind her. His cock kept pounding into her sensitive area. Sarah squeezed his cock as best she could from this position. She felt like a slut being used and abused by someone with power over her. He held so much power over her. He held her fate in his hands.

"You're gonna make me CUM," Sarah whined, "Mr. Thornhill. Fuck. I'm so close. God you feel so fucking good."

"That's it," Mr. Thornhill grunted, "Cum on my cock Sarah. Show me how hard you're willing to work."

Sarah pushed down on her knees and rocked her ass back as Mr. Thornhill's cock pounded into her. Slamming again and again against her sensitive G-Spot. She gripped his cock with her pussy, willing more of it in, trying to get it to pound into her faster and faster. She needed to cum.

"Oh fuck," Sarah whined, "Fuck. Fuck. Shit. Please. Please. Holy. Fuck. Please. Please. PLEASE."

Mr. Thornhill just grunted in agreement from behind her and never let up. She felt sweat from his body drip onto her ass and run down her ass cheeks.

“Cum,” the man behind her grunted as he kneaded her ass and hips, “Cum Sarah. That’s a direct order. Cum for me. Cum on my cock you fucking slut.”

“Ohgod,” Sarah’s body thrashed back against his, “Fuck. Fuck. OHGODFUCK.”

Sarah closed her eyes tight and her teeth ground together as she clamped her jaw shut. Her pussy tightened around his cock like a vice as it started. Every muscle in her body tightened as she felt her eyes roll back behind her eye lids.

“UHHHHHMMMMMMHMMMMFFMMMM,” Sarah’s throat uttered as fire exploded inside of her pussy and blasted out across every inch of her. The fire’s warmth ran over her skin and seemed to crawl into every crevice inside of her, “AHHMHMMHMFFFUUUCCCKKK.”

Her toes curled as Mr. Thornhill’s cock pushed past her clenched pussy and slowly slide deeper into her before slowly retracting. Then it pushed back in again, hitting that same sweet spot that had send her over the edge.

“JEESUS,” Sarah moaned, lips touching the comforter as the fire continued to wash over her, sending her brain blank, unable to focus on anything but the feeling overloading her system.

“Fuck,” Mr. Thornhill grunted as his balls slapped against her pussy lips, “So fucking tight.”

“Ummgmmmm,” was all Sarah could moan in response as her body slowly came down from the orgasmic bliss she had just experienced. Sarah was still panting when she felt Mr. Thornhill put more pressure on her ass with his body. His cock bottomed out in her and he kept pushing his body forward. The weight of his frame pushing down on her ass until it pushed her entire body forward. Sarah’s bare breasts pushed into the comforter and her beautiful face slide along the dirty surface.

Soon Sarah was lying completely prone, face down on the bed while Mr. Thornhill climbed on top of her, his cock still emebbed deep within the young mother. His stomach pressed down into the small of her back as his frame rested on top of her. His hands pushed down on her shoulder blades, sinking her deeper into the bed.

It didn’t take long before he started thrusting in her again. From this angle it felt like he was able to fit more of his cock into her while still slamming against her G-Spot. Sarah felt like she was going to suffocate. He was pushing down on her so hard, using his weight to do so, that it was hard to breath.

Sarah took little breaths as her face smushed against the comforter. Her lungs burned but she didn’t want him to stop. It felt so fucking good. Being held down and fucked at the same time drove her wild. His groin was slamming down onto her perfect bubble butt causing them to ripple. She pushed back on his advancing cock, desperate to feel as much of it as possible. She knew thrusting back like this would drive him wild too, especially as he slammed into her and felt her booty against him.

“MMMMFFMMHMMMM,” Sara moaned into the bedsheets and took as deep of a breath as she could. She gasped for air as one of Mr. Thornhill’s hand shifted off her back and pushed down onto her blonde mane.

“I could get used to this,” Mr. Thornhill muttered, “You’re body is so fucking fuckable.”

“I’m glad you like it,” Sarah managed to gasp out. She looked up at him out of the corner of her eye and added, “Sir.”

A grin appeared on Mr. Thornhill's older face, "I like that you know your place. I'd heard you could be quite the handful but it seems like you just needed a firm hand to put you in your place."

"A firm cock, you mean," Sarah moaned as his cock drilled into her again.

Mr. Thornhill chuckled behind her again, "See this is the problem. I can't hire you as a COO. You're going to be too busy on your knees or bent over my desk to get anything done."

"Sounds like a productive day in my books," Sarah whined. She let go over the bedsheets and reached a hand behind her to touch Mr. Thornhill's hip. She loved feeling the way it moved back and forward, thrusting into her and pulling back out.

"God you are something else," Mr. Thornhill muttered, running his hands through her hair and over her naked back.

"I know," Sarah said pushing up with her hips and thrusting her ass back against him. He was doing too much talking, his pace had changed and she needed to get it back on rhythm. Sarah began thrusting back into him, faster and faster, squeezing him with her pussy. Milking his cock to get herself off.

His cock head kept spearing her G-Spot and Sarah desperately wanted to bite down on the comforter. She could feel the sweat dripping off her body, making her naked breasts cling to the bed below her. Adding her own sweat to whatever else was on it. Leaving a part of herself behind in this dirty motel room.

Mr. Thornhill's breath was hot on the back of Sarah's neck. She could hear his strained breathing as she thrust back onto his cock. His entire body was on top of hers, holding her in place. Their bodies, slick with sweat gelled against one another. His tongue darted out and started licking the nape of her neck, one of her sensitive areas. She loved when Dan would do this. Sarah's hips kept pushing back, taking more and more of the cock into her. Desperate for it.

The wet tongue on her neck moved to the side of it and then up to her ear lobe. It was a fucked up, intimate gesture that drove her hips back faster and faster. Mr. Thornhill was breathing hard as he licked her, she could feel the strain on the older man but he never stopped.

Sarah kept up the rhythm she needed to cum. God, she was so close to cuming again with this dirty old sleazeball. What the fuck was her work life going to be like after this?

Sarah's pussy gripped Mr. Thornhill's cock hard and she felt another orgasm rise up quickly out of nowhere.

"Ughhh fuckkkk," Sarah whined as her body started thrusting back into overdrive. Mr. Thornhill must have realized what was happening as his tongue snaked down her face and licked her lips. Sarah let go of a breath, opening her mouth as his tongue snaked into it.

She couldn't do anything to stop it. She couldn't even kiss him back. She just held herself in place and let her body experience another orgasm. Sarah felt her mind go numb as an explosion went off in her groin and radiated out touching every nerve in her body. The room suddenly felt molten hot as Mr. Thornhill's sweaty body pushed hers down into the bed.

"GOD. FUCK," Sarah muffled screamed into the bed, knowing full well if either room next to them was occupied she'd be heard. And they'd think she was just another two-bit whore like every other woman that came to this place. Her body rocked from Mr. Thornhill's pounding and she let her tongue touch his as she tried to catch her breath.

Her body was slowly coming back down to reality. She let herself lay there for a second, gently tonguing her boss while he kept hammering his cock into her. She recognized the urgency of his thrusts. She knew he was going to explode soon too.

Suddenly he pulled himself completely out of her. The weight of his body disengaged from hers. She turned to the side to look at the older man.

"On your back. Now, Mrs. Williams," Mr. Thornhill grunted, his face was beat red, just like his chest. It made the stark white hairs on it stand out.

It was weird hearing the surname she took from Dan on the CEO's lips in this context but she did as he commanded, turning onto her back. The thought occurred to her that if she had gotten the CEO job, she would have never given this man the opportunity to even look at her, let alone experience her like this.

Mr. Thornhill didn't waste any time. He crawled over Sarah's body until he was straddling her chest, his fat cock gripped in his hand, aimed at Sarah's face as he started stroking it.

"You're gonna take this on your face," Mr. Thornhill grunted as he stroked himself. Sarah just layed there, waiting for the indignity of what he was about to do. It was different if it was Dan or Lester doing this. Hell, even if Otis would do it. But this was her first time with Mr. Thornhill and he was clearing trying to establish some kind of dominance over her.

Sarah wasn't going to take that lying down. She slide her hands up to the man's ass and let her french manicured nails, tease and graze his skin.

"Give it to me," Sarah said meeting the man's eyes, "I want to feel your cum on my face. Sir."

Her words made Mr. Thornhill increase his strokes. Sarah let go of the man's ass and brought one hand to her breasts, tweaking the nipple while the other went down to play with her clit.

"Mhmmhm. Give it to me Mr. Thornhill," Sarah moaned as she touched herself. The cock was right in front of her face, she could see a dribble of precum leaking out before it landed on her chin. She tried to lick it but her tongue wasn't long enough.

Please Mr. Thornhill," Sarah begged, "Cum for me. Give me your cum. Mark me. Mark me with your cum."

"Ughhh FUCK," Mr. Thornhill grunted as he stroked his cock furiously. Sarah closed her eyes when she saw the cockslit expand. Just as she did, a wet, sticky blast erupted from it and painted her face. Rope after rope of the old man's bitter cum landed on her eyes, across her cheek. Covering her nose and running over her mouth.

Sarah didn't hesitate. Her tongue left her mouth and licked her lips clean, she kept touching her breasts and clit, eager to keep her body's sensations going. Finally Mr. Thornhill grunted and rolled off the side, once Sarah's face was completely covered in his cum.

Sarah's left eye began to sting. With a quick lick of her lips, she blindly found the bathroom and cleaned off her face. Once her eye was back to normal she looked at herself in the mirror. The woman looking back at her looked like a woman who had been to this motel before. Her hair was a mess, her makeup running between the water and the cum. Was she looking at her future at the hospital? Would Mr. Thornhill take her to this same room at lunch everyday and paint her face? Just what was she getting herself into now.

Sarah didn't know what to do. She didn't know what to say so she spent another two minutes in the bathroom trying to clean herself up as much as possible. When she finally left the bathroom, Mr. Thornhill was already back in his suit, sitting in the chair waiting for her.

With a little small talk, Sarah got dressed and both of them went outside to his car. As she did, she locked eyes with another woman crossing the parking lot. The woman looked like someone Sarah would consider a prostitute. She had eyes and she dressed the part. The woman looked Sarah up and down and gave her a dirty look, probably assuming Sarah was stepping on her turf.

Sarah got into the car while Mr. Thornhill played with his phone.

"I need to jump on a conference call," he said as he dialled into a zoom meeting and introduced himself. It wasn't a request or an apology, he just stated it as a matter of fact. The drive back to the hotel was uneventful.

Sarah just stared out the window, listening in while Richard, Mary and others discussed hospital matters. Everytime she heard the woman's voice, Sarah almost scratched a hole in the upholstery of her seat.

The call ended just as they pulled back into the parking lot. Mr. Thornhill pulled into his spot and hung up the phone.

"That was fun," he said with a sly smile.

Before Sarah could say anything, he got out of the car. Sarah did the same and stood there awkwardly. The car ride hadn't been what she wanted. She had been hoping to discuss the future of their arrangement and keep the fun, seductive game going.

"Where's your car?" Mr. Thornhill asked her. Sarah pointed towards her vehicle. He nodded and said, "Let me walk you over to it."

As they crossed the parking lot, Mr. Thornhill looked around. Sarah got the impression he was looking to see if anyone had caught them together. As they neared Sarah's driver side door, Mr. Thornhill said, "This was a lot of fun. I'd love to do it again sometime soon."

"It was," Sarah said, putting on her seductive eyes and staring into his.

"Unfortunately, I don't think we can bring you back in. But that doesn't mean we can't do more of this," Ricard said.

The sexy look dropped from Sarah's face and she stared dumbfounded at her former CEO. She felt her anger boiling beneath her skin, "What do you mean you can't bring me back in?"

"To the hospital. Of course," Mr. Thornhill said, "Too many people know what happened. It won't be a good look for us. Besides, I don't need a COO. We're taking the hospital in a different direction anyways."

"Are you fucking kidding me?" Sarah said, raising her voice, "You didn't want to tell me that beforehand?"

Mr. Thornhill chuckled, "No, that would have been stupid. I didn't make any promises or anything."

"No, you were just deceptive as fuck. Do you really think I would have let you fuck me otherwise?" Sarah almost shouted.

Mr. Thornhill looked around and shrugged his shoulders, "Maybe. I mean, you did fuck that janitor what's his face in a meeting room. I figured the odds were good that you'd let me inside you."

Sarah felt the bile rise in her stomach. She was livid. All of this had been for nothing. All she had done behind Dan's back and been for nothing. She wasn't securing her future for her family. She had just been used, like all the other woman that would visit that motel, "I'm going to kill you."

"Come on. Threats? You seemed to enjoy yourself. There isn't any reason we can't do that again," Mr. Thornhill said as he reached out to stroke her arm. Sarah hit his hand away.

"Don't fucking touch me," Sarah said.

"We did a lot more than touch, you know," Mr. Thornhill chuckled again.

Sarah gritted her teeth and tried to stop the anger from seething out of her. To control herself from slapping this man in the face. All the stress and worry about the situation came crashing back down on her like a boulder. She felt the weight of it again and knew it would crush her.

She had to get out of there. Sarah pulled open the driver side door, got in and started her car.

"Oh don't be like that," Mr. Thornhill said through the window, "We're both adults. We both enjoyed ourselves. Why not make it a regular thing? We can meet up in the same room a couple times a week. Don't be dramatic."

Sarah pulled out of the parking spot and speed away. She was going too fast for a parking lot but she had to get away from Mr. Thornhill and the judging eyes of the hospital behind her. Tears streamed down her face but she didn't dare wipe them away at the speed she was going.

The finances her and Dan had recently gone through popped into her mind. She wasn't any closer to solving things and keeping a roof over her kids head. What the fuck was she going to do?

Dan stared down at his phone on the table trying not to get angry. The girls were at school and Sarah was running some errand. He had taken his seat the dining room table and was trying, once again to find a silver bullet to cure the families financial issues.

Sarah losing her job at been a major blow to their financial security. They were already living hand to mouth, unable to put anything away in their savings. He had felt like one unexpected issue going wrong with the house would set them over the edge.

And now he was staring down at one such issue.

On his phone was a text from his father in law with the bill for their car repair. Apparently it hadn't been a big fix and didn't require many parts but the labor involved in diagnosing it was substantial. There had seemed to be multiple issues that had to be individually diagnosed.

Dan's just stared at the \$3,000 total. It didn't seem real. It was like a cruel joke. He looked at the calendar in front of him and shook his head. Just a few days from now their next mortgage payment would be taken out of their chequing account. There wasn't enough in it to pay either bill.

They'd have to dip into their savings once again which was painful to do. He just couldn't find a surefire way to stop the bleeding. He felt like he was being flushed down the drain, just waiting to fall into the dark abyss at its center.

He needed Sarah to find another job immediately. And he needed to either find more clients or find a way to pick up more work with the ones he did. Tricia had mentioned the possibility of him being hired on full time by Sentinel Securities. He'd need to bend over backwards to try and make that happen for himself, it would solve a lot of his family's problems.

Just as he felt himself spinning further into despair, the door opened he heard the familiar footsteps of his wife. Dan wanted to get up and greet her but he just felt numb. He kept staring at his phone, losing track of time until Sarah was behind him, wrapping her arms around his shoulders.

"Earth to Dan," Sarah said, "Are you there? Can you hear me?"

Dan blinked his eyes and snapped out of his trance, "Yeah. Sorry. I'm just. Just a bit overwhelmed. Sorry my mind's in a million places. How was your errand? Where'd you go?"

He felt Sarah stiffen slightly behind him for a second but the moment passed. She ran her hands over his chest and nuzzled her face into the side of his head. Her blonde hair tickled his skin but he didn't say anything.

"Don't worry, I didn't buy anything," Sarah said.

"That's not what I meant," Dan said.

"I know," Sarah breathed. He could feel her warm breath on her neck, "Sorry I'm snippy. I guess I'm overwhelmed too. What are you looking at?"

Dan sighed and gestured to his phone, "Your dad sent over the bill for the car. It's a lot."

"How much?" Sarah craned her neck to look over his shoulder at the phone.

"Three grand," Dan said flatly.

"Three thousand dollars? What the hell?" Sarah said, "They must be scamming us."

"I don't know. Maybe. Your dad said his mechanic was an honest guy. But Jesus I don't know. It's just so much money. And we have our mortgage coming out in a couple of days too." Dan said, "I've just been sitting here looking at this bill for I don't know how long."

"We're going to have to pull money from our savings," Sarah said quietly.

"There's not much left in it. We'll be able to cover these but the next time something happens..."

Dan trailed off as he didn't want to think about it and didn't want Sarah to worry. The last thing he needed was her getting emotional and making some impulsive decision again.

"I'm sorry Dan. I'm sorry again for fucking everything up," Sarah said holding back a sob.

Dan just put his hand on hers. Despite everything that had happened lately, he still loved her. He was still mad at her. Frustrated with her, angry at how stupid she had been. At putting them in this position. But if he let his emotions get the better of him, they would consume him and he wouldn't have a clear mind to figure a way out of this. He'd hold his anger towards her for a long time but right now it didn't serve him.

He almost said, 'it's okay' to her but that would be a lie. He also didn't know if it would be okay. Instead he opted for, "We will figure something out. There must be some way for us to get out of this. We just need to figure it out."

Sarah just stood there, hunched over with her chin on his shoulder, holding him. He felt a wetness on his face, which he assumed was her tearing up. He didn't know what to say so he just held her arm. They stayed like this for a few minutes, both of them just forgetting about the world around them and getting lost in the other's embrace.

Her arms around him comforted Dan. As mad as her was at her, he couldn't imagine going through all of this stress and hardship without her. Even though their most recent issues were caused by her, he had plenty of blame for their financial situation too. Maybe he was finally becoming a proper adult, thinking like that. But without her, he knew he would be lost and he'd probably have taken up drinking a long time ago.

Their momentary reconciliation was interrupted by the ringing of Sarah's phone. She sighed and walked over to the kitchen counter where her purse was. Dan hadn't noticed her putting it there. She reached in and grabbed her phone and looked at the screen. Dan had trouble reading her face.

"Who is it?" Dan asked.

Sarah paused before answering, "Lester. He wants to face time me."

"Tell him to go away," Dan grumbled and went back to looking at the papers in front of him.

"Hello there," the grating voice filled the room. Dan's eyes shot up to give Sarah an annoyed look. Why had she answered Lester's call? What the fuck?

"Lester, I'm sorry. This isn't really a good time," Sarah said giving Dan an apologetic look. Dan raised his hands at her in a 'what the fuck' gesture.

"Dan's there too?" Lester said.

"Yes, we're just going over some things. Can I talk to you later?" Sarah said.

Talk to him later? What the hell? Why had she answered the phone and why was she talking to Lester like this? Sure, he had been her boss but now he was just Dan's old roommate. He was about to get up and motion to Sarah to hang up when Lester's words made him pause.

"I wanted to go over some things too. I want to help you guys with your, ahem, short term financial predicament." Lester said. Sarah and Dan's eyes met and neither seemed to know how to react.

Dan felt a shiver run up his spine and he immediately felt uneasy. Sarah walked over to where Dan was seated propping the phone up on the table so they could both see Lester.

"Oh hey Danny," Lester said as he munched on something that looked orange. Just how the hell this man made Sarah so wild he would never understand, "Long time no see."

"Lester," Dan said holding down his anger, "Sarah and I are busy. I don't have the patience to play one of your games right now okay? Can you just get on with what you want to say so we can go back to it?"

"Uh fine, you know you'd be a funner roommate if you didn't have that stick up your ass," Lester said.

Dan opened his mouth to reply back but Sarah put a hand on his arm. Dan looked at her beautiful green eyes as she said, "Let's just hear him out. It can't hurt."

Dan breathed out, letting go of some of his anger. He glanced away from the phone and regretted looking at the bills in front of him. He felt his stress rising again and this conversation seemed pointless. He needed to get back to figuring out their financial future.

"I want to propose a new arrangement," Lester said, "One that will benefit all of us."

Dan looked back at Lester's ugly, fat smug face taking up the entire screen, "What kind of agreement?"

Lester's shit eating grin appeared on his face. The grin that just said 'punch me.'

"I think its time we all stopped beating around the bush," Lester said. "I know its hard to admit certain things to ourselves and each other but I think its time we took things to the next level."

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah Lester just what the hell are you talking about? How does this have anything to do with our finances, which are also none of your business," Dan said.

"I'm talking about a new arrangement like the one we had before with me covering rent in exchange for dates." Lester said on the phone.

Dan felt his stomach turn at the mention of their arrangement. Sure it had been important when Walt's company decreased his salary after everything that happened with the Lincoln Group but Lester had by far come out on top in that arrangement and abused the hell out of it.

"This new one, I think would be better. Everyone would get what they want. All three of us," Lester said. Dan and Sarah didn't say anything so Lester continued.

"I am willing to help you out financially for as long as you need it. I'm prepared to cover your mortgage costs, utilities, your portion of rent here in Chicago still and maybe some groceries too," Lester sat back watching their reactions.

Dan looked at Sarah and said, "Did you tell Lester how much our mortgage and utilities are?"

"No, I didn't I don't know how he —"

Lester cut her off, raising a hand, "I have no idea what your mortgage or utilities are. But I'm confident I can cover them. And I'm happy to do it. I don't want Sarah having to undergo anymore stress."

Dan narrowed his eyes and leaned in towards the phone, "This is too good to be true Lester. What's the catch? What do you get out of it?"

Lester chuckled, "I'm not a saint Dan and I'm not going to do this completely without getting something in return. But I think at the end of the day, both of you come out better in this deal."

"Lester," Dan said, "Just get to the point. Please."

Lester rolled his eyes. Sarah put a hand on Dan's shoulder and gave him a look telling him to be nice. Dan sighed and tried to push all his anxiety away.

"Fine," Lester said, "I cover your expenses, keeping that roof over the head of your family. I also provide Sarah with the carnal pleasures she desires and Dan you get to indulge in your humiliation fetish we all secretly know you have."

Dan hated the way Lester was talking to him but the mention of him engaging in 'carnal pleasures' with Sarah had him half hard under the table.

"All this for more dates?" Sarah asked, seemingly interested in Lester's offer. Dan didn't like the offer on principal but as his analytical mind separated the information from his emotions, it didn't seem terrible. It was essentially the same thing they'd been doing for the past few months but they were having more expenses covered for them. It wasn't exactly prostitution but it felt close.

"Yes and no," Lester said, "I'm sure dates will factor into it but like I said this is us taking things to another level. Together. The three of us. Think of us as a throuple if you will but I won't be living with you. I don't want to upset the balance of your home life. But I do think we need to come to terms with how closely we've all grown for better or worse. And Dan, I will help you indulge in some of your fantasies in ways we haven't explored yet with Sarah. Like I said, it's a win-win."

"A throuple?" Dan asked looking at Sarah, "Is that like a couple?"

"It's a three way couple," Sarah murmured.

"I don't get it," Dan said.

"Think of it like this," Lester said, "Some nights Sarah will spend with me. Others with you. Other times you get to watch us or go on a date or do some kind of excursion together where we will push new boundaries together. Just imagine what it would have been like having a front row watching Sarah at the movie theatre."

"I don't know," Dan said slowly looking up at Sarah for reassurance. He felt like the wind had been taken out of his sails. His righteous anger towards Lester was gone, replaced by confusion and a faint hope at the idea of their financial issues getting some help.

"I don't have a humiliation fetish," Dan added. Lester looked at Sarah then back to Dan.

"It's okay honey," Sarah said running her hand along his forearm.

"We've been in enough rooms together to have noticed Dan," Lester said, "Like how you react when Sarah begins talking shit or when I do. You're emotions are right on your face."

Dan felt his cheeks flush.

"Lester," Sarah said, "This is a lot to take in. Dan and I need to think about it. It's not a yes but we will talk about it."

"Alrighty," Lester said giving them a salute on the screen. Then he leaned in and tapped something and the screen went blank.

"A throuple?" Dan asked again.

Sarah looked at him and shrugged, "I don't know what he's thinking will happen but what he's saying isn't really a trouple. Trouples live together, like a three way relationship."

"Is it because he wants to chip in financially?" Dan asked, "It still gives me the ick."

"It's a lot of money. It's more than just him covering rent like he had been. If he can really cover our mortgage payments alone while we get back on our feet that's huge," Sarah said sliding into a chair at the table.

“He really should have negotiated better. He basically just said he’d cover all our expenses,” Dan said, “Do you think he proposed this because he was afraid of losing you? Since you’re not at the hospital and don’t need to be in Chicago as much?”

“Maybe,” Sarah said as a notification flashed on her phone.

“What is it?” Dan asked.

“A message from Lester. He says if we agree he wants us to ditch the kids and have him over for dinner tomorrow night,” Sarah breathed out, still looking at her phone. “Does this feel different to you? Different than the normal thing we’ve had going on?”

“I don’t know,” Dan said as he toyed with his phone, the screen still open with the car bill on it, “I never know with him. I feel like he might have different expectations that we aren’t aware of yet. When he says a trouple, does that mean he thinks he had just as much day in things as you or I? What is he expecting? Sex and dates are one thing but this.....is that why he went so hard on the bills? To give him more leverage with us?”

“Probably,” Sarah said, “But just because that’s what he thinks doesn’t mean that’s how it will be. We still outvoted him two to one.”

“He doesn’t get a vote. Period,” Dan said, “Besides you’d both team up on me the first time some wild night comes up.”

“Hey,” Sarah gave her husband a mock hurt expression, “I would not.”

Dan shook his head, “Are we really considering this? We’re talking like we’ve already decided to go through with it.”

“I don’t know. Maybe? I mean, who knows. We’d probably still have Lester in our lives a bit here and there anyways. This way are just getting some extra help,” Sarah said as she chewed her lips, “It’s not like its prostitution, right?”

“It still feels icky, but everything Lester is icky,” Dan said finally shifting his gaze from the auto bill to the ceiling. “If we did this, it would just be for the short term. Until we get back on our feet and then we are done with him for good.”

“That’s what we said about the rent,” Sarah said.

“But things got worse after that,” Dan said, “We didn’t plan on keeping things going as long as it did.”

“So we’re doing this?” Sarah asked.

Dan sighed and resisted the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose, “Tell him we will try it out but we reserve the right to end things whenever.”

Sarah typed something on her keyboard then looked up at Dan, “So, what should I make for dinner tomorrow?”

Despite agreeing to this new arrangement, Dan still felt uneasy about everything. It hadn’t helped that Sarah had been the one texting with Lester and he felt out of the loop. Everytime he saw her on her phone he felt the urge to grab it and see what she was doing. He imagined her texting cute little things or flirting with Lester.

When they'd dropped off the girls at Sarah's parents in the morning, he'd snuck a look over her shoulder and saw she was just on Pinterest. It was something about decorating a house on a budget.

He felt like he was going crazy. This wasn't him – all these paranoid thoughts. Though, Sarah had given him cause to feel this way. The things she'd done behind his back lately. Sure, he knew that maybe she felt justified in the moment but it was still gnawing at him. He wondered what else she'd do without him. He knew, eventually, she would come clean. That part of what she found hot about all this was doing it without him knowing or him not being in control.

But he didn't like not being in control, even though that was what he was doing tonight by having Lester come over for dinner. Dan knew that control would be wrestled away from him. And as much as he hated that feeling, just like he had when he'd lost his job, he hated admitting how much it affected him and turned him on. He didn't know what the fuck was wrong with him but he both loathed and anticipated the thought of having to go back to Chicago for a meeting with Bill and Elevate Engagement or flying back to D.C.

Would Lester try something at their house again? Dan cursed himself for leaving those hidden cameras he'd bought online in his closet in Chicago. He'd wanted to install them in their house already but with everything going on lately it had fallen down his priority list. Now he wished he had them. Especially now that Sarah would be watching their credit card statement much more closely after losing her job. He couldn't justify buying them and he didn't want to try to argue about buying them and bringing up the hand grande issue of trust.

At least he already had them. Next time he was in Chicago, he'd be bringing them back with him, along with the last remaining things he had there. And he'd go pay Lizzie a visit. He had some questions about Lester that needed answering.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose as his thoughts had wandered far away from the powerpoint slide open on the laptop in front of him. He sat back in the chair and blinked trying to adjust his eyes and focus. The chair around the dining table weren't the most comfortable. He would have gotten more done upstairs in his own office but he wanted to be near Sarah as she cooked dinner. He felt the pit in his stomach as he looked over at Sarah, busy in the kitchen cooking some kind of pasta. It was like he was watching her prepare a special meal for another man. In some ways, that was exactly what she was doing, even though Dan would be present as well.

Even though Dan had told her to cook some ribs, she was making a pasta. He hadn't mustered the courage to ask if that was what Lester had requested or if it was her own choice. He knew there were ribs in the freezer that could have been thawed and cooked.

Dan sighed and closed his laptop. He wasn't going to get any work done when his mind was a jumble of emotions like this. Reluctantly, he had to admit that the smell wafting over to him from the kitchen smelled great. He couldn't wait to try whatever it was she was making.

As the smell of Sarah's cooking distracted him and let him reminisce about better days, the moment was fleeting. The doorbell rang and Dan felt that familiar knot twist in his stomach. That knot that was a combination anxiety, arousal, eagerness and trepidation.

He looked over at Sarah in the kitchen. She was already looking back at him, her body half turned towards the front door. They shared a look that seemed to say a million different things but Dan came away unable to understand any of it. He read a flurry of emotions on her face, all of them adding to the knot in his stomach. She felt guilty about this arrangement. And she felt guilty about

how much she was looking for to it. Dan knew that part of him was looking forward to it to, at least the idea of it. Or maybe the idea of the unexpected.

But when the doorbell rang he rose to stand on shaky legs. He held Sarah's eye as he moved to join her in the kitchen. Together they walked towards the front door. He felt, for a moment, like they moved in tandem. A united front.

But then he stopped. His body just stopped a few feet from the door, by the edge of the couch. He hadn't planned on stopping and his mind raced, wondering what he was doing. Sarah glanced back at him and seemed to take his stillness as some kind of sign. She read into his actions but he didn't know what she came away with.

The flat smile she gave him as she turned and opened the door made his stomach twist harder. He could see her smile widen as Lester came into view. Whether that was real emotion or the polite thing one does when answering the door he didn't know.

His eyes narrowed as he caught sight of Lester. Flowers in one hand and a large wine bottle in the other, a red cab, one of Sarah's favorites.

Dan felt the unease rise into his chest as he looked on, seemingly already the forgotten third wheel in this arrangement. Lester didn't even glance his way, his eyes glued to Sarah. Dan's mind flashed back to that poorly attempted threesome at the apartment and his inability to pleasure his own wife. His inability to provide for her, for his family. The bills and mortgage payment piling up.

Sarah took the flowers as Lester shut the door behind himself. Finally, the odd, fat man glanced at Dan for the first time and the smile on his face widened. Then just as quickly he looked back at Sarah and snaked a fat hand around her thin waist and pulled her to him, his face disappearing from Dan's view behind her golden locks as they kissed.

The kiss went on longer than a polite kiss should have. Lester seemed to grind his body against Sarah who Dan swore he heard a muffled moan come from. They finally parted and the shit eating grin was back on Lester's face.

Sarah turned around, looking flustered before meeting Dan's eye and quickly looking away, "I need to get back to the stove before anything burns."

Dan felt immobile again as he stood there. He'd thought he'd grown past all of this but the memory of that failed threesome kept playing in his mind. How he had stepped up and barged into the room, stepped up to intervene and take back Sarah. To fuck her and show up Lester, and to show Sarah that he could still deliver what she needed. But he came up so, embarrassingly short.

Lester patted Dan on the bicep with that smug grin on his face as he stepped past him, trailing Sarah into the kitchen. Lester's eyes were glued to Sarah's ass and he seemed to be shaking his head to himself.

In that short moment, Dan realized that his own fears, anxiety and uncertainty had set this proposed 'throuple' off onto a course that he hadn't wanted. He felt his control slipping and was unsure of how to get it back.

Lester felt his cock swelling in his sweatpants as he strode into the William's kitchen. He felt like Napoleon walking onto the battlefield after being exiled to that little island. Judging by the stupid look on Dan's pretty boy face, Lester was going to be the man of the house tonight.

He knew what Sarah needed and he'd studied the cuckold psychology enough to know how to manipulate Dan. It was almost too easy. He really needed to find a way to monetize all his knowledge, or at least a way to take it further.

He shook his head and let those thoughts slide to the back of his brain as he watched the curves of Sarah's salacious ass sway back and forth as she hurried back to take care of something on the stove.

Lester's eyes stayed glued to her for a few seconds before scanning the rest of the kitchen and dining room. *So, what would the Alpha male in a throuple do next?*

He didn't really know much about throuples other than what he'd seen in some porn videos or some posts on reddit where they backfired. He honestly, didn't really care all that much. He just knew it was term he could throw out to put Dan and Sarah off balance while communicating his goal of redefining their relationship. At this point, Dan and perhaps Sarah still thought of Lester as the third wheel but that had to change.

This was exactly what Lester was going to achieve with this entire ploy. Define the trio's relationship, at least in Sarah's mind and then eventually push Dan the fuck out of it. It had occurred to Lester last time that Sarah's children were always going to be a problem.

Short of having them disappeared, which he was still open to doing, there was another option that aligned with his other goals. The girls would also be a thorn in Lester's side, the roots that had sprouted from Dan's seed holding Sarah in this failing marriage. That is why Lester needed to plant his own seeds as he had planned. A seed to ensnare Sarah and pull her down into the dirt with him. A weed to overtake the other plants in the garden and starve them out.

Tonight was not the night to switch out the birth control pills. That would be soon. Tonight was about altering the paradigm. But as his eyes scanned the room, he thought how much sweeter it would be if Sarah would just stop taking them all together of her own accord. Plans within plans with backup plans, Lester smirked.

His eyes settled on a chair at the end of the table with a closed laptop sitting in front of it. It looked like Danny boy was doing a little work. Lester would have to dive into their home network records and see just what his roommate was working on. Either way, Lester had found his destination.

He moved to Dan's spot at the table and sat down, pushing the laptop further down the table. He interlaced his fingers and waited for his meal to be served to him. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Dan finally move into the kitchen with his slumped shoulders. Sarah shared a quiet word with him and Dan began opening the bottle of wine Lester had left on the counter. The flowers had already been arranged in a nice little vase.

Dan clearly saw where Lester was seated and hadn't said a thing. *Pathetic.*

Soon a steaming plate of pasta was slid onto the table in front of him.

"This looks great babe," Lester said and casually gave Sarah a light slap on the butt. She batted his hand away with a smile and turned towards Dan who was still in the kitchen.

"Dan, go sit, I'll bring you a plate," Sarah said moving past her current husband. Lester's dick jumped in his pants, knowing that Sarah had served him first. Dan gave Lester a stink eye and sat across from him at the other end of the table. Sarah brought two plates over and set one in front of Dan and the other in front of an empty seat in the middle of the table.

Lester stood up and leaned forward, grabbing the plate and pulling it down to the empty spot next to him, "Come sit down here with me."

Sarah glanced between Lester and Dan before taking the empty seat closed to Lester. Without another word, Lester dug into the pasta in front of him, not bothering to politely twist his fork in a spoon like Dan was. That was too much work, it was much easier to shove some in his mouth and slurp them up.

He caught Sarah and Dan sharing another look but didn't say anything. Clearly they were both waiting for him to say something but he let the uncomfortable silence permeate their dinner for a bit longer.

Eventually Sarah couldn't contain herself, "How's your pasta Lester?"

"Finger lickin good," Lester said and slurped up another noodle.

Dan cleared his throat and brought both of their eyes back towards him, "This, uh, new agreement. I think we should iron out some of the ground rules."

"I think its pretty straight forward," Lester countered.

"I think what Dan is trying to say," Sarah said placing a placating hand on Lester's forearm. Lester tried not to smile as Dan looked at the physical touch. Sarah continued, "is that we should go into this with clear expectations on all our parts."

"Again. It's pretty simple," Lester said reluctantly putting down his fork. The pasta was fucking great and he hated not having some in house mouth right now. "Like in any relationship there is a division of who takes care of what and who gets certain things."

"I mean, thats pretty simplistic Lester," Sarah started.

Dan snorted and said, "Have you ever been in a real relationship before?"

Lester didn't want to let Dan's small mindset deter him. He waved them off and continued, "I am providing financial stability."

He counted his fingers, "I am covering your mortgage, car payment, utilities, groceries and whatever else. This is normally the male's role in a relationship while the female takes care of the home and offers sex. As I am doing all the male centric duties I am expecting to be the beneficiary of the majority of sex and affection."

"Lester thats pretty sexist," Sarah said putting down her utensils and crossing her arms.

"Thats how the world works," Lester shrugged.

"Sarah and I have an equal relationship. We both made money and shared responsibility for the finances, the kids, the house, choses. This isn't the 1940s, things don't work like that anymore," Dan rolled his eyes.

Runt. "Maybe they should," Lester said. "And you meant 'had.' You 'had' an equal relationship and it didn't quite work out that well did it? On the brink of financial ruin? You should really be thanking me. I bring well more then what my one-third of this new relationship demands. I am basically taking care of all of the finances that both of you previously provided. Any house things, chores, I am not doing any of that. Both of you can more than make up for that. Besides, I won't be here full time so it doesn't make sense that I contribute to that."

Lester suppressed a snicker as Dan pinched the bridge of his nose.

“What do you mean by the majority of sex,” Sarah asked. Lester noticed the subtle shift in her breathing since they’d started on this topic. He surprised the smile from spreading on this face.

“As in several times a week as I deem necessary,” Lester said.

“How does that work?” Dan asked, “You just show up and get whatever you want? Whenever you want?”

“I’m not without reason Dan,” Lester said, “I know you have constraints like family that will prevent me from taking Sarah to our bedroom whenever I want. But I expect you to make an effort.”

“If your not happy with the arrangement perhaps we can outsource some of the chores and house work to some kind of laboror but I don’t think Sarah would want to reduce your share of sex. And no, I don’t mean that the laboror would get to sleep with your wife Dan,” Lester chided.

“Thats not what...what the hell are we even talking about?” Dan said throwing up his hands.

Lester slurped the last noodle of pasta off his plate, “I thought we were talking about ground rules and expectations.”

“We’re not, your just stating your own rules,” Dan said.

“What did you think this was going to be? That I just pay for everything and there is an equal balance of power and we all sit in a circle and hold hands swaying to kumbaya music? To be perfectly honest, I bring the most to this throuple. I bring the finances, I bring the fullfilling sex and I even help fullfill your twisted voyerustic fantasies. Sarah is the only one giving me anything in return with this meal and what is going to happen later tonight,” Lester said, “And I don’t even get to live in this house that I will be paying for. I am going to be relgated to live in a hotel room while in town. I don’t get to enjoy the amenties like you will. The hot water that I will pay the gas bill for. It isn’t fair so I think a few rules like these are a small ask, don’t you agree?”

Lester laid it on thick with his prepared arguments. Neither Sarah nor Dan had thought these things through but Lester had. He had come armed with arguments to shut them down and paint himself as the reasonable one. The one actually getting the short end of the stick in this whole arrangement.

Sure, it made sense to a degree but it was all peformative bullshit but Sarah was gobbling it up.

“Lester,” Sarah said in a calming voice as she shared a look with Dan, “We appreciate what you are doing here.”

She put her hand back on Lester’s arm, “I appreciate it. I think a couple of rules won’t be too hard to follow given what yor helping us with.”

Lester put his hand on top of Sarah’s, “I just it to be clear that I am not being too demanding.”

“Its...” Dan started before Sarah cut him off.

“It’s not too demanding,” Sarah said, “You’re right. All relationships are about balance and we need to balance things out with what you are providing for us.”

Dan’s eye twitched. It was time to push things up a notch.

Lester let go of Sarah’s hand and pushed his chair back and unbuckled his belt.

“What are you doing?” Dan asked.

Lester didn't answer him, instead he looked at Sarah, “I think its time you show me just how much you appreciate me.”

Sarah bit her lip and felt her chest heat up. Lester's commanding words always struck a cord inside of her that she found hard to resist. She glanced at Dan at the other end of the table and saw the familiar conflicting emotions on his face.

She knew he hated all of this on some level, but she also knew that it scratched some deep psychological itch that she'd never be able to scratch by herself.

They had already agreed to move forward with this new arragement. To Sarah, it didn't seem that different than the previous one and should be easy for Dan to swallow. If he had any objections, he could raise them.

Sarah gave Dan a wicked grin and subtle wink as she pushed her chair back. Deep down, she knew that paralysis that Dan could experience in these moments. That he might not object, even if he really wanted to. She let that thought slip from her mind as she turned her attention to Lester's ugly face. Her eyes lingered on his unekmpt features, the wild stubble, his beady eyes and wide nose, the hair sticking from his eyebrows. Even the hair prodtruing from his nostrils. It shouldn't turn her on but it did.

Her eyes trailed down his oddly proprotioned body until they landed on his crotch and she could see his organ swelling there. She felt her mouth beginning to salivate even though she had just eaten.

She moved gracefully around the table, tacing her hand over its wooden surface until she was standing in front of Lester. She could feel Dan's gaze on her back as she slowly lowered herself in front of his roommate.

Lester licked his lips and together they lowered his pants and scraggly underwear until his thick, long cock and hairy balls splayed out of them.

“You want me to show you how much I appreciate you?” Sarah said in a low, husky voice. Lester's three chins nodded in unison.

“You've been so good to me. To us. I think you deserve a little kiss,” Sarah said and leaned forward, taking Lester's cock in her hand and planting a soft, lingering, sensual kiss on the head of his cock. She kissed it again. And again, her lips spreading and tongue venturing out to french kiss his cockhead like a lover would.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah moaned quietly to herself, getting lost in the embrace. Her hand unconsciously began stroking, up and down Lester's thick shaft, fingers struggling to wrap around it.

Sarah kept her lips glued to Lester's cock and looked up at the ugly man's face, “You're giving us too much, I think you deserve more than a kiss.”

She looked over her shoulder towards Dan. She could barely seem him from this angle but he'd moved a bit to get a better view. She smiled at that. She could just see his eyes, “Don't you think Lester deserves more than a kiss Dan? Since he is the one providing for us now?”

She knew it was hurt Dan but it would also arouse him like crazy. She planned on leaning hard into this angle tonight to make sure her husband got the most out of her time with Lester.

Dan didn't say anything but he sucked in a breath when she finished speaking. Sarah's wicked smile grew wider and she turned back Lester, "You deserve a lot more now that you're the man of the house."

She flicked her tongue out and licked up from the base of his cock until it flicked over his cockhead. Then she did it again. She saw the man's jowels jiggle and knew she had both men in the palm of her hand.

As she thought that, she brought the palm of her other hand up to cradle Lester's balls. She licked his shaft again and swirled her tongue over his head before stroking his shaft. Her tongue trailed down until it reached his hairy balls before she dove in further, extending her tongue and lapping at his nutcksack.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as his pubic hairs and musk invaded her nostrils. Sarah couldn't help but moan as she smelled and tasted this primal tool that made her pussy begin to soak her panties. She was losing herself in the moment. She loved being on her knees before Lester.

"Show me what a good wifey you are," Lester groaned as he sucked and licked his balls. "Show me how appreciative you can be."

Sarah re-doubled her efforts and moaned louder, devouring Lester's sack and pumping her first up and down his cock. His simple words turned her sensual blowjob into craved performance.

"This is the new status quo you need to get used to Dan," Lester chuckled from above her. "In every throuple, there is a clear alpha and then there's the beta. Spoilers, that's you. You're going to want to get requianted with that hand of yours because Sarah is going to be all mine from now on."

The words registered in her brain but Sarah was too preoccupied with slurping Lester's cock to really take notice. She licked up his shaft again and opened her mouth wide and took Lester's cock into her mouth. Her lips stretched to accommodate him. Just the feeling his massive cock entering her mouth made her shake and clench her thighs together.

"Mhmmhm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock, "Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhmmmm."

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue? Are you mute?" Lester chuckled, "We all know it's better this way. Come on, you couldn't even get it up last time. Face it, you can't give a sexual goddess like Sarah what she needs and that's okay. It's not your fault, you're just not equipped for it. But that's why I fit so well into this relationship. Not only do I provide financially, I provide sexually."

Sarah pushed past her gag reflex and took Lester's cock into the back of her mouth, his cock head pushing down into her throat. It was so warm, she could feel the veins on the underside of his cock pulsating against her tongue. Lester's venom laced words were like fuel for her own depraved desire. Just something about the escalating words triggered something inside of her. It was wrong but she couldn't help but find herself craving the feeling of Lester's cock inside of her.

She didn't hear Dan respond, her eyes were closed as she stroked and sucked Lester's fat cock. Sliding it in and out of her outstretched mouth. Her tongue running up and down the bottom of his shaft. Occasionally she'd swirl her tongue over the tip of it before greedily taking it back into her mouth.

Sarah tightened her grip around his shaft and tugged gently on his nutsack.

“Sarah,” Lester said in a sing-song voice, “Danny boy is sporting a tent. I think he likes being talked down to like this and seeing the mother of his children worshipping her new man.”

Sarah’s piercing green eyes looked up at Lester as she slowed her sucking. She parted her lips and looked over her shoulder at Dan. The intense gaze that used to turn her on so much was plastered on his face. It still got to her, but so did the looks Lester gave her, the men in the threare and hell even the look that piece of shit Richard Thornhill had given her.

All those hungry eyes....

“Is that true Dan? You like seeing me kneeling in front of Lester? Sucking his big, fat cock? Do you like seeing your wife like this?” Sarah asked staring into the fire in Dan’s eyes. She could see the war waging behind his gaze, the intense desire to intervene and the overwhelming need to let this play out. She kept eye contact with him and leaned forward, kissing the side of Lester’s cock.

Her eyes flicked down the the tent in his pants. She had slept with her husband since the threesome incident. She knew he could get it up still but she wanted to be a dash of cruel. To give him the humiliation he needed. To make this fucked up throuple thing work.

“Why is your dick so hard?” Sarah asked, “The last time we were together with Lester, it wouldn’t work. You’re sending me mixed signals. You better not take it out, otherwise it might disappear again on us.”

Dan’s jaw opened as if he was going to say something but then promptly closed. She’d left him speechless like she’d done so many times in the past.

“That’s enough,” Lester said.

Sarah turned back to Lester and looked up at the ugly man.

“Dan is welcome to sit in the corner and watch but don’t give him too much attention,” Lester chided.

“Why not?” Sarah challenged, “You getting jealous?”

Lester smirked and flex his cock in her hand. Sarah opened her mouth wide in shock at how strong it felt in her grasp. She slide her second hand up to wrap around it, running both palms up and down his shaft.

“Do you really think I have anything to be jealous about?” Lester grinned.

“No,” Sarah scoffed way to quickly but the words continued to tumble out of her mouth, “No, you really don’t”

“That’s what I thought,” Lester lowered a hand and tugged at the strap of her black tank top, “Take this off.”

Sarah didn’t hesitate and let go of Lester’s cock and quickly peeled her tank top off over her head, throwing it onto the floor carelessly. Lester’s eyes glazed over as they roamed over her heaving breasts, clad only in a tight, lacy black bra. He licked his lips as he looked down at her and a shiver ran up her spine.

“Jeans,” Lester grunted.

Sarah undid the button at the top of her form-fitting, high waist jeans and unzipped them. She stood up quickly and tugged them down. She looked over her shoulder at Dan as the top of the jeans lowered down to her ass cheeks, exposing her thin, little black thong that accentuated her voluptuous ass.

Sarah kicked off her jeans and they landed on top of her tank top, reminding her of the piles of discarded clothes in Lester's room. She just imagined what her immaculate house would look like if Lester moved in. As she glanced back at his cock in front of her, the thought didn't bother her as much as it should have.

She didn't waste anytime, going back onto her knees in front of Lester. The wood floor was cold and uncomfortable against her bare skin but she had more pressing things to worry about. Her mouth was back on Lester's cock within a second. This time his pudgy fingers wrapped up her blonde mane and gripped it tight in a fist and he started putting pressure on the back of her head, guiding it up and down over his cock.

"She may be your wife," Lester grunted, "but she's my slut wife. Watch this."

"Sarah," Lester reached down and pulled his sweatshirt off, tossing it away, probably joining the growing pile of clothes on the ground. She ran her eyes up his hairy chest and flabby body until her gaze locked onto his beady eyes.

"Let go with one of your hands," Lester said. Sarah reluctantly took one of her hands off his shaft and let it drop to his balls, her french manicured finger nails teasing the skin. Lester smirked, "Touch yourself with it. Play with your clit while I choke you with my cock. Let's show Dan what've you've learned."

Sarah's eyes went wide at Lester's bold words. It was just so depraved. It was so –

Lester's hand on the back of her head tightened its grip on her hair and pulled her head back down onto his cock. He wasn't gentle with her like Dan was. He thrust up with his hips and rammed his cock back into her mouth. Sarah stifled a cough as Lester's fat cock pushed into her throat.

She wanted to choke. She gripped what little bit of his shaft was still exposed tight while her other hand braced herself against the chair between his legs. Her jaw widened and she felt her throat expand like something was stuck in it. But she pushed past that feeling and a guttural moan escaped from it.

"MMMMHMMHMMHMMM," Sarah moaned while suppressing a gag on his cock. Her left hand drifted from the chair and into her soaked panties. She quickly found her engorged clit and began rubbing it.

"Glllucck, glllccuucckk, gllaaack," Sarah heard the wet, spit filled sounds ring out from her throat as Lester fucked her mouth, her fingers danced and massaged her clit furiously. Lester's control and domination, his rough treatment of her and exposing her like this to Dan was such a powerful combination she could already feel her body racing towards the precipice.

"You see that?" Lester said towards Dan, "If you look closely you can see my cock in her throat. Yeah bet you've never done that before. Don't think you can reach that far can you?"

It was infuriating that Dan wasn't say anything. Wasn't responding or standing up for himself. But it was also intoxicating to be so thoughtfully used and abused in front of him like this. Sarah felt guilt and shame and fucking fire wash over her as everything swirled around her. She couldn't believe she was about to cum so fucking soon.

“GgggggaaaaAUUHHHHH,” Sarah’s throat erupted as she clenched her thighs around her forearms, her middle and pointer finger lazily massaging her clit as she felt the first throes of the orgasm wash over her body. Lester’s hips thrust up into her mouth, his cock pushing back down in her throat. Her face covered in Lester’s rough pubic hair. And Dan watching her. Lester’s firm hand on the back of her head. She was such a slut for Lester’s cock.

“GAAAUHHHHMHMMMAHMMGAAA,” Sarah came on her fingers as Lester’s cock stretched her throat. It felt amazing cumming while his cock was shoved so deep into her like this. A tidal wave of pleasure rose up and quickly hammered down on the nerves in her body. All Sarah could do was hold on while Lester face fucked her and her body convulsed on her own hand.

The room was boiling hot. Sarah felt the sweat running down her back as her spit ran down over her hand. Her mind was clouding over and she saw stars behind her eyes. Lester never let up and she loved him for it. His cock was still pounding into her throat giving her exactly what she needed.

Sarah’s body shuddered and slumped, exhausted. Her hand was covered in her own cum. She desperately tried to catch her breath through her nose as Lester force fed her his cock. Taking sharp little breathins for the miliseconds that the head pulled back into her mouth.

The grip on her head ease and the pressure from Lester lessened. She pushed back off his cock and took a deep breath. Her eyes stung – she hadn’t realized tears had run down her face, mixing with her eyeliner.

Lester looked down at her with a predator grin. Sarah just knelt in front of him, one hand still gripping the base of his cock for support as she heaved in deep breaths. Lester’s eyes flicked towards Dan then he stood up and pulled Sarah up by her arm pits.

He spun her around and bent her over the table. Lester’s fat arm reached forwards and slid his plate of pasta and utensils down the table. Sarah braced herself for what was next. She yelped as Lester pulled at her little black thong. It went so tight against her soaked pussy before ripping. Lester let it drop to the floor between her spread out legs and pushed down on her back.

Sarah’s bra clad chest pushed into her family’s dinning room table before she felt Lester’s hot cockhead running up and down her dripping wet slit.

Dan stood transfixed as Sarah’s tiny little thong, now ripped off her hips dropped to the floor. He shuddered as Sarah lay bent over their dinning room table – the same table where he had insisted their family dine together every night. It was a scene like a fantasy horror movie, the castle having been attacked and raided by a troll army. The princess, half naked and bent over the table as the troll commandaor stood behind her, ready to claim her virtue.

But in this case, the damsel in distress seemed more than willing. His wife’s form withered back and forth on their dinner table, anxiously awaiting Lester’s cock. Lester looked like a goblin king as he stood staring down at Sarah, his small, fat frame covered in coarse hair. The folds of his body not making any sense as parts ballooned out like an apple or a pear.

But none of that seemed to matter to Sarah, “Fuck Lester. Stop Teasing me and put it in me. Fuck.”

“Are you sure you don’t want dipshit Dan over there?” Lester chuckled giving Dan a hard glare. What the fuck was going on? Dan felt like he was back in that night during his failed threesome. He felt

powerless, like his hands were off the wheel. Cruise control was engaged and Dan could only watch as his car drifted off the road towards a burning wreck.

Sarah didn't respond to Lester. Her face was buried against the table but her arm reached back towards Lester, trying to pull him into it. Lester just smirked, running his fat hands over Sarah's back, grabbing her ass and then licking his lips.

"Looks like she's all mine," Lester chuckled towards Dan. He gritted his teeth and thrust forward, spearing his cock into Sarah's wet, waiting opening.

"UGGGH. MHMMMMUHHHH," Sarah grunted as her body rocked forward onto the table. Dan felt the humiliation crawl over his skin. He felt so small in this moment, watching his wife be claimed in their home. For all his insistence that Lester no longer be allowed into their home, he was allowing this most intimate and vile trespass to happen right in front of him.

"AH-FUCK," Sarah moaned into the table, her hands sprawling out, trying desperately to grab onto something. To gain some form of leverage to push herself back against Lester's onslaught. She was on her tiptoe toes, her long, toned slender legs trying to balance as Lester pounded into her. Her tanned, body rocked against the table, while Lester's fat folds jiggled with each thrust.

It was an obscene and degrading scene. Dan couldn't pull his eyes away. He was vaguely aware that the living room blinds were probably still open. That anyone could look in and see the sordid display taking place on their dining room table, but he didn't move. He couldn't move. He couldn't look away.

Control seemed to be slipping through his fingers. The room spun on its axis. Dan blinked as the blood rushed to his head. He felt uneasy, like an empty boat lost in a storm, spinning and floating away, completely under the storm's control.

Shame, envy, arousal all washed over him. He felt the tent in his pants begin to ache. How could he get turned on by this but fail to get it up for Sarah. Sure, he'd managed it recently but every time that lingering doubt overshadows him like a dark cloud ready to pour on his parade.

"Squeeze me mamma," Lester grunted, "Squeeze my cock. Ah yeah. Just like that. Good girl Sarah. Show Dan how well I've trained you."

"Mhmmmfuuuuccck," Sarah let out a long, whining groan. It sounded so familiar, yet so foreign. He understood the words but didn't understand the context that caused them. The way Lester was fucking her was on a different level that he was just grasping to comprehend.

"Uh. Mhmmm. Yes. Uh. Uh. Ah. Fuck. Oh. Fuck. Yes. Please. Fuck. God. God. God Fuck. Lester. Lester. Lester please!" Sarah whined finally pushing herself up onto her forearms. Her blonde hair dangled around her falling messily onto the table.

Lester thrust forward again, rocking into Sarah, making her body jump. Dan's eyes widened as he saw Sarah's voluptuous breasts, still enveloped in her bra bounce up and down. He watched transfixed as Sarah's breasts heaved with her labored breathing before rocking forward again as Lester thrust into her.

There hadn't been a condom. There hadn't even been talk of a condom. Lester was enjoying his wife with his raw cock, nothing separating him from her. Experiencing her as only Dan had.

"Fuck you're so fucking tight," Lester growled.

WHAP.

Lester slapped one of Sarah's ass cheeks, leaving behind a pink hand impression. Sarah moaned and cried out – Dan couldn't tell if it was pain or pleasure. Lester thrust into Sarah again, slamming their bodies together.

The glass that Sarah had set for him on the table fell over and rolled until it fell off and shattered. Water spilled onto the table, dripping down onto the floor. It was only a matter of time before the rest followed. And Sarah didn't even seem to notice.

"OH GOD LESTER," Sarah half screamed. She was panting into the wood tabletop. Lester rammed into Sarah again, "UH-FUCK."

The table's legs squealed across the dining room floor as it shifted a quarter of an inch. Their fucking was decorating their home.

"This is what I'm talking about," Lester grunted, both hands clasped on Sarah's hips as he pounded his thick, animal sized cock into. "You can't give it to her like this Dan. This is what she needs. A proper fuck from a man. Isn't that right Sarah? You need it like this, don't you."

"I need it!" Sarah shouted catching Dan off guard. She pushed herself up off the table and thrust her ass back against Lester's cock, "Fuck I need it Lester. I need you. I need you that that amazing cock of yours. Please don't stop."

Lester reached forward and roughly grabbed a handful of Sarah's hair in a fist. He pulled, making her yelp as he pulled her head up. Her eyes were wild and she was breathing hard. Dan locked eyes with her and didn't recognize the fire behind her eyes. The wanton desire burning within her.

"Tell Dan what you need," Lester grunted.

"His cock," Sarah said with a hoarse voice, "I need Lester's cock. I need him. All of him. Fuck. It feels so good in me. Jesus christ oh my god Lester don't stop. Give it to me Lester. I need you. God, I need you. Please."

Lester chuckled and leaned forward, licking the side of Sarah's face as he held her in place, "Good girl."

Sarah shuddered at his words. Her bottom lip hung agape as she closed her eyes and focused on grinding herself back onto Lester's cock.

"Tell Dan how it feels," Lester commanded.

"So fucking good. So BIG. I feel so full, so fucking full. God its amazing," Sarah mewed.

"More full than with Danny?" Lester demanded, pulling on her hair.

"YEES," Sarah whined struggling for breath. She bumped her shapely ass back onto Lester's awaiting cock, grinding her tiptoe toes into the wood floor. "So full. Never this full. Never. Oh God. Lester. Don't make me say more. It's mean. So mean. God Lester."

"Heh," Lester chortled, "But this is what he needs."

Lester pulled on Sarah's hair again, her face came up masked with pleasure. Her eyes were lazy and unfocused as Dan looked at her, "Whose the man of the house now huh?"

"God, you are Lester. You are," Sarah whined.

“Look at Dan and tell him whose cock comes first in this relationship now,” Lester said smacking her ass with his other hand.

Sarah’s eyes opened wide and she looked around at Dan with a vacant, half glazed gaze, “Lester’s cock comes first. Uh. Mhmm. Fffuccck yessss. Lester’s big, juicy fucking amazing cock comes first.”

Her words felt like iron daggers in his chest. He didn;t know how much more of this he could take. Dan’s head was beating out of his chest. It felt like it was going to explode. His cock ached, drying to be released.

Dan’s hands went to the waistband of his pants and he started to undo the button.

“No,” Lester said, “Not yet. You haven’t earned that yet. Keep it in your pants romeo.”

Sarah looked around questioningly.

“Dan’s trying to jerk off to this,” Lester said.

“Let him,” Sarah said, “Thats what we’re here for. For all of us.”

“Not yet,” Lester said, “He needs to watch and learn his place before he gets to play with it. Tell him to keep it in his pants.”

Sarah groaned in subservience and looked at Dan, “Keep it in your pants. No jerking off. Don’t even touch it.”

This was so fucked. Not only was Lester taking his wife but now he was commanding him on when he could touch himself. Deciding what Dan could do in his own house?

“That’s not fai—” Dan started.

“Do it for me baby.” Sarah said, “Wait. It will be worth it.”

Dan let go of his pants, despite the desperate ache of his cock. He couldn’t take much more of this. If he came maybe it would clear his head and let him apprecoh this better. Figure a way to flip this situation on its head.

“Don’t call him baby like that anymore,” Lester said, “Got it?”

“Fuck. Uhh. Mhmmm. You’re so bad Lester.” Sarah moaned.

“Shut up. You love it,” Lester tightened his grip on her hair making Sarah’s face contorted, her lips forming an ‘O’.

“There’s only gonna be on daddy in this hosue from now on” Lester growled, “Whose it gonna Sarah.”

Sarah locked eyes with Dan but she seemed too past thim, through him almost – like he was just a piece of furniture.

“YOU!” Sarah screamed, throwing her head back. Her hair went wild. “FUCK. LESTER. DADDY. GIVE IT TO ME. DON’T STOP.”

Lester ginned and raised his eyebrows at Dan. He licked his ugly lips against and snaped off the clasp on Sarah’s bra in one, quick, practiced gesture.

“God Damn Right,” Lester said. Sarah’s bra hung loosely off her shoulders, her magnificent breasts spilling free. Her nipples hard and erect as her breasts bounced as Lester pounded her.

“If I’m the man of the house, what does that make Dan?” Lester barked.

“I don’t know. Please just fuck me,” Sarah’s voice dripping with desperation.

“What does that make him?” Lester demanded again, pounding into her.

“Fuck,” Sarah whined, “I don’t know. I don’t know. A boy.”

“A little boy?” Lester barked.

“Yes,” Sarah said, “Fuck Lester just shut up and fuck me.”

“Oh I’m gonna keep fucking you. I’m gonna fuck you all night long. I’m going to fuck you on every single fucking surface of this house. I’m gonna drag you from room to fucking room. And Dan will trail behind us cleaning up our mess.” Lester said through gritted teeth, “Is that what you want?”

“OH GOD,” Sarah said, “Fuck I want it Lester. Yes. Please. Fuck me. Own me. JUST FUCKING GIVE IT TO ME.”

“What do you want Sarah?” Lester laughed and ground his cock into her. He pulled back and thrust forward making the table legs screech against the floor. The plates and silverware all shifted on the table. Another glass fell, spilling its contents onto the table but it didn’t roll off.

“YOU. FUCK. I NEED YOU. I NEED MORE OF YOUR COCK. I NEED YOUR CUM. GIVE IT TO ME. FUCK. LESTER. FILL ME. GIVE IT TO ME. I NEED IT.” Sarah’s body was rocking back uncontrollably as she fucked back on Lester’s cock. She looked like a woman possessed and maybe in some ways she was, instead of a demon it was Lester’s cock inside of her making her act like this.

“Where do you want it?” Lester barked.

“In my pussy. In my fucking pussy,” Sarah breathed hard as she slammed back onto Lester cock. Her breasts her hanging, bouncing free. A dertermined look of lust plastered over her face. Her fingers dug into the wooden table, her ass cheeks jiggling as they thrust back to meet each of Lester’s powerful thrusts, “Fill me. Fill me with your fucking cum Lester. Fucking fill me up. God I want to feel it inside of me. I want to feel it exploding into me. I WANT IT TO DRIP OUT OF ME. I WANT IT IN MY PUSSY AND MY MOUTH AT THE SAME TIME. FUCK I WANT IT EVERYWHERE LESTER.”

“Not until you cum for me,” Lester said as sweat glistened off his chest. He was breathing hard too, “Cum on my cock and I’ll explode inside of you. Then I’ll drag you upstairs for round two.”

“Holy fuck,” Sarah whined dropping her head, “Oh fuck. Mhmm. Fuck. Fuck. Mhmm. Jesus fucking Christ Lester. Uh Lester. Uh. Uh. Uh. Ahmhhh. Ah-mhmm. Ah-hmmhmm Lester. Oh Lester. Lester. Please. Fuck. Mhmm.Uhmmhmm. Lester. Yes. Yes. Right there. Don’t stop Lester. Baby. Don’t stop. Jesus.”

Dan gulped and watched as Sarah’s body started to thrash on the table. She wasn’t looking at him anymore. Her head was dropped down low on the table. The light above the dinning room table made the sweat on her back shine. His cock ached and he thought that he might cum in his pants without even touching it.

His eyes and ears were overloaded with visual and auditory stimulation. His mouth felt dry. It was like he was having an out of body experience, all control and motor fuctions lost. He’d never lost control

this badly before. The only evidence that he still had a body was the pounding of his heart in his chest. It felt like the movie alien where the creature breaks out of the guy's chest.

"Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Fuck me. Yes. Lester. Pound my pussy. Fuck. GIVE TO ME LESTER. CUM. CUM. CUM. CUM LESTER. FUCK LESTER. I'M GOING TO. I'M....FUCKKKKK," Sarah wailed as her body tensed and she slammed back into Lester one final time.

"SHIT," Lester buried himself to hilt inside of her and let out a loud groan. Dan hated that he knew what Lester's face looked like when he came.

All of the muscles in Sarah's body looked tight. Her hands were balls into fists and she was up high on her tippy toes. Her cheeks were red and Dan watched as her eyes rolled back in her head, her jaw hanging open, her eye lashes blinking uncontrollably.

"UHHMHMMMMMMMMMMMM," Sarah's mouth curled up in a tight smile as she came. Dan's wife, mother of his children was cumming as Lester's filled her with his illicit seed. Lester groaned as he pulled his cock back a slow pumped a few more strokes into her.

Something wet hit the floor between Sarah's legs and Dan winced.

Sarah dropped her head to the wooden table, panting hard. Lester stayed connected to Dan's wife while he caught his breath. Dan locked eyes with Lester, making a shit eating grin appear on the fat man's face.

Lester pulled his cock from Sarah with an audible plop. More wet splats filled the room as cum poured out of Sarah and fell into the wood floor of the dining room. Lester bent forward, wrapping his arms around Sarah. His fat pale, hairy skin, mashing into Sarah's toned, tanned body, making a fucked up contrasted. He hefted Sarah's limp body up off the table, finally allowing her to stand on the heels of her feet. Her turned her to face him and planted a wet, slobbering kiss on her lips.

Sarah lazily returned the kiss, clearly exhausted from just being fucked by Lester. Dan tried not to look at Lester's mammoth tool dangling between his legs, glistening with his wife's juices.

Dan finally got some semblance of control back as the smell of their sex hit his nostrils. He stumbled back and sat down in a dining room chair, trying to catch his own breath and calm his racing heart.

Sarah broke the kiss, her eyes falling on Dan. She looked completely and utterly satisfied. A small smile crept to her lips, as if she was happy she had fulfilled something for Dan. Given him something he'd wanted. Dan didn't know what he wanted in that moment. His mind was a mess of conflicting emotions.

WHAP

Lester slapped Sarah's ass hard making her jump forward, more of his cum splattered onto the floor and trailed down her leg.

"Let's get upstairs and clean you up before round two," Lester said grabbed one of her ass cheeks and ground his palm into it.

"Lester. Holy shit," Sarah said looking around at the shifted table, the broken glass and the kitchen still full of dirty dishes, "We made a mess. I need to clean this up."

"Don't worry," Lester chuckled and thumbed towards Dan, "Danny body gets it."

"Lester...." Sarah said with a frown, "That's not fair."

“How’s it not fair?” Lester chuckled again, “You did the cooking. I did the fucking. Now Dan can do the cleaning. Besides, he just sat and watched and got a free show. Come on, lets go upstairs he can come join us after.”

Sarah looked to Dan for reassurance. He just nodded. Not because he wanted her to go. But because he needed a second alone to get his thoughts. Sarah gave him a concerned look before Lester led her out of the dinning room.

Dan sat there, alone in the chair in stunned silence. His eyes roamed over the mess all around him. The cum stains on the floor, the askew dishes. He let out a long low breath as he heard a pair of footsteps on the floor above him and the sound of the shower turning on.

What the hell had they agreed to?