

Sarah didn't want to get up. Her body was warm and comfortable but felt exhausted. All she wanted to do was keep sleeping. Opening one eye, she saw that her bedroom was still dark, it was likely a long time before her alarm would go off. She could just go back to sleep and enjoy the warmth Dan's body was providing behind her.

As she started to drift off again, her mind registered a familiar but out of place scent. Her brain tried to place it. This was enough to cause Sarah to just tetter on the edge of consciousness. A groan escaped Dan's mouth behind her ear but it sounded off.

Then the memory of the previous night came back to her. Her eyes snapped open and stared at the wall. It was Lester behind her. That warm comforting heat wasn't coming from the trim body of her husband Dan. It was from Lester's oddly proportioned sweaty body. Her brain finally placed the scent invading her nostrils. It was sex and sweat mixed with Lester's musk.

Sarah noticed sunshine barely emanating from the edges of her black out curtains. Crap.

It seemed brighter than it should. Sarah reached over to the bedside table next to her and fumbled for her phone. She clicked it on and saw the time.

"Shit!" Sarah sat up and swung her toned legs off the bed. Her alarm for work hadn't gone off and she was already running late. There was no way she would be able to make it into the office by her usual time, now all she could hope for was getting in just before the morning meeting.

She walked over to the curtains throwing them open. Light streamed into the room, illuminating the ugly mass of Lester's body beneath her Egyptian cotton sheets. Sarah grimaced at the soft white material stretched across his body. Stains dotted her previously pristine sheets from the sweat and other fluids they had drenched them with the previous night.

"Lester get up!" Sarah scrambled across the room to her closet, quickly trying to find something to wear. She settled on a sharp white blouse that didn't appear to need ironing and a black pencil skirt. Normally she would take her time and be more thoughtful with her outfits but she didn't have time. She grabbed a black pair of heels to finish the outfit before grabbing a comfortable pair of bra and panties.

Sarah threw the clothes on the end of her bed before rushing into the bathroom to quickly shower herself. She couldn't go to work smelling of sex, especially when she still felt Lester's cum inside of her. She didn't have time to wash her hair so she just rinsed her body.

She was done in record time and quickly dried herself off before rushing in to the bedroom to get dress.

"Lester wake up!" Sarah bent over, pulling on her panties before slipping her arms through the straps of her bra. "We're going to be late for work."

Lester didn't bulge. His ugly mouth sat open like a toad waiting for a mosquito. He was oblivious to what was going on and snoring loudly. He needs a CPAP machine.

"Ughh." Sarah pulled on her pencil skirt. "I don't have time for this today!" She walked over to the bed and shook Lester by his shoulders. The fat rolls on his neck jiggled. "Lester! Wake up!"

Nothing. He was still deep asleep probably dreaming about last night. Sarah put on her blouse and tucked it into her skirt before reaching behind her and zipping it up. Frustrated, Sarah bent over and threw the stained bed sheets off Lester revealing his obscene naked body to the room. Sarah's eyes locked onto this large flaccid cock draped across his thigh, likely still covered in the juices she had produced when she came on his cock last night, "LESTER!"

It was no use. The brute wasn't going anywhere.

"Fine," Sarah held her heels in her hands and jogged out of the bedroom and down the stairs. She quickly dropped her heels by the door before rushing into the kitchen to make herself a coffee. She'd pick up lunch somewhere today, she didn't have time. Lester better wake up or else she would have to leave him here.

All the possible issues with Lester staying at her house ran through her mind. What if someone sees him? Maybe her parents drop by the house for whatever reason? What would Lester do here without her being present? She didn't exactly trust him, even though she was feeling more comfortable with him lately.

Fuck, she had to try and wake him one last time. She poured her coffee into a stainless steel Rambler and poured another into one of Dan's. She rushed back up the stairs and slammed Dan's Rambler down on the bedside table next to Lester.

The trollish man didn't even flinch at the sound. "Lester! I'm late for work. You need to get up and get moving! Please Lester come on. Ugh. Lester!"

Lester just continued snoring away, his body turning away from her. Sarah checked the time on her phone again. She was officially late, "I don't have time for this," Sarah marched out of the room. She would just have to leave him here, she couldn't call out today. There was just too much to do with the new CEO starting soon. She'd call Lester on the way, maybe his ringtone going off would wake him up.

Sarah grabbed her purse and keys and was about to open the front door when she heard loud plodding footsteps on the hardwood floor of the hallway upstairs. Lester was up and shambling towards her.

"Lester! Get your clothes on. I need to go. NOW," Sarah impatiently shouted up the stairs from the doorway. She checked the time again and felt her heart start beating faster. In her entire tenure with the hospital she might have been late a handful of times. She valued being punctual and having a strict routine for herself. This morning she felt like a complete mess and knew she would be playing catch up all day.

Lester stopped down the stairs, Sarah's eyes went wide again. Lester was completely naked, his cock flopping against his thigh with each step.

"Lester! Where are your clothes!" Sarah was horrified and rushed over to the bayview window of the living room to pull the curtains closed. Anyone on the street would be able to see right into their house at this time of day and see Lester's naked body. "Took you long enough to get up. Get dressed we need to get out of here."

"Getting it up has never been a problem when you're around." Lester said from behind her. Sarah rolled her eyes and turned around. Lester was standing between her and the kitchen, stroking his now hard cock. Sarah realized she had lost precious seconds staring down at Lester's cock. She shook her head trying to shake away the thoughts of last night. She looked back up at Lester's face and saw that ugly smirk plastered on it as Lester licked his lips.

"No. Not happening," Sarah said as she moved to the side and walked past Lester. "We gotta go."

Lester grabbed her arm and swung their bodies back around until Sarah was back in the same position with her back to the window.

"Come on, just a quickie before work." Lester stepped into her personal space, causing her to back up against the window.

"My alarm didn't go off Lester. We're really fucking late. Maybe if we woke up earlier but now we need to go." Sarah made a move to get past him but he held a fat arm out blocking her path.

"Well what about just a kiss then. Before we have to pretend like we're just coworkers?" Lester pressed his naked body up against hers. Sarah could feel his gut pressing against her stomach and his cock urgently pressing into her thigh.

"Fine but we have to go." Sarah leaned forward and gave Lester a quick peck on the lips. Again she tried to move past him but this time Lester's hands grabbed her waist and pulled her back in place against the window. He leaned his weight into her, pinning her against it. She felt the curtain shift and could feel the cold glass press against her neck.

"That's barely a kiss at all." Lester dipped his head down so it was less than an inch from hers. Sarah could feel his warm breath on her face. "Give daddy Lester a real kiss."

Sarah could feel her body heating up. Knowing that Lester's cock was just inches from her pussy, feeling the power of the weight of his body against her, immobilizing her. But she needed to get to the hospital. She made up her mind to quickly kiss Lester for a few seconds, get it over with and get the hell out of her house and into her car.

"Alright but after we really have to –" Lester's lips mashed into hers causing her knees to buckle. His tongue pushed into her mouth, dragging itself over her tongue.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah's eyes involuntarily closed as she felt herself melt into his body. Her tongue reciprocating Lester's. She knew she had to stop this but maybe it would be okay for just a few seconds. She could enjoy this one quick thing before dealing with the stress of work.

She felt Lester's hands start to explore her body, running over her tailored outfit. One of his hands applied pressure between her shoulder blades, pulling her harder against him. The other grabbed a handful of her ass through her pencil skirt, pulling her tight against his hard naked cock.

She moaned against Lester's lips, afraid that he would take it as a sign to keep going. But she had to go...had to get to work....couldn't stay here....

Lester's hand dropped and started to bunch up the material of her skirt. She cringed at the wrinkles his manhandling was going to cause but she didn't stop him, she was distracted by the warmth emanating from his body and his cock pressing into her. She forgot how quickly her body seemed to respond to Lester's touch.

Her mind snapped back to reality when she felt Lester's fat fingers reach under the hem of her skirt and tug at her panties. Sarah broke their kiss, putting her hands on Lester's flabby chest trying to slow things down.

"Hey, whoa," Sarah tried to get her bearings and find her voice. Lester's lips locked onto the side of her neck, his tongue swirling over her skin causing goosebumps to spread over her body. His hand managed to tug her panties off her hips, dropping them until they stopped on their own around her knees. "We said just a kiss," Sarah said breathlessly, "Work. Uh. Mhmmm. Lester. We have to....have to...go."

Lester pulled back and looked at her with that shit eating grin and a evil look in his eyes, "That's not where I wanted to kiss you."

Before Sarah could react, Lester dropped to his knees and his head disappeared beneath her bunched up skirt. Sarah dropped her hands to his shoulders to push him off but her arms grew weak as the fat man's tongue ran over her slit. She took a sharp intake of breath as her hips instinctively pushed up towards his tongue.

"Ah fuck, Lester," Sarah squelched. Her hands now grasping the back of his head, pulling him towards her. "We can't...." Sarah breathed, "Work. I have to...go....late...so late."

"Uhmhmmmm," Lester's agreement vibrated her clit as his tongue started to gently flick it back and forth.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned, throwing her head back against the cool glass. Her ass was perched on the windowsill as Lester's hands snaked around her legs, pulling her pencil skirt up high, giving him better access to her pussy. Sarah kicked her legs feebly, half putting up a fight she knew was only for show.

She was stronger than this. She should be able to resist Lester....but why? Why not just give in and enjoy it. Her thighs tightened around his head, Lester alternated between licking her clit and sucking on it. His fingers beginning to tease the outer lips of her pussy making her go crazy.

A dog barked from somewhere outside. She heard the faint sounds of a lawn mower starting up somewhere close by but they might have well as been a millions miles away at that moment. Lester slowly pushed a finger into her.

"Uhhhh fuck," Sarah moaned. One hand was embedded in Lester's thinning hair, the other gripping one of her curtains, bunching the fabric up in her fist. His tongue was still running up and down her slit, stopping to tease her clit before sucking on it while humming something in the back of his throat, driving her wild.

"Late," Sarah moaned loudly to her empty living room. She opened her eyes and saw the couch where she and Dan would cuddle up and watch movies together. The counter in the kitchen where her girls would sit and eat breakfast. Her eyes rolled back in her head as Lester put another finger inside of her, stretching her already tight pussy.

He was making a 'come here' gesture with his fingers, pressing his fingertips against her sensitive G-spot. The sensation of his fingers pressing there and his tongue licking and sucking her clit was working her up. She could feel the tension in her body building towards an orgasm. God what was she doing? This was stupid and fucked up but she couldn't stop herself.

Lester's head nodded up and down as he lapped at Sarah's slit. Slowly and deliberately he pulled his fingers in and out of her, ensuring to stimulate her G-spot. He had her just where he wanted her and he didn't plan on letting her go to work until she was thoroughly fucked again.

"Ah, mhmmmmm," Sarah's fingers were digging into the back of Lester's head, ensuring he didn't move, "God Lester don't stop."

He didn't. Lester continued to suck and lick her clit while his fingers started to continue at the same deliberate pace. Sarah's eyes were closed, her head thrown back against the window as her body anticipated each time Lester's fingers would touch that sensitive nerve ending. She felt like she was on a roller coaster that was going up, building, going higher and higher until that first plunge.

"Oh, shit, mhmmmmm, mymmm," Sarah grunted as she felt the most wonderful feeling begin to overtake her body. Her slender thighs wrapped tighter around Lester's head, her fingers dug into his head and the curtain she was holding. She held her breath as an orgasm racked her body, "LLLLLLESSSSSTTTTEEEER."

Her head started to spin as a wave of pleasure seemed to emanate from Lester's fingers. Muscles tense and her jaw flung itself open, a primal groan escaped her lips. She knew it was loud, loud enough for someone on the street to probably hear it but she didn't care. Sarah just wanted to revel in this feeling, nothing else mattered.

Finally the throws of her orgasm started to slow, little aftershocks still rocked her body but she was able to take an exhale and take a new breath for the first time in a minute. She could feel a small headache beginning to take shape from holding her breath for so long.

When Lester felt Sarah's body begin to relax and heard her deep breath, he decided to change tactics. He dropped and pulled his fingers out of her and grabbed her thighs, pinning her against the windowsill. He licked down her slit until his tongue found her opening. He pushed it right into her and started moving his tongue in circles like a tornado, trying to stimulate every part of her sweet little married pussy.

"Ohhhhh fuuuuuckkkk," Sarah groaned as Lester's fingers were replaced by his thick tongue. He was lapping at her insides, quickly and furiously. She managed to open one of her eyes and saw his balding head disappearing beneath her bunched up skirt. Her ass was digging into the windowsill. It hurt a bit but that pain wasn't something her mind was focused on registering, the only thing it cared about in that moment was what Lester's tongue was doing to her.

The aftershocks of her orgasm weren't subsiding, instead they seemed to be growing more intense and closer together. Lester stopped swirling his tongue around inside of Sarah and instead started to dart his tongue in and out of her in rapid succession, making sure to let the tip of his tongue scrap across the top of her pussy when he pulled it back. He was trying to fuck her with his tongue and her body was responding to it.

Both of Sarah's hands were gripping the curtains on either side of her, pulling them for leverage. She was pushing her ass off the windowsill, trying to push her pussy onto Lester's face, wanting to take more of his tongue inside of her. She heard the rings of the curtains protest under the weight she was putting on them but she needed them. Needed the leverage to make sure she felt all of Lester's tongue.

God he's going to make me cum again and its not even 10am. There was something about the time that was important to her but right now all that she was focusing on was Lester's tongue.

Snap.

One of the plastic rings holding up the curtain broke, quickly followed by several others. Sarah lost her leverage and the weight of her body fell forward, away from the window. Lester was surprised by Sarah suddenly descending onto him but he didn't let up. He fell backwards until the floor, pulling Sarah down with him.

Sarah almost screamed as her body fell forward off the window. She was still holding onto the curtains in her hand as she landed awkwardly on one foot and one knee. Lester's tongue never left her, his hand pulled her thigh down until her foot collapsed and she was on both knees, straddling his face.

Sarah's hands fell to the wood floor as Lester continued to tongue fuck her pussy. But now she was in control. Sarah pushed her pussy down onto his face. She could feel his ugly nose pressing up against her slit. Sarah started to ride his face, grinding her pussy back and forth over his face.

It felt so fucking good. Too good. She couldn't take it any more. Sarah needed to feel Lester inside of her.

"Leeesteer," Sarah moaned, riding Lester's tongue. It kept darting further into her pussy, causing her to flex her toes down onto the floor. Sarah slowed her pace and looked down at the top of Lester's flush face between her thighs. With one foot, she pushed off the balls of her feet and raised her hips up. She felt Lester's tongue fight to stay inside of her but as she raised herself up it slowly slide out. "Put your cock in me. Now."

He didn't need to be told twice. With some effort, Lester twisted his body and flipped himself over as Sarah crawled over to the seat of the couch. She propped herself on her elbows where Dan would normally sit, her knees on the floor, her ass sticking out desperately waiting for Lester.

She felt Lester's hands grip her ass cheeks. She braced herself, waiting for the inevitable feeling of his cock pressing against her opening. She closed her eyes and held her breath, imagining the stupid look on Lester's face as he looked down at her, marvelling at her bent over in front of him, waiting for him.

Lester shifted behind her. Sarah bit her lip, ready for his cock to press into her. Needing to feel it. Her body jolted in surprise when she felt something large and wet lapping at her asshole. Sarah opened her eyes and turned her head to try and see what was happening but all she could see was one of Lester's fat legs connected to his chubby hips.

Lester's tongue swirled around the rim of Sarah's asshole, sending a wave of electricity through her body. She shuddered, feeling someone's tongue on her asshole for the first time was electrifying. Dan had never done this before, no one had ever played with her asshole. It wasn't something she had ever been interested in and she hadn't realized how sensitive it was.

"Oh god," Sarah breathed, her nails digging into the couch. Her body squirmed back onto Lester's tongue as he tickled her asshole with his tongue. Sarah's upper body collapsed down onto the couch, giving in to the new sensation Lester was providing, "Mhmmm fuck."

The thought of her white blouse getting wrinkles popped into her mind but it wasn't strong enough to cause her to stop him. Lester's tongue was dancing around her asshole, sending electric shocks through her body. His hot breath felt amazing back there and Sarah was wondering why she had never tried this before.

It felt like sex for the first time, a completely new experience for her body. She thrust her ass back towards him, wanting more of what he was doing. Lester never missed a beat and continued running his fat tongue around the rim of her asshole, back across it, making intricate patterns with it, teasing the mother of two.

Sarah was revelling in the feeling but she wanted to get fucked "Lester, fuck me."

Instead Lester continued to lick around her asshole. Just as Sarah was about to tell Lester to put his cock in, his tongue pushed forward and parted her tight asshole.

"Ohhh fucck," Sarah moaned into the leather seat. She had never felt anything push into her, let alone something as large as Lester's tongue. She reached out for something to gripe onto but all she could find was leather. Lester held her by her thighs as his tongue continued to push into her virgin asshole, making circles as it did, stimulating areas Sarah never knew her own body had.

She couldn't formulate words. All she could do was hold on and experience this new sensation Lester was giving her. Still her mouth made sounds on its own, "Ugggmhmmmmmmmm."

It felt like time slowed down as more and more of Lester's tongue entered her asshole. Sarah groaned in response as her asshole stretched to accommodate it. Finally it felt like there was no

more of Lester's large tongue, she could feel the warm air from his nose running up her backside. Just like with her pussy earlier, Lester started to fuck her with his tongue. He slowly withdrew and pushed his tongue back in. Withdrew and pushed in, swirling it around as he did.

Sarah was on the balls of her feet and felt her eyes roll back in her head. This felt amazing, all these new sensations her body was experiencing as Lester ate her asshole. This wasn't something she had been interested in and Dan had no desire to experience it either but today she realized how naive she had been.

"Mhmmmmgoddlester," Sarah groaned. He didn't let up and continued to rim her ass with his tongue, over and over for what felt like hours. It felt amazing but it was like a simmering pleasure that could go on and on. And Sarah wanted to cum.

"Leesster. Stop. Ugh god. Stop. Fuck me. I need it Lester fuck me." Sarah groaned. Lester slowly withdrew his tongue from her. She moaned as he took it out completely and licked her asshole one final time. She felt his body shift behind her, moving into position. Then the familiar feeling of his cockhead pressing against her opening, his fat thighs pressing into the back of hers. Lester's coarse hand over her hips while the other was probably holding his shaft.

"Say please," Lester said. She could hear that shit eating grin on his face.

"Please Lester, fuck me." Sarah pushed herself back up onto her elbows, preparing herself for him. Sarah pushed her ass back against his cock, needing to feel it part her lips and push into her. Lester moved his hips back so she could take his cock into her. Sarah groaned in frustrated. Lester placed his grubby hand on her back, between her shoulder blades and pushed her back down onto the couch, crushing her white blouse in the process. Sarah moaned involuntarily out of submission.

Lester slowed pushed forward, his cockhead seperating her outer lips, pushing into her. Sarah groaned at the feeling, the sensitive nerves in her pussy catching fire as Lester's cock slowly, agonizingly slowly, slide over them.

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah licked her lips as her ugly lover continued to push his large cock deep inside of her. Finally she felt his balls press against her upper thighs, Lester was fully embedded in her.

But then he just held himself there, motionless. He wasn't thrusting into her. Sarah couldn't take it anymore. She needed to get fucked by him. She pushed her hands against the back of the couch and thrust her hips back onto his cock. Lester continued to hold her down, pinning her to the couch but she could do this on her own. She rocked herself back and forth on his cock, sliding herself up and down his cock.

"Uhhhhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah groaned, finally feeling Lester's cock sliding in and out of her. She was masturbating herself with Lester's cock and she couldn't get enough of it. His tongue having her explored her pussy and her asshole was too much for her. Her body felt like it was on fire. She needed his cock more than she ever needed anything in her life.

Sarah could feel an explosive orgasm quickly building inside of her. She pumped herself back onto Lester's cock, desperately trying to get it. This was what she had been craving all morning. This sweet release.

She was almost there. It was so close. Sarah kept sliding back and forth on Lester's immobile cock. She was thrusting so hard back onto him that his balls were slapping against her. She didn't care about anything, she was close. So fucking close.

Her phone started ringing from somewhere close by but she didn't care. She just needed to cum. Lester shift behind her, changing the angle of his cock. It still felt good but it wasn't hitting the same place anymore, her orgasm was still there though. Tantalizing close but it wasn't building anymore, it was just being nurtured in the background, waiting for Lester to get back in position.

"Lester, please," Sarah begged. She opened her eyes and looked desperately back at him. Lester had grabbed her phone and was looking at the screen. Her turned it towards her. The phone was still ringing and the display read 'Dad'.

Why was her dad calling right now? Was there something wrong with the girls? She doubted it. Everything was probably fine. She would call him back after her she finished fucking Lester. Sarah groaned and pushed herself back onto Lester's cock taking it fully inside of her.

Lester bent forward and held the phone in front of her face. In horror, she watched as his fat finger pressed the answer button and then the speaker button.

"Uh hello," Sarah managed to squeak out. She stopped thrusting back onto Lester, worried about her dad hearing her fucking.

"Hey hun, how's it going?" Her dad said.

"Good day, uh, you know just here at work," Sarah replied. Lester slowly began to withdraw his cock causing her body to shiver.

"Yeah I know. Sorry about calling I just wanted to touchbase with ya for a second," Her dad's voice filled the room. Lester gripped her hips with body hands and slowly pushed his cock back into her before bottoming out and withdrawing it again, leaving his cock head for a second at her entrance before pushing all the way back in.

"Uhhh sure. Yeah uhh, okay. What's ah, what's ahup? Girls okay?" Sarah gritted her teeth and tried to contain herself but finally feeling Lester's cock pushing into her on its own was ecstasy. She tried to mentally block out what was happening to her body and concentrate on the call but she was failing.

"Yeah. Yeah they're fine, we just dropped them off at school. You're mom and I were talking," He dad said slowly. Painfully slow, drawing out each word like he was hesitant to talk to her about something. But all Sarah wanted was for him to finish his call so she could cum. "We were talking about you actually. About how much pressure you seem to be under lately."

"Ahhhhmmmmmm," Sarah tried to make her groan sound like a response but Lester had started to pick up his pace. He was still going slow enough that the slapping sounds of their flesh weren't audible to her dad but she didn't know for sure if they weren't.

"Yeah....uh, well your mom and I were talking and it seems like your having a hard time balancing everything. With Dan gone, I'm sure the girls are a lot of work plus you have all those changes going on at the hospital." Her dad continued. He was still talking in the same slow drawn out manner but his voice had changed. He sounded more inquisitive.

"It's been hard," Sarah said before quickly shutting her mouth. She didn't want to say anything longer and have a moan escape her lips. She could feel that elusive orgasm starting to build back up inside of her.

"Yeah I know kid. I know. You're mom and I can tell you are a little off lately." Her dad said. Sarah was trying not to breath too hard but she couldn't help it. She felt like she was panting.

"Are you okay hun? You sound out of breath." Her dad asked.

"Yeah Dad. I ughhh just took the stairs here. More out of shape than I expected." Sarah bit her lip as Lester continued to pump in and out of her, his cock touching deep places inside of her.

"Heh I hear ya. Anyways..." He dad continued his slow manner of speak.

"Dad I gotta run to a meeting here soon. What's up?" Sarah desperately wanted this conversation to be over. She didn't want to cum with her dad on the line. She reached for the phone but Lester held it away from her.

"You're mom and I were thinking maybe we keep the girls for the next couple of days. We'll pick em up for school an keep them over the weekend." Her dad said. "Just to give you a break you know? Give you time to sort things out.

"That uhhhh," Sarah could feel her orgasm on the cusp of exploding, "That sounds good. Sooo good."

Lester grinned.

"Uh, okay." Her dad replied. "Maybe we can talk over the weekend and see if there is anything else your mom and I can help you with. Are you sure your okay right now? You sound kind of off?"

"Just running to a meeeting dad," Sarah stifled back a moan by biting her knuckles. "I'm a little frazzled this morning, thats all."

"Alright honey well, if something is off you'd let me know right?" Her dad said.

Fuck. Lester's pounding was doing too good of a job. She could feel her orgasm about to hit. Her pussy was gripping Lester's cock tightly, not wanting to let him go. "Yeah. Yeah. Yes. I would." Sarah said before burying her face in the couch.

Lester hit the mute button on the phone and Sarah came.

“Okay, I’m glad to hear it but like I said –”

“AHHHHMHMMMMMFUUUUCK,” Sarah grunted into the couch, her eyes rolling back in her head. She whimpered as her orgasm crashed down on her body, setting off a cascade of minifireworks inside of her.

“--we’re here for you, okay? Don’t worry about the girls, we’ll take care –”

“Uhhmmhmmhmmmmmm,” Sarah groaned as her orgasm didn’t stop, it just kept running over her body. Pulsating over and over across all of her nerves.

“--come over Saturday for dinner so we can talk –”

“Ahhhhshiiiiittt!” All that teasing by Lester’s tongue was finally exploding inside of her and it wasn’t stopping. It just continued to wash over her tense body.

“---your mom and I will help you figure things out--”

Sarah finally let out her breath and felt her body go limp on the couch. Lester stayed still inside of her, her pussy gripping him, holding him in place. So that he would stop for just a second.

“--Well I love you kid, I hope your day isn’t too crazy today,” Her dad said.

Sarah reached out and Lester let her unmute herself, “I love you too dad. Thanks again. Talk soon.”

“Bye,” Her dad said as Sarah pressed the button to hang up.

“Lester you are such an asshole, why did you—ughhhhh”

Lester grabbed both sides of her hips and started to power fuck her, cutting her off. He grunted and grinned at himself as his cock slide in and out of this gorgeous woman. This wife and mother. Who was all his as he fucked her on her knees in her own living room.

Sarah’s mouth hung limply open as her anger disappeared, replaced by a total need to let what was happening to her continue. She loved the feeling of Lester’s cock as it pushed deep into her, deeper than anyone else had ever been. She let her head fall forward, focusing on pushing her own ass back against Lester’s cock.

Wet slapping sounds filled the room as Lester’s thighs connected with Sarah’s. Her ass bounced and jiggled with each thrust delighting the perverted man. Sarah’s black pencil skirt was bunch up roughly around her hips, her shirt had come untucked at some point.

Suddenly Lester pulled out of her, causing her to groan in disappointment. She turned her head around with an upset look, wondering what the hell he was doing.

"Get up," Lester said pulling arm upwards. Sarah rolled her eyes and complied. Lester lead her towards her kitchen. On the way, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror. Her hair was a mess, her skirt was still partially bunched up around her waist and her white blouse was loose and wrinkled. She wanted to stop and take her clothes off but Lester pulled her into the kitchen and pinned her against her granite counters. Before she could process what was happening, his lips were on her neck, licking and biting her. His thigh pushed her legs apart and his hard cock, dripping with her juices was pressing hard against her leg.

Her phone started to ring again in the other room but this time Lester didn't make any move to answer it. Instead he grabbed her by her thighs and hefted her up onto the countertop. The effort seemed to wind him a bit but it didn't stop him from mauling her chest through her blouse.

The granite counter felt cold on Sarah's bare ass but she could feel the heat from Lester's cock. The troll like man was positioned between her legs, his cock just inches away from soaking wet pussy. Lester inched his cock forward, pressing it against her opening. Sarah's arms wrapped around him bracing herself for the inevitable. His back felt sweaty and she hoped that his sweat wasn't going to stain her blouse.

"Think it worked last night?" Lester said as she shoved himself inside of her with one hard thrust.

"Ahhhfuuuckkmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's large hot cock slide into her so quickly. "What did we do? What worked?"

"Did I knock you up last night? Do you think it worked?" Lester grunted into her chest, his head not quite matching with hers. His hands fumbled and he started to undo the buttons on her blouse under her heaving bra clad chest was expose to him. His face disappeared between her breasts as his tongue began lapping at her skin.

"Uhhhhh fuckk. I don't know Lester," Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's large was, locking her heels behind him. She wasn't going to let him go no. No more changing positions or trying something else, she wanted him to make her cum, "Sometimes it takes a few tries."

"How long did it take Dan to get the job done?" Lester grunted.

Sarah squeezed her eyes shut, focusing on the feeling of Lester's cock sliding in and out of her. Trying to squeeze him tightly with her pussy, milking him, "It took us a couple months each time."

She thought of those months fondly. While she had been worried at the time that something was wrong with them, she had loved the unprotected sex and the act of making a child. The sex had always been on fire then, knowing that they were doing something so biologically primal.

"I don't think it'll take me that long to put a baby in you," Lester grunted from between her tits, "Whose cock goes deeper inside of you, me or Dan?"

It felt like a betrayl to admit the truth but as he mind was reconciling the comparison to her husband, her lips spoke on their own. "You."

"I, what?" Lester grunted, "Say it."

"Your cock goes deeper. So, ah, mhmm, fucking deep." Sarah closed her eyes and wrapped her body around Lester tightly. Part of her knew that Lester was fixed, that pregnancy was an impossibility but the primal part of her was taking over, rutting herself off the counter to meet his upward thrusts into her.

"Whose cock makes more cum huh? Which of our sperm would have the better chance of flooding inside of you?" Lester was holding onto her ass as he pistoned himself in and out of her. He was standing on the balls of his feet to his the right angle inside of her.

And he was doing a damn good job. Sarah could feel her orgasm beginning to work itself back up inside of her. The disappointment about being dragged into the kitchen was forgotten as her body started to work her up to another mind shattering explosion. Her fucked up mind was now comparing Lester and her husband. Their prowess at sex, their virility and who ultimately would do a better job at knocking her up.

"Ugh god Lester, this is so fucked up," Sarah moaned into his ear, "You do. You're balls make more cum than I even knew was possible."

"Back then, when you were trying to a baby. If I had fucked you right after your husband, whose cum do you think would win? Who would have knocked you up?" Lester grunted.

The image of Dan between her legs, then moving to the side only to be replaced by Lester filled her mind. The idea of Lester joining in on her baby making sessions with her husband in their martial bed. She knew that answer that Lester wanted to hear. She knew what the truth would have been.

"You." Sarah body began to quake, her toes flex and she felt her muscles tense. Saying the words was like a match that lit the flame of her orgasm that set her body on fire, an illicit admission that put her over the edge, "YOU WOULD. FUCKKK. Don't fuccckkkkking stop Lester."

Sarah's nails bit into Lester's skin as she came on her countertop. Pleasure washed over her body like cascading dominoes that just kept going around and around, never stopping.

"Mhmmmm fuuck," Sarah moaned as her body seemed to tingle everywhere at once. Her mind reeled from the sensations in her body. It felt like a wave of pleasuring dipping and then peaking, over and over.

Lester was breathing hard against her chest. He knew it wouldn't be long before he came too. The way Sarah's pussy was gripping his cock was too much, thankfully he could get a breather for a moment and settle himself while her orgasm made her body thrash.

He wanted to give her another one. As she started to come down, Lester pulled himself completely out of her and rammed his cock back into her, causing her ass to jump off the counter in response.

"Mhmmhmmhmm," Sarah grunted in reply, the sharp pain of his cock pushing in so quickly seemed to reignite her fading orgasm, "Fuck Lester, I'm gonna uhhh, cuumm again. Don't STOP!"

"I'm going to do something Dan never could," Lester grunted, getting breathless. "I'm going to fuck a baby boy into you right now. I'm going to knock you up and make you a mother again. You're gonna take my cum. Get pregnant all over again!"

Dan had always wanted a boy. So had she. Lester's words struck something inside of her. Sorrow and longing for a what if. Her body responded by thrusting her ass back and forth on the counter eagerly trying to meet Lester's incoming thrusts.

"I want you to make a baby boy with me," Lester whispered, raising his head up from his chest, planting wet, sloppy kisses on her bare neck, "Do you want that?"

"Yess," Sarah said without thinking. She wasn't sure if she was just playing along with their roleplay from last night or if that came from somewhere deeper inside of her. It was the only answer that made sense in that moment. The only one that mattered, "Do it Lester. Fuck me. Knock me up."

Lester slowed his speed, but kept pushing his cock deep into her. Her grabbed Sarah on each side of her face and stared deep into her eyes, "Say it again."

"Fuck me," Sarah bit her lip looking into Lester's ugly beady eyes. She couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of desire for him. "Put a baby in me Lester."

Lester felt his balls begin to tighten at her words, "Call me daddy then. Moan it for me."

"Uhhmmmmhmmmm daddy," Sarah moaned, puzzle pieces clinking together in her mind at associating that word with Lester. The father of her children, kind and affectionate being replaced with a repulsive sex fiend. The word was taking on new meaning for her as her neurons seemed to rewire on the fly, "Fuck me daddy. Let's make a baby boy Lester. Don't fucking stop."

Sarah's mouth unagape but she never broke eye contact with Lester. He stared back at her, seemingly peering into her soul, seeing all the desires and vulnerabilities. She felt connected to him in that moment, not just because his cock was buried inside of her. It was something else she couldn't quite articulate.

"Here it cums Sarah," Lester licked his lips as he felt his balls begin to release the torrent of cum stored there. "I'm going to do it. We're going to do it."

"Mhmmmmhmmmmshhiiiiit," Sarah felt Lester's cock begin to expand and contract inside of her. She knew he was about to flood her pussy with his illicit cum, "Cum for me daddy fucking cum oh my god Lester cum ahh uuhhm for me dadddddyyy."

Lester exploded inside of her, his hot, thick sticky cum blasting, coating the walls of her pussy. Each hit was seismic pleasure to Sarah's body. She quickly responded by cumming herself. The muscles of her pussy clenched down on Lester's cock, holding him in place, milking every last drop out of him.

"OHMYGODFUCCCUKK," Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as she came. Her heels dug into Lester's fat ass, pulling him hard towards her. His knees smacked against her cupboards, the sound ringing out. Her nails dug into the back of his head, piercing his skin through his thinning hair. Lester's hot cum flooding into her felt like a drug she couldn't get enough of. Knowing that another's man seed was pouring into her had set her over the edge, pushing her body beyond exhaustion and into another dimension of pleasure that seemed to envelop her very being. She wanted to stay here forever, wrapped in the warm embrace of her orgasm as her insides were flooded with Lester's hot cum, "MHMMHHMMMMMMHMMMMMMMMM."

Suddenly Lester's lips were on hers, both of them closing their eyes and kissing each other passionately. Their tongues dances together as both of them rode their mutual orgasms together.

Lester's thrusts slowed and Sarah's ass came to rest on the counter. Exhausted, they both stayed still, breathing into each other's mouths as they tried to catch their breaths. Lester planted a soft, tender kiss on Sarah's lips and she immediately felt butterflies in her stomach. She wasn't sure what she was feeling but she wanted more it.

Sarah relaxed her legs and let her arms drop to Lester's chest releasing him from her hold. On shaky feet, Lester stepped back, his cock sliding out of her pussy with a pop. She immediately felt his cum begin to leak out of her, dropping onto the counter before overflowing onto the floor.

"Shit," Sarah said, pulling herself down and hurrying over to the roll of paper towels next to the sink. She could feel more of Lester inside of her but moved quickly to clean up the mess of his cum on the counter where her children would eat breakfast. Sarah quickly bent over and cleaned the rest on the floor before grabbing more paper towels and holding them against her naked pussy, trying to catch more of Lester's large load that was seething out of her.

Lester was leaning against the opposite counter breathing hard, looking over the sexy wife's body proud of what he had just done. He felt unstoppable. Powerful. Invincible.

Sarah looked up at Lester, catching his eye. An amused smile appeared on her face at what had just transpired. Her expression shifted as her eyes looked past Lester to the microwave behind him. The time on the clock couldn't be right.

With a sense of dread, Sarah pulled down her skirt and hurried back into the living room and found her phone.

"Shit. Shit. Shit!" Sarah exclaimed looking at the time on her phone. She was so fucking late for work. She found her panties and pulled them back on before tucking her blouse into her blouse and fumbling to do the buttons up, "I'm so fucking late Lester."

Lester continued to lean against the kitchen counter, not caring. He had done what he set out to do this morning.

Sarah hurried over to the mirror in her entryway. She was a mess but she didn't have time to change. She tried to smooth out the wrinkles in her shirt but her hair was wild and screamed sex. There was a brush in her glove box, she would try to tame it down before she got into the office.

With a split second of hesitation, Sarah opened the front door and darted across her driveway to her car. As she began to back out, she realized that she was leaving Lester alone in her home.

"Hi, this is Sarah Williams, I can't take your call at the moment but please leave me a message and I'll get back to you," the voice from Dan's phone said. He hung up and walked across his hotel room to the ironing board to retrieve his blazer.

His phone buzzed in his hand and he looked down hoping it was his wife returning his call. He sighed. It was just a work email from Walt. He quickly read over the contents and felt an impending sense of dread. It was briefing on the project for Jesse's company and a request for Dan to visit Jesse's office for a kick off meeting soon.

Dan began to type up a response and stopped himself. He felt rattled and it occurred to him that if he responded now, it might be too full of his raw emotions. He needed to park the email for a little while and clear his head. Figure out the best way to tackle this new problem.

He shoved the phone into the inside pocket of his blazer, gathered his things and left for the meeting with Sentient Securities.

She was so late. So incredibly, stupidly late. Maybe she should have just called in sick but doing that never felt right to her, not when so many people depended on her. She should be above calling out unless she was really sick.

But then again, she should be above letting a degenerate like Lester fuck her senseless and make her late for work. Sarah pulled her car into the hospital's parking lot and quickly found a parking spot.

She checked the time on her phone again. The daily meeting with department heads was already well underway. Should she try to get to her office first or just go right to the meeting? She didn't want to miss this meeting, especially with the new CEO starting on Monday. She'd have figure out an excuse before she got to the meeting.

Would anyone fault her for being late due to mind blowing sex with her husband's disgusting roommate? She shuddered at the thought of revealing that information to her professional colleagues. Sarah turned off the car, gathered her things and hurried across the parking lot towards the hospital.

As she quickened her pace, she could feel how sore her pussy was from getting back to back poundings from Lester. She dreaded our uncomfortable she was going to be all day.

The hospital always had people in it, day and night. But when Sarah opened the doors she felt overwhelmed by the activity of people rushing around. She knew it was just a typical day but it compounded her unease over being late. She was already feeling behind the eye ball but knowing her colleagues were over an hour ahead of her in their workdays made her stomach turn.

Her heels clicked on the tile floor of the large atrium as she made a beeline for the elevators. Thankfully no one stopped her and she made it into the elevator without any small talk or emergency issues that needed her attention. Sarah finally breathed as the elevator doors closed and she punched in the floor for the meeting.

These last few days had felt like like was drowning and sea, struggling to come up for air. She didn't feel like herself, so out of control. Sarah caught a glimpse of herself in the reflective panel of the elevator and straightened out her no wrinkled skirt and tried to tame her hair that seemed to scream sex.

The elevators door opened and she stepped out. She didn't like this version of herself, the one who seemed to be behind on everything. Everything except for sex with Lester. He had taken her several times over the past few days. Each instance seemed to blur together. All she knew was that the moral excuse of having dates with the ogre seemed to be out the window lately. He hadn't even brought up the fact that he was covering Dan's rent, Lester just seemed to storm into her life and take what he wanted.

Dan. She had totally forgot that he was supposed to call this morning. Maybe he was busy or maybe he was still angry over their blow up yesterday. She still couldn't believe that he would just abandon their plans to come home to fly out and meet a new client. She loved her husband's tenacity but all the work he was putting in wasn't showing any results yet. Lately she just wished he would abandon Chicago and move back with or without anything lined up.

As she neared the meeting room, she could hear animated voices from behind the door. Gently, she turned the doorknob and eased the door open a crack and quietly slid into the room. The conversation abruptly stopped and all heads swivelled in her direction. At that moment, Sarah felt a gush of Lester's cum leak out of her dampening her panties. She regretted wearing her pencil skirt.

"Richard, this is Sarah Williams our head administrator," John wasn't seated at the head of the table like he normally was. In his place was an older man in his late fifties who did not look as distinguished as his LinkedIn profile made him appear. His thinning hair was a mixture of grey and whites and needed a trim. Despite his expensive looking suit, the shirt he wore beneath looked old and discolored, its collar frayed. Wrinkle lines adorned his face and his eyes looked hard. He looked like he cultivated a professional exterior but there was neglect under the surface.

Richard Thornhill the hospital's incoming CEO was staring at her with an amused and impatient look on his face. "The one I was telling you about, that helped up navigate the recent security breach."

Richard's expression shifted to a flat non-descript smile. He gave Sarah a silent nod and then turned back to the rest of the table, "Like I was saying earlier, one of the things I implemented at my last post was to ensure that the hospital was operating on every cylinder. Which means the whole hospital is only as strong as its weakest link. We are dealing with lives here, we can't afford to give ourselves any slack in any area. Tardiness is a slippery slope to cutting other corners. Once we start normalizing things like that, that's where we fall off our metrics and decline as an organization."

"Sorry," Sarah interjected as she took her seat next to Jerry, "I had an issue with my girls I had to take care of this morning. It isn't something that typically happens."

Richard made a steeple with hands and said, "Sarah, being late affects the team's productivity and how well this hospital runs. Maybe you need to reconsider how you manage your time outside of work."

Sarah was taken aback by Richard's comment. She felt uneasy sitting there in front of her peers getting a dressing down by this new man who didn't know anything about her or how the hospital runs. A fire started to turn in her stomach and she wanted to lash out but her professionalism overruled that instinct, "Of course. It won't happen again."

Her panties felt soaked as more of Lester's cum escaped from her pussy. Now that she was seated she could feel it drip down towards her asshole. Great, not only did she have to worry about this new boss but she had to fret over whether her colleagues might notice cum dripping down her legs or a stain in her pencil skirt on her ass or crotch.

John swiftly interjected and moved on to other agenda items. Sarah could feel Jerry's eyes on her, likely wanting to share a knowing look of disapproval over Richard's comments but Sarah kept her eyes trained on John. She didn't want to get caught making a sour face.

Why that hell was Richard here early? He was supposed to be here on Monday. She cringed internally knowing that she was already off on the wrong foot with her new boss. Now it would be an uphill battle trying to prove herself to him, something she shouldn't have to do after the years of her life she dedicated to this hospital.

Lester was enjoying a bowl of lucky charms while flipping through the channels on the William's TV. It was nostalgic actually watching cable. He couldn't remember the last time he hadn't just streamed something.

Movement out of the corner of his eye caused him to tear his eyes away from the TV. He looked out the window, past the curtain that was only being held up by a few rings and saw a man walking his dog out on the street. The man didn't look in Lester's direction.

If he had he would have seen Lester's naked body sitting comfortably on the William's leather couch. The family probably had family movie nights all sitting together here with popcorn and drinks.

Lester smirked at the idea, knowing that he just fucked the mother of the family senseless here a couple hours ago. Sarah was panicked as she left the house. It was almost funny how late he had made her.

When he turned off her alarm in the middle of the night, he had hoped she would sleep in but her body seemed to have waked itself up earlier than he expected. Still, he couldn't argue with the results of the morning.

He was slowly making Sarah his. His calculated efforts were bearing fruit. That strong woman he first met in his apartment was now screaming for him to knock her up while he fucked her in her own living room. Things were going great.

The wedge had been driven in between Sarah and Dan. Now Lester needed to find a way to nail it in harder to widen the divide between them. Today was likely the one of the rare instances someone so professional like Sarah had been late for work. But he had already given her a lot of firsts at work. He intended to keep pushing her boundaries at work. Worst case, Lester got to fuck her all over that hospital. Best case scenario, she would get caught and be reprimanded. If she happened to be fired, well, that would make her more dependent on Lester's money to survive.

Now he needed to figure out a way to deal with her children. He didn't want them in the picture. But how best to break a mother's love for her children? They were too young for developing a rebellious nature. Sarah's father seemed happy enough looking after them.

Lester took another spoonful of her lucky charms. Maybe there was a boarding school he could ship the brats off to once Dan was out of the picture. Or maybe he could saddle Dan with the kids entirely. Was there was a way for Dan to lose the girls while out in public? Two birds with one stone. Girls are gone. Sarah hates Dan. I would be her only comfort.

That was an interesting idea that Lester needed to think about more. Surely it wouldn't be impossible to arrange.

Done with his lucky charms, Lester raised the bowl to his lips and loudly slurped down the rest of the milk. He noticed an Xbox under the TV. Intrigued he turned it on and started to look through it. Dan was the only one with a profile, which only required a button press to sign into. Lester looked through the games Dan had played. Some Lester respectively nodded but other he just shook his head. It looked like Dan was in the middle of playing through the Mass Effect trilogy, a sprawling Sci-Fi RPG that Lester had completed years ago. Dan had dozens of hours logged into the game based on his game save. With a wicked smile, Lester erased Dan's save file.

Lester turned the TV and Xbox off and dropped the bowl into the sink before heading upstairs to explore the rest of the William's home unimpeded.

He past by the girl's bedroom. That room would be investigated later. Likely no leverage he could find in there but perhaps he could learn about the girl's interests and see if there was some way to exploit that knowledge.

Instead he found himself in the William's home office, thumbing through their filing cabinet. Lester found a pad and a pencil and took notes on the families mortgage payments, social security numbers, their debts, car loans and other pieces of information that he might use in the future. Smiling, he left the filing cabinet having a more complete picture of the William's financial situation and how indebted they were.

Lester hummed a tune to himself as he walked naked through the Williams' home. In the couple's bedroom, he took his time going through Dan's things before wandering into the walk in closet and thumbing through Sarah's underwear. He plopped himself down on the bed and wrapped a

white pair of Sarah's panties around his cock as he jerked himself off. He made sure to take several pictures of his cock to send to Sarah later on.

In the bedroom's walk in bathroom, Lester found Sarah's toothbrush and absently brushed his teeth with it while he took a piss. This was a new experience for him, roaming free in a families' home, degrading it however he pleased. He was revelling in the power he felt. This was a new high he didn't want to let go of.

A wicked idea entered Lester's mind. He made his way back downstairs, past the large bay window and into the kitchen. For the next few minutes he rummaged through drawers until he found what he was looking for.

A spare key to the William's home. Grinning, Lester went back upstairs to get dressed. He had an errand to run before Sarah returned home.

"Here is where I think a mistake was made on the original designs for this data centre. The big thing I've noticed is the lack of recycled water system. You're going to need to keep all those servers cool presumably, with the current plan it looks like your going to be running off municipal water." Dan only had a few minutes to look at the plans laid out on the table in front of him. Sentionl Securities building wasn't hard to find but it was a pretty bland, non-descript building in downtown D.C.

Dan wasn't too familiar with the town but if he wasn't looking for it, he probably would have missed this building entirely. Still, his mind was elsewhere thinking about Sarah.

"You're going to be spending a ton on your water intake, which from a sustainability perspective isn't great. We can add a recycled water tanker here," Dan pointed at part of the blueprints on the table, "Which can have the added benefit of cooling the water before we reintroduce it into the building's ecosystem. There are several other ways we can look at making the entire thing more efficient using best practices that have been developed in the last few years."

Dan sat back in his chair feeling confident in his assessment and explanation. He still didn't understand what all the secrecy was about or why he had to fly out here to look at blueprints. For that matter, it was strange that they gave him print outs instead of presenting him with them digitally.

Martin, his main point of contact at Sentionl looked up the table to man with bushy eyebrows who simply nodded back to him before standing up and leaving the room. Several other people followed until it was just Martin and Dan alone in the meeting room.

"Dan," Martin started, "Thanks again for flying out here and looking over this for us. I know we haven't been as upfront with things as you are probably used to but we appreciate your patience with us."

"It's not a problem," Dan lied, thinking about how his marriage seemed to be taking a serious hit because of this trip. "I am curious though, we could have done all of this over zoom. I'm happy to be out here and I'll happily come again but is it the best use of your resources to fly me out?"

"For this project, it is." Martin said. "You may have noticed on your way in but we have some pretty strict policies around security."

Dan nodded. Just to get into the building he had to pass through two security checkpoints and another to get on the floor he was currently on.

"There's a couple reasons we needed you here in person." Martin said. "A few others still wanted to assess you." Martin motioned towards where the guy with the bushy eyebrows had been sitting.

"And now that you are here, we can get you cleared with security and assign you a secure laptop to work on," Martin leaned forward and lowered his voice, "We work very closely with a three letter government agency. This datacenter project is one of theirs. Thus the secure measures. I hope you'll understand."

I should have quoted a higher rate. It all made sense now. He was aware that the government had put in new sustainability building requirements with a recent bill. Whatever this datacenter was for, would likely fall under those new provisions.

"Okay," Dan said laying his hands flat on the table. "What's next?"

"Next, I'm going to take you downstairs to get your photo taken and a temporary badge. We've already done a background check to get you cleared as a contractor. I have a secure laptop and phone waiting for you on my desk. Then I have a meeting for you tomorrow with our IT security specialists to show you how to use the laptop and phone to tunnel in securely here to workstation."

"That sounds great," Dan was still a little taken aback by how serious this client was shaping up to be. "Could I ask a favor? There is a minor issue at home I'd like to take care of. Would it be possible to squeeze the security specialists in today so that I can fly back early?"

Martin rubbed his eyes and gave Dan a flat smile, "I'll see what I can do. Let's head downstairs and get you your badge."

Dan followed Martin out of the meeting room and into the labyrinth of hallways beyond.

Sarah held her face in her hands as she leaned against the door to her office. Of all the days to be late, it had to be the day when her new boss was in the building. After the meeting Jerry had told her that the board wanted a quick transition, so Richard was in for just a few hours for the rest of the week to get his feet wet before starting full time on Monday.

In her entire tenure at the hospital, she had never felt more embarrassed than she had this morning. She was already starting off on the wrong foot with her new boss. Even if she kicked ass for the remainder of the year, he would be starting off with the assumption that she was regularly late and couldn't balance her personal life with her professional one.

It felt like her life was spinning out of control. Why of all days did she have to be late today? She should have walked out that door when she had the chance this morning instead of trying to wake Lester up. She still would have been late but it wouldn't have been as noticeable.

At least the cum that had leaked out of her hadn't stained her skirt. At least, she was fairly certain it hadn't. She hadn't caught anyone staring at her and didn't notice anything in the bathroom mirror earlier. Even though there wasn't a stain, her pussy was still aching from Lester's overzealous fucking.

God this morning was such a colossal fuck up. It had felt amazing in the moment but Sarah was horrified at her inability to say no to Lester. It was like her body just couldn't resist him. She was a strong independent, professional woman. Why did she just seem to crumple so easily when it came to Lester?

It wasn't just his cock. There was something else about him that just seemed to strike a nerve inside of her. It was like he pushed all these buttons inside of her she didn't know were there.

Sarah dropped her hands and let out a long breath. She needed to figure a way out of this. She needed to take a break from Lester so she could breathe and clear her head. Otherwise she was worried her job might go the same way Dan's had.

Her heels clicked on the tile floor of her office as she walked over to her desk. As much as she hated being the first to reach out and apologize, she needed to vent to Dan. She desperately wanted to hear his reassuring voice telling her everything was going to be okay. Once she heard it, maybe she could start believing that herself and stop herself from spiraling.

Sitting down in her chair, Sarah opened her phone and dialed Dan's number. She shoved the nervousness and dread in the bit of her stomach down. She was the one that bit his head off yesterday on the phone, he would be happy she was trying to patch things up. Grateful probably, to be done with their argument.

Her heart dropped when the ringing on the other end changed to his voicemail message.

"Dan..." Sarah started unsure how to say everything she wanted to say in a short voice mail, "Look, I'm sorry about the yesterday. There has been some stuff going on that I really want to talk to you about. Call me back, okay?"

Sarah put the phone down on her desk, her eyes shifting to her monitor. There was a flurry of new emails awaiting her action but her eyes seemed to glaze over, unable to figure out how to tackle them all. She felt paralyzed by indecision. She wasn't sure how long she just sat there staring at the screen, her eyes unfocused.

Her trance was broken by her cell phone vibrating on her desk. Happy with the distraction, she grabbed it, eager to talk to her husband. But it wasn't Dan calling. Lester had sent her a picture of himself stroking his cock.

Sarah squinted and looked at the picture more closely. That was her room. Lester was jerking off in her room, on her bed. Another picture appeared under the other one, this time a pair of her panties were wrapped around Lester's cock as he appeared to stroke himself.

Sarah could feel her panties getting damp but she wasn't sure if it was cum from this morning or her body's involuntary response to seeing Lester's cock. Some kind of fucked up pavlovian response.

> Lester what are you still doing in my house? You should be here at work

Sarah hit send on the message, angry at herself for leaving Lester alone in her home. Her phone vibrated with another message from Lester.

> I couldn't help myself. I had unfinished business.

Another picture appeared below his message of her panties wrapped around his cock, drenched in his cum.

> Cum back here and help me clean up.

Sarah tried to shake off her arousal and tried to think she straight. She ignored the picture and sent her husband's roommate several messages:

> Lester get out of my house.

> You should be here

> Its going to reflect poorly on me and I don't need that right now

Three dots appeared, indicating Lester was typing up a response before disappearing. A new email with a red exclamation mark slid into her inbox. Sarah read the contents of it quickly.

"Shit," she stood up and quickly grabbed her things. There was an urgent issue downstairs she needed to help with, even though she wasn't feeling at all capable at the moment. She rushed across her office, flung open the door and almost collided with the janitor and his cart on the other side.

"Sorry!" Sarah said as she tried to steady the cart briefly. She looked up at the man apologetically and recognized his worth face. It was Otis that janitor that had helped clean up here office. The one who probably cleaned her body's smudges off the window. Sarah winced at the idea. "So sorry, emergency downstairs."

Sarah turned and hurried to the elevator. As the doors closed, she realized it was odd for a janitor to be on the administrative floor at this time of the day. He wasn't deliberating waiting outside her door, was he?

Lester finished pulling on his oversized shorts as he checked his phone again. The Uber Eats driver was getting close and he knew from experience it was better to be clothed for these kinds of encounters.

He made his way down the William's stairs and waited anxiously at their front door. He wanted the timing on this to be perfect, otherwise it might not work. He would have preferred to stay naked for when Sarah arrived home but his plan demanded him to be clothed.

The sacrifices he made for this woman. He was tempted to check his discord and see what was going on with his group but the driver just turned onto the William's street. Lester opened the door and waited impatiently for the driver to arrive. He didn't care if any of Sarah's neighbors saw him. If they noticed a strange man at the William's house, who knows, maybe it would be outside pressure on the couple that could cause them to crack a little more.

The driver finally arrived and handed the bag of food over to Lester. Without waiting, Lester took the food back into the house, closing the door behind him. The app prompted him to add a tip and Lester giddily declined.

With the bag of food in hand, Lester brought it into the kitchen and started to unpack it. He figured that pasta would be the easiest type of food he could passably make without catching Sarah's suspicion. He rifled through cupboards, pulling out sauce pans, ladles and other items.

He promptly dropped all of them into the sink, sprayed in some dishsoap and let the water fill up. He found one of Sarah's serving dishes and put the take out pasta on it, then grabbed all of the packaging and put it in the William's large garbage can in the garage. He made sure to cover it with some other refuse so Sarah wouldn't discover it.

Back inside, Lester laid out plates and cutlery on the dining table. In one of the drawers he found a lighter and some candles, which he set up and lit on the table. As a finishing touch, he stuck his fingers in the pasta's tomato sauce and rubbed a couple splotches onto his shirt and around the stovetop to add evidence of his cooking efforts.

He opened up a bottle of Sarah's favorite wine he had picked up earlier and waited for his prey to return.

Sarah's breath caught in the back of her throat as she neared her house. Lester's vehicle was still parked in the driveway. Did he even go into work today? Jerry hadn't said anything to her about Lester but he just couldn't ghost her colleagues.

After the embarrassing day she had, all Sarah wanted to do was take a long hot shower and relax. Maybe find some kind of alcohol in her house to take the edge off a bit and try not to replay that terrible meeting from this morning.

But now she had to deal with Lester. It's not that she hated him, in fact she found that lately she was surprised how easy he was to tolerate. She just wanted time alone to herself, to collect her thoughts and recenter herself.

She pulled into her driveway next to Lester's car and glanced around, hoping none of her neighbors would try to talk to her on the short walk between the car and her door. She took a deep breath and made up her mind. She was going to go inside and kick Lester out, kindly of course. She just wanted to be alone.

Sarah opened the car door and hurried inside. The smell was the first thing she noticed. Something smelled great.

"Oh hey, perfect timing," Lester stepped out from the kitchen and rubbed his hands on his chest. Red sauce smugged Dan's barbecuing apron that Lester was wearing, "Dinner is ready, come take a seat. You look great by the way."

Sarah had a mental list of things to say to Lester. Ways to reason with him to make him go back to his hotel room but his comments caught her off guard. He disappeared back into the kitchen before she could respond. Did he really think she looked good? She felt like a hot mess all day. And what did he do? He cooked her dinner without burning the house down? She didn't realize that was a skillset her had. The only things she had ever seen him eat came from a restaurant or from a package of some kind.

Part of her felt relief at not having to figure out dinner. She hated cooking just for herself and would have probably opted for a frozen pizza. She couldn't remember the last time someone had made her dinner. It was have at least been before Dan moved to Chicago but even before that, it was usually one of the unspoken duties she always took care of.

Sarah followed Lester into the kitchen and looked around. The sink was full of soapy dishes but there were splotches of red sauce near her stove that Lester must have missed. Lester was carrying a serving tray full of pasta over to the dining room table with a set of tongs stuck in them.

She found two glasses of wine that Lester had poured on the counter, alongside her favorite bottle.

"You made pasta?" Sarah asked skeptically.

"Yeah," Lester set the tray of pasta down before turning around and wiping his hands on the apron. "I figured you might need some energy after last night and this morning. I'm not much of a cook but looked up a recipe on YouTube and ran out and got the ingredients. I think its good but I'll let you be the judge of that."

"I hope its okay that I did this," Lester walked over with a spoon filled with red tomato sauce, "I just wanted to do something nice for you."

"After what happened this morning, you still have a lot of work to do to redeem yourself. Do you know what kind of shitty day I had? I was so late because of you and got in shit with my new boss."

Ignoring her comment, Lester held the spoon up in front of her, waiting for her to taste it. Intrigued, Sarah leaned forward and tasted the sauce.

"It's good. You made this?" Sarah asked.

Lester beamed. "I did. You know it wasn't too hard actually. I think you bring out the best in me. Come on, lets sit and eat it while its still hot."

He made his way over to the table and pulled her chair out for her. Sarah stood still for a second. Maybe she could kick him out after dinner. He did go through all this effort of making something for her. The least she could do was eat it with him.

"Okay," Sarah said walking over and taking a seat. Lester pushed her chair in and sat opposite her. Sarah looked down at her plate and then back up at Lester skeptically, "You made this?"

"Yeah. I mean, I made some mistakes since I don't cook all the time but I just tried to follow along with the recipe and intrusctions on the video." Lester twirled his fork around the noodles and put a heaping portion in his mouth. Several strands hung down his chin, which he prompted slurped up.

"I'm still pissed about earlier. I tried waking you up and it was impossible. It was like trying to wake one of my kids. And then you came down naked and, well....you know the rest. I was running late as it was and you made me so fucking late Lester. I've never been so embarrsed in my life." Sarah interjected, the matter wasn't settled for her and she felt like she was gearing up for a similiar fight to the one she had with Dan.

As she prepared her next several lines of arguments to pepper Lester with he said, "You're right. I'm sorry. I didn't know what time it was and when I saw you, how attractive you looked in your professional outfit. I just couldn't help myself. I'm sorry."

Sarah wasn't used to an apology so quickly. It took her off guard. She was still upset, mainly over what happened at work today but her anger towards Lester softened slightly. She looked down at her plate, at the pasta he had prepared. Prepared for her. The effort he put in. She could still be mad but didn't want to be a total bitch and ruin this.

Sarah raised an eyebrow, shrugged her shoulders and tasted Lester's pasta. It wasn't bad. Sarah made a better dish herself but she was impressed Lester had put dinner together, "So tell me again, why you made dinner?"

Lester shrugged his shoulders, "After hearing your dad on the phone today I realized how hard things must be for you right now, with everything goin on here and at work. I just figured I'd try to make it a bit easier for you."

Sarah took another mouthful of pasta and thought his comment over. It was nice, for a change to not have to make dinner and to have someone else take care of things. Take care of her. Sarah misjudged her next fork full of pasta and a long strand hung out of her mouth. Instead of embarassingly covering her face, she smiled and slurped it up like Lester had.

Lester smiled and they both shared a small chuckle.

"So, how was your day at the hospital? Challenging?" Lester asked. Before Sarah knew what she was doing, she started talking about her day. Telling him how late she was, how he new boss had surprised her and the work emergencies she had to deal with. It felt nice just unloading and talking about the things that stressed her out. The more she talked, the more the weight of the stress she had been carrying around all day seemed to lighten.

As Sarah was nearing the end of her plate she looked up at Lester, "Lester I want you to know I appreciate the dinner. And I appreciate the effort you put into making this for me. I means a lot. Thank you."

Lester nodded.

"After the day I've had," Sarah continued, "I really was hoping just to have a bit of time to myself. I hope you understand. Maybe have a quiet night, take a bath and turn in early. I hope thats okay."

"Whatever you need," Lester said standing up and beginning to clear the dishes, "I'm here for you, whatever it is."

Sarah finished her food and Lester promptly picked up her plate and brought it over to the sink, "I'll just wash these dishes and then I'll get out of your hair. Why won't you go change out of those work clothes."

That was a good idea. Sarah hated wearing her hospital clothes around her clean house. She looked at Lester who had his back to her as he began scrubbing the dishes in the sink. He seemed like he was growing into a different person. Maybe it was her influence on him but lately he had been doing little things that made it seem like he was evolving.

Sarah headed up stairs and changed into a comfy pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt. Before heading back downstairs, Sarah checked her phone and noticed that Dan had tried calling earlier in the morning. She wanted to call him back but not while Lester was here. Once he left she would pour herself another glass of wine and hash things out with her husband.

She headed back downstairs with her phone in hand. Lester had just finished washing the dishes and was drying his hands on a towel. Dan's barbecue apron was folded on her counter top. She made a mental note to throw it in the washing machine.

"Alright, I'm heading out," Lester said, gathering his keys.

"Thanks again for dinner Lester. It was good. But I'm still pissed that you made late this morning," Sarah said as Lester walked up and stood right in front of her.

"Hey it takes two to tango," Lester chuckled, "I guess we both got a little carried away huh?"

Sarah shrugged her shoulders and gestured towards the door.

"Come on," Lester said taking a step in the door's direction, "It was good. You enjoyed yourself. I know it."

"Oh yeah? Are you so sure?" Sarah challenged him, "How do you know I wasn't just faking it?"

Lester stopped and turned towards her, "Because if you were faking it, you would have faked it earlier and made it to work on time."

Sarah stared daggers at him, "Fair point."

Lester stepped up to Sarah. She had her arms crossed and didn't step back, resolved to hold her ground.

"Kiss goodbye for the road?" Lester asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes, "Fine but a kiss on the lips only. Got it?"

"Got it," Lester smirked as his lips descended on hers. He planted a small peck on her lips and Sarah felt a jolt of electricity run through her body. Then Lester did what Lester usually did. He dropped his arms to her waist and pulled her body into his, pressing himself against her.

Sarah futilely pushed against his chest but felt her body responding to Lester's advances. She could feel his crotch pushing into her again, just like it had this morning. Lester's hand started massaging her ass cheeks while the other snaked up her back and gently gripped the back of her neck, holding her tight.

His fingers expanded, running up the base of her skull, digging under her hair. Sarah moaned into his mouth. She loved having the hair at the base of her neck played with. She felt her body starting to heat up, responding to Lester's manipulations.

Soon Lester's was grinding his crotch against her as his tongue started to press apart her lips. Sarah had stopped pressing against Lester's flabby chest and just held her hand there, feeling his heart beating through her skin. Her tongue reciprocated and ran against Lester's, her mouth sucked back on his tongue.

Sarah felt her knees start to weaken as Lester held her tight, pressing his hardening cock against her body. She knew what her body wanted. It was the same thing Lester wanted in this moment. But what did she want?

She felt herself move her hips back and forth grinding against Lester's cock. God it feels good. It's right there.

Sarah felt the familiar sensation of getting lost in this. Getting lost in Lester, giving in to the demands of her body and letting everything else slip away. A small, quiet voice inside of her was trying to scream, to tell her that all her issues today was because she gave into this.

But how could something that feels so good. Feels so right, be so bad? Sarah's mind tried to make sense of things but she could feel her body taking over. Clinically she knew that enorphines were flooding into her brain, making good decision making hazy.

With some strength, Sarah pushed against Lester's chest and broke their kiss. Lester stumbled back and caught himself on the back of the couch. His cock had made an impressive tent in his pants.

Sarah stood there staring at it, breathing hard. She alternated between looking at Lester's cock and up into that ugly, beady face of his. Her mind had rebelled for a second but now her body was trying to reassert control. There a battle ranging inside of her but she knew what the best decision was.

Then Lester shuffled out of his pants, letting them drop to the floor alongside his boxers. His large, girthy cock with it's unkempt public hair jutted out at her. Sarah couldn't help but look at it. Look at this thing that gave her immense pleasure and seemed to have become a regular fixture in her life.

But she couldn't fuck Lester again. Her pussy was already so sore from their back to back sessions and she had experienced the most humiliating day of her career because she had fucked Lester this morning. Still though.....

"Go sit on the couch," Sarah ordered Lester.

Lester smirked, "I was thinking we should go back upstairs."

No way. If she did fuck Lester again she wouldn't be able to walk right. And what would happen after? She would probably fall asleep from exhaustion and repeat this whole process again tomorrow.

"I said get on the couch Lester," Sarah pointed towards the couch as she walked past Lester. She noted the curtain still hanging askew, only being held up by a few rings, "It wasn't a request. Get over here now."

The only way that Sarah could get what she wanted was to assert herself. Just like she did in the workplace. Even if her body wanted something else, Sarah could control a situation and make the better decision.

Lester looked intrigued at the attitude change in Sarah and quickly complied, walking over and sitting down on one side of the leather couch.

"No, move into the middle," Sarah said. Lester had been sitting in Dan's place and Sarah wanted complete control of what was happening.

"Here's what's going to happen," Sarah said as she grabbed a hair tie off the table and pulled her hair back into a ponytail. "I'm going to thank you properly for that dinner. In fact, I'm still a little hungry and want some desert. Afterwards you're going to go back to your hotel and jerk off while thinking about me. Got it?"

"Listen Sarah I know what you want and we both know only I can –" Lester started.

"Stop," Sarah said sternly, "I didn't ask you to speak. Nod your head if you understand."

Lester slowly nodded his head. Sarah smiled mischaevously and lowered herself to her knees, "Good."

Sarah took her hands and ran them over Lester's legs, slowly parting them as she moved in between them. Her manicured nails ran up Lester's bare pasty white skin. She stared down at his cock and bit her lip before looking back up at Lester.

"You have a beautiful cock Lester. I couldn't let you leave here without giving me my desert." Her fingers traced up his upper thigh under they made contact with the base of his cock. Sarah gripped his cock firmly with both hands and started to stroke it.

Lester sunk into the couch, throwing his head back and his arms went wide, revelling in what was about to happen.

Sarah could feel how hard it was to stroke Lester's cock with her bare hands. Skin on skin. It needed some lubrication. Eagerly Sarah lowered her head and kissed the head of Lester's cock gently. She planted several gentle, small kisses against it before her tongue slowly added to her kisses. As she french kissed Lester's cock she tasted his precum start to ooze out of his cock slit.

"Mhmmm you taste good Lester," Sarah said, twirling her tongue all around his cockhead, "Are you going to fill my belly up?"

Lester kept his eyes closed and nodded.

"Good boy," Sarah said as she lowered her tongue to the underside of his cockhead, letting it swirl around there before venturing further down his shaft, "Momma's hungry."

Sarah's tongue drew a line down the underside of Lester's cock as her hand held his cock head straight up. As Sarah's tongue reached the base of his cock, she turned her head and licked back up the side of his shaft until her tongue was once again swirling around the head of his cock.

Sarah's left hand gripped his shaft and started stroking it. She added her right hand to it and twisted her wrists in oppositie directions as she stroked him, making a similiar motion to revving the gas on a motorcycled. Sarah's tongue continued to play with the head of his cock until she opened her mouth wide and took the head of Lester's cock into her mouth.

Lester moaned at the sensation.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned. She loved sucking cock, especially Lester's. Her body was getting what she wanted, worshipping this powerful cock and making it cum for her.

Sarah took more of Lester's cock into her mouth, her hands still stroking his shaft up and down. Lester moved on his hands to the back of her head, to try and push her down further on his cock. Sarah batted his hand away and took her mouth off of him, "No. This is my time Lester. You just sit there."

"Just sit here?" Lester opened his eyes and looked down at her.

"Just sit there and shut the fuck up," Sarah said. "It's not you I want right now. I just want your cock. You're big beautiful cock. You just unfortunately happen to be attached to it. Be a good boy and sit there and let me work for my desert."

With that Sarah dived back down and engulfed Lester cock in her mouth, sucking on it while her hands continued to stroke it up and down. Sarah loved having Lester's big cock in her mouth. Knowing she was in control of it gave her a similiar rush as when she was commanding at work. She felt powerful because she had power over someone else, "Mhmmhmmhmmmmmm."

Sarah licked down Lester's shaft under her tongue because to explore his balls. His thick salt and pepper public hair was wild and unkempt. It disgusted her but also gave her a thrill of depravity. Lowering herself and submitting to a cock that was so unlike what she preferred. Maybe this was what she preferred now.

Her tongue swirled around the patches of his public hair, pressing firmly to stimulate the sensitive skin of Lester's balls. She heard Lester groan from above her, her one hand still stroking his cock up and down. Her face was buried in his balls now, his matty public hair pressing against her cheeks and into her nostrils. She closed her eyes and revelled in how hard his cock was for her.

Sarah's tongue laped up Lester's balls. She had to pause and pull a string of public hair out of her mouth but she dived right back in, licking and sucking every inch of his hefty balls. Sarah lowered herself and tried to lick the bottom side of his sack, not wanting to let anything go to waste today.

As she started to lick the bottom of his balls, she felt like she was stimulating the cum inside of them to get active. To understand that she was there, to tease them into releasing themselves for her.

Lester's body jolted as Sarah's tongue accidently licked the area under his balls. Sarah smiled wickedly, knowing that she could cause such a reaction in him. This time she did it again on purpose, darting her tongue out to like the sensitive area. Lester's groan and his body seemed to quake.

Sarah continued to stroke Lester with one hand. With the other she held his balls up and to the left, giving her better access to this sensitive area. Sarah ran her tongue up and down the area between Lester's thighs. Lester's thighs pushed together holding her head in place.

Sarah responded by twirling her tongue around in a deliberate motion. Lester groaned again and she felt his hand on the back of her head, pushing her face further into his undercarriage. Sarah felt her nose and face pressing deep into this area, his massive balls resting against her eyes and she licked and sucked this area for Lester.

She knew that Lester's asshole was only a few inches away from her, but she wasn't ready to do that. Not yet. That was something she might try with Dan first. The pleasure it elicited from her this morning wasn't forgotten on her.

Lester continued to hold her head in place but Sarah needed to catch her breath. She pulled back from his balls and slapped his hand away, "You're supposed to sit still, remember?"

"Sorry, I couldn't help myself," Lester sneered.

"You better get control or else I'll stop right now," Sarah said.

"You're lying." Lester said.

"I'm not," Sarah slowed her strokes on his cock, "I'm hungry for my desert but you aren't the only one I can get it from."

"Oh yeah?" Lester challenged her, "And who do you have in mind? Dan isn't here. It's just me."

Sarah raised an eyebrow and looked at him seductively. Then she pulled her t-shirt off over her head revealing a sexy purple bra, "Look at me Lester."

Lester's eyes glazed over as he stared at the rising and falling of Sarah's ample chest.

"I can have any guy I want," Sarah teased, "I can kick you out now and have another guy here within the hour. I'll install Tinder and tell the first guy I match with to come over. Hell, I could probably pull in one of my neighbors off the street to get my desert. Is that what you want?"

Lester shook his head.

"Then sit back and let me taste you," Sarah dropped her mouth back to his cock and continued to stroke and suck him.

Lester didn't argue. This new side of Sarah was something else, something that felt wild. He laid his head back and let Dan's wife go to work on his cock. They sat there in silence for several minutes, the only sounds filling the room were the wet slurping sounds of Sarah's mouth on Lester's cock.

From somewhere close by Sarah's phone started to ring.

Lester opened his eyes and looked down at Sarah. She was staring back up at him intently as she sucked his cock.

"You're phone's ringing," Lester breathed.

Sarah removed her mouth from his cock, both of her hands still slowly, sensually stroking his large shaft.

"I know. I hear it," Sarah didn't make a move to even look and see who it was.

"You're not gonna get it?" Lester said playfully.

Sarah shook her head, "I have everything I want right here in my hands. Besides if I take my hands off this thing and answer that phone it might break the spell you have over me. And we don't want that do we?"

"No way," Lester smiled. "It's probably Dan calling. You're husband."

"I have voicemail," Sarah teased.

"God you are such a good little slut," Lester moaned as Sarah's mouth returned to his cock. She stared up at him and watched that ugly smirk appear on his face. She could see the contempt in his eyes for her husband. The way he said his name. She knew Dan hated Lester and that the feeling was likely mutual. But that possessive look mixed with that raw hatred between them just got her off. Especially now since she has been frustrated with Dan, knowing that they were in a fight. Letting someone her husband hates use her at a time like this....

"God Lester, I want your cum," Sarah said between breaths. She was licking and sucking and stroking his cock, letting it run up and down against her face, feeling his powerful organ all over her. She felt her control slipping. She needed to make him cum soon, "You're going to give it to me right? Fill my mouth up with your hot cum?"

"Fuck yeah," Lester said, "Maybe we should finish this upstairs. You're window is open here, any of your neighbors could get a look in and see what your doing."

Sarah knew that if she brought Lester upstairs, he would fuck her. And she would love every second of it. She was determined to stay strong and finish him like this and not give in to the feeling that had fucked up her day earlier, "Let them watch. Let them be jealous of you and they'll see what a real wife is supposed to be like."

"God your hot," Lester grunted, his hips rising off the couch. "I've turned you into such a little slut. I love it."

"That's what you would think," Sarah moaned against the side of his cock as she licked and stroke it before moving back up and swirling her tongue over his cockhead, "But you didn't turn me into anything. I've always been a sluttly little housewife."

"Ugh I love when you talk dirty like this," Lester grunted, his hips pushing off the couch frantically. Sarah matched his pace, stroke for stroke as his cockhead kept hitting the back of her throat, "Tell me how dirty you fucking are."

"I'm the dirtiest hot wife you've ever met big boy," Sarah moaned before diving back onto his cock.

Lester pushed himself up off the couch until he was standing, staring down at her. Sarah never let go of his cock, she stroked him with both hands as she sucked him off.

"There that's better. Now you're whole neighborhood can see me. Now they'll know about the dirty slut wife that lives here. They'll see the real you." Lester grunted pushing his cock forward, fucking Sarah's mouth. He held the back of her head as he fucked her face, "Is that what you want?"

"MhmmmmhmmHMMMMhmmmm," Sarah moaned around his cock.

"Dan's not going to recognize you the next time he sees you. You know that?" Lester sneered down as he face fucked Sarah. She tried to keep stroking him, to match his pace but found herself struggling to hold on let alone keep up with him.

She needed to breath and pulled her head back. Lester's grip on the back of her head, immediately pulled her back towards him. She turned her face just in time so that his cock pressed against her cheek and her ear. She struggled to catch her breath.

"I'm going to do anything I want with you, you know that right?" Lester said.

Sarah opened her mouth to speak but Lester cut her off, "I didn't say speak, just nod you head."

Sarah nodded her head and looked up at Lester's ugly face, transfixed on the intensity of his eyes.

"Good," Lester grunted, pulling her mouth back over to his cock and pushing it back into her. Sarah tried stroking it again but more and more of it kept disappearing into her mouth. She felt the tip of his cock push down the back of her throat and she almost gagged on it but somehow pushed past that initial reflex. It hurt but she couldn't believe how much of Lester's cock she held in her mouth. She lapped at the bottom of it with her tongue, her hands weakly resting on his thighs as Lester fucked her face.

"You're gonna do whatever I want," Lester repeated, "If I invite someone else to watch us, will you do that?"

"Mhmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned in agreement as her mouth was full of Lester's cock.

"What if I let someone else join us? Let someone else fuck you," Lester said loudly to the empty room.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah agreed again. She didn't entirely comprehend what she was agreeing to, she just knew that deep down she wanted to pleasure Lester and do whatever he wanted. Let him do whatever he wanted to her.

"Maybe I'll even arrange a gangbang and let a bunch of guys from the internet fuck you raw. How does that sound?" Lester grunted as he fucked her face. He could feel his balls begin tingle, having this power over such a strong woman felt amazing. There had never been another woman like Sarah Williams in his life.

"Mhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned into his cock. All she could think about was making Lester cum.

"Fuck yeah," Lester grunted, his hand making a fist with the hair at the base of Sarah's skull as he face fucked here. His balls tingled and he knew he was about to cum, "I'm gonna fucking cum Sarah. Get ready to take it all."

"Mhmmmmmmhmmmmmmmmhmmmmmmmmmmmm," Sarah moaned in anticipation.

Just as the first spasms of Lester's cock started, he pulled back hard on her hair and ripped his cock from her mouth. Desperate, Sarah leaned forward, searching for it. Frustrated she opened her eyes to figure out where it had gone.

The first rope of Lester's cum blasted her in the face, hitting her in the eye. It stung and she closed her eyes immediately as another rope of thick, hot cum hit her in the face, this time roping her across the nose and down over her lips.

Sarah stuck out her tongue and licked the cum off her lips as another blast of cum hit her again, directly on the nose.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's hot sticky cum hit her. Paint her face, create some kind of masterpiece using her body as the canvas.

Lester shuddered and shot a load that hit her in the chin and chest. Sarah's body seemed to twitch as she felt hot cum land on her breasts. Before she knew it both hands were on her chest, massaging her breasts hard as another rope of Lester's cum landed there. The hot sticky substance hit the naked flesh of her chest, her fingers quickly massaging it into her skin, assimilating it into her pores.

Lester grunted once last time and another rope of cum dribbled out onto the floor between them. He stumbled back, his body exhausted with effort. He sat down on the edge of the leather couch to rest his breath, watching as Sarah sat there on her knees, her tongue licking her lips as her hands continued to massage his cum into her breasts.

Sarah's hands slowed at the same time she was confident that she had licked all the cum off her face that her tongue could reach. She tried to open her eyes but felt the heavy cum holding them shut. She let go of her breasts and wiped at her face until she could peak open her eyelids. She stood up and walked to the sink in the kitchen and quickly washed her face.

Sarah turned off the water and turned to the living room. Lester was sitting there, looking like a fat frog on a lily pad, slouched over, his gut pressing against his thighs, watching her. She smiled a knowing smile at him and quickly found her shirt and put it back on. She grabbed her pants and threw it at him.

Lester didn't even lift his hands to catch it, seemingly exhausted.

"Get your pants on Romeo, time to go," Sarah said.

Lester didn't even utter a response. He just did as she said. He pulled his pants on and followed her over to the door.

"Thanks again for dinner and my desert," Sarah said opening the door. Lester nodded and walked outside. Sarah closed the door behind him.

"Hi, this is Sarah Williams, I can't take your call at the moment but please –" Dan sighed and hung up his phone. He looked up at the screen next to his gate. His flight should be boarding any minute now. It hadn't been too hard to persuade Martin and the rest of the team at Sentienel to bend their timeline a bit and allow him to do things back to back today instead of over two days.

Things started to make a bit more sense now that he knew that Sentienel primarily worked for one a government agency. He wasn't exactly sure which one but just the way they acted made him think it must be one of the law enforcement ones. They seemed obsessed with security and at the same time they seemed to grind to a bureaucratic halt over certain things, which lined up with his government experience. It was a good opportunity for Dan, something he thought he could perhaps build on to get other work within the Federal government.

But he could shake the feeling that something was wrong. This sense of forboding was making him anxious to get on his flight and get back to Chicago. He couldn't place what it was. His day with Sentienel went fine. Yes, he wanted to connect with Sarah and resolve things but that wasn't it.

He couldn't quite place what it was that was bugging him. It was just this general unease he felt. Like something dark was circling him.

To distract himself he checked his real work email and saw more emails from Walt about Jesse's company. He still hadn't figured out what the hell he was going to do there. When he got back to Chicago he would get into the office and figure out the best way to attack this....

Sarah's words from yesterday echo'd in his head. About choosing work before her, before their family. He sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Balancing everything was starting to get to him. It felt impossible to show up one hundred percent in each area of his life and he was beginning to question how much he had overindexed on work lately and trying to build up his side business.

It made logical sense. He needed to do this. For himself and for his family. But Sarah's words kept ringing in his ears.

Dan powered down his phone and tucked it in his pocket. He put Walt, Jesse and everything else work related into a tiny little box in his mind and locked the key. He would open it up soon but for now he needed to focus on Sarah and his family.

The flight attendant came on the PA system and started boarding certain loyal groups for Dan's flight. He stood up and started for the line that was forming for the have-nots of the flight. Things began to coalesce in his mind and he decided on a plan of action.

When his flight touched down in Chicago, he wasn't going to go back to his apartment. Dan needed to get back to Middleton and see his family. Nothing else mattered. He'd rent a car or take a train. Whatever this sense of dread was that was following him around needed to be dealt with.

After thirty minutes, the flight attendant finally began to board Dan's zone. He strode forward with purpose, intent on getting home to his family and setting things right with Sarah.

Lester sat behind the wheel of his car not moving. He was still parked in the William's driveway, absorbing everything that had happened today. He felt marvelous. Complete. His body was tired from all the cum he had just generously dispersed onto Sarah Williams but in his mind, he felt an extreme sense of satisfaction.

He had fully conquered Dan's wife and he couldn't get enough of her. All he wanted to do was have her with him all the time.

Lester lost track of time. He wasn't sure how long he was sitting there for. It could have been minutes or hours, he wasn't sure. All he knew that he seemed to be enveloped in this euphoric kind of feeling and he wanted it to last forever.

Sarah was a completely different species. There was women and then there was Sarah Williams. He wanted more of her. Needed more of her. Needed her to moan and squirm under him.

One of the windows upstairs in the William's home lit up. She was up there. Doing what, he didn't know. But he wanted to. His prize. His possession was moving around, wearing who knows what, doing something just up there.

Lester felt his cock begin to stir again in his grungy sweatpants. He ran his hands over the steering wheel, not wanting to start his car and drive back to his hotel. Sarah had wanted him to go back there and jerk off to her. While he had ample material to do so, everything else paled in comparison to the real live thing, which was upstairs right now.

He dropped his hand to his keys to turn on the car's ignition but stopped himself. His fingers danced over his keychain as a wicked smile appeared on his face. He caught a glance of himself in the rearview mirror, his eyes narrowing.

Lester pulled his keys from the ignition and got out of the car. The sun was beginning to set on the William's quiet neighborhood, Lester couldn't see a soul in sight. Not that he would have gotten back in his car if he did.

With purpose, Lester strode back up the driveway, his cock growing hard in his pants with each step. He found himself at the Williams' front door, his hands shaking with excitement as he thumbed through his keychain until he found it. The new key he had made earlier. A exact duplicate of the one he had found in the Williams' kitchen drawer.

Lester inserted the key into the locked and turn it. The lock clicked and Lester pushed open the door to the Williams' home. He quickly closed the door behind him and locked it. He stood there, still, unmoving for almost a full minute, waiting to be discovered.

The sounds of the shower running upstairs told him all he needed to know. With the biggest shit eating grin he had ever worn, Lester started to ascend the stairs and make his way to Dan's bedroom.