

Hello friends. It has been too long since I've dropped a new chapter of Tainted Conception. I know its a different flavor from Toxic Attraction but I have heard from many of you yearning for another chapter.

As I am all about making you folks happy, here it is! As always, this is an Insider release, so there are a ton of grammar and other issues I need to work through here. I'll get on them after I finish editing Toxic Attraction 21.

Without further ado, here you are!

"Ughhhhhh, yes fuck me Saul!" Brooke moaned into her mattress. Her arms were outstretched, sheets clutched in her fists as Mark thrust into her from behind. Mark gritted his teeth, hearing his wife moan his work rivals name. He hadn't wanted to do this fucked up role play.

Pretending to be his nemsis Saul as he fucked his wife was messed up. But he was hard as a rock for the first time in weeks. Something had been wrong with his brain lately. Only the thought of Brooke and Saul together could get him hard. He was horrified by how into thise whole roleplay Brooke was. She was acting so different than their usual times they made love. More wild and responsive to his touch.

He knew some things had happened between Saul and his wife. He didn't want to hear the details but he knew that the asshole had managed to get her alone a few times. It all started with that stupid Halloween party and Saul getting compromising material that steered Mark into the corner he now found himself in.

"God, Saul you feel so big inside of me," Brooke moaned, "So fucking good. Keep fucking me!"

Mark moaned audibly. Her words and cries for Saul cut him but he couldn't deny that he loved hearing her dirty talk like this while having sex. It drove him nuts. Her pussy was clenched around his cock, squeezing him hard. It wouldn't be long before it was too much for him to bear.

He gripped her hips harder and kept thrusting into her. Brooke's hair was splayed out on the bed, her hips high in the air as she pushed back against him vigorously. Mark eyed his phone on the bedside table. It was set to record, just like Saul had demanded. Mark was trying not to make any noises, not wanting that asshole to hear him having sex.

But its fine for him to hear your wife? Mark didn't like the thought. Maybe part of him deep down really did like this. Like deep, deep down, surpressed under a long of emotional baggage. He wasn't sure. But his body seemed to be responding to it. Mark didn't know which way was up lately.

"Saul!" Brooke cried, "I'm gonna cum. Don't fucking stop Saul. Don't stop. Please. Ah. Uhhmmmm. Mhmmmm. Saauull. God. SAAAUULL!"

Brooke's body started to spasm. Her muscles got tense and her head arched off the bed as she pushed back onto Mark's cock. Her pussy had an

irongrip on his cock, milking him in place as she came. Her moans and sounds of pleasure were too much for Mark to endure.

"Ah fuck," Mark said louder than he wanted. He felt his balls unload and he exploded into his pregnant wife. Flooding her while pretending to be his workplace rival.

"Uhhhhhmhmmmmmmgod Saul," Brooke said quietly into the mattress, her body still racked in orgasmic bliss.

Mark was panting, looking down at his wife splayed out on her knees before him. She looked as exhasuted as he was. He slid his cock out of her, causing Brooke to groan in disappointment. His wife rolled onto her side. She looked like she was glowing from the fucking she received but Mark wanted to throw up at the idea that the soon to be mother of his child had picked that ugly asshole.

"That was amazing Saul," Brooke moaned, opening her eyes to look at him playfully. She shut them and turned on her back, clearly ready for sleep. Mark grabbed his phone off the bedside table and turned off the recording.

His stomach tightened and he felt the all too familiar sensation that had been plaguing him lately. Embarrassed and ashamed by what had just happened, Mark sprtinted to the bathroom, closed the door behind him and gripped the edges of the toliet seat as his body emptied itself in an explosive fashion.

"Tell me," Dr. Creed sat back in his chair, fingers making a temple as he looked intently at Mark, "Why do you think you can only get off to this thought of your wife with the man you dislike from your workplace?"

Mark had locked his office door and had blocked out his calender. The last thing he wanted to be caught doing was talking to his new therapist about his demented sex life. Dr. Malin Creed peered back at him from his computer monitor. He was somewhere in his fiftes, dressed like a snooty, white, middle aged college professor. His features didn't look remarkable, one of those guys you would be hard pressed to give a description for beyond brown hair, big nose and glasses.

"That's just it," Mark sighed feeling defeated, "I don't know. It's like a switch had just flipped in my head. I've been really off lately both physically and even mentally. I can't think straight. My doctor can't find anything wrong with me but -"

"Mark," Dr. Creed gently scolded him, "We've already talked all about that. You're deflecting away from my question. Let me rephrase. Why do you enjoy the idea of your wife fucking this asshole you hate?"

Mark was taken a back by his therapist's strong language. This was only their fourth call. He liked the guy but they weren't on such friendly terms yet that talking like this was appropriate. And it sure wasn't professional.

"Sorry," Dr. Creed said, "I'm just trying to snap you out of your spiral here Mark. Sometimes using strong language like this can help snap a patient out of it and focus. In this case I'm using the strong language because we're trying to get to the root of your desires."

"That's just it," Mark said, "I don't know if this is something I desire at all."

"Tell me more," Dr. Creed scribbled something in his notebook.

"The thought of it repulses me. Pushing the love of my life, the future mother of my child into the arms of this asshole that I hate. Its fucked up and disgusting," Mark looked at his desk, not able to meet his doctor's eyes for his next admission, "But lately, the only way I'm able to even get hard is to think about it. Or acted it out. Or see them together."

Dr. Creed's eyebrows raised, "They've already been intimate?"

Mark looked at the ceiling and didn't response. Dr. Creed stayed silent giving Mark space and time. "Yes," Mark's shoulder's slumped, "I'm not sure on all the details."

"Was it good? Did your wife enjoy herself?" Dr. Creed asked.

"What? No!," Mark looked angrily at the screen. He shrugged his shoulders, "I don't know. What the hell does that have to do with anything?"

"Everything," Dr. Creed quickly responded, "I'm trying to gauge your response to the question. See how you react to it. Trying to determine whether you enjoy being dominated or if you enjoy the idea of seeing your wife receive pleasure from this undesirable man."

"I don't know what it is," Mark's brain felt foggy, he was having trouble finding his footing in the conversation. "I don't think its either of those. They don't sound right."

"Okay, well how long have you had these fantasies?" Dr. Creed asked.

"I don't..." Mark started, frustrated with where the conversation was heading. "I don't have fantasies about my wife and Saul, okay? I've never thought like this. It's just that lately I can't seem to get it up unless it involves this. It's been going on ever since Brooke got pregnant."

"Ah," Dr. Creed jotted something else down in his notebook, "Interesting."

"What's interesting about it?" Mark asked.

"Just the timing," Dr. Creed was still busy writing, "Please continue, did anything else happen around that time? Of the pregnancy?"

Mark crossed his arms and let out a long breath, thinking about it. "Maybe," he finally said. Mark didn't want to admit to the way Saul had manipulated him. It was too embarrassing. It was probably something he should talk to his therapist about but he wasn't ready to open up just yet. Hell, even admitting to all of this crap so far had been a slip of his tongue that Dr. Creed had launched onto. "Around the time," Mark looked up at the ceiling trying to remember the sequence of events but they still felt unclear, "Saul had confronted me with some work stuff that really pissed me off and has been pressing me ever since."

"Hmmm-mm, I see," Dr. Creed said closing his notebook, "It's starting to come together for me now."

"Yeah?" Mark asked skeptically, "Think you can fill me in because I'm lost in all of this."

"It's quite simple," Dr. Creed said, leaning forward to look into the camera, "I've seen this before. All of these events happening at the same time. It's all biological and goes way back to our roots as humans and tribe dynamics."

Mark cast a skeptical glance at the screen.

Dr. Creed continued, "You see, at work you said you were quite assertive before. A go-getter. Always pushing things forward. An alpha or a type A person. But I believe this was just a shield, protecting your real self. You are more of a beta in terms of tribe dynamics."

Mark raised an eyebrow but Dr. Creed didn't stop, "You have to remember, that humans are tribe animals with different social hierarchies. These are deep wired into our brain, even in our subconscious. Often we are not aware of them at all. When you're wife became pregnant, some of these wires may have been crossed along with your work issues. So in this instance, I believe that you regressed into a beta state, recognizing that only the alpha male of the tribe should be the one impregnating the woman, to ensure the future health and strength of the tribe. With work being your tribe, you may subconsciously see this Saul figure as the alpha, which is how this fantasy was born."

"It's not a fantasy," Mark corrected, mulling over what Dr. Creed said. It kind of made sense, at least from his explanation. But it didn't feel right to Mark. It felt like looking at some puzzle pieces and trying to make a different puzzle entirely. "I'm still not sure that's it. I've never looked at Saul as an alpha male. More of an annoyance that needs to be put in its place on occasion."

"You'd be surprised," Dr. Creed said, "Don't forget that your hormones change during pregnancy, even the man's. Your system was flooded with new neural chemicals at the same time it was experiencing this work stress. It's not your fault your mind and body got its wires crossed."

"Okay..." Mark didn't want to appear ungrateful for the theory, even if he didn't buy it. "So, what's next then? How do I fix this?"

Dr. Creed leaned back in his chair, fingers as steeple once again. He took his time, but eventually leaned in, an excited grin on his face, "I suggest two possible routes. One, you embrace this and talk with your wife about exploring this fantasy going forward. It may have taken root deeply and you could do more damage trying to fight against it. Sometimes you just need to go with the flow, especially if it isn't damaging you."

"And the second?" Mark asked not liking the first option at all.

"You need to confront it. Experience it." Dr. Creed said, "You mentioned you don't know all the details about their coupling yes? Sometimes the only way to reset the brain getting its wires crossed is new inputs. Overloading your senses so your brain knows something is wrong and it needs to reset itself. So right now, largely this fantasy exists in your brain. Sure you think they may have had rendezvous but you haven't seen it. Your brain and your subconscious is fueling this fantasy, making your

body react to it. But if you see it happening, your brain will process the event properly and it may just reset things back to how it was before."

"So you want me to watch my wife have sex with Saul?" Mark asked skeptical.

"Precisely," Dr. Creed said with a strange smile on his face, "I think it may be good for you."

Mark put his face in his hands and dragged them over his face. He could feel the stress sitting in his forehead. This wasn't how he had hoped therapy would go. Both of these options sounded horrible. He checked his clock and saw that it was nearing the hourmark.

"Okay, I'll think about it," Mark lied, "I have to run to another meeting right now. We'll talk next week, okay doc?"

"Sure Mark. Think about what I said. We'll discuss it next week," Dr. Creed said.

"Thank you. Have a great rest of your week," Mark's finger hovered over the red disconnect button.

"You too Mark," Dr. Creed said with a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. He exited the call before Mark could hang up. Mark sat in his office, staring at the black screen, feeling worse than he had when he started the call. Could this really be some primitive part of his brain getting the wrong signals? That felt wrong, but so did only getting erections when Saul was involved with his wife.

Pulling open one of his desk drawer, Mark took out a simple USB stick and held it up in front of him. He stared at it and let out a long, low breath. The USB contained the recording of his roleplay session with Brooke last night. It was just the audio, no video. He wasn't about to make another video of his wife that could fall into someone's hands. The memo app on his phone had been all he needed to make the recording.

He hadn't listened to it and didn't intend to. The last thing he wanted to do was get up and give this USB to Saul but he didn't have any other choice. With a heavy sigh, Mark got to his feet and left his office. Each step he took felt like his feet were made of lead. Dr. Creed's words still rattling around in his head.

"Oh hi Mark," Saul's new assistant said. She was a cute, perky brunette who screamed competence. But Mark suspected Saul chose her for attributes other than her professional capability. "Saul said he was expecting you," the woman said, "He told me you had something to drop off. He told me to let you into his office and instructed you to leave it on his keyboard."

"Thank you," Mark said putting on a fake smile. He knew she picked up on the insincerity of his expression but walked past her anyways, opening the door to Saul's office. He looked around the office, trying to see if there was anything he could leverage to get out of this. But nothing jumped out at him. With the secretary right out the door, it wouldn't be possible to look through drawers or cabinets. His brain was trying to search for something, anything but it wasn't working like it used to. His brain wasn't working like it should.

Mark set the USB down on Saul's keyboard with a heavy sigh. He retreated back to his office where he slumped down in his chair and tried to figure out what the hell was wrong with him.

Brooke's doctor told her she couldn't do any strenuous exercises while she was pregnant. But walking around the neighborhood at a moderate pace was fine so that's just what she was doing. Even though she was a couple months pregnant, she didn't think she looked it.

Her stomach was still flat and she had still fit into her athletic shorts for the walk. The shorts were black, flowy and made of a light plastic material. They hugged her waist and went down to her upper thighs showing plenty of leg.

It had been a little awkward getting her pink sports bra on. Maybe her breasts were a little bigger than normal but she still managed to get it on before her walk. She'd have to ask Mark later if he thought they grew.

Brooke was thirty minutes into her walk, a light sheen of sweat coating her body under the warm sun. Britney Spears was singing in her earbuds which helped her focus on her walk and tune out her thoughts.

She rounded a corner and saw a older man washing his car. Brooke kept her eyes focused in front of her on the side walk but she couldn't help but notice the man's head turning, tracking her as she walked. Suddenly she felt so exposed, with her legs and mid-drift showing. Her breasts felt like they were straining against her top and her breathing quickened.

Her hormones felt like they were in overdrive. Just the idea of this older man looking at her was getting her body to respond. It felt so strange being so out of control. All she wanted was sex. She couldn't help it. She turned her head to look at the man whose face was painted with lust. He hadn't even noticed her looking at him, his eyes focused on her body. The hose in his hand hung limpy, sputtering at water onto the drive way, like he had completely forgot what he was doing.

Brooke probably could have turned around, marched up his driveway and let him take her. He wouldn't have stopped it. She shook her head at the idea, worried at how quickly it had come to her. She hurried her pace and walked out of the man's line of sight.

The last few weeks had been so strange. She had been hornier than she could ever remember being in her entire life. Aching for sex. To feel Mark inside of her. But he could barely get it up for her. Something was off with him. Like he wasn't attracted to her anymore.

That's why she was even on this walk. She was trying to maintain her body to keep Mark's interest. She didn't think she looked all that different and the attention from men seemed to still be there but Mark just didn't seem interested. He never initiated anymore and when she did, his cock would stay flaccid, frustrating both of them.

Except when it came to Mark's workplace rival Saul. For some reason, Mark would get hard when Saul was involved. The other night Mark had been hard as a rock, just like he used to be. But they were roleplaying and he was pretending to be Saul. And Mark had certainly gotten off to the idea of her dancing with Saul at the Christmas party and then everything that happened at the New Years party and afterwards.

Brooke bit her lip as she walked, thinking over all the trysts she'd had with Saul at Mark's direction. The way he had danced with her at the Christmas party, how they had touched each other behind the curtains so close to everyone. How great his cock tasted when she blew him on New Years to the way he fucked her senseless a few days later.

She felt so confused about all of it. She found the man so repulsive but he knew how to fuck her so good. Made her feel things she had been craving lately that Mark didn't want to give her. As his cock. Jesus his cock was so fucking big. She felt herself getting wet just at the idea of how it felt inside of her, expanded into her. The way he grabbed onto her body and fucked her until she -

Brooke almost collided with a group of boys who walked onto the sidewalk from a back alley. She had been so lost in thought about Saul's mighty cock that she hadn't even seen them coming. Brooke walked right into their midst.

The boys were just as surprised as she was but their faces changed as they looked her over. Surprise changing to appreciative grins and lustfilled eyes. Brooke found herself between all three boys, her shoulder accidentally touching one of their arms. Two of the boys were white while the other was black.

"Sorry!" a flustered Brooke said as she pushed past them. Walking away, she could still feel their eyes on her. The bare skin of her shoulder had touched one of their arms, she had been so close to their bodies she swore she could feel the heat coming off of them. Surrounded by three different cocks...

She chanced a quick look back at them over her shoulder. They were standing in place, staring at her, grinning and laughing with one another. Probably making lewd comments about her body and the things they'd want to do with her.

Brooke couldn't stop thinking about the boys the entire way back to her house. What if they followed her back? Came up the driveway behind her. God I'm thinking like such a slut.

These pregnancy hormones were really messing with head. She turned and corner and walked back onto her street, hurrying her pace just in case she was being followed. She didn't dare look back over her shoulder and see if they were there.

A smile spread across her face and she walked even faster. Mark's car was in the driveway, home early from work. She knew just how to relive the tension in her body and hopefully quiet her runaway thoughts.

Mark was in the kitchen when she opened the door. Brooke made a beeline for her husband and kissed him hard on the lips. Mark responded, kissing her back before they pulled apart.

"I'm all sweaty," she said flirtly, hoping Mark would pick up on it. "I need to go take a shower."

"Want to join me?" Brooke put on her seductive look and eyed her husband like a piece of meat. The same way those boys had just looked at her.

Mark's voice caught in his throat and the expression on his face pierced her heart. He was about to shoot her down.

"I--I can't," Mark's shoulders slumped. "I have to go upstairs and finish some work before the end of the day."

Brooke tried to stay composed. She didn't want Mark to see tears forming in her eyes at being rejected yet again by her husband. What the hell was going on.

"Okay," Brooke said turning away. "I'm just going to go shower. We'll make dinner after."

"Okay babe," She heard Mark say from the kitchen as she ran up the stairs to the bathroom.

Mark felt like a real piece of shit at turning Brooke down. Maybe he should have just gotten in the shower with her but he couldn't start something with her again only for his dick not to work. It was too embarssing for him and he knew how much it hurt her. He needed to figure something out. A way to fix this.

His stomach started to gurgle, making alien noises. It was only a matter of time before he had an explosive run to the bathroom, another reason not to get physical with Brooke.

But he had to make a change. Maybe Dr. Creed had been onto something. Should he at least explore this fantasy a bit and see if it helps fix his limp dick issues? He left the kitchen and climbed the stairs.

The sound of the shower was apparent, even behind the locked bathroom door. Mark sighed as he passed by, knowing he had just fucked things up with Brooke. He went into his home office and sat down in front of the computer.

Double checking that Brooke was still in the shower, Mark opened his web browser and quickly found a porn site. He navigated to the cuckold and wife sharing section and looked through the videos. Maybe this could get him hard and he could slide into the shower and surprise Brooke.

He turned down the volume all the way and started looking through different videos. After skipping through five different videos of husband's recording their wives being taken by other men, he still wasn't hard. Maybe he was putting too much pressure on himself but his dick was still flaccid, even though he tried stroking it. What the fuck was wrong with him?

Dr. Creed suggested exploring the fantasy and he was trying to do that. But maybe this wasn't enough. Or maybe the doctor was full of shit.

Mark sat straight up, his eyes going wide like saucers. His stomach gurgled hard and he felt an uncomfortable feeling in his backside. He was going to shit his pants. Mark tightened his ass as much as he could and sprint waddled towards the door. To his horror, the bathroom Brooke was in was still locked. He knew he wasn't going to make it to the ensuite bathroom to his room but darted down the hall towards it anyways. What the fuck is wrong with me?

Drying her hair with a towel, Brooke tried to think of anything other than Mark stone cold turning her down before her shower. Her hormones were a mess and she could feel herself holding back tears. She was frustrated, pent up and sad. Not a good combination. She felt trapped and just wanted to get out and find some relief. She thought back to the man washing his car and the three boys she had almost collided with, then shook her head.

She wrapped another towel around herself and with a deep, steady breath she left the bathroom. She wasn't sure if she wanted to run into Mark and try and figure out what was going on with him or just avoid him entirely so she could sort through the jumble of thoughts in her head. Her thoughts were straying and desperate, not a good idea to act on them right now.

Heading to her bedroom, Brooke passed Mark's office and was surprised to see the door ajar. Usually when he worked from home he kept the door closed. Brooke glanced in as she passed. He wasn't in the office but his screen caught her eyes. Holding the towel to her breast, Brooke stepped into his office and peered at the computer screen.

Anger flashed inside of her. Mark had been looking at porn. She grasped the mouse and looked through the site. Tab after tab of porn was open, all of it was labelled something like cuckold or wife sharing or wife shared. Videos filled the screen of women getting screwed by men who probably weren't their husbands.

So he didn't want to fuck her but he was fine jerking it to videos of other women getting screwed. Brooke left the office feeling more frustrated than ever before.

The lighter flicked open, the light from the flame dancing on the dim walls of the stairwell. Saul lowered his head and his cigarette came to life. He took a long slow drag from it before exhaling a cloud of bitter smoke into the air.

A sharp cough rattled out of his chest, causing Saul to lean against the wall until it subsided. It had been almost a full week since he had fucked Brooke in Mark's bed and he couldn't wait any longer. The sweet smell of her, how delicious she tasted, the way her body responded to his. He needed to have her again.

The entire week he had waited, patiently for Mark to storm into the office and blow up at him. Yell at him for fucking his wife. But Mark never came. Either he didn't know it had happened or felt too emaciated by the whole situation to lift a finger to stop him.

The USB showing up on Saul's keyboard was the greenlight he needed. It contained a recording of Brooke's sweet, innocent, sultry voice moaning his name as Mark fucked her. The most humiliating thing was that Mark had gone through with it and was even able to finish while his woman moaned another man's name.

The smirk couldn't be contained on Saul's face as he sucked in a last drag from his cigarette before flicking it somewhere down the stairwell. He kept mulling over the idea of somehow getting Mark to sleep on the

couch of his home while he fucked Brooke upstairs. Would Mark just lie there and take it? Saul was going to find out just where Mark's limit was. But for now he had something else in mind.

Saul left the secluded stairwell and navigated the darkened annex before finding his way back to the office floor. His eyes lingered on a few female coworkers as he past by. Should look at Debra's emails and see if I can find anything to leverage.

The idea of having a harem of his female coworkers suddenly felt like a distinct possiblity. He pulled out his phone and opened the app he used to sandbox Mark's phone's communications. So far today, Brooke and Mark weren't exchanging their usual vomit inducing lovely dovey messages. Things seemed more strained juding by their interactions, which served Saul perfectly.

He went to his office, eyes roaming over his secretary before plopping himself behind his desk. The screen came to life and Saul looked through the list of Mark's most important customers. He found the perfect one and with a few clicks disabled several critical services they needed for their daily operations.

This client was located a couple of hours a way. Within a few minutes a lowly IT person came into Saul's office. Panicking, the young man told him there was an angry customer on the phone and that no matter what the young man tried, he couldn't get their services up and running.

Well of course not, thats the point. Saul chuckled internally, "It'll probably require a manual reset," Saul said. "Grab Mark to help smooth things over and drive out there."

"Now?" The young man said, "It's almost the end of the day and its a long weekend. It'll take a few hours to drive there not to mention drive back."

"Are you prepared to tell one of Mark's biggest customers that their business isn't important enough to us to come out right now?" Saul challenged.

"No..." the young man started.

"Then get going," Saul said dismissively, "And if Mark gives you any trouble about going, let him know I insist."

"Okay, sure," the young man looked uneasy as he left Saul's office.

Saul switched applications to the sandbox environment for Mark's phone. He waited patiently for some activity. On screen prompt displayed showing Mark calling his wife.

"Nope," Saul sneered as he didn't let the call go through. Instead directing it to a fake voicemail box using the same message Brooke's real one did.

Mark tried calling again but Saul performed the same action. Then Mark typed out a message to Brooke:

"Hey babe, going to be late. Have to go smooth things over with a client out of town. I should be back home around nine or so. I'll bring some wine home and we can talk about whats been going on with us."

Saul didn't push the message through to Brooke's phone. Instead he waited, watching the GPS location of Mark's phone. Eventually it left the office and was moving in the direction of the client.

"Too easy," Saul smiled to himself as he typed up an alternate message to send to Brooke, being careful to try to use the same words Mark does:

"Hey babe, going to be late with some work stuff. I'm going to order to dinner in here. I'll get some wine too. Come to my office around five, everyone will be gone. We can talk about what's been going on with us."

Three little dots appeared on the screen then disappeared. They appeared again but just like before disappeared again. It looked like Brooke was having trouble figuring out how to respond.

Saul typed up a simple 'please' and sent it.

"Okay," Brook responded.

As the company frequently did before a long weekend, the senior management team dismissed their staff early via email. Several of the senior managers, already gone for the day. Saul sat back in his chair, watching the office empty out. The sharp vulture like features of his face growing more and more pronounced as each staffer passed by his office.

Brooke arrived in from of Mark's office building just before five o'clock. She was surprised to find the parking lot almost empty. Usually when she visited Mark, it was difficult to even find a space for her car. But today she was able to find an empty space directly in front of the main doors. She still looked the part. As Mark's wife she couldn't just show up to the office in her sweatpants. She wore a loose green sleeveless blouse with black, stretchy form fitting maternity jeans that she didn't quite need yet. Professional yet still dressing to be Mark's sexy wife.

She checked in at the security desk in the lobby, pretending to ignore the appraising looks of the two older men behind the desk. She still felt frustrated and pent up, the men's eyes dancing over her body sent her mind racing and she felt her body heat up.

Hopefully she could have a frank discussion with Mark about things and they could go home and relieve some of that frustration she felt. Brooke crossed the lobby and rode the elevator up to Mark's company's floor. When the doors opened, a darkened office lay in front of her. It seemed that everyone had left for the day.

She tentatively stepped out of the elevator, feeling like she was somewhere she wasn't supposed to be. Usually this office was bustling but right now it felt eerily empty.

"Hello?" Brooke said but received no response. It would have been nice if Mark had met her at the elevator or even downstairs but lately he wasn't very attentive to her needs. He was probably in his office, head down in some stupid work project.

Brooke knew her way around the office well enough. She navigated the rows of cubicles until she was standing in front of Mark's office door. The

window shades were drawn but the light was on. She knocked on the door before turning the knob and opening it.

Mark's desk chair had its back to the door. When she opened the door, it swivelled around to reveal Saul's hefty frame planted in it. His vulture like face looked surprised to see her.

"Brooke," he started, "What are you doing here?"

"Where's Mark?" Brooke was just as taken aback to see Saul, "He told me to meet him here."

"He told me the same thing," Saul said. He looked frustrated. "On a long weekend, when the rest of the office got to go home already. He wanted to meet about something important at the end of the day. So here I am."

Brooke peeked back from the doorframe and looked around the empty office for her husband.

"Did you see him on the way in?" Saul asked.

"No," Brooke said, "I didn't see anyone."

Brooke lingered by the doorway. Even from she here should could smell the reek of cigarette smoke wafting off of Saul. She felt herself getting wet. Her hormones seemed to be in overdrive. She felt hornier than she had in days, even with all the male attention lately. Being here, in front of Saul, someone she had experienced before. It was like her body just responded to him.

"Well, we can wait together," Saul said standing up, "Hopefully he'll be along shortly and I can get out of your hair."

"I'm sure he'll be here any minute," Brooke stepped into the office and leaned against Mark's small couch tucked against the wall.

Saul walked to the door and stuck his head out, looking at the empty office, "Unless."

"Unless what?" Brooke said.

Saul shut the door and turned around to face her, "Unless he is setting us up again. Using me for this weird fantasy of yours."

"Its...its not my fantasy," Brooke said, "And I don't think he's using you. You seemed perfectly happy the last time."

"Well it does have its perks," Saul chuckled stepping closer to her. Brooke crossed her arms, trying to conceal how fast she was breathing. "Have you thought about me?"

"No," Brooke lied not meeting his gaze, trying to keep herself under control. Mark would be here any minute and he would clear this whole thing u-

Saul unbuckled his belt and ziped down his fly. His pants fell as he reached into his tight white underwear and pulled out his cock, pointing it at her.

"What about this?" Saul said softly. "Have you thought about this?"

Brooke just stared at, unable to find the words. She had been thinking about this non-stop for days. Having a hard cock in front of her. God, he was already hard for her. Her husband couldn't even get it up when her mouth was wrapped around it.

"I still can't believe I got to fuck you. That you sucked this cock. Especially after the way you slapped me at the Christmas party last year." Saul chuckled.

"Because you were being a fucking creep and a pervert," Brooke said still staring at it.

Saul her chin between his thumb and index finger, lifting her gaze to his eyes, "I'm still a creep and a massive pervert," Saul stepped up to her, pushing his hard cock against her. "You're the one thats changed."

Then he dipped his head and planted a hard kiss on her waiting lips. Brooke knew it was coming but it still shocked her. Her body responded faster than her brain did, kissing him back and moaning as his tongue snaked its way into her mouth.

The taste of the foul cigarettes on his tongue only serving to fuel her body's response. She felt Saul's hands, roughly grabbing at her body, running over her clothes. His greasy hands grabbed her ass, pulling her hard against his throbbing cock. Brooke stopped kissing him and took in a sharp breath, feeling the hard cock she had been waiting for press against her. Saul didn't stop, continuing to lick and kiss her lips, pushing his tongue back into her mouth.

Her mind raced, surprised that her hands were roaming his body, pulling hard on his back. She felt the rolls of fat, the lack of muscle but in that moment none of it mattered. All that mattered was that she knew what was coming next and she needed it.

Saul abruptly broke the kiss. With her eyes still shut, Brooke pushed head forward searching for Saul's. She opened her eyes and saw his predatory looking face staring back at her. His beady eyes, potmarked face and hooked nose inches from her. Objectively she knew he was an ugly man but in that moment she couldn't help but feel turned on by his features. He stared at her hard, desire and lust painted across his features. His hands found the bottom of her flowing green blouse. Without breaking eye contact with her, he pulled it up over her head, revealing a lacy dark green bra holding up her spectacular breasts. The blouse was pulled over her head, her brown locks of hair falling onto her bare shoulders before Saul roughly discarded her bra.

On instinct, Brooke's hand reached out and gripped the shaft of Saul's cock and started stroking it. She closed her eyes for a brief moment, revelling in the feeling of his powerful cock in her hand.

"Good girl," Saul said salaciously as Brooke opened up her eyes. He put a hand on the top of her head and applied light pressure, urging it down. Brooke's body seemed to understand him before her mind did, knees buckling as she lowered herself down in front of him.

"Now give him a kiss," Saul said, "And show me how much you love a creep like me."

Brooke's eyes didn't leave Saul's as her knees touched the carpeted floor of Mark's office. She licked her lips and finally turned her attention to Saul's cock right in front of her.

"Jesus," she half moaned stroking it, "It's so fucking hard."

"Marky still having trouble getting it up lately?" Saul sneered, "Don't worry Brooke. I'll give you all the loving you've been missing out on."

Saul thrust his hips forward, his cock sliding across Brooke's cheek hitting her ear. His lips pressed against the base of his cock, startled but she planted a kiss. Then another as she retook hold of his cock. She planted kisses up his shaft until she reached its ugly, purple bulbous head.

Brooke just moaned in response, feeling Saul's heartbeat in her palm, through the twisty veins running up and down his shaft. All she could think about was the cock in front of her. She opened her mouth and leaned forward, slowly taking in Saul's appendage.

Her lips stretched around Saul's cock as more and more of it disappeared into her mouth. Her saliva coating it as her tongue tasted the bitter underside of his cock. She moaned at the feeling of having a hard cock in her mouth again. Brooke sucked it, stroking his shaft with abandon. She could feel her panties getting damp between her legs. Her body ready to give in to all the frustration she had felt from the male gazes of the past several days.

Saul wanted to grab onto both sides of her face and fuck the shit of her mouth but held himself back. There was something more fulfilling about letting Mark's wife, slowly and sensually suck him off of her own accord. The tender way she planted kisses up his shaft and stroked him. It was almost loving in nature, obviously something reserved for her husband.

"God Brooke," Saul moaned, "That feels amazing. If I was your husband I'd have you do this everyday."

"You're so hard," Brooke moaned taking his cock out of her mouth. "I'd love to have this everyday."

"I'm sure Mark wouldn't mind," Saul said revelling in the strong gripe of Brooke's hand on his cock. "He's probably love seeing you on your knees with your lips wrapped around my cock. Hell, he's probably somewhere right now watching this."

"You think?" Brooke looked around. The blinds were closed on the office's window and she couldn't see anything in the office.

"Definetely," Saul said, "Probably just too scared to watch in person. Maybe there's a camera in here or something. He wants to watch his wife get defiled by his perverted co-worker."

Brooke's body shuddered, "That's so fucked up."

"But you're loving it," Saul said, "After I danced with you at that Christmas party the first time I bet he took you home and fucked you so hard thinking about it. He had probably been dreaming of this happening again."

"Mhhhhmmmmmm," Brooke moaned around Saul's cock. Mark's fantasy had certainly unlocked something in her. Perhaps the permission to give in and be bad. But right now she didn't really care about what Mark wanted. All she wanted was what was right in front of her.

"Ughhhh," Brooke moaned licking up and down Saul's shaft, "Stop talking about Mark."

"Heh," Saul grinned, "You got it Brooke. Keep sucking me like that my little slut."

Brooke's tongue began dancing over Saul's nuts before she pulled back looking up at him with a fire in her eyes, "I'm not a slut."

"Are you sure?" Saul said, "You're on your knees in your husband's office sucking the cock of a guy you just called a creep and a pervert."

Brooke was about to respond to that but Saul pulled her forward, his balls pressing into her mouth. She couldn't help but suck on them as his greying pubic hair ran over her face.

"It's okay," Saul said, "I know you're not a real slut. You're just my personal one now."

He moved his hips up and down, running his old balls around Brooke's face. Her tongue laced out, licking his ballsack. Pubic hair matting to her tongue as she did. When she found exposed skin she would suck them. She didn't even notice herself moaning as she slobbered all over Saul's nutsack.

Saul let go of Brooke's head but she didn't let up. She stroked his shaft while feasting on his nutsack, seemingly not able to get enough of them. She licked, slurped and moaned, "Mhmmhmmmmhmmmm."

Brooke licked over every inch of Saul's balls. He saw her free hand touching her breast absentmindedly over her bra. She was gyrating her hips back and forth too. He knew that she was ready for him to fuck her.

Brooke licked up Saul's balls to his shaft. She paused stroking him, opening her hand enough to allow her tongue to pass by as she licked up the length of his shaft. Her tongue twirled around the head of his cock, tasting his salty precum as she went to dive back down on his cock.

Saul stopped her, pulling his cock away. Her mouth followed it until he spoke. "No," Saul held her hand and pulled her to her feet. "I can see it in your eyes. You need to feel this inside of you."

Brooke didn't disagree, her hand still on Saul's cock. She started to stroke him faster while almost pulling him closer to her. Saul's lips mashed into hers and he fumbled, stepping out of his pants. Brooke's hands pulled up his shirt, revealing his flabby frame. Saul was working on her waistband as his tongue danced with hers, moving them over towards Mark's desk.

Brooke's bubble butt pressed up against Mark's desk as Saul continued to press forward, shaking the desk's contents. Saul's lips left Brooke's as he licked and kissed down her neck. He went further down, his hands groping her breasts as his face disappeared between them, licking and kissing every inch that wasn't covered by her lacy green bra.

He continued his journey south, his hands pulling down her tight fitted pants as he went. Soon Brooke was left standing in her husband's office wearing nothing but her lacy, dark green bra and panties. Saul's eyes went wild at the sight, eager to deconsecrate Mark's office by fucking his wife on the altar of his desk.

"You're mine," Saul snarled as he moved into Brooke's waiting embrace. He lifted her ass up onto the sturdy wooden desk, pressing his cock hard against her veiled pussy.

"Fuck," Brooke moaned, feeling Saul's disgusting hard cock press up against her. She been waiting for this. To be taken by someone who just wanted her, no games or roleplay. Someone who could get hard just by looking at her. Letting her know that she was still sexy, that her body was still worth lusting after.

"Soon," Saul said before his lips dived back onto hers, filling the empty office with the sounds of their lips and tongues battling one another.

"God, I've been thinking about you," Saul croaked biting her bottom lip, "You've kept me waiting too fucking long."

"Uhhhhh Saul," Brooke moaned as his tongue lashed at her naked neck. His hands were on her shoulders, lowering the straps before snaking around and expertly unclasping it.

"Let me see you," Saul said letting go of the bra. Brooke looked at him with lustfilled eyes and eagerly removed the bra, tossing it onto the floor of Mark's office. Saul looked down hungrily at Brooke's naked breasts, heaving in anticipation before him.

"Fuck yes," Saul said.

They were unblemished and perfect, maybe even a little larger than he remembered. He couldn't help himself. His head dove back between them, feasting on her now naked flesh. His mouth found the nipples of one breast, taking it in and sucking on it. His tongue alternating between making circles around it and flicking it.

Brooke felt like she was on the edge of a chasm and wanted to dive in. Her hands found the back of Saul's thinning hair and pulled him into her breasts, not wanting him to stop. His mouth felt fantastic and she wanted more of it. His hard cock was still pressed against her pussy through her panties. But she was aching to feel him without it.

Saul's hips were already thrusting against her and Brooke's body responded in kind. She used Mark's desk for leverage as she pushed back against him. Her slender, tanned legs locking behind his flabby ass as she tried to pull him deeper against her.

"What do you want Brooke?" Saul said while slobbering over her chest. He worked his way up her neck and licked over her face before pulling back and staring into her fiery eyes, "Tell me what you want."

"You know what I want," Brooke fired back.

"I want to hear you say it," Saul raised his eyebrows, his ugly features turning into a wicked smile, "I want to hear what you want from those sweet lips of yours."

Brooke stared at him for several seconds, her breasts rising and falling in time with her increasingly haggard breathing. "You. Saul. I want you to fuck me right here."

"Good girl," Saul sneered, grabbing both sides of her dark green panties. He pulled them to both sides, away from her body until the material gave away. They ripped off her body in tatters, exposing her unprotected sex to her husband's work nemesis.

Brooke just gaped at her panties being torn. Unsure how to react to the expensive clothing being no more. Turned on at Saul's brazen act and his apparent strength, her locked legs urged him forward, his hips bucking as his bare cock was now sliding up and now her glisteningly wet slit.

Saul looked at her with a shit eating grin, "I told you there'd be a next time." Then he bent his knees and bucked his hips forward. His ugly cockhead quickling findind Brooke's wet and waiting hole, sliding into it. Brooke groaned as she felt the familiar sensation of her body stretching itself to accomdate Saul's massive sex organ.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Brooke's eyes closed as she clutched tightly onto Saul. "Mmmhmmmmmmmmmmmm. Ahhhuhhhhhhh."

"So sweet," Saul muttered, "You still smell like strawberries."

"Shhhhh," Brooke tried to quiet him. She held Saul tightly against her, his face pushed into her chest. She closed her eyes and revelled in the feeling of his cock slowly penetrating her. If she focused on the feeling and closed her eyes she could almost imagine she was with someone other than him. Anyone but him. But the rank stenk of cigarettes kept pulling her out of it.

"No," Saul said pulling his head back from her chest. He held her chin with one hand as his cock bottomed out in her making her gasp, "Open your eyes."

Reluctantly, Brooke opened her eyes and looked up at Saul's ugly features.

"Don't shush me," He said. Saul slid his cock almost all the way out of her before slamming it back in, "Look at me. Don't try to pretend I'm someone else. I want you to know whose fucking you better than you've ever had before."

Brooke stared back at him in a lustfilled stupor. Her eyes roaming over all of his unpleasent features.

"Who fucks you the best? Huh?" Saul thrust into her again as if punctuating the point. "Who gives it to you the best?"

Before Brooke could even realize it, she said, "You do."

"Fuck," Brooke's body responded to the admission by thrusting back faster onto him. Mark's desk squealed as shifted from its original place. "You do Saul. You fuck me so good. So fucking deep."

Saul was about to say something mocking about Mark but Brooke pulled him down onto top of her as she laid back onto Mark's desk. Her head pushing down on his keyboard as Saul continued to hump against her. His cock

sliding in and out of her. His face was buried in her chest again and he took full advantage, licking and sucking every inch he could find.

The new angle prompted Saul's beefy cock to run up and down against her g-spot and other incredibly sensitive areas. Finally, she felt it. Felt what she had been craving these past few days. Her impending orgasm was coming quickly and she would do anything not to lose it.

"Fuck me Saul," Brooke squealed, "Don't stop fucking me. Please. Please. PLEASE. PLEASE."

"Uhh yeah," Saul grunted pushing himself back up into a standing position. Brooke's hands reached down bracing herself against his fat stomach causing her breasts to push together.

"Saul. Saul. Ohhhh. Mhmmmm Saul. Please. Please. Uhhhhh. God," Brooke continued to moan deliriously as her husband's work rival continued to fuck her raw. Saul stared down at the most beautiful sight he had ever seen, Brooke on her back on Mark's desk, breasts pushing together her face contorted in impending pleasure as he slid his cock in and out of her.

"You gonna cum for me Brooke?" Saul panted. He felt winded already. His smoking habit catching up with him. "Cum on my cock Brooke. Do it. Don't hold back. Cum on my fat fucking cock."

"FUCCCCKKK," Brooke screamed. Anyone outside the office doors would have heard her. "UHHHHHHMYGODDDDD-YESSS-SAAAUL!"

Orgasmic bliss washed over Brooke's body immediately relieving days of pent up frustration. Everything else didn't matter. All that mattered was Saul and his big fucking cock wedged inside of her. Her pussy exploded with a firework display of pleasure, every nerve in her body felt alight. Saul didn't change his pace, continuing to fuck her as a powerful orgasm washed over her body. Her muscles tensed and she held her breath, her pussy clenching onto Saul's cock, not willing to let it go.

"MHMMMMMMMMMMMMMYEESSSSSSSS," Brooke wailed. She finally breathed and felt her muscles groan in protest. She laid there, still, letting that post orgasmic bliss wash over her, still basking in the afterglow of a thunderous orgasm.

Saul felt sweat dripping off his forehead and down the nape of his back. He was breathing harder than Brooke. He could feel his heart threatening to beat out of his chest. If only he was younger and in better shape.

Reluctantly, Saul let go of Brooke and slid himself out of her. Brooke whined in protest as Saul stumbled backward and sat down on the office's couch. "Come here," He grunted impatiently.

Confused and disappointed at the lack of cock inside of her, Brooke got up on her elbows and looked at Saul. His ugly frame was sitting on the couch, stroking his cock. His vulture like features staring at her hungrily.

This was her moment. She turned her gaze to the door then back to Saul. She had her big powerful orgasm. She could leave and go contact Mark. Or should could stay and help Saul finish. And hopefully get another powerful orgasm herself.

Brooke slid off the desk, her eyes darting between the door and Saul. His big cock, his ugly face and grotesque body. Her feet took a tentative step in Saul's direction before she realized it. She hadn't been this pent up and frustrated only to be satisfied with one orgasm.

With a mischievous smile, Brooke sultrily walked over to where Saul was seated. Saul stared in amazement as this goddess of a woman walking towards him. She had the body of a Victoria's secret model and the face of the girl next door. Her long, toned legs kneeled on either side of his as she stared down at him.

Without saying a word, Brooke reached down and grabbed a hold of Saul's thick shaft and directed back to her waiting pussy. She stared at him hard as she lowered herself down onto it. She closed her eyes for a moment, adjusting to his size. With a sharp intake of breath he was fully inside of her again.

"Oh, fuuuck," Saul groaned as he felt her pussy wrap around his shaft.

"Feel good?" Brooke asked as she pulled his hands up to her breasts. She pushed her breasts into his calloused hands.

"So fucking good," Saul encouraged. "Not only are you sexy but you know how to fuck. My kind of woman."

Brooke moved her hips back and forth on Saul's cock, loving being in control, dictating the pace. She smiled sheepishly at his comment but didn't say anything.

"What?" Saul said staring up at her, his hands actively groping her breasts hard, rolling her nipples between his thumb and finger, causing her chest to thrust out further.

"I'm not your woman," Brooke breathed. She put her hands on his shoulders for leverage as she got serious about giving herself another orgasm.

"Are you sure about that?" Saul chuckled, still breathing hard. "I'm the one inside you right now, instead of your husband. And I'm the one you can't stop thinking about."

"Uhh shut up Saul," Brooke said, "Don't ruin this. Just enjoy it for what it is."

"I don't like being the toy in your fantasy with Mark," Saul said sharply raising his hips off the couch, thrusting his cock into Brooke. She gasped, feeling the cock inside of her press hard into her sensitive areas. "I like fucking you on my terms. As much as you don't want to admit it, you're my woman now."

"There's things more important than just sex," she challenged back, thrusting down onto his cock, pinning his hips in place. "Like marriage and family. No matter how well you fuck me, Mark will always beat you on that."

"So what you're saying is, if I were the one that knocked you up, you'd be all mine?" Saul smiled evilly.

"Don't even joke about that," Brooke revelled in the feeling of Saul's cock deep inside of her, his calloused hands mauling her breasts. She didn't want to think about her unborn child at time like this.

"I'd love to knock you up," Saul said. "Slide into you unprotected and cum inside you. I think you'd like that. Knowing someone other than Mark was going to get your pregnant."

"Stop," Brooke moaned. She closed her eyes, trying not to let the idea take root in her head. It was already fucked up enough that she was fucking Mark's nemsis in his own office. Fucked up that her husband wanted all of this. What would he think about what Saul was saying? With the way he was lately, he'd probably be into it, "So fucked up."

She loved her baby making sessions with Mark. There had been something so primitive and intimate about them. But her mind was out of control. Maybe it was the hormones from pregnancy or maybe it was the hormones from their sex session but now her mind kept drifting to a baby making session with Saul. It was fucked up. What was even more fucked up was how much she found herself getting into it.

"Then why are you fucking me faster," Saul said, lowering his hands to her perfect bubble butt as she thrashed wildly on top of him. Brooke opened her unfocused eyes and looked down at Saul's ugly vulture like features. The idea of someone like that knocking her up. So fucked up Brooke.

The more the idea repulsed her the more turned on she got by it.

She felt another orgasm begin to rise up inside of her. Instead of pushing the idea away, she let it invade her brain, helping to stoke the fire beginning to burn inside of her.

"What if it was me?" Saul was thrusting up off the couch to meet her pace. They were fucking in a frenzy. Each of them fucking the other for all they were worth. Brooke's face was flush. Sweat was dripping down her body as she fucked Saul into the couch. The windows in the room were beginning to fog up and Brooke's hair was beginning to feel the humid effects. "Tell me your not thinking about it," Saul said, "Tell me your not thinking about me unleashing my seed inside of you and knocking you up."

Brooke opened her eyes again looking down at the ugly man, "Fuck Saul. This is so fucked up."

"I knew you'd love it," Saul sneered. He jerked forward violently, his fat frame coming off the couch as he starting to devour Brooke's breasts in his mouth. Brooke held onto his body tightly as they both fucked each other, her fingernails digging into the base of his skull.

"I heard Dave joking with Mark," Saul panted beginning to feel his balls tighten, "That Mark knocked you up at his Halloween party."

Flashes of that night spilled into Brooke's head as Saul fucked her. The the buzz she felt all evening. The pleasure that radiated from that night. It was beginning to be too much. The idea of Saul knocking her up. The way he was fucking her like a madman right now and the way her body was responding to him and driving back into her. She couldn't hold back any longer. Brooke was about to explode.

"What if I was there? Can you imagine it being me there instead of your husband?" Saul felt his balls tighten, "Me putting that baby inside of you?"

"SHIT, FUUUUCK," Brooke screamed as she came hard on Saul's cock. Pleasure dripping over every nerve fiber inside of her. She felt light headed but her body was in control. Her pussy gripped Saul's cock tightly, milking it. Wanting to take in his seed.

"BROOKE," Saul roared as he felt his balls untighten and a torrent of cum ejaculating out of his cock into Brooke's waiting pussy. He clenched his teeth, "TAKE IT."

Feeling the geyser of cum erupt inside of her sent Brooke's orgasm crescendoing up, breaking another plateau of pleasure she didn't realize was possible. She felt weightless, entirely suspended for a single moment in bliss. Her body rocked her back to reality as wave after wave of pleasure washed over her. She had never felt this fullfilled, so complete. Saul's cum washed over her insides as his cock continued to throb inside of her radiating out pleasure inside of her.

As they came together, Saul grabbed her roughly by the back of her head, pulling her lips down to his. Brooke didn't hesitate in opening her mouth to his invading tongue, reciproacting, kissing him back. Trying to kiss him harder than she was receiving, both of their tongue battling with one another. The disgusting taste of cigraettes filled her mouth, making him melt into him more.

Eventually they broke their sloppy kiss as their bodies started to slow. The waves of pleasure resceding from Brooke's body. Saul's balls feeling completely drain. They stayed connected, foreheads resting against one another, breathing hard into each other's faces.

Brooke came back to reality first. She pushed herself off Saul and immediately felt his large load of cum begin to ooze out of her, down her leg. She didn't react in time and it globbed onto the couch and the carpet as she stood up. She looked around, wondering whether Mark was watching and had seen how far she had let herself go at the end.

Wanting to clean herself up, Brooke grabbed her purse and the clothing she could find and hurried off to the bathroom. Humiliated at hurrying through the darkened corridors of Mark's office half naked.

Saul just sat back on the couch with a satisfied grin on his ugly face, "Definetely doing that again."

After her steamy encounter with Saul in Mark's office, Brooke walked around the parking lot towards her car. Just as she was about to open the door, someone shoutered her name behind her.

"Brooke!" Saul wheezed as he rushed to come up behind her.

Brooke knew she couldn't think straight right now. She looked around hoping to see Mark's car somewhere but the lot was deserted, except for a few scattered cars.

"I need to get home," Brooke said, "Mark'll probably be waiting for me."

"I just checked," Saul said, "I think he's out at a client."

Brooke rummaged through her purse, finding her phone and opening the app. Sure enough there was a message from Mark saying he'll be home late night.

"Why didn't he tell me before?" Brooke admonished. "Why did he lie and tell me to meet him here?"

"I think its obvious," Saul said closing the gap between them. "He knew he hasn't been giving you what you need and wanted me to help."

"I don't know," Brooke said turning to open her car door. Saul reached past her and placed a gentle hand on the door, preventing her from opening it. She slowly turned around to look at her husband's vulture like coworker.

"Leaving without a kiss?" Saul asked.

Brooke bit her lip, her gaze darting between his beady eyes and his fat lips. Saul moved closer, pinning her against the car with his body, his lips less than an inch from hers. He held them at that distance, clearly wanting her to make the first move.

Brooke leaned in and kissed him. Soft and gentle. His tongue grazed her lips, hers responding in kind. Slowly their kiss grew more passionate, neither of them wanting to break it. Lips and tongues mashing together with abandon.

She knew the security guys were still behind their desk in the lobby, likely watching everything happening on their monitors but she couldn't stop herself. She just felt an electrical connection she couldn't explain to this repulsive man in front of her.

Saul broke the kiss and stood up, releasing her from being pinned against the car. Brooke's eyes stayed closed for a few seconds, still lingering on the sensation of being kissed like that. When she opened her eyes and breathlessly looked at Saul he said, "Let's go."

"What?" Brooke asked, "What do you mean?"

He thumbed over his shoulder. Brooke followed his gesture to see the beat up looking sedan across the lot.

"Mark's working late. We'll grab dinner on the way to my place. I'll drop you back here after," Saul said. Without waiting for a reply, he turned and walked in the direction of his car.

Brooke leaned against watching Saul go. Nothing about this made sense. She shouldn't feel so attracted to him. The word 'after' implied exactly what she thought it did. She could open her car door, get in and drive away right now. She steeled herself, her mind racing at the possibilities the night could have in store for her.

With one final look around the parking lot, Brooke followed Saul to his car.

Brooke was upstairs already asleep by the time Mark got back from his client's office. It wasn't that late but she was apparently tired. Pregnancy does that. Or she was avoiding him.

Mark leaned forward and put his head against the cool steel of the fridge and sighed. Life felt like a mess. Just a few months ago, he was on top of the world, ready to wrestle it and take what he wanted.

Now he felt like a shadow of his former self. Slipping at work, letting Saul dominate his day. Things with Brooke felt strained and Mark couldn't even think straight, let alone keep his bowels under control.

He was barely hanging on. His life felt like it was on autopilot and was going to crash into the ground. Mark opened the fridge and looked over its contents, pulling things out to make lunch for tomorrow. He laid out items to make a sandwich on the counter, not feeling like making anything more extravagant than that.

When he was done, the last thing he needed to do to get ready for tomorrow was pack his protein powder and workout equipment. He knelt down to open the cabinet containing the chocolate protein powder and sighed.

What's the point? Working out was one of the last productive things he still had control over. But even these last few weeks, his workouts had been abysmal, almost embarrassing. He didn't have the drive to push through plateaus and keep progressing. More than once he almost shit his pants in the middle of the gym thanks to his unreliable stomach.

Mark closed the cabinet door. He didn't feel like waking up early to workout anymore. Maybe if he got himself back on track he'd go back to it and drinking his shakes regularly. But right now, he didn't see the point.

Sipping a glass of whisky on the rocks, Dr. Malin Creed looked over this patient notes from the week. There were a few boring clients that he would need to fire. None of them would help further his agenda.

That was the problem with his position, he never knew what kind of patients were going to walk through his door. He needed to find way to be more proactive and selective with the clients he took on.

His eyes lingered on Mark's notes. Ah now there is something I can sink my teeth into.

Mark was so unsure of himself, not understanding what was happening to him. The perfect candidate to be molded into a direction Malin wanted. A few nudges here and a few ideas planted there - and Mark wouldn't even realize what he was doing.

Malin's eyes flicked to the clock on his desk. He stood up, locked up his files and left the office. It was almost time to go meet with other members of The Circle. They would no doubt find Mark's case quite amusing.