

Sarah exhaled and looked around the board room. After her rough first impression with her new boss, Richard Thornhill, a few weeks ago, Sarah had made it her mission to rectify things. She was determined to put her best foot forward and show him and everyone else at the hospital how much of an asset she was.

She had been early to every group meeting since that last week when Lester had visited, and today was not exception. Dan had given her the wake up call she needed, reminding her how capable and driven she really was. Having him back in her corner helped ground her and put her back on the right path. She still felt embarrassed and somewhat sick about how she had just fallen to pieces and run into Lester's arms. The things she had done with him at the hospital and in their home.

Sarah realized she was pressing her thighs together at the thought. It wasn't that she regretted what happened with Lester. She had enjoyed it immensely. She just didn't like recognize the person she became around him. Like some buried part of herself had been unearthed and had taken control. But now she had to put that part of herself away again, at least for a little while. Work demanded her focus, especially given how difficult things were going for Dan.

Her colleagues started to filter into the room, taking their respective seats. Sarah smiled and greeted them while rearranging her laptop, pen and notepad in front of her. She tried to place everything just right, demonstrating her professionalism and readiness to dig in and get to work.

The best strategy she could think of was to put her thoughts of Lester and her fantasy play with her husband on hold for the time being, at least until she left the hospital. She needed to focus on there here and now and get back to dominating her work day like she used to.

Most of her colleagues had taken their places around the table. All, like her were early as Richard had demanded punctuality. A lesson she had awkwardly learned after he criticized her in front of her colleagues. Sarah let out a breath she hadn't realized she had been holding in and relaxed her legs. They had been clamped together since her mind had drifted to Lester.

She moved the touchpad on her computer to wake it up and checked the time. The meeting should have started already. So much for Mr. Punctuate. Hypocrite.

Everyone else in the room busied themselves doing work on their laptops or checking their phones, though Sarah had caught a few glancing around. Likely seeing if anyone else noticed the lateness of their boss. Usually Sarah had a five minute rule. She would wait five minutes for a meeting and if the other person didn't show up in that time, she'd leave.

Easier said than done right now though. Not in front of all her peers and the new boss who seemed extra critical of her. She'd stay planted in this seat until someone else made the call. Besides, she had her laptop and there was dozens of emails she needed to catch up on.

After ten minutes of striving towards inbox zero, the door to the room flung open and Richard sauntered in. He didn't seem to care that he was late. Sarah had done the math and roughly calculated how much his delay had cost the company in lost productivity.

"Hello everyone," Richard said taking his seat, "How's everyone doing, anyone see the game last night?"

Sarah smiled but wanted to roll her eyes. For the last few meetings, the first twenty minutes always seemed to be occupied by a subject that didn't matter to the running of the hospital. Whether it was sports or some movie that he had just seen. It irked her to no end. Much of her anger was still directed to the board who hadn't even interviewed her for the role.

Sarah looked around the room to see if anyone had an expression of disdain on her face. That's when she noticed two of her colleagues were missing. Marcie from HR and Jerry from IT. Both were usually just as punctual as her.

"Alright," Richard said holding his hands up after a lengthy discussion about the Chicago Blackhawks, "Let's get down to business. Some housekeeping we need to go over. This morning we made some personnel changes." He gestured towards the table.

"As you all know we had that embarrassing IT breach before I came on board. Terrible and really preventable if you ask me," Richard said. Sarah felt a tingling feeling at the base of her neck. "We rely on our IT team to prevent such things. It should never have happened. That's why this morning we let Jerry go. I have someone in mind that could fill the role. We'd be lucky to have him join us."

Sarah felt her stomach drop. Jerry was one of her closet allies and he was not at all responsible for what had happened. That had been the old CEO, Drew who had made some corrupt deal with Swan Systems. Jerry had been shut out of that decision entirely.

Her colleagues shifted nervously in their chairs. They all knew the truth but all of them were keeping quiet. No one was going to stand up for Jerry now that he was gone. No one wanted to be in Richard's crosshairs.

"So we're going to overhaul the IT team, get a new head to replace Jerry who is going to rebuild the department from the ground up and bring it into this century," Richard said. "Another strategic move is looking at our HR department. We need to be more nimble, hire faster, fire faster and be willing to examine old, outdated policies to make this hospital run like a tech company. Marcie just wasn't cut out for that and was unwilling to make these hard changes, so we made the decision to part ways."

His use of the word 'We' made Sarah's stomach twist into knots. Like the rest of the group had some kind of participation in the decision. Like they were also responsible for it. That was the heads of two departments gone. Both Jerry and Marcie had worked at the hospital for years. It felt like she was witnessing a paradigm shift happening right before her eyes.

Richard stood up and walked around the table. Like a lion stalking a group of zebras, trying to figure out which one was going to be his next prey. His next victim.

"I expect," he said as he moved behind Sarah's colleagues on the other side of the table, "That we won't need to make any more personal changes at this level. Sure, we're going to figure out where

the fat is in each department and trim it. That's just good business, making sure each role gives this place a positive ROI. We can't let leechers such off our teets anymore."

He rounded the table in Sarah's direction, "But we also need to transform the hospital and how we do business. We need to look at slashing down how long we keep patients in beds, look for better alignment with our drug partners to see new paths of revenue and honestly really examining what sort of things we admit patients for."

"But that's going to start at the top," He was just a few chairs away from her. Sarah steeled herself for him to disappear from her peripheral vision. "So we need new eyes and blood to help guide us there. That's why we are going to have a new IT leader, who will report in directly to me. And for the time being, we're going to streamline the HR team. We won't have a head of HR but more of a mangerial role who will also report into my team. It'll just streamline things and ensure I have a much better idea of everything that goes on this hospital."

So he was consolidating power and eliminating challengers. Sarah was impressed and horrified at how easily and quickly he done it. Richard disappeared from her view and she held her breath as he walked behind her.

"By this time next year, you won't even recognize this hospital," Richard said. Sarah slowly exhaled, realizing that Richard had stopped behind her. Her chair swiveled slighty as she felt his hands come to rest on the top of her chair.

"We're going to make this place into an extremely profitable business and erase the memories of the IT nightmare you all just endured." His hands dropped down her chair until they came to rest on Sarah's shoulders. His fingers started to push into the material of her blouse.

"Why so tense Sarah?" Richard chuckled from behind her, trying similar nervous chuckles from around the room, "I swear I can feel the knots in your shoulders. You need to relax, this is all good news."

Richard's fingers started massaging her shoulders through her blouse. His unwanted fingers exploring her shoulders as he feigned kneading them. Sarah had never felt so uncomfortable in front of her peers. And she had no one to turn to. Normally she would have gone to Marcie in HR but she was gone and it seemed like Richard was getting ready to stack the hospital with Yes men who reported in to him.

"You're so tense Sarah," Richard said, his hands leaving her shoulder as he continued walking around the table. "You don't need to worry about anything anymore. All of our problems are in the past, we're on a bright new course here. I'm sure you'll enjoy it just as much as I do."

"Now, lets dig into this week's priorities," Richard took his chair at the head of the table, "HmMMM lets start with cardiaology. Go."

The head of cardiaology began to speak but Sarah wasn't listening. All she wanted to do was get out of there. She couldn't wait to go back to Chicago and visit Dan.

Dan couldn't help but look around Jesse's office and admire how well put together it was. His company clearly didn't pull any punches when it came to adorning their offices well. He loved the wood desk and the small couch, along with a tasteful coffee table and wall art. But it was the view from the windows that made the office. The sprawling view of downtown Chicago was impressive.

It was everything Dan had wanted when he moved to the city. Now it was beginning to feel like a pipedream.

"Are we boring you Dan?" Byron's voice said from the computer monitor. Dan turned his attention back to the screen. Jesse sat besides him, looking at the monitor.

"Just admiring Jesse's office," Dan shrugged, "Sorry what did I miss?"

Byron rolled his eyes, "You know, how I threatened to get you fired and burn you with my network if you refused to help? Well I'll do the same thing if you just phone this in Dan. Got it?"

"Understood," Dan said, "It won't happen again."

"Sir," Byron grinned, "Say it won't happen again sir."

"It won't happen again...sir," Dan clenched his fist..

"Good," Byron said, "I've sent over some specs for you to look at. Nothing sensitive, more a laundry list of things we'll need. Get on sourcing them at competitive bids."

Dan opened up Byron's email on his phone and looked over the list, "This is great and all Byron but its like pieces of the puzzle without seeing the entire picture. I won't know how everything works together unless I get the full context."

"Later," Byron said, "For now this is what I need you to do. When you come to Minneapolis we'll go over things in more detail."

"Let me ask one question," Dan said.

"Shoot," Byron said checking his watch. He grabbed a glass from off screen containing a dark liquid and took a sip. It wasn't even lunch yet.

"So this suburb that you have planned. You want self generating power, its own water reclamation, and for it to be self sustaining? Is it going to be near a water source or hooked up to a municipal line? Do you want some kind of redudant backup power or will you have it switch over to the grid in case of something going wrong? Besides building it, what about things like waste collection and –"

"That wasn't one question Dan," Byron held up a hand, "Just do your job."

"This is me doing my job," Dan said, "These are things you are going to need to think through and figure out before you can build this new subdivision."

"Obviously. What I'm telling you is to focus on the work I give you. Right now its to look over the specs. Save the questions for later. I have to run to another meeting," Byron said.

Dan felt his face flush with anger. He didn't like the way Byron was talking to him and he sure as hell didn't like being kept in the dark. An amused look spread across Byron's face.

"Dan," he started, "Clearly you're upset. And I get it. You're boxed in and trapped. You got outplayed. I would hate to be you right now. But thats just it isn't it? I'm not you. I'm on the other side of this mess you've found yourself in. So a word of advice."

Byron took another long drink from his glass, making Dan wait.

"Ah, thats good," He said looking at the glass before putting it down, "Now here's the thing. And I've seen it a hundred times before with people shit out of luck like you. This is the part where you're going to try to find a way out of this arrangement and do something stupid. Maybe its quit your job and try to move back home. Maybe this where you try to change industries. I'm sure there are plenty of dumb ideas cooking in that brain of yours but he's the advice."

"Don't," Bryon said, "Just sit back and take it. It'll be easier that way. You don't want to try to get out of this and fuck with us."

Byron leaned back in his chair, "For example, this next meeting I'm going to. We're there to discuss a hostile takeover of a leading accounting software company. They have a better product, better team and are all around better than what this arm of our business offers. But we've been attacking them and dismembering them for months, slowly bleeding them dry. My colleague found a really interesting opportunity and took full advantage of it. Now we're going to take them over, intergrate their operations, fire some of their employees and the ones we want to keep, we'll they won't be going anywhere anytime soon."

"Sounds pretty cutthroat," Dan said.

"We are," Byron said, "Which is why you should be careful. Get on our bad side again and you may just find that the real estate division here buys up all the homes around yours and we'll rent them out to crackheads. We'll tank your neighborhood and then buy out the rest of the homes for pennies on the dollar. It wouldn't be the first time."

"But," Bryon said, "I'm sure it won't come to that. You're a smart guy, you'll do whats best for your family. Ta-ta."

Byron pressed a button and the video call ended.

"You can see yourself out, right?" Jesse moved around the desk and took his normal seat.

Dan left Jesse's office and made a beeline for the elevator. It was time to do something that Byron would consider dumb. Dan wasn't sure how much of what Byron said was true and how

much of it was just him trying to be intimidating. Either way, Dan wasn't just about to roll over and take it. Not when this asshole threatened his family and already had alluded to his interest in Sarah.

As the elevator doors opened on the building's lobby, Dan checked his watch. He was still early.

"Hello Dan," a non-descript man wearing a sharp suit took the seat across from Dan. The Starbucks was busy and no one looked in their direction. Even though there were plenty of business types sitting around them or getting their orders, he couldn't help but think that man across from him looked out of place. It wasn't the way he dressed, more the way he carried himself.

"Peter," Dan extended his hand and the man shook it. Peter had been the man who approached Dan with an offer to spy on Byron and the Lincoln Group. An offer that Dan had turned down at the time, thinking that the Lincoln Group was behind him. But now that Byron had reentered his life, Dan needed to see what options Peter might present.

"So, you said something had changed in your email?" Peter said getting right down to business. He hadn't even ordered a coffee.

"I'm back in with the Lincoln Group," Dan said, "Working with Byron. Just talked to him less than an hour ago. Working on a secret project of theirs."

"Secret project huh?" Peter leaned back looking disinterested, "Sounds interesting."

"It is," Dan looked at him. Peter was looking around the coffee shop, seemingly uninterested in Dan.

"What's going on Peter?" Dan said, "Last time you seemed quite eager to get me to work with you and now you're acting like you aren't interested. What gives?"

Peter chuckled. Dan guessed that most people didn't talk to him so bluntly. Either the guy wasn't interested or he was putting on a ruse. The fact that he even took the meeting meant he was interested.

"Well after our last chat I was disappointed that you wouldn't work with me," Peter said, "So I found someone else who could help be accomplish my goal with the Lincoln Group. Quite frankly, I don't need you anymore Dan."

Dan felt his plan falling apart below him. He thought that this Peter guy might be able to offer the lifeline he needed to get out of this mess with Byron. But if Peter had found somebody else, that meant he wasn't needed at all. That he was alone and stuck doing whatever Byron and Jesse wanted....

Dan could feel himself smiling. Peter noticed and shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Then Dan laughed hard. Peter looked around, clearly not happy that Dan was attracting the attention of others around him.

"You recruited Jesse, didn't you?" Dan said as he tried to stifle his laughter. "You have Jesse as your spy."

"Quiet," Peter hushed, "When you said no, I had to look at other options."

"Alright," Dan calmed himself down, "Well I want back in on the deal we talked about last time."

"Like I said Dan, I don't need you anymore," Peter leaned in and said quietly.

Dan leaned in and said, "I think you do. I think you have started to realize just how dumb Jesse is. And I don't think you would have taken this meeting if you weren't looking for other options."

Peter's shoulders slumped before he recompose himself and spread his hands open on the table, "I'm always open to taking meetings Dan."

"Well how about this then?" Dan said, "I don't think you give a shit that you have Jesse in play. The only thing you care about is results. If I get you what you're looking for, you pay me. Simple as that."

"And why do you think you'll get results over Jesse?" Peter said.

"Because Jesse doesn't know his ass from his nose. You need someone to understand what it is they are building over there." Dan said.

"Actually I don't," Peter said. "I have much greater ambitions than just one project of theirs."

"So what is it you want then?" Dan asked.

"I need you to plant something in Byron's office. That's all." Peter said.

"Plant what?" Dan asked.

"That depends," Peter said, "Are you committing to this path?"

"For two hundred thousand dollars I am," Dan said.

"Two hundred thousand?" Peter said.

"Yes, I thought corporate espionage was supposed to pay well? Besides, I know that two hundred thousand is a drop in the bucket of the Lincoln Group's operation. I heard a little about all the verticals they are in today. If you're going up against them, your backers must have some serious cash too."

"Fine," Peter said, "Well played."

The man reached into the breast pocket of his jacket and pulled out a small envelope. He slide is across the table to Dan.

"Don't open it here," Peter said. "Just put it away."

Dan put the envelope in his briefcase, "What is it?"

"It's a simple keylogger. Looks like a normal USB with the Lincoln Group branding. I need you to stick it in Byron's computer in his office. The back of his computer so that he doesn't see it. I'll get someone else to retrieve it after a few weeks."

"So this keylogger," Dan said, "It'll record Byron's passwords and stuff? I would have thought it was a virus or something."

"It'll record everything he types. So I'll know not only his passwords but everything he writes. All those secret projects and beyond will be ours. The Lincoln Group's IT team would likely catch a virus like that. We've tried in the past. This USB is much less nefarious and shouldn't raise any alarms."

"Besides," Peter continued, "As much fun as it would be to cripple them with a virus, it will be just as much fun doing the other things we have planned for them."

"Like what?" Dan asked.

"That's not for you to know Dan," Peter said standing up, "Just do your job and get it installed."

"You know," Dan said, "That's the second time someone has told that to me today and I'm getting tired of it."

"Oh well," Peter said turning to leave.

"Just one more thing," Dan said. Peter looking tired of the conversation turned around.

"What do you have Jesse doing? Is he supposed to do the same thing?" Dan asked.

Peter let out a long breath, "Yes, that was what Jesse was supposed to do as well as report on Byron. Unfortunately your old colleague has yet to even visit Byron's offices despite his pleading to do so. I hope you have better results."

With that Peter turned and walked out of the coffee shop, leaving Dan to mull over his next course of action. As much as he hated the idea, he may have to travel back to Minnesota and meet with Bryon sooner rather than later.

Dan slung his backpack over his shoulder and locked his bedroom door behind him. He didn't want Lester looking through his things while he was gone. He hadn't seen Lester since his

roommate caught him looking at apartments. But he still heard him shuffling around in his bedroom and noted that the dishes were piling up in the sink.

Dan was heading back home for a couple of days before he returned to Chicago with Sarah. He still wasn't sure what to expect having her back in the apartment. Lester had been suspiciously quiet since their last interaction. Sarah had even said that Lester had stopped messaging her.

Still, parts of Dan's mind stirred at the possibilities. While he had forced Lester off Sarah and threatened him, he couldn't help but still picture them together. This fantasy felt like a drug that Dan's body still wanted, even though he was trying to cold-turkey his way out of it. He wondered how hard Lester would try to fuck Sarah after Dan had put him in his place. If he were Lester, that would make it all the more rewarding to get with her. He shook his head, trying to dislodge those thoughts as he went to open the apartment door.

A knock from the otherside stopped him in his tracks. Dan gripped the door knob and opened the door, "Hello?"

"Hey there, is Lester around?" An older man was standing at the door. Dan couldn't place his age but ballparked it at somewhere above fifty and somewhere below sixty five. He had a slim build with a small pouch. His wispy salt and better beard was attached to his hair of the same color. Dark glasses covered his brown eyes and he was a head shorter than Dan. There was a nervous energy about the man.

"Uh, I don't know," Dan said, "Can I help you?"

"I'm Frank, the building manager. Just here to deliver this," Frank held out an envelope. His hand was shaking slightly. Maybe nerves or some kind of condition. Dan eyed him suspiciously but took the envelope.

"I'll make sure it gets to him," Dan said.

"Good. Rent's going up a bit. Not my fault. Building owner's said it's a market correction," Frank turned, seemingly in a hurry to depart. Dan noticed that he wasn't carrying any other envelopes and wondered why he didn't just leave it in the mailbox.

Dan shut the door behind him and opened the envelope. His eyes bulged when he saw the rent increase. It went up by much more than he had expected. Even though he was only paying half the rent, it was still a steep surprise. Then he remembered, Lester was covering his portion of the rent still. They hadn't discussed whether the deal was fully off or not. After their last encounter it seemed kind of up in the air.

This letter would probably prompt Lester to try and broach the conversation. Dan left the letter open on the kitchen table before leaving the apartment and heading home to Middleton.

Lester scoffed from his command centre, watching on the camera as Dan shut the door on their building manager. An evil grin spread across his face as he watched Dan's eyes buldge at the contents of the letter.

He reached out a grabbed a new bag of cheetos and pulled it open. With a look of lust, he lowered his nose into the bag and inhaled. The artificial cheese scent filled his nostrils. Lester leaned back and exhaled, sticking his fingers into the bag and retrieving a handful of the delicious snack and shoved them into his waiting mouth.

Lester groaned as his teeth munched the cheetos and their heavenly cheesy flavor danced over his taste buds. From a video feed on his screen, Dan left the apartment. He was on his way back home to his nice little family. From the calls Lester had overheard, Dan would return in a couple of days with Sarah in tow. It had been too long since Lester had taken her in his bed.

He itched his hardening cock through his basketball shorts, spreading cheeto dust onto them. Dan was becoming an increasing pain in the ass. Lester thought back to the way that Dan had grabbed him by the throat and thrown him out of the house. The disrespect of it. Lester shovelled another handful of cheetos into his mouth as he recalled the pathetic way that he had acted afterwards in his car.

He didn't want to think about that. He leaned forward and grabbed the mouse and navigated to his browser. He had reacted like a child. The same way he did back when he was in school. How could he come so far only to regress back to that state? That weakling? No. That wasn't who he was anymore. And he would show Dan just what he was capable of.

Lester navigated the fake email address he had set up. Finally after months of searching he finally found someone that checked all the boxes he was looking for. Pliable, motivated by money, in a desperate position, easily manipulated, rough around the edges and not as well endowed as Lester.

Originally Lester had considered bringing in one of the members of his DND guild to assist him. Ultimately the others lacked what he was looking for. They would all crumble under Sarah. The only one that might work was Eugene but he wasn't about to let him near her. He had already beat the man and put him in his place. No need to give him false confidence.

If Dan was still going to put up a fight, it was time for Lester to advance his plans. Sarah and Dan both had their pressure points and Lester planned to exploit them. Sarah's weakness about being exposed to others and Dan's desire to see his wife exposed. While Sarah seemed to be under his thumb, Dan appeared to have grown acclimated to Lester presence. It was time to change the variables.

Lester smiled when he saw that his new friend had answered his email. He clicked on the unread email from Vernon.

It read: Hell yeah I'm in. I want half up front. She looks sexy as fuck. When?

Lester suppressed a smile. It was almost too easy. Attaching a few pictures of Sarah had sealed the deal. Nothing too risqué. No, those were for him alone. But Dan wouldn't have approved of the shots he chose. He typed a response.

Half up front is fine. She'll be back in the next few days. I want to meet tomorrow and go over a few things. And just remember. No touching. You're job is just to watch.

He fired off the response. The pawns were moving into place. They would collide upon Sarah's return to the apartment.

"Anything?" Dan asked as he sat on the couch looking at his laptop.

"Not in your price range," Sarah said from the loveseat, scrolling through her phone, "Everything is so much more expensive than it was the last time we looked for apartments."

"I know," Dan said scrolling through more listings "I'm just so tired of looking through these same listings, hoping for a unicorn apartment to pop up."

"There are some that fit the price range but they aren't in core like you are now. They are out far and look a little sketchy." Sarah said.

Dan looked over at his wife. Even in her sweat pants and a hoodie she looked sexy as hell. The loose fitted clothing didn't do anything to hide the curves of her body. His eyes trailed up her legs which were propped up on the arm of the couch. He looked at her fingers scrolling on the phone and then her lips. It had been sometime since he had relieved himself and he was having a hard time concentrating on anything but his wife.

The kids were tucked into bed after an amazing dinner by Sarah. Tomorrow they'd be dropped off at their grandparents house before Sarah joined him on a drive back up to Chicago.

"What?" Sarah asked, catching him looking at her.

"Just appreciating how sexy of I wife I have," Dan smiled.

"Pshhh I'm in sweatpants and my hair is a mess," Sarah said.

"Sexy is sexy," Dan replied.

"Well maybe if you play your cards right, we can go upstairs for some alone time, after we find you a place." Sarah smiled mischeavously at him before returning her attention to her phone.

"It's pointless," Dan said, "I've been looking for days, there just isn't anything available. We should just give up and go upstairs I think."

"Nice try romeo," Sarah said, "Give me a few more minutes. If we can't find anything, maybe we can at least reach out and try a lower offer. You never know."

"Doubt it," Dan replied, "I think a lot of these landlords are just bumping up their rates to match everyone else. Market correction."

"That's what your building manager said right?" Sarah asked, "The bastard."

"He's just doing his job," Dan said, "But it was weird. He seemed to have a jittery kind of energy."

"Maybe he just hates delivering bad news or he is bad with people, who knows," Sarah continued focusing on her phone.

That could be the case. Just a socially anxious guy. But Dan couldn't help shake the feeling the timing seemed too convenient. He'd never met the building manager before. Sure, maybe they never crossed paths and Lester usually dealt with him. But having him just come by like that so soon after Dan had spoken to Lester about moving. It could be a coincidence or could be something else.

It didn't make sense that Lester would try to get rent increased would it?

"Sarah, what about Lester? Do you think he could have had anything to do with having the rent increased?" Dan asked.

"Lester?" Sarah said, "I don't think so. I mean, he's paying all the rent now, why would he want to pay more? He is definitely manipulative but I don't see what he gains from it. Why?"

"The timing is just too convenient," Dan said.

"Well maybe he is trying to get rid of you so some hot young blonde could move in instead." Sarah suppressed a smile from behind her phone.

"Oh yeah?" Dan laughed, "And where would he find one of those. If only he knew one."

"Dick," Sarah said finally looking up from her phone.

"I win," Dan pumped a fist into the air. "If only I could win at finding an apartment. Maybe we should think about a different approach."

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked.

"I'm tired," Dan said, "Tired of hustling at work for peanuts. Tired of this new bullshit with Jesse and Byron. Just tired of living in Chicago and being away from you guys. What if we just forget about Chicago and I move back home. See if I can find something else here or remotely."

Sarah set down her phone, "Dan you know that is all I want right? To have you back? Me and the girls would love that. It's just that. I don't know about right now. Things at work for me feel so delicate right now. I'd be worried about you moving back and trying to find something only for me to get fired."

"It's that bad right now?" Dan asked.

"It's looking bleak," Sarah said, "Not only did they fire Jerry and Marcie but they've been releasing lower level people across departments. Asking every department head to find cost savings. I'm worried administrative staff will be next. I haven't really shown my value to the new CEO."

"You will though," Dan said, "I know you will. That place wouldn't run without you."

"I'm just worried I won't have time to show that. I'm just trying to keep my head down right now," Sarah sighed and put her phone down.

"Are you that worried?" Dan asked.

"I am. I don't know. I don't know what's going to happen." Sarah said.

"Well maybe it's time you start looking around. At least see what's out there." Dan said, "Maybe we both should be."

"You might be right." Sarah said, "As much as I want one of us to have a secure job, it is kind of nice, knowing I'm not in this alone – you know?"

"I get it," Dan said, "No matter what, we're both in this together. That goes for everything we face. Whether it's shitty bosses or shitty roommates like Lester, we'll figure it out together."

"You seem to keep working Lester into the conversation," Sarah was staring at him hard.

"Not on purpose. Just some of the frustrations and stress that keeps rolling around in my mind." Dan said.

"Mhmmmm really?" Sarah put her phone down on the couch and swung her legs onto the floor. She stood up and slowly walked over towards Dan until she was standing just in front of him. "Tell me what's frustrating you."

She took his laptop and placed it on the table next to her. Then she moved onto the couch with him, straddling his legs. She pushed herself down onto his crotch and her sweatshirt clad breasts were dangerously close to Dan's face, "What's stressing you out?"

"God," Dan said, his hands running up to her ass, kneading it, "You feel so good on me."

Sarah grabbed his hands and removed them from her ass, "Not yet. Tell me what has you stressed out."

Dan sighed and he rested his head back on the couch. Sarah's body started to move back and forth over his crotch. He could feel himself getting hard, "Work."

"Mhmm come on Dan, tell me," Sarah leaned forward and whispered in his ear. Her hot breath caused goosebumps to raise across his neck, "What about work is stressing you out? Or should I say, who is causing my baby stress?"

God she felt good and he loved when she teased him like this. Her voice sounded so sultry and dripping with sex. He mumbled, "Jesse and Byron, I need to figure a way out of that."

"Mhmmm yes you do," Sarah said, "Do you remember what you said a second ago?"

"No, what?" Dan asked, his eyes closed.

"That we're in this together. No matter what. We'll tackle our problems together?" Sarah asked.

"Yesss," Dan breathed. He had an idea of where Sarah's mind was going.

"Mhmmm well what if I help you with your work problem. Maybe I fly to Minnesota and help pacify them for you? Do you think that would work? Do you think there is anything I could do that could make them back off?" Sarah asked.

"Uhhhhh," Dan's mind wasn't working properly.

She leaned forward and licked his ear, "I've seen the way they look at me Dan. I know what they want. And I know you do too. Do you want me to solve your problems for you?"

"Fuck," Dan moaned as his cock grew rock hard, pressing against Sarah.

"I can feel your dick under me, I'll take that as a yes." Sarah said, "What else is stressing my baby out. What else can I help you take care of?"

"Lester..." Dan breathed, "We need to figure out the Lester situation."

"Mhmmm I'm surprised you brought him up. Especially after how things went last time. I didn't think you'd want me playing with him again." Sarah breathed.

"I don't. I – don't," Dan leaned back, trying to push his hardening cock against his wife. "Fuck Sarah, I've been trying to be good with this but your not making it easy."

Sarah smiled mischeavously, "I know, I'm being a bag girl."

"I don't like losing control. The way I do when your with Lester. It's like I just freeze up and watch you getting defiled." Dan groaned, feeling his wife grind herself on his cock.

"Is that just with Lester or do you think it would be that way with someone else?" Sarah asked.

"I don't know," Dana said, "I want to explore other things besides Lester, I feel like our fantasy is starting to center around him."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned, her eyes closed. She seemed lost in the feeling of rubbing herself up against Dan's dick. "Well he has been the only one you've let me play with. And he has done a very good job at it."

Dan groaned at her admission. The way she talked about this fantasy and toyed with him always got his heart beating faster as more and more blood needed to be directed to his dick. "Well what should we do about Lester?"

Dan pushed his hips up again, his dick pressing against his wife's sweatpant covered pussy. She drew in a sharp breath in response.

"Mhmmm no," Sarah purred, "You tell me, what does my husband want me to do? I'll do whatever you want."

Dan just sat there staring at his wife. Unsure how to respond. He didn't know what he wanted. His brain was a mixture of guilt, arousal, anger and deep desire to see his wife with someone else. Someone so below her like Lester. Someone he couldn't stand. That combination made it all the more sweeter.

"I can't move home yet. Your job is precarious," Dan breathed.

"Uh-huh," Sarah said, reaching down to grab the bottom of her sweat shirt and peeling it off, over her head. Dan sucked in a breath. A lacy purple bra came into view. He hadn't realized that was all she was wearing under it. His eyes danced over her exposed skin, watching her magnificent breasts rise and fall in time with her breath.

"I can't find a new place. Rents are too high. My rent is going to go up. I'm stuck with Lester," Dan said. "And we have our deal."

"What deal is that?" Sarah breathed staring down at her husband. The way her lips were slightly parted as she waited for Dan's response was incredibly sexy. He didn't know how she did it. How she made her face look so sexy. Her fuck me her boaring into him, lust painted across her features.

"You know the deal," Dan breathed.

"Tell me," Sarah said.

"Lester pays my half of the rent," Dan finally managed to say, "And, uh, fuck." Sarah had increased the pace of her grinding on his lap.

"And what?" Sarah said.

"In return," Dan said, "He gets to take you out on dates."

"Is that all?" Sarah said, "Just dates?"

"That's all we agreed to," Dan said "But it usually ends up with him between your legs."

"Mhmm he does manage to find a way to get me everytime," Sarah bit her lip, "And he does a really, really good job."

Sarah abruptly got off her husband, her hands found the waist band of his pants and yanked them down to his ankles. His cock was making a tent in his boxers. Sarah pulled off her own pants and panties in one swift motion. Dan awkwardly pulled off his boxers just in time for Sarah to climb on top of him.

She grabbed his cock and positioned it at her opening as she slowly lowered herself down on it.

"Ahhhhhh mhmmmmm," Sarah moaned as Dan's cock disappeared inside of her. When his cock was fully embedded inside of her she said, "What do you want Dan? Do you want to keep going with Lester's deal? Do you think he'll still honor it after how you treated him last time?"

"Fuck, I don't know what I want," Dan breathed, "But I know he'd still honor it."

"Why? Why should he after the way my husband manhandled him and threw him out on his ass?" Sarah breathed staring deep into Dan's eyes.

"Because," Dan said, bucking his hips up in time to meet Sarah's, "Any man would be an idiot to turn down a woman like you."

"Damn right," Sarah's hands felt herself up, moving over her stomach, grabbing her breasts until she found her head. Her manicured nails pushed into her hair, cradling the back of her head. She pushed her breasts forward towards Dan. He leaned forward and licked at her exposed skin, his tongue dancing over the tops of her breasts. Whatever wasn't covered by her bra.

"So what's your final decision? Do we keep going with Lester?" Sarah said. "Maybe now that you threw him on his ass, he'll know whose in charge."

"Fuck," Dan breathed, "Maybe."

"Maybe?" Sarah said as she moved up and down Dan's cock. Her pussy was gripping his cock hard.

"I..I....fuck Sarah you feel good," Dan's hand grabbed her hips and pulled her down onto his cock.

"Mhmmaahhhhh Dan!," Sarah moaned.

"Fucking Lester," Dan said, "I don't know what I want. Fuck. I hate seeing his stupid face but I feel addicted to see you with him. I don't know if it would be different with someone else. Maybe it would be the same. Maybe it isn't about him. I don't know."

"Even when I saw you in our bedroom. And what you told me from before. All those times I didn't know about. Fuck is dirty to say but all of that still got to me as much as I'm still pissed over it." Dan said as he started to fuck Sarah faster.

"Mhmm fuck baby don't stop. Keep going. Punish me for being a bad wife." Sarah said, "I deserve it. I've been so bad."

"God," Dan said, "I love it when you're bad."

"Mhmm I don't want to be bad without you. Not again," Sarah said, "This is all for you. For us. Lester is just a toy."

"Fuck that's hot," Dan moved his hands to her ass and gripped both of her ass cheeks, pulling her towards him. Sarah fell forward, dropping her hands onto the tops of the couch, on either side of Dan's head. Her hair fell forward onto him. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at her husband.

"I love you so much," Sarah said.

"I love you too," Dan breathed, "Fuck Sarah, I'm getting close."

"God Dan," Sarah moaned as she started to buck her hips, faster and faster, "Cum for me baby. I want to feel it. Cum for me Dan."

"Are you close?" Dan said breathlessly.

"Just don't stop. I'm almost there," Sarah's was bucking her hips widely on Dan's cock. He thought his hips might be bruised tomorrow because of how hard she was slamming down onto him, "Mhmmm Dan, fuck me. Fuck you feel so good. Almost there. So close. Don't stop."

"Say it again," Dan said, "What is Lester to you?"

"Just a toy. A stupid fucking toy." Sarah said, "He's my fuck toy."

"Ah fuck," Dan felt his balls tighten, "I'm gonna cum."

"Cum for me daddy!" Sarah roared as her nails dug into the couch.

"FUCK DAN!" Sarah wailed as her body tensed on top of him, her pussy had his dick in an iron grip as he felt himself explode inside of her.

"MHMM FUCK," Sarah moaned as Dan emptied his balls inside of her. Her legs had his body in a vice grip as she came on top of him. Dan closed his eyes and lost all in senses, except for the feeling of his cock buried deep inside of his wife, feeling her body tense up as she came with him.

They didn't move for a long time. Finally Sarah rolled to off of him, cupping her pussy so that his cum wouldn't spill out of it. She grabbed a handful of kleenex from the living room table and held it to herself, hoping to prevent his cum from dripping out.

"Jesus," Dan muttered to himself.

"I've missed you to," Sarah said leaning back down to kiss him on the lips. Dan pulled her back down to the couch and kissed her gently for a few minutes, both of them just enjoying being in each other's arms.

Sarah broke the kiss and nestled against his chest. They stayed like that for some time. Just listening to the other breath, feeling each other's body against their own. Finally Dan broke the silence.

"I think," he started, "For right now, we still need Lester. Just for a short time."

"Are you saying we should continue with him?" Sarah asked, "Even after everything that happened here and at the hospital?"

"I'm still not happy about that, even though it did turn me on," Dan said, "I think Lester got a wake up call when I threw him out. And you and I are in a better place. I'll be there to stop you from spinning, whether its work or other stuff. I know you won't play with the fantasy without me."

"I won't," Sarah said. "You know I won't. Not after everything we've been through."

"We need to stay in control of whats happening," Dan said, "We call the shots. I know you enjoy what Lester does to you. I love watching you go wild with it too. But like you said, he's just a toy."

"We should keep working," Sarah said, "On looking for a new apartment for you. And figuring out your work situation. Fixing it. Lester should only be a temporary thing until we get the rest of our life back in order."

"Yeah," Dan said, "He'll keep paying the rent in exchange for dates, which fuel our fantasy and we will control. Then we figure out next steps to get out of there and put this all behind us."

"And get you back home." Sarah said, "Or me and the girls come and live with you. Either way, I just want us all to be together."

"That's all I want too." Dan said.

Sarah turned her head to Dan and kissed him again, "I love you Dan Williams."

"I love you too baby," Dan said closing his eyes. He felt himself starting to drift off.

"We're in this together," Sarah said, "You'll help me figure out my work stuff and I'll help you figure out yours."

"Yeah," Dan said trying to stay awake, "We just need to buy some time."

Part of Dan's brain tickled him awake, "Did you call me Daddy?"

"Maybe," Sarah snorted, "I think so. Did you like it?"

"I did." Dan said as he started to drift off to sleep.

"I mean, it sounds like something from a spy movie Dan," Sarah said as she stretched out her arms and legs in the passenger seat. "Who does this Peter guy work for?"

Sarah was curled up in the passenger seat of their car as Dan drove them up the 80 into Chicago. The kids were staying again with her parents. Sarah was nervous. Not from the conversation but what might lie ahead for them in Chicago. She felt like she was walking into the lions den but she couldn't figure out whether that excited her or not.

"I have no idea. He's been pretty cagey about it. But it doesn't seem too difficult. Just need to plug something into the back of Byron's computer."

"And he's gonna pay you two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for that?" Sarah said, "It seems almost too good to be true."

"I don't want to put all my eggs in one basket here," Dan said, "But we should at least consider it."

"Is corporate espionage illegal?" Sarah asked, "Can you get in real trouble for this?"

"That's..." Dan started, "Probably a smart thing for us to look into."

"Okay well lets at least explore it a bit" Sarah said, "Have you ever been in Byron's office before?"

"Never," Dan said.

"Okay so if you don't get invited in, you need to do some kind of spy moves or something to get in there unnoticed and plant the bug. It sounds risky." Sarah said.

"It might be," Dan said, "I just haven't been able to think of another way out of this. I keep applying to new jobs but I'm not hearing anything back."

"Hows the freelance clients?" Sarah asked.

"All of them are doing good actually," Dan said, "I'm just fricking exhausted. I wake up early and work on freelance stuff then head into work and then put in a few more hours each night on the freelance clients. I try to get some time in during the day too but I don't like to do it at the office."

"That makes sense. Probably good not to," Sarah looked over at her husband. He looked incredibly sexy, the way the muscles in his arms were tight as he gripped the steering wheel. "Do you think you'll have get to a point with it where you can quit working for Walt?"

"Maybe," Dan said, "Sentienel is paying well. If I had a couple more like that I think I would be more comfortable making that leap."

"Well lets see if we can get you some more clients. Maybe this weekend I can look on LinkedIn and see if I can find companies that might be a good fit?" Sarah asked, watching the traffic stream into the city ahead of them.

"I'd like that," Dan turned his head to look at her, "Its nice not being in this alone. Having you watching my back. Helping me out."

"I like being part of it too," Sarah said, "Just seeing another industry and how other companies operate."

"What about you then?" Dan asked, "What are we going to do about your creepy boss?"

"Pfft," Sarah laughed, "Don't pretend that him creeping on me doesn't turn you on. But thank you. I don't know. I really don't. I underestimated him at first but he has quickly taken power and pushing out people who might be obstacles to him."

"Hey, its one thing to creep on my wife with my permission, its an entirely different thing if he tries to do it on his own," Dan said. Sarah laughed and shook her head.

"But seriously," Dan's tone become more somber, "We'll figure out how to fix it. Even if that means looking elsewhere."

"I know," Sarah said, "I just put so much of myself into that place. I'd hate to leave it. But it is changing into something else."

The drove in silence for the next few minutes, both of them staring out the windshield. The highway was full of cars, going in both directions. It was a warm day and it seemed like plenty of tourists were heading into the city and the urban dwellers were getting out of it.

"When do you think you'll have to go to Minnessota?" Sarah asked.

"Not sure. Probably soonish," Dan said.

"Want me to come with you?" Sarah asked.

Dan sighed, "Well you were requested."

"Oh yeah," Sarah said, "Speaking of creeps. Well maybe while you're busy dazzling them with your business stuff I'll sneak in and plant the bug."

"Just don't let Byron catch you," Dan said looking at the road.

"Oh don't worry," Sarah's voice grew mischevious, "If he does, I'm sure I can handle him."

Dan turned his head to look at his wife and saw her staring at him. She looked like she was ready to pounce on him and straddle him while he was driving.

"I'm sure you could," he finally said.

He looked back at her one more time before turning his attention back to the road, "We're almost there."

Dan turned on his blinker and took an exit off the highway. With every passing second, the couple drew closer to Dan's apartment building.

"What do you think Lester is going to say when we get there?" Sarah said quietly, "Do you think he's still going to push for the deal?"

"100%," Dan said, "Your smoking hot and you're the best thing that ever happened to his sad little life. I wouldn't be surprised if he pushes for a date tonight."

Sarah squeezed her thighs together, hoping Dan wouldn't notice. The thought of Lester taking her tonight. The thought had crossed her mind many times today but hearing Dan say it out loud made it much more real.

"We'll figure this out too Dan," Sarah said, "Its just temporary."

"I know," Dan said as he turned into the apartment's parking lot. He found an empty spot and turned off the engine, "I'll grab our bags."

The elevator doors opened and they walked out into the hallway, heading towards Dan's apartment. Sarah felt her breathing grow short and her heart felt like it was beating out of her chest. They both knew what they were walking into when they crossed the threshold into that apartment.

Dan pulled the carry-on suitcases behind him, trailing slightly behind Sarah. He couldn't help but stare at her gorgeous ass as it swayed back and forth, pushing against the material of her tight jeans. There was no way Lester wouldn't try to pounce on her the second they got into the apartment. And Dan wasn't entirely sure how he felt about that.

Sarah and him and talked through things, alot. He felt that they were in a good, secure place to move forward confidently with their fantasies but part of him still felt uneasy about everything. It was a constant tug of war inside himself. The last time, he felt like he had finally slain the dragon by taking control. Was he just deluding himself into thinking he still had control if it happened again?

Sarah unlocked the door to the apartment and stepped through, holding the door open for Dan. Once more unto the breach. Dan stepped into the dimly lit apartment. He switched on the light and the familiar furniture and decor came into view.

"Let's get unpacked," Sarah said taking her carry-on suitcase from Dan and heading towards his bedroom.

After the couple finished settling in, they both took up seats on the couch in the living room. Both had their phones out while talking, they were looking up different restaurants and activities they could do while Sarah was visiting.

As much as the apartment represented her wanton fantasies coming to life, Sarah was more interested in just getting away from her job for a bit. A different location with new things to keep her busy was just what she needed.

"What about Chinese?" Dan said.

"We always pick that same place," Sarah said, "I want to try something new that I can't get back home."

"Alright," Dan said, "Let's keep looking."

"Have you had a Chicago deep dish pizza yet?" A male voice said from behind them.

Sarah and Dan's heads turned around towards the hallway where Lester was standing. He was wearing his oversized basketball shorts with orange stains on them. No socks, but his large shirt hung off his body, tightening around his stomach. There was a picture of a vintage joystick from the 80's on it with text that read 'Come play with my joystick.'

The rest of Lester didn't look much better. His face was unshaven and mangely, coarse pube like looking hair covered his neck and face. It met his thinning hair, greasy hair. Dan could only guess how many days it had been since he washed it. His beady eyes looked over the couple.

"Lester," Dan said flatly then shifted his attention to his wife, "You know, I don't know if Sarah ever has had that."

"I can't remember ever having it," Sarah said, "It always sounded kind of gross to be honest. Way too much dough."

"Don't knock it until you try it," Lester said with a wry smile, "There's plenty of things I'm sure you didn't think twice about but once you had a taste, you couldn't stop."

Dan rolled his eyes and Sarah blushed. Sarah turned back to Lester, "Is there something specific you're referring to?"

"I think you both know, what I'm talking about," Lester said.

"Well then say it," Sarah challenged.

Lester narrowed his eyes at Sarah and walked into the room. He moved around the side of the couch, past Sarah until he was standing in front of both of them.

"This," he said gesturing to the three of them, "I'll admit, at first even I wasn't sure about it. Obviously I was happy to bed you Sarah but I was worried Dan was going to try some of that gay shit."

"What the fuck," Dan scoffed. "At no point did I ever say anything about that."

"Well when I read online about it, that's what I thought it was about." Lester said, "But I think we've all gotten something out of this that we enjoy. Me getting to fuck a beauty like Sarah. Bonus points that it's your wife Dan."

"And you like seeing her have sex," he said looking at Dan, "Seeing her pleased beyond anything you could possibly give her."

"That's a little much buddy," Dan stood up to meet Lester's eyes, "Don't push your luck. The only reason you're involved in this at all is because we let you. After the shit you pulled last time, you're lucky I didn't push you out of the house harder."

"I may have gotten carried away but can you blame me," Lester said gesturing to Sarah, "How could I pass up the opportunity to crawl between those legs."

"That's enough," Sarah said standing up to join the posturing men, "I'm right here, okay? I don't need you talking about me like I'm some kind of object. Lester, I wasn't in the best headspace the last few times okay? What we did shouldn't have happened. They were a mistake."

"Were they?" Lester said, "You had a need and I was there to fulfill it. Simple as that. You can dress it up however you want but that's it."

"It was a mistake," Dan said, "Leave it alone. We're moving past it, I suggest you do too."

Lester chuckled, "It'll be hard to forget. But I'll try my best."

The three of them stood there awkwardly, not knowing what to say to one another. Dan could feel the sexual tension in the air. Sarah tried not to look directly at Lester but it was hard not to. She felt her nipples pressing against the material of her bra, her body responding to just being in his presence. Once he was just Dan's awkward roommate but somehow now she just associated him with sex.

"So," Lester finally broke the silence, "I saw the letter from the landlord. Rent's going up. You find a new place to live yet?"

"Not yet," Dan said, "And yeah that rents going up by a bit."

"More than a bit," Lester's eyes looked Sarah over.

"Are you still good with the deal, Lester?" Sarah asked.

Lester raised an eyebrow and looked at both of them, "Maybe. I'm surprised you're still interested."

"For now," Dan said, "It'll still work for now."

"I don't know," Lester said, "I was worried you would change your mind." Lester said looking at Dan. He added, "That you would get upset at seeing me tangled up with your wife and get violent. You just did that the last time, I don't want it happening again."

"That's because you went behind my back," Dan said, "If we continue down this road I need to be there and be in control."

"I don't know," Lester looked at Sarah, "I'm always going to be waiting for a punch to the back of the head, I'm not sure I'll be able to give you what you need if Dan's always hovering over our shoulders."

"This is what we want," Sarah said, "We need to be in control of this. It isn't negotiable."

"Everything is negotiable," Lester said, "You're also forgetting the fact that rent has gone up. The deal has changed. I need to pay more out of my pocket now. You're getting a free place to live in exchange for a couple of dates. I don't think its fair anymore."

"What are you getting at Lester?" Sarah asked.

"I want us to drop the illusion," Lester said, "Let's put out cards out on the table and call it like it is. It's not just dates. It's sex. Mind blowing orgams for Sarah and you want to watch it. So where I'm sitting you're getting a bonus from the deal."

"Have you seen Sarah?" Dan said, "The fact that you're even negotiating this is absurd."

"Sarah doesn't help my bank account," Lester said. Not yet at least.

"If we keep going with this deal, I want to spice things up a bit," Lester said.

"What do you mean by spice things up?" Sarah asked. She could already feel herself growing wet at the unknown spice Lester was talking about.

"I haven't thought it all through," Lester lied, "But I want to make suggestions about how the 'date' nights could go. Maybe a dare, something you agree to doing while we are out."

"I can't promise I'll agree to everything," Sarah said. She looked over at Dan, "But I think we can at least consider them. What do you think?"

"Sure," Dan said, "But we still get veto rights to anything we don't like."

"Fine," Lester said holding out his palm to Dan. Dan looked at it with disgust but reluctantly reached out and shook it. Lester's palm felt sweaty and Dan winced in digust. Lester let go of Dan's hand and turned to Sarah. He extended his hand out to her.

Sarah's manicured hand reached out and met his. She felt an electric jolt run through her body as their skin touched. Lester gave her hand a couple of pumps before a grin spread over his face. He pulled her arm forwards. Sarah stumbled as he body crashed into his. While she was still getting her bearings, Lester's mouth pressed against hers, his tongue sliding in.

Sarah felt her body melt against his and she opened her mouth up wider, accepting his tongue as it danced with hers. It was only when she heard herself moaning into his mouth that her brain seemed to catch up with her body. She pushed herself off of Lester and spun to look at Dan. He was standing there clearly shocked.

"What the hell?" Dan said.

"Didn't I make that clear?" Lester said, "That we drop all the pretend. We all know this is about sex. From now on I'm not going to reign myself."

"That's not we we agreed to," Sarah said, "We said more spice, that we all agreed to."

"Well nobody told me to stop," Lester grinned, "So is tonight or tomorrow going to be our date night? I could really go for some pizza after all of this. I'll order it."

Dan and Sarah exchanged a look.

"Tonight," Dan said, "Let's get this over with."

"Alrighty," Lester smiled wide, "I'll order us a pizza in a bit. One thing though, I do have a friend stopping over later on. We can continue our date night after he leaves, okay?"

"I didn't think you had any friends," Dan said.

"I do," Lester, "Don't you remember? You let one of them watch me fuck your wife."

"Okay," Sarah interrupted, "There's enough testosterone in here. Sure Lester. Whatever. Later works."

"Great, what do you want on your pizza?" Lester said.

Sarah resisted touching her lips where Lester had kissed her. Lester had left them alone, retreating back to his bedroom. She wondered what he did alone in there all the time. She knew he played video games but there must be more. She thought of his bed and shook her head, trying not to let her mind go down that path.

"Did we just make a big mistake?" Dan said looking at where she was sitting on the couch. He was across from her, in one of the leather side chairs. "I still can't believe we're doing this. With him. I don't like how vague that word spice is."

"We can handle him," Sarah said. She wasn't sure if she believed it but it felt right to say. "Whatever the spice is, we'll figure it out."

She licked her lips, tasting where Lester's lips had been, "Besides..." Sarah started, her eyes shifting to give her husband that sexual expression she knew drove him wild, "We might just have fun with whatever this spice is."

Dan shifted uncomfortably in his seat, clearly struggling with a growing erection. Sarah scooted down the couch until she was close to him. She leaned forward and looked at him, "Didn't you say you wanted us to keep exploring this together?"

"I do," Dan breathed, "I just don't want Lester trying to push us towards our limits."

Sarah eyed him mischeviously, "Who said I have any limits?"

"Fuck," Dan said, "Stop, you're too bad. I can't handle it."

Sarah laughed and leaned back clasping her her hands together, "You're too easy!"

"I know," Dan said.

"We're in this together honey," Sarah said, "We're in control, remember? We can always stop things from happening."

"You're right," Dan said, "I guess we should figure out what we're going to be doing tomorrow. I don't want to think about what's going to happen the rest of tonight."

"Mhmm, I do," Sarah smiled, leaving Dan breathing hard.

"I don't want to lose control again," Dan said to Sarah as he poured himself a coffee. Sarah was leaning against the counter next to him. "I just don't want to feel that way."

"I know. I get it," Sarah said, "But that doesn't mean you should stop yourself from enjoying this part of yourself. You just need to get a better handle on it."

"Maybe..." Dan started before he trailed off, hearing Lester's door close. His fat, unkempt roommate's plodding feet smacking against the wood floor. Dan peaked out into the living room and sure enough, Lester was heading in their direction.

"Ordered the pizza awhile ago," Lester said, his hungry eyes locking on Sarah's body, "App say's it'll be here in fifteen minutes."

"Good," Dan said, "I'm starving."

"Me too," Sarah said.

"I made sure to order you extra sauage," Lester raised his eyebrows at Sarah.

"Smooth," Sarah rolled her eyes. Lester just shrugged his shoulders and walked into the kitchen. He opened the fridge and pulled out a can of Coke.

Cracking the lid open, he took a long sip before turning to the couple, "Time for the spice."

"What do you mean?" Dan put his coffee on the counter and crossed his arms, "You said the date wasn't starting until after your friend leaves."

"Oh Dan," Lester shook his head, "You have so much to learn about women. This is all part of the foreplay. You should really learn about it sometime if you ever want to satisfy your wife."

"I know what foreplay is," Dan said turning his body towards Lester.

"Well clearly you don't – " Lester started before Sarah interrupted them.

"What spice are you talking about for tonight?" Sarah said.

Lester turned his gaze towards her, "I bought you something. I want you to put it on."

"See," he said looking back at Dan, "Nothing too spicy."

As Dan was opening his mouth to speak, Sarah said, "What is it?"

"It's a surprise," Lester said, "I left it for you on my bed. Come on, I'll show you."

He gestured towards the hallway and started walking. Sarah started to follow him before Dan said, "Wait."

Lester and Sarah both turned to look at him. Dan stepped into the living room and took a sip of his coffee, "Sarah can get changed on her own Lester. You stay here with me. Let's sit down."

"You really don't trust me?" Lester feigned hurt.

"Nope," Dan said. "I'm sure Sarah can find whatever you left for her."

"Whatever," Lester said dismissively as he took a seat on the couch. Sarah turned and headed towards the hallway. As she passed the threshold, Lester added, "Oh and put on what left there. Nothing else."

"Nothing else?" Sarah asked, "What about my –"

"Nothing else," Lester looked at Dan raising an eyebrow, "Take it all off and put on my gift."

The two men sat in silence, neither looking at the other. Lester sat on the couch staring at the ceiling impatiently. Dan sat on a nearby chair scrolling through his phone while he took sips of his coffee. After a few minutes they both perked up when they heard the door to Lester's bedroom open.

Dan could hear her soft footsteps on the floor as she approached. The first thing he noticed when she stepped into the living room was purple. A deep sexy purple covered her figure. Purple and her tan skin. He felt his heartbeat pick up as he looked over the sexual goddess in front of him.

Sarah was draped in a purple babydoll style robe. It hung loosely at the wrists, running up her shoulder before dropping into a deep v down between her breasts. Thicker lace trim adorned the edges. The two sides connected with the flimsiest pieces of lace purple string in a knot. From there the robe flared out to the sides, running down to her hips, exposing matching lace purple

panties, that only had thin pieces of material running between the front and back. The rest of the robe ran down to just about her ankles.

But the most captivating part of it was that it was made of a lacey, purple sheer material. It left nothing to the imagination. Dan could see her skin underneath the robe and his eyes felt like they were going to pop out of his sockets when he saw her naked breasts on display through the sheer material.

"Jesus christ," Dan muttered, not taking his eyes off his wife.

"What do you think?" Sarah walked into the room, ignoring Lester and went over to her husband. She turned to the side, flashing him her ass. The panties were more of a thong and he had a great view of the sides of her breasts. "Too much?"

"Too much?" Dan said, "There's barely anything to it."

"That's the point," Lester said from the other end of the couch, "I knew you'd look great in it."

"It feels sexy," Sarah said turning to look at herself in the mirror, "Do you like it Dan?"

"I do," Dan finally said, "I'm just wondering why Lester had it on hand."

"Oh I spend a lot of time thinking about your wife," Lester grinned, "I couldn't help but buy it for her."

"It's a little cold in here," Sarah said crossing her arms over her chest. "I'm gonna go change back into my sweats."

"No you aren't," Lester said, "You're going to wear that all night."

"No way," Sarah said "It's too cold and besides your friend is coming over."

"Yeah Lester," Dan added, "Not going to happen. Remember whose in control right?"

Lester looked at his phone and grinned, "This is the spice I was talking about. That you agreed to."

Dan opened his mouth to say something but a knock at the door stopped him.

"Pizza's here," Lester smiled, "Sarah why don't you get it? Here's some cash." He held out a few bills to her, "You choose what kind of tip he gets."

A shocked expression passed over Dan and Sarah's faces. Both of them stayed frozen in place, Dan in the chair and Sarah standing there with her arms crossed.

"Don't keep the guy waiting," Lester said.

Sarah and Dan exchanged a look. Another rap of impatient knocks hit the door.

"I'll get it," Dan said pushing on the arms of the chair to stand up.

"No," Sarah said shooting Lester a look. Like she had accepted his challenge, "I'll get it."

"Are you sure?" Dan said as he was bent over awkwardly, somewhere between getting up and sitting back down.

"I got this," Sarah said to Dan, "You just sit back down and enjoy."

Sarah met Lester's gaze again before turning her attention to the door. She sauntered over to it as the person on the other side knocked again. She ran her hand up the frame of the door above her head, until she was leaning against it seductively. Then she slowly unlocked the door and opened it.

A man who had to be in his fifties was standing on the other side looking impatient. His expression quickly changed when he caught sight of Sarah. They locked eyes and then his gaze immediately dropped slowly scanning over her body. He let out a long, appreciative whistle.

Sarah had never felt so exposed. The sheer material of the robe letting this strange man see everything. Any neighbor's passing by would get quite the look too. The man looked exactly like someone who would creep her out.

He had a disheveled and dirty appearance. There were bags under his eyes that made Sarah think that he was a heavy drinker. His frame was thin and he had grey shoulder-length greasy hair with bushy eyebrows. His piercing blue eyes were also bloodshot.

"Heya," He said leaning against the same door frame as Sarah, "Name's Vernon. Has anyone ever told you how sexy you look?"

His eyes stayed glued to her breasts, like there was some magic spell preventing him from looking anywhere else. He bit his lower lip, raised his eyes brows and nodded to himself, "Uhmhmmmmmm."

"Where's the pizza?" Sarah asked, confused.

Vernon's gaze finally broke from her breasts and he looked up at her face, "Pizza?"

Sarah could smell alcohol on his breath, "Aren't you the pizza delivery guy?"

Vernon leaned back and looked over Sarah's body again, his gaze trailing up her legs, to her panty clad crotch before settling on her naked breasts under the sheer material, "Honey, I can be whatever you want me to be."

Sarah heard Lester's fat feet on the wood floor behind her, getting closer.

He smiled, "Is this the part where you say you don't have any money and have another way to pay me? Cause I'm ready."

"Vernon," Lester said looking over her shoulder, "You're early."

Lester stepped up behind Sarah and she felt his gut pushing into her back. She resisted wiggling her ass back onto his crotch.

"Well you know what they say," Vernon threw up his hands in a shrug. Sarah and Lester both waited for him to finish his thought but he never did. Lester grabbed the door and opened it wider.

"Come in," Lester gestured towards the open room. Vernon stepped inside and looked the place over. He turned and looked hungrily at Sarah, his eyes feasting on her nakedness beneath the robe.

His eyes continued to dart around the room and he finally noticed Dan sitting in the chair, "Heh some kind of party going on huh?" He nodded to Dan in a knowing way.

"We thought you were the pizza guy," Lester said as he closed the door, "He should be here any minute."

"I could eat," Vernon said before beelining into the kitchen, "You got anything to drink?"

"Help yourself," Lester said.

"I thought your friend was coming after!" Sarah said in a low voice crossing her arms over her chest, leaning against the wall by the door.

Lester shrugged, "Early I guess." He checked his phone again, "The pizza guy should be here any minute now."

Dan stood up and moved into the kitchen to keep an eye on this new guy. Vernon was on his knees looking through one of the lower cupboards. The doors to the upper cabinets were all ajar.

"Ah," Vernon said, "Tequila!"

He stood back up holding a full bottle of tequila and several shot glasses. He turned around and saw Dan staring at him. Vernon flashed him a smile and walked past him, making himself at home on the couch. He started pouring tequila in all the shot glasses before throwing one back.

Dan turned to look at Lester, "This guy's your friend? He doesn't seem like the guys we meet before."

"Vernon and I -" Lester started.

"Oh yeah," Vernon interrupted, "Lester and I go way, way back. Don't we buddy? Before all of this," Vernon gestured to the apartment around them before putting his feet up on the coffee table and settling in for another drink.

Lester shot Vernon a glare, "Right."

Vernon continued to kick back like he owned the place, downing another shot of tequila. He noticed Dan looking at him. Vernon grinned, leaned forward and poured another shot and then slide it down the coffee table towards Dan.

The shot glass slide right off the table. It clattered to the floor and spilled tequila. Vernon didn't seem to notice as he grabbed the remote control off the table and turned on the TV. Dan just stared at him before getting up and going into the kitchen to find some paper towels.

"Lester," Sarah said quietly, "I'm not doing anything with your friend here."

Lester turned to her and licked his lips. He stepped up to her, pinning her against the wall as his hand started to play with her panty line, "But you've already started. You answered the door and he's already seen so much of you. You played nice when my D&D group was here."

"That was different," Sarah said quietly, "I wasn't dressed like this."

"That doesn't matter," Lester said.

"It does," Sarah disagreed. "Don't forget, Dan and I are in control of this. I'm going to my room to change."

Sarah made to move past Lester but he held her in place, his fingers dipping into her panties. "It's cute, that you are pretending to be such a good girl for your husband," Lester whispered, "But we both know its just an act. I've seen how you looked at me today. I know you've been craving me. You haven't forgot what we've done together. We both know whose really in charge here. I'll let Dan think its him but you and I both know that your body belongs to me. So I'll play along nicely but when it comes down to it, you'll do what I want."

Lester stepped away from Sarah, moving over to the couch.

Sarah stood frozen in place. She felt the wetness between her legs. The way that Lester talked to her, commanded her. It was like he took her arousal and dialled it up. She couldn't help how turned on she was and felt herself falling back into the familiar sexual arousal that came when dealing with Lester. She licked her lips, feeling like her game had started and she couldn't help but embrace it.

Dan returned to the room with a beer in one hand a roll of paper towels under his arm. He mouthed "Are you okay?" to Sarah. She nodded and smiled at him reassuringly. Dan got onto the floor and quickly cleaned up the spilled tequila.

He turned to go back into the kitchen to throw out the soiled paper towel and Sarah followed him in. Dan could see her nipples were erect underneath her sheer robe.

"You okay?" Dan said.

"Yeah, I'm fine. Just a little caught off guard." Sarah shook her head. Her breasts swayed under the material as she did. "I didn't expect his friend to see me like this."

"His friends' a fucking loser," Dan said, "Lets call this off. Do it a different day. Lets go to the bedroom and you can get changed."

"No," Sarah said putting a hand on Dan's chest. She lowered her voice and a sultry look appeared on her face, "I thought you liked seeing me exposed. Especially to men who aren't worthy of me."

"You know I do," Dan hissed back, "But this..."

Sarah's hand ran down his chest to his crotch. She rubbed it and could feel her husband's hardening cock beneath. "Mhmmmm," Sarah let out a soft moan, "I like what I feel baby. Is that for me?"

"There's no one else here," Dan said.

"Do you like seeing me dressed this way? Letting other men see everything?" Sarah leaned in a whispered, "I thought you wanted to expand this fantasy past Lester? Get around him. That's what we can experiment with tonight. I'll tease Lester and his friend for you. You can show off your sexy wife. This'll be like dipping out toe into venturing out. What do you think?"

"I think your sexy as hell and I can't believe I'm married to you," Dan breathed, leaning against the table and pushing his cock into his wife's teasing hands. "We're still in control," Dan added.

"Oh, baby," Sarah whispered, "I'm in control."

Another knock came from the front door. Sarah went on her tippy toes to and kissed Dan hard before pulling away, her teeth gently biting and pulling his bottom lip before she released it. She turned around and walked out of the kitchen.

Dan followed, watching her perfect ass under the purple sheer material of her robe as it swayed back and forth. Back and forth. He walked back into the living room as Sarah as making a beeline for the door.

Lester was sitting in one of the chairs, watching her intently. Even Vernon stopped drinking for a second and turned to watch Sarah. His wife put a hand on the doorknob and turned to look at her husband. She flashed him a sexy smile before turning back to the door and pulling it open.

"Hey there," Sarah said in a sensual voice. She looked the pizza delivery driver up and down, "What do you have for me?"

"Uhhh, your pizza," the perplexed delivery guy said. He was somewhere in his twenties, dark skinned and couldn't meet Sarah's eyes. He kept staring down at the pizza box while occasionally darting his eyes to look at Sarah through his peripheral vision.

"Are you sure it's mine?" Sarah asked, "What's on it? Did I order extra sausage?"

The delivery guy gulped. 'Uhhh,' he fumbled to look at piece of paper, "Sausage, green onions, bacon, mushroom."

"That sounds right," Sarah leaned against the door and bit her lip. Seeing how nervous she was making this poor delivery driver excited her. She had always enjoyed the effect she had on men, but lately she'd grown to like it more. Using the voice she usually reserved for Dan or Lester, putting herself on display like this and seeing him squirm. There was something powerful about it and she was beginning to want to explore it more.

The pizza deliver guy stood there, clutching the box, trying to keep his gaze from Sarah's body.

"I have a question," Sarah said stepping off the door frame and sliding her hands onto the pizze box to grasp it. As she did the guy's hands retracted to the edge of the box, like he was afraid of her.

Sarah looked over the man's dark skin. "If I order chicken on my pizza next time," she was staring at his face, while he stared down at the box, "Do you use white meat or dark meat?"

"I, uh, I don't know," the man said.

"That's a shame," Sarah said, "Because I only want dark meat. Do you think thats possible? To deliver me some dark meat?"

The man's knees seemed to buckle at her comment and Sarah's smile widened. "This is the part where you give me the pizza."

He let go of his grip on the box and Sarah smiled, turned back into to the door and bent over, placing the pizza down on the floor inside the apartment. The man's eyes feasted on her thong clad ass through the sheer material. As Sarah stood back up, he averted his gaze, searching for something else to stare out. Without the pizza box in his hand he didn't know where to look.

Sarah turned aroud with a predatory smile, "What do I owe you?"

"Thirty five, seventy five," he mumbled.

"Okay," Sarah said counting out the bills Lester had given her. "And how do you want your tip?"

The man stayed silent, paralyzed at speaking out a response. Sarah waited patiently but the man couldn't respond. Sarah stepped up to him, just inches away from his body. He had been staring down at the ground around the bottom of the door but Sarah stepped into his gaze. His eyes had no choice but to look at her body in front of him.

Sarah looked left and right, feeling excitment course through her body. She was standing, exposed in the hallway wearing nothing but a sheer robe. Any neighbors that poked their heads out would be able to see her naked body.

Opening her hand she took out the bills Lester had given her. She slowly counted them, "Ten, twenty, forty, sixty. Sixty. Is that enough?"

The man didn't move, he was staring at her chest through the robe, mesmerized.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah faked a little moan, "I'll take that as a yes."

She folded the bills up neatly and then reached down to the guy's jeans. She found one of his front pockets and slowly tucked the bills into it. The delivery driver shuddered at her touch and Sarah smiled at the outline of his cock jutting against his pants.

Sarah stepped back and turned to go into the apartment. As she did, she looked over her shoulder at the stunned delivery driver whose eyes were glued to her ass. "Have a great night," she said, "I know I will."

Then she disappeared behind the door, leaving the driver standing there alone with an arching boner.

"I shoulda been a pizza guy," Vernon was staring over the couch at Sarah, who was bending over to grab the pizza. She looked at her husband who was standing just outside the kitchen, clearly turned on by her flirtations with the delivery driver. But Sarah wasn't done teasing.

Holding the box of pizza, she walked over to the couch area where Vernon and Lester were sitting. "And whys that?" Sarah said to Vernon.

"To fuck hot girls like you who ask what I want for a tip," Vernon said looking her up and down.

Sarah chuckled, "That's all just part of the game dear. I wouldn't have touched him. He was cute though." She shot Dan a look. Sarah walked around the couch, passing Lester whose eyes were glued to her and Vernon who seemed to adjust himself. She placed the pizza down on the table and opened it up, "Dinner is served boys."

"Dan," Sarah looked at her husband, "Could you grab us some plates?" Dan gulped and nodded his head, turning back to the kitchen.

"No need," Vernon said, driving into the pizza with his hands and pulling out a slice. Oil dripped off and landed on his shirt as he took a bite. Lester followed suit grabbing his own slice. Sarah waited, pretending not to notice the eyes on her.

Dan returned with some plates. Sarah took them and set them down on the table. She put a pizza on one and gave it to Dan before getting one for herself. The four of them ate in silence. Dan felt like the apartment was filled with tension. Even though no one spoke, he knew exactly what the men were thinking.

He hadn't expected this. Any of this. When they he and Sarah were driving up, he expected something might happen with Lester but the whole thing with the delivery driver, and with his random friend of Lester's. The way he was looking at Sarah and she seemed to be playing into it. Dan wanted to see what she might do next. It reminded him of the dungeons and dragons night where his wife was on display to others. She seemed to be enjoying herself and Dan couldn't help but get turned on when she acted like this.

He was still in control he told himself. He could indulge this without letting it get out of hand.

"I like your outfit," Vernon said to Sarah. There was a lot of subtext with that comment that Sarah pretended to miss.

"Oh thank you," Sarah gestured to her robe, "Lester bought it for me. What do you like about it?"

"I like the color purple," Vernon said, "And I like the way your breasts look under it. Their perfect."

"Why thank you," Sarah smiled and set down her plate, finished with her pizza. She turned and looked at Dan, "What about you Dan? Do you like the way my breasts look in this robe? Didn't Lester choose well?"

Dan gulped and looked his wife over, "They look great."

Lester was still hungry but he didn't go back for another slice. He dusted his hands on his shirt and watched what was unfolding in front of him.

"So Lester did good?" Sarah asked.

"He did," Dan said.

"Maybe he needs to be rewarded," Sarah said, shifting her gaze to Lester. She looked back at her husband for any objection but saw none. Just the silent look of extreme arousal painted on his face. She knew he enjoyed this. They've had their bumps in the road lately but she wanted to find a way forward, to have everything she wanted.

Sarah slowly stood up, not breaking eye contact with Dan. Then she turned and slowly started to walk towards Lester. She wanted to dial up the tension in the room even more and walk by Lester's friend. Then she would grab Lester by the hand and take him back to his bedroom where Dan could watch through his peephole.

Sarah began walking past the table with the open pizza box on it. She ignored Vernon and kept her focus on Lester. As she moved past Vernon and was just about to round the corner of the table, she felt hands on her hips pulling her backwards.

Sarah landed on Vernon's lap. Her succulent naked ass pressing against the thin, flimsy material of her robe as he weight settled on Vernon's crotch. Sarah was momentarily caught off guard, squirming against the man's calloused hands. Then she felt it.

All of her squirming had awakened something beneath the man's pants. Sarah stopped moving as she felt his bulge press directly against the bottom of her pussy. Vernon quickly capitalized on Sarah staying still, his hands running up her body until he was grabbing her breasts through the robe. Then his hand hand successfully found the edge of the robe's sheer material and disappeared beneath it, cupping Sarah's bare breast.

Sarah took a sharp intake of breath and the unexpected touch. Her hard nipples pressing themselves into the man's calloused hands. She turned her head to look at Dan who shot to his feet.

"Vernon," Lester hissed.

"Oops," Vernon said pulling his hand out of Sarah's robe and holding them up innocently, "Be more careful whose lap you fall into dear."

Sarah watched the arousal spread over Dan's features. She'd momentarily lost her bearings but had regained them. Dan was still hesitant about all of this, even though she knew he wanted to keep exploring it. It was her job to walk the tight rope and make sure everyone got what they wanted.

Without breaking eye contact with her husband, Sarah shifted her ass on Vernon's lap and sensually leaned forward, rising up so that her ass was on perfect display for the grungy older man. As the man was just about to reach out and grab a handful of her ass, Sarah stood up completely straight and moved around the corner of the table, out of his grasp.

She moved behind Lester's chair and put her arms on the fat man's shoulder. She stared at Dan, "Hmmm, now, just how should Lester be rewarded I wonder," Sarah mused, "This robe is beautiful. And I haven't received a gift like this from my husband in a long time. What do you think Dan? How should I reward your roommate?"

Dan just sat still, watching the scene unfold in front of him. His hand was in a fist, trying to stay in control like he had the last time in his bedroom. But he felt his grip on his own control slipping. First seeing Sarah wearing the sheer robe had gotten her, basically walking around the apartment naked, had gotten his mind thinking in overdrive. Then he answered the door for this weird stranger who was now sitting on the couch. And then flirting with the pizza guy. Now she had just toyed with him, sitting on this stranger's lap before moving behind Lester and putting her hands on him. It was like an arousal overload into his brain. He didn't know how he wanted it to play it here but even more enticing was not knowing what his wife was about to do. He needed to see what she did and didn't want to stop it.

"What about a kiss?" Sarah said looking at Dan. She held his gaze until she lowered her head and kissed Lester on the cheek. Lester turned his head to kiss her on the lips but she pulled away, standing back up and staring at Dan. Her hands moved down from Lester's shoulder to his chest, then she stood back up, her hands returning to his shoulders.

"I think I know just how to reward you," Sarah said stepping beside the chair and taking Lester's hand. She kept her eyes locked with Dan's as she spoke to Lester, "Let's go back to your room where I can reward you properly."

Sarah tugged on Lester's arm expecting him to get up and follow but he stayed still. Lester looked between Dan and Sarah and then slowly stood up. He grabbed Sarah by the hand and pulled her back towards him. Sarah's body crashed into his and Lester held her there against him for several seconds while he looked at Dan. Then he turned his attention to Sarah, his hands grabbing the hair on the nape of her neck causing her to open her mouth in protest.

Lester stuck his tongue out of his mouth and slowly lowered it towards Sarah, giving her ample time to not reciprocate it.

Dan watched in fascinated horror as Sarah's taunt body was pulled against Lester's. His disgusting tongue, slowly plunging towards his wife who seemed to have given up on keeping eye contact with him as Lester tilted her head back. She was breathing hard, judging by how her breasts were rising and falling.

He watched intently as Lester's tongue drew closer and closer to her lips. With a mix of arousal and disgust, Dan watched as his wife's perfect lips parted, letting Lester's large tongue invade her mouth. Immediately her body seemed to react to the sloppy kiss. Her body turned more towards Lester, her hands reaching out to his body. Dan could hear her moan into Lester's mouth, even as his roommate's large body turned and shielded her from his view.

All he could see was his wife's hands on Lester's back as she struggled to stay upright.

"I'm taking my reward," Dan heard Lester whisper to Sarah as he continued to maul her mouth. Sarah only moaned back in agreement, seemingly capitulating to whatever Lester wanted. Lester's hands seemed to have free reign to roam all over Sarah's body.

Vernon looked entranced at what was happening. Dan swore the man was salivating. Part of Dan wished that Sarah and Lester would go back to his room, away from this guy's prying eyes. But the same part of him that had let Eugene watch through the peephole was excited by the prospect of him seeing his wife on display like this. Being a slut for someone like Lester.

Lester turned Sarah around, his lips still locked onto hers. Sloppy, wet kissing sounds filled the room. Lester had Sarah's robe undone, his hands squeezing her ass and breasts hungrily.

Vernon looked over his shoulder at Dan, "That's your wife?"

Dan didn't bother responding, not wanting to take his eyes off the obscene coupling in front of him. Lester turned Sarah around so that her knees pressed into the comfy leather chair he had been occupying. He kissed the back of her exposed neck, an area Dan knew always got his wife going.

Then Lester applied pressure. As his lips descended down her robe cover body, he pushed her shoulder's down until Sarah's hands were pressing into the seat of the couch. Lester kept kissing and Sarah's breathing was getting ragged. Dan knew from experience that she wanted to be fucked.

Lester hiked up the bottom of her robe over her waist, exposing her naked legs and ass to the room. Everything had been visible under the robe but seeing her unobstructed skin, made Vernon reach down and touch himself through his pants.

"Lester?" Sarah asked as she felt his thumbs hook into her panities and slowly begin to lower them. This hadn't been her plan at all. Now she felt her panties sliding down her thighs. She gulped, knowing she was about to be exposed to some complete stranger and her husband who

was sitting there watching her. She felt so fucking wet. She didn't know what was turning her on more. The fact that Dan was watching and aroused by what was happening or that some unknown stranger was in the room with them, watching as Lester stripped her.

She couldn't lie to herself. She knew what was turning her on the most. It was these two men about to watch Lester do whatever the fuck he wanted with her. Take her however he wanted.

Sarah felt her breasts heaving as her panties dropped to her ankles. She waited, knowing that Lester was about to shove himself into her and fuck her right here in front of her husband and a stranger. She felt movement behind her but couldn't tell what Lester was doing.

Dan watched as Lester dropped to his knees, his fat gut spilling out of the bottom of his shirt. Lester licked his lips pressed his face in between Sarah's waiting legs, his audible slurping filled the room.

Sarah's body lurked in response. First from shock and then back towards Lester's tongue. She seemed to ground herself into the couch, her hands firmly planting themselves as she received Lester's tongue.

Something was different, Dan couldn't tell what but Lester's head seemed to be going too high. Higher than where her pussy should have been between her legs in this position but then.....he was slicking her asshole.

Dan was floored as his wife wiggled her ass back and forth on Lester's tongue. Seemingly enjoying having his troll like roommate's tongue tickle the place that Dan had never dreamed of touching. It just seemed like such a disgusting thing to do. Sarah had said the same thing in the past but here she was, her body withering around as Lester's tongue danced around the rim of her asshole.

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, dropping her head onto the seat of the couch. Her ass was still high in the air, bent over the arm of the chair as Lester feasted on her ass. His tongue swirling around her asshole.

"Tell Dan what I'm doing," Lester breathed hot air on her ass.

"Uhhhhh," Sarah bit her lip while her brain processed what Lester said. Finally Sarah found her voice and said, "Dan he's licking my ass—"

Lester stuck his tongue inside of her ass. His fat tongue prying her asshole apart as his tongue darted in. With unrelenting fury, he began twirling his tongue around inside of her, alternating to quickly dart in and out like he was fucking her ass with her tongue.

Sarah lost the ability to speak for several seconds, all she could do was moan at Lester's manipulations, "Mhmmmmmmmmmgaaaaammmmmmm." Sarah's back arched as she pushed down on her hands, trying to force her ass back onto Lester's face, trying desperately to take more of his tongue inside of her ass.

Dan felt shellshocked. He had never seen Sarah like this. Responding to someone doing something so vile to her. His hands were no longer in fists at his side, his right hand was touching himself over his pants. It felt like one of the first times he had exposed his wife to Lester. Just letting it happen and seeing her react to it. He felt himself falling backwards, letting go of control. A small part of him whispered, trying to get himself to regain control but the sounds Sarah was making and the mask of pleasure on her face silenced them. Nothing about this had ever turned him on before but seeing her react to something he hadn't done with it. Knowing she enjoyed it. That Lester had done it first...

"Ah fuck," Sarah breathed, "God Lester."

Lester mumbled something behind her, the vibration of his lips on her asshole tickling her. She turned her head and saw Dan sitting there in the other chair staring at her, mesmerized by what was happening. She saw his hand touching himself over his pants. His eyes bore into her body and she knew he was beginning to get lost in this. Losing control. Sarah should do something. She stop Lester and help Dan from losing his grip. Maybe she would after Lester finished eating her ass. Just a bit more and she would stop all of this.

There was movement out of the corner of her eye. Sarah turned her head and saw Vernon on the couch. His pants and straggly boxers were around his ankles and he was stroking a fat, veiny looking cock. Sarah gulped at the sight of it.

Lester's fingers pushed themselves into her wet pussy as he tongue her ass. Palms facing down, Lester two fingers were able to pull across her sensitive g-spot, teasing it as his tongue continued to pound away at her asshole.

Sarah head swam in pleasure, forgetting everything else. Lester's fingers were causing her pussy to light on fire as his tongue swirled and fucked her asshole. His wife fucking tongue spreading her tight little asshole apart. Her eyes were still locked on Vernon's vile cock as she continued to stroke it. Watching her. Watching her with Lester. Watching her body enjoy something so depraved. She licked her lips as she stared at Vernon's cock. Her body was responding to him, knowing that he was hard for her. Getting off to what she was doing.

She looked up at his face and found him staring back at her. With a lazy, knowing smile. Sarah was entranced by his eyes. The crow's feet at the corners narrowed as he stared back at her. She felt so exposed, some random stranger seeing her for who she truly was. Beyond the shield of professionalism she usually wore.

"MHMMM FUCK," Sarah groaned as an orgasm hit her body out of nowhere. The usual build up nowhere to be seen, just an explosion of pure pleasure, "YEEESS. YESSS. OH FUCK YEEESSS."

Sarah's asshole clamped down on Lester's tongue as her pussy did the same to his fingers. Lester championed his way through it, continuing to dart his tongue inside of the young mother's asshole while his fingers continued to toy with her sensitive G-spot. Sarah dropped her head and just moaned in response, her body still tense as waves of electric pleasure washed over her senses.

"Uhhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, "God."

"Heh." Lester chuckled, "God has nothing to do with this."

As Sarah's body came down from her first orgasm of the night, Lester felt her pussy and asshole relax. He took the opportunity to pull his fingers and tongue out of Sarah's body and quickly take his pants off off. His large, intimidating cock stretching out before him as he pushed the head of his cock into Sarah's wet and waiting pussy.

"Ah fuck, fuck," Sarah breathed, her body moving back trying to take more of Lester's cock, "Mhmmmmmmgrmmmmmm."

"Fuck," she moaned, "Give it to me, Lester."

Lester took off his shirt, his large stomach dropping on Sarah's ass. The rest of his pasty, white and hairy body coming into view. Dan grimaced seeing the contrast between his lovely fit wife and the sloth like beat behind her.

"Not sure fast," Lester sneered as he pulled the head of his cock back and forth inside of her. "Look at Vernon and tell him you want him to watch you get fucked."

Sarah turned to Vernon, her eyes pleading, "I want you to watch me get fucked." Vernon's mouth hung agape and he started to pump his cock harder. He kicked off his pants and boxers and put his feet up on the table. He was naked except for white white tub socks and his shirt.

"Now look at Dan," Lester said. Sarah's eyes shifted to her husband.

"Ask him permission. Ask if you can fuck the guy who threw you out of his house," Lester said.

"Dan...." Sarah started, "Can I fuck the guy -"

Lester slide his entire length into Sarah.

"OHHMGFUUCK," Sarah screamed, her fingernails digging into the leather couch, "OHGOD."

Lester didn't give a shit about Dan's permission. In fact, he wanted to demonstrate to his roommate that he had no power here and Lester could fuck her whenever he wanted. The dumb look on Dan's face told Lester his plan was working. Just like foreplay with a woman, he knew the robe, the pizza guy and even having this stranger from the internet here would act as an elixer to overpower his defenses. Sarah's white knight was no match for Lester the barbarian tonight.

"Squeeze me," Lester spat, "Show Dan what he missed on his business trip." Sarah flexed the muscles in her pussy, and grabbed hard on Lester's cock.

"Mhmmmm thats right," Lester said, "Keep it up."

Vernon got to his feet and shuffled towards Sarah and Lester.

"Sit back down Vernon," Lester said gesturing to the couch. The scraggling looking older man sat back down, still transfixed on Sarah's body. Vernon was just a pawn to dial up Dan's fantasy and make him more pilable. He needed Dan to see him take Sarah fully again and have her beg for him. He needed to be put in his place like a good little dog and forgot these notions of grandeur that he seemed to have lately.

"Dan," Lester said, "Your wife feels so good around my cock. I've been missing this."

Lester slapped Sarah's ass cheek leaving a hand imprint. He slapped the other hard. Sarah grunted and kept pushing back onto Lester's cock.

"Uhh, yes, ah, mhmhm, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, yes, yes, fuck me," Sarah said.

"How good does it feel Sarah," Lester gripped her hips tighter and started to fuck her faster. "Tell me how my cock feels inside of you."

"GOOD," Sarah moaned loudly, "So fucking good Lester. Don't stop. Don't."

"Did you like it when I fucked you in your office?" Lester said, "What about in your living room? Tell me?"

"Yes," Sarah said, lost in the feeling of Lester between her legs. "I loved it."

"You're my good little slut," Lester said, "How about in your tub? And in your bed? Dan's office. You loved it then too?"

"GOD Yes!" Sarah panted, "I love it whenever you fuck me daddy."

Lester smiled, "Good girl."

Then Lester grabbed Sarah by the back of her hair and pulled her up off the chair as his cock kept sliding in and out of her, fucking her relentlessly. Sarah gasped, barely able to touch the chair with her hands. The pain in the back of neck hurt but it was a good hurt. A dominating kind of hurt.

"Do you regret it?" Lester asked. Each word punctuated with a thrust of his cock. The head bottoming out inside of her, touching places no one else ever had. "Do you regret all the times we've fucked recently?"

"NO," Sarah said quickly, "No, no. Just keep fucking me Lester."

"Moan my name for me," Lester said, "I want to hear those sweet lips say my name."

"Lester," Sarah moaned, "Oh Lester baby. Lester. Fuck. Lester. Lester."

"Keep saying it," Lester said looking at Dan.

Dan just sat there watching the sordid scene unfold before him. It felt like he was drowning. There was a weight on his chest that was pinning him in place. His breath was shallow. A distant part of him remembered throwing Lester off his wife but that seemed like a far away dream. All he could do was watch and listen as Sarah moaned for his vile roommate.

"Lester," Sarah moaned, "Oh, fuck. Lester."

"Who fucks you the best?" Lester asked

"Lester," Sarah said, still moaning his name, "Lester."

"Whose cock do you crave?" Lester said.

"Lester," Sarah moaned, "Uhhh, mhmmm, ohhh, ah, ah, ah, Lester!"

"Sit back down Vernon," Lester said, catching the stranger shuffling forward towards them. Without taking his hand off his cock, the older man sat back down on the couch. Lester glared at him, trying to make the man remember the rule. No touching. He had already violated that rule once today.

"Cum for me Sarah," Lester encouraged, "Cum again on my cock. I want to feel you're body tense up around me. I want to feel you cumming for me."

As if on command, Sarah's body started to heat up. She could feel herself building to another orgasm. Lester's words seemed to unlock something in her. A desire to please him. Do whatever he wanted. Submit to him. If Lester wanted her to cum, her body wanted to give it to him.

"Ah, fuck," Sarah moaned, her head dropping to the couch. "I'm gonna cum. Baby don't stop. Lester. Please. Don't. Fucking. Stop."

Dan was transfixed watching Sarah moan for Lester, seeing her body thrust back against his roommate's oddly proportioned body. He hated himself for being so aroused at what he was seeing but he couldn't look away. He had tried to cold turkey quit this but was that what he really wanted?

Sarah felt like a storm of fireworks started to explode inside of her as she came. Her body tensed, her pussy gripped Lester's cock tightly as he continued to thrust inside of her, his cock dragging across all her sensitive areas, continuing to flame the fire of her orgasm.

"MHMMMMMMMMMM," Sarah's moaned echoing off the walls of the room,
"FUUUUUUUCCKKKK."

Lester gritted his teeth, his hands holding tight onto Sarah's hips as her body squeezed his cock, "Nobody makes you cum like I do."

"Uhhhhhhhhhhfuuuuucckkkk," Sarah's orgasm continued to wash over her body. She needed to breath but couldn't. She didn't want to do anything to ruin this. To lose this orgasm. She needed it. As it rippled across her body it seemed to wash away all the stress that Sarah had been

holding on to. This was her therapy. "OhFUCKLESTER," Sarah finally breathed as her orgasm started to subside, replaced with the intense feeling of Lester's cock inside of her.

Lester felt a bead of sweat drip down the center of his back. He was sweating from the exertion of fucking Sarah standing up like this. He felt part way hunched over her. He needed to switch things up.

WHAP.

He slapped her ass hard before pulling his cock out of her. Sarah groaned in disappointment.

"Stand up," Lester said.

Sarah's back felt tight and she just noticed that her knees were sore from repeatedly banging them into the couch. She was still reeling from her orgasm but found her way to her feet, suddenly feeling exhausted. Lester's hands were on her shoulders turning her around to face him.

"Look at Vernon," Lester whispered to her, "And take off your robe for him."

A shudder ran through Sarah's body at Lester's command. Never would she have put herself on display for a man like this but she felt herself get even wetter, if that was possible, at Lester's words. She felt so exposed already, it was intoxicating. To this stranger. This older, unkempt man who shouldn't even be in the same room with her.

Sarah's eyes scanned the room, briefly stopping on Dan. He looked like he had succumbed to his vices and Sarah loved the deranged and aroused look on her face. Her husband looked like a man possessed and ready to fuck her brains out. Sarah's gaze continued around the room until it landed on the ugly face of this stranger, Vernon.

Was he really a friend of Lester's? Besides his Dungeons and Dragons group and Lizzie, she had never seen another one of his friends. She shuddered seeing the way this man was looking at her. The way his eyes roamed over her body as she was stroking his thick cock for her. The things he was probably thinking about as he looked at her.

"Take it off," Lester whispered behind her, his hot breath on her neck. He was breathing hard.

Sarah's hands were shaking as she lightly grabbed the edges of her robe near her breasts and pulled them further apart. Vernon's eyes travelled between her naked breasts and exposed sex. Sarah felt herself growing more and more aroused at what was happening. Letting herself be seen by a man like this. She pulled the robes to her shoulders and let go, it slide down her body until it was in a pile by her feet.

"What's he doing Sarah?" Lester whispered.

"He's jerking off." Sarah said, feeling Lester's hard breath on her now naked shoulder.

"What's he jerking off to?" Lester said, moving up behind her, his hard cock pressing up against her perfect ass. His fat stomach, resting on the top of her ass.

"Me," Sarah closed her eyes as Lester's hands came up to her breasts, fondelling them hard and without any love. His lips were on her neck.

"Have you ever seen a woman like this before," Lester said to Vernon.

"Never," he said, not taking his eyes off her body.

"What do you want to do to her?" Lester said.

Vernon went to stand up but Lester shook his head. The stranger sat back down. "I want those juicy lips wrapped around my cock. I'd fuck those nice tits until I blew all over them. Then I'd fuck her all night and make her moan my name. Forgetting about you and her husband. Then I'd turn her over and fuck her ass. Then I'd do it all over again and again and again."

"Do you hear that Sarah?" Lester whispered, "He wants you. He wants to fuck you."

Dan couldn't hear what Lester was whispering but he watched as Sarah's body was swaying back and forth against him, seemingly responding to whatever it was. He didn't know what the hell was happening but he wouldn't just sit by and let this random stranger fuck his wife. Would he? Is that where Lester was going with this?

"Remember what you said last time?" Lester whispered. "That you'd fuck anyone I told you too?"

Sarah's body shuddered at Lester's words. She remembered. And in the moment she said them, she had meant it. But now it seemed too real. Like it could actually happen. But she didn't want to disappoint him. She wanted to please him. She opened her eyes and looked over Vernon again. He wasn't her type at all. Or maybe....he was. In her fucked up beauty and the beast fantasy, he was exactly the kind of guy that would never, should never get with the princess.

"Yes," Sarah whispered back closing her eyes again.

"You weren't lying, were you?" Lester planted soft kisses on her neck.

After what felt like an eternity Sarah finally breathed, "No."

Lester smiled wickedly. His plan was working perfectly. Dan has incapacitated by his own feeble weaknesses and Sarah just admitted how far she had fallen. How she would do anything for him. He wasn't going to let Vernon touch Sarah. He was just a tool to engineer this situation. Maybe he'd share her with someone else, if it benefitted him.

"What are you whispering!?" Vernon stood up, stroking cock in hand as he approached Sarah. Dan watched wide eyed as it looked like Sarah was about to be sandwiched between the two men. He wanted to intervene but his body didn't move.

"Shut up and sit back down," Lester said to Vernon. Vernon gave Lester a look of disdain but moved back onto the couch.

Lester held Sarah's hand as he sat down in the comfy, leather chair. He pulled her roughly on top of him and Sarah wasted no time, standeling his lap. She gripped his cock in her hands and directed it to her entrance and started to impale herself on his cock.

"Fffffffuuuuuu," Sarah moaned throwing her head back, her blonde hair cascading down her back. Lester poked his head out from behind her and looked at Dan.

"See how well trained your wife is now?" Lester sneered.

Dan felt trapped in his own body. Immobile. Horrified that he was slipping back into his old behaviour but enjoying every second of it. The muscles in Sarah's back tenses as she lowered herself onto Lester's engorged cock. Dan watched as her beautiful bubble butt lowered and Lester's cock started to disappear inside of her. Finally Sarah was sitting firmly on Lester's lap, breathing hard, just staring down at his disgusting roommate.

Dan was thankful that Lester hadn't let Vernon get involved. He wasn't sure how the hell he would react to seeing that. Sure, he'd thought about it in the past. Even fantasized about it but he wasn't sure he was ready for it.

"Uhhhhhhhhh," Sarah moaned feeling Lester fully inside of her again. Her body had been craving him, since he pulled out a few minutes ago. Sarah started to ride Lester's cock. The fat man just lean back into the chair, his hands going up behind his head as he watched Sarah ride him.

Sarah kept her eyes closed, focusing on the sensation of Lester's girthy cock inside of her. Feeling it trace across her sensitive nerve endings of her pussy. Pushing against her, expanding her insides. Making her feel complete.

"Touch your tits," Lester said. Sarah's hands ran up her body until they found her breasts, she started massaging them, and tweaking her own nipples. Lester's hands grabbed her ass hard, kneading her ass cheeks.

"How's it feel?" Lester croaked.

"Good. So good. Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned.

"Tell Dan. Tell him how much you like fucking his roommate," Lester commanded.

"Uhhhhhhhhfuuuu. Dan.....it's so good. Lester. Feels," Sarah's breathing was getting eratic, "So good. His cock feels so good inside me. So fucking good."

"Tell him who fucks you the best," Lester said.

"You do," Sarah moaned in ecstasy, "You fuck me the best Lester. So fucking good."

"Who owns your pussy?" Lester said.

"You do!" Sarah moaned, the verbal admission pushing her closer and closer towards another orgasm. It was starting to creep up, but she didn't want to rush it. She wanted to tease it out, enjoy every single fucking second of it building up inside of her.

"Who owns you?" Lester said as he started pushing his hips up off the couch. Sarah quickly adapted to his actions, not letting it ruin her rhythm and take her off course.

"Ugghhhhhh you do daddy," Sarah moaned, her hands grabbing at her breasts, touching herself as Lester mauled her ass. "You do. You fucking own me. Do whatever you want with me. I'm yours Lester."

"God your pussy feels so good wrapped around my cock," Lester said, closing his eyes as Sarah's pussy was squeezing him.

"Your cock feels so fucking good," Sarah moaned, "Mhmmmm, ah, uh, I, uh, fucking, ahhhh, love it."

The quick motion didn't register right away to Dan's brain. It was in his peripheral vision. His eyes were locked on the sordid affair in front of him. Watching the mother of his children bounce herself up and down on Lester's cock, admitting how much she enjoyed it. It was like daggers to his heart and heroine shot into his veins. He couldn't get enough.

The motion came from the stranger Vernon. He stood up and took off her shirt revealing skinny arms and slight stomach. He looked out of shape but wiry, some noticeable scars running across his body.

Dan couldn't see Lester's face from this angle or Sarah's. Neither of them likely saw the Vernon getting up. With a quick and practiced movement, Vernon headed towards Sarah and Lester. Like some kind of spider-monkey, Vernon was up on the chair. One foot on the arm of the chair, while the other balanced on the top of the chair near Lester's head.

Sarah was too busy touching herself and revelling in the feeling of Lester's cock inside of her. Her eyes were closed, focusing on the feeling inside of her. Of her orgasm slowing building up. There was a hand on the back of her head but something was off about it. It was from a weird angle.

The hand pulled her head forward. Sarah's eyes snapped open and she saw herself being pulled towards a thick, foreign cock she didn't recognize. On instinct her mouth opened and the cock was shoved deep into her mouth. Her tongue ran along the underside of it, tasting the unknown cock. It tasted and felt so different in her mouth than either Dan or Lester's. The cock hit the back of her throat and started to face fuck her.

Sarah dropped a hand from her breasts and reached out, finding a thigh. She steadied herself on it, while her other hand grabbed onto Lester's shoulders. She was worried that the eager face fucking she was receiving would knock her off Lester.

Sarah tasted sweet and salty pre-cum on her tongue. She looked up and saw Lester's unkept friend standing over her, his eyes boring down onto hers with intensity.

"Glaack, gluckkk, glaaack, glluuuucck," emanated from Sarah's throat as this rough looking older man fucked his wife's throat. Dan's eyes grew wide as this stranger's cock disappeared into Sarah's mouth. He never felt so hard, his dick straining against his pants. He rubbed his hand over it and he already felt ready to burst.

"Ahhh glaack, mmmgluuckckk," the sounds continued from Sarah's throat. Lester's eyes shot open at the presense besides him. Vernon had quickly scaled the side of the chair and was face fucking Sarah.

"Vernon!" Lester chastised the stranger. The asshole was breaking the rules Lester had set out. He wasn't going to pay him after this. He couldn't threaten him with that right now, he didn't want to reveal his machinations to Sarah and Dan. "Fuck off. Get back to the couch."

"No fucking way," Vernon chuckled, "Not until I bust down her throat." To punctuate is intentioned, he grabbed Sarah's head with both hands and started fucking her mouth faster.

"Glaaacch, glaaach, glaaacch, gluutch, mhmmhmmhmm," Sarah couldn't believe the sounds her mouth was making. Vernon was fucking her mouth like a pussy, he was unrelenting, uncaring and dominating. Like he was just using her for his own pleasure. He wasn't loving and sweet like Dan. And he wasn't trying to corrupt her and dangle her in front of her husband like Lester was. Just pure unrelenting, pent up sexual desire. She doubted that he cared if she even enjoyed it. He just wanted her. Something about that, just being used as a sexual object turned her on.

Sarah took her hand off Vernon's thigh and grabbed the base of his cock, squeezing the section of it that wasn't disappearing down her throat. Sarah started riding Lester harder, his dick sliding back and forth inside of her as Sarah's body was setting its own new speed.

Lester tried to raise his hips off the chair but Sarah's intensity kept him pinned in place. Her body now in charge of the session. It wanted to get off and didn't need Lester trying to impress her. She didn't want him ruining her orgasm by trying to push into her on his own. All she needed was the cock inside her and the other in her mouth.

The new strange cock was like gasoline to the fire beginning to burn inside Sarah. She'd never had two cocks at once before. She'd played with the fantasy, with both Lester and Dan, sucking on their fingers but having the real thing was sending her body into overdrive.

Sarah's hand was stroking the base of Vernon's shaft. The older man slowed his face fucking, wanting to see what this slutty wife would do next. Sarah didn't slow down. She kept pace, sucking the new cock as she continued to ride Lester's cock. Sarah kept her mouth wrapped around Vernon's shaft, her mouth spread open as she took as much of his thick member into it as she could.

"Mhmmhmmmmmm," She moaned around his cock, feeling it hit the back of her throat as more precum oozed out of it."

"Sarah..." Lester said bewildered at what he was watching. He had wanted Vernon to simply help him dial up the tension in the room. He hadn't wanted Sarah to suck the guy off. "Sarah," he said louder.

But Sarah didn't turn to look at him. She stroked the cock in her hand as her pussy gripped onto Lester's cock. Sarah's hand barely got around Vernon's shaft as she furiously stroked him. She took him out of her mouth and her face disappeared into the hairy jungle of his balls.

"Uhhhhhhh," Vernon groaned as Sarah's tongue swirled around his nutsack. She licked over matted down hair, finding the goosebumps on his balls, licking and sucking every inch of them. Vernon almost lost his balance and fell off the couch but quickly steadied himself. Sarah didn't seem to notice.

"Tell me who your daddy is Sarah," Lester said.

Sarah licked up the length of Vernon's shaft before sucking his full length back into her mouth again. "Mhmmhmmmmhmmmm," her moans escaping from the sides of her mouth as it expanded around Vernon's member.

"Tell me who owns you," Lester said feeling uncomfortable with Vernon standing above him.

Sarah's nails dug into Lester's shoulder for support as she sucked Vernon off. Lester winced in pain but Sarah didn't seem to notice. Her hips were bucking wildly on top of Lester, pushing him further into the leather chair.

Two cocks at once. Sarah's mind couldn't even think straight. All she wanted to do was hold onto the feeling building inside of her and never let this feeling go. She wanted more of it. Her body was building up to an explosive orgasm and she was holding onto both cocks for dear life, not wanting anything to stop this.

"Suck my balls again," Vernon said.

Sarah didn't respond but she took him out of her mouth, her face disappearing into the mess of public hair below his shaft. Vernon groaned his approval. Sarah's hand kept pumping his shaft as her tongue licked Vernon's nuts. Vernon grabbed the back of her head and pulled her closed into his ball sack. Pubic hair went up Sarah's nose but she held on like a woman possessed determined to make both cocks cum.

Vernon moved the back of her head around, directing which parts of his ballsack to lick. Sarah eagerly obeyed, licking and sucking every part he directed her too.

Lester tried thrusting his hips up but it was not use. Everytime he tried Sarah's body slammed down hard on him, over and over as her pussy clenched onto his cock inside of her. Lester felt her pussy milking his cock. Her wanton abandon taking over. Lester looked up at Sarah sucking this stranger above him, saliva dripping off her lips onto the couch beside him. He really had created a monster.

Lester felt his balls start to tighten. He put his hands on Sarah's hips to slow her down, he didn't want to cum yet. He wanted to fuck her all night in different positions in front of Dan. This wasn't how it was supposed to happen. Sarah was too strong. His hands pulling her down onto him barely, slowed her down.

As she tongue danced around Vernon's balls and her one hand was continuing to stroke his shaft furiously, her other hand slapped at his hands. More out of annoyance than anything else.

Vernon had handfuls of Sarah's hands in both of his hands as he moved her head around his balls. "Mhmmhgaaaamhmm," Sarah moaned incoherently around his ballsack as she licked and slurped.

Vernon pushed himself up on his tipy-toes, thrust forward and pull Sarah's head down. His balls mashed onto her closed eyes and onto her forehead. Sarah never stopped licking and sucking. Her tongue grazed over the tops of his thighs and the area under his balls. Vernon continued to pull her to him and he pushed himself forward.

Sarah's tongue touched his asshole but she was too lost to fully realize what she was doing. Vernon held her head and move it back and forth as Sarah's pristine tongue licked the dirty asshole of his stranger, her tongue swirling around it eliciting moans from him. She felt dirty, disgusting and so, so, so fucking wet.

Dan couldn't believe what he was seeing. This guy's balls were on Sarah's face, there was only one thing she should be doing down there and her body didn't seem to care. She didn't seem to care. She had never done that before with him and he wasn't aware of her doing to to Lester. This cretin's asshole was being polished by his wife who was going to down on him.

Sarah pulled her tongue back. Despite the forcefulness of the man's hands on her head she pulled herself back up and said, "Fuck. Mhmmmm fuck I'm gonna cum."

He body started to tense and she felt the familiar feelings of her body about to unleash a tidal wave of pleasure across her.

"Ughhhh me too," Lester grunted from somewhere below her. The idea of his cum flooding into her was the straw that broke that camel's back, rushing her orgasm forward onto her body.

Vernon turned her head back to him and stuck his thick cock down her throat. The bulbous head pushing past her tongue into the back of her mouth where it pushed into her throat.

"MhmmhmmmmGlllaaccck," Sarah moaned and choked on his cock as she felt a tsunami explode inside of her. Her body was rocked as she came. Her toes curled, her nails dug into Lester's forearm, he other hand gripped Vernon's cock so hard it was going to bruise in the morning.

"Glaaach, glaaaack, glaccck," Vernon continued to fuck her throat, making her orgasm tremble and revibere inside of her like a symphony of music cascading off the walls of a concert theatre. Crescendoing into this next phase, with not intention of letting up.

"AH-FUCK," Lester roared as his balls emptied and his cock exploded, cum shooting out like a geyser inside of Sarah. She felt his hot cum drenching her insides, soaking into every crevice inside of her. Sarah trembled as another orgasm rose up out of nowhere, dwarfing the last one and smothering it.

"Ahhhhmmmmgglllaaack, mhhmm, glaaaack," came noises from Sarah's throat as Vernon ruthlessly fucked her face.

"Uhhhhh here it comes slut," Vernon growled as he unleashed a torrent of cum down Sarah's throat. Sarah eagerly swallowed load, after load of the sour and salty substance. Lester's and Vernon's cocks were expanding inside of her, simultaneously shooting their virile cum into her.

Vernon let go of her head, his spent cock slinking out of her mouth as Sarah squeezed Lester's cock with her pussy. All three of them were breathing hard, energy quickly leaving their bodies. Sarah sat on top of Lester, his cock still embedded inside of her.

Sarah opened her eyes and lazily leaned forward and kissed the head of Vernon's cock. She tasted a bit of aftercum leaking out and eagerly licked it from the slit of his cock before releasing her grip.

Vernon stumbled back and almost fell onto the floor. He climbed down off the chair and flopped himself back onto the couch, weary and drained.

Sarah finally came back down to reality and looked down at her exhausted lover below her. Lester looked like a scrunched up frog stuck in the couch, unable to get up. Sarah smiled at him knowing she had just fucked him into submission.

Sarah licked her lips, catching a few rogue bits of Vernon's cum. With an audible plop she pulled herself free from Lester's cock, got off the chair and stood on weak and shaky legs. Sarah turned and looked at her husband who still had his pants on, but she could see the massive tent he was sporting. She wasn't sure if he had already cum yet but she hoped he hadn't. She still wanted more.

Dan looked at his wife incredulously, a weak approving smile appearing on his face. Sarah returned his smile and blew him a kiss before an alarmed look appeared on her face. She looked down and saw a steady stream of Lester's cum running down her leg. Flashing Dan a panicked smile, she hurried left the room and headed to the bathroom to clean up.

The three exhausted men just sat there in silence. Dan was the first to get up and somberly walked to his bedroom.

Lester looked over at Vernon, "Get out."

"Not gonna pay me?" Vernon said putting on his pants and pulling his shirt over his head.

"You broke the deal." Lester sneered.

A knowing smile spread across Vernon's face, "It was fucking worth it."

Lester shut his eyes, trying to process everything that happened. He didn't notice that Vernon palmed Lester's wallet from the coffee table before hurrying out the door the apartment.

Tired and exhausted, Lester stood up, trying to appraise what had happened. He had succeeded in minimizing Dan but he may have pushed Sarah's buttons too hard. He hadn't known she had this in her. If the conditions were right, he didn't know how far Sarah would go. Was this always there or had he pushed it along, nurturing it until this version of her bloomed.

His fat feet plodding on the wood floors, Lester shambled back to his bedroom.

Sarah finished cleaning herself up after receiving both Vernon and Lester's loads into her. She looked at herself in the bathroom mirror and chuckled at the familiar yet unfamiliar women looking back at her.

Opening the bathroom door, the lights were out in the living room and she wondered if all of the men had went to bed. She had heard the apartment door open and close while she was going pee and she assumed it had been Vernon leaving. I guess he and Lester aren't hanging out now that I sapped him of his energy.

The lights were on in Dan's bedroom. Sarah eagerly turned the knob and opened the door to find Dan laying in the bed, stroking himself.

"Stop," Sarah said staring at his cock, "That's mine."

She walked, naked over to the bed and straddled her husband, taking her third cock of the night.

