

## [Insider\] Toxic Attraction: Chapter 41 Alpha](#)

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Time for some Toxic Attraction Chapter 41. As with recent chapters, there is a lot going on here and things are starting to intertwine. I am very curious what everyone will think of the ending of this one. This is a point I've been building to for awhile and things are about to take a big change.

Anyways, this is alpha. Fresh off the keyboard here as of literally a few seconds ago. Its full of grammatical issues and errors which I'll fix up by the end of the month. I'll take a breather tomorrow and start working on CH42 and another installment of Double Cross. I still have to find a way to make Stranded Heat work here on Patreon given its....content and themes.

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Lester's fingers strummed across his desk as he hummed the theme song from his favorite anime. He was spinning back and forth in his chair, feet bare on his office carpet.

Today was the day. Today he would finally be done with this fucking place. It was a long time coming. Ever since he maneuvered people and situations to get Sarah fired and fall further under his thumb, the clock had been ticking. Hell, it had been ticking since he first accepted the position. He didn't need the money and didn't like the work. It was all a means to an end and now he wasn't about to just waste his fucking time anymore.

He unplugged the USB from the computer, having downloaded the security footage of Sarah sneaking naked through the building. Lester got up and stretched his back, looking out his office window at the rows of empty cubicles – a department he'd slashed and savaged after taking over.

They we're gonna be so fucked. The best part was, Leser might still get paid. With the lack of an HR head, that department was scrambling and it would take them awhile to process everything. The IT division was about to be a shitshow without him. He went back to the desk and typed away, deleting all the custom scripts and automation he'd put in place, as well as all the urgent emails related to hospital systems and operations that would need to be addressed soon before things stopped working.

Lester hadn't set out to fuck with these people, but he enjoyed it. He would relish in the idea that these people would scramble and panic without him. Knowing his actions could have a ripple effect on so many people's lives and waking hours was intoixcating. Sure, he could have a positive influence if he wanted but he just got a thrill out of fucking with people.

So Lester continued deleting critical files and turned off the security cameras for the next four hours. He cracked his back and smiled before grabbing his phone and sending some lewd texts to Sarah's mom. He couldn't help but chuckle to himself as he did.

With those items on his to-do list done, he went into the hall where he'd left the hand cart, already loaded up with expensive computer equipment he'd ordered on the hospital's dime. Sticks of RAM and processors, SSDs, and other items he felt he was owed.

He wheeled it through the halls, down the elevator and out into the parking lot where he loaded them into the back of his SUV. Back inside, he left the hand cart by the door and took the elevator back up to the floor where he fucked Sarah in the old CEO's office. He walked through the halls, glancing in at the little worker bees going about their day. Someone stopped him, panicked about not being able to connect to the email server. He told them he'd look into it, chuckling as he walked away, knowing that none of the skelton crew would be able to fix it.

He strolled past the large window looking in at Richard's office. The couch was still propped up against the window overlooking the parking lot and the plush leather chair that had been behind the wooden desk was missing. It was tucked away neatly in the back of Lester's SUV.

He found the small mousy woman in her office. He didn't bother to learn her name. She had dark circles under her eyes, her desk a scattered mess of papers. When Lester entered, she looked up annoyed and frustrated, clearly the new interim head of HR was drowning in work.

"I'm quitting, effective immediately. Have a nice life," Lester said, turning and walking out of the office. The woman sat there stunned for a few seconds before rushing out and chasing Lester down the hall.

"Lester. Mr. Marshall, please come back to my office so we can discuss this," she said, panic in her voice.

"We just did. I'm leaving," Lester said as he walked to the elevator.

"I'm sure Mr. Walsh and the board would want to speak with you before you depart. Perhaps offer you a counter offer or an incentive of some kind. Please can we just discuss this? Stability is paramount at this time for the successful operation of the hospital. Please, can we talk?"

"Yeah, no. That's not gonna happen," Lester said punching the elevator button. As the doors opened Lester stepped in.

"Please, Lester we need to at least discuss a transition plan..."

"Fuck off," Lester barked. The small woman's eyes went wide as she stepped back allowing the doors to close. Lester hummed to himself, watching the digital display as the numbers crept down.

As he waited, Lester fished out his phone and sent more texts to Renee. It showed she'd seen his other messages but hadn't responded. Lester strode out into the lobby and powerwalked through the atrium, out the back doors to his car, planning to never set foot in a shitty place like this for the rest of his life.

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Dan should have been on top of the world but he couldn't help but dwell on the pit in his stomach. He kept his eyes on the road as he drove the now, very familiar route between Middleton and Chicago.

He'd signed the offer of employment with Sentinel Securities that morning. It should have felt like a win worthy of celebrating with his wife. But his smile of triumph never reached his eyes, instead it felt like a hollow victory.

He knew it should matter. This position, the pay, it was everything he'd ever wanted. He'd be making more now than he had before he'd been laid off, working on projects at a national scale for an organization with international reach and the opportunity to network beyond just a small group of Chicago clients. He was going to have to let go of some of them, like the friendly one Bill from Dynamic Engagement. This was the shot of adrenaline his career and more importantly he needed.

After working for Walt and failing to secure better work, he'd almost begun to believe he was that weak person his mind kept telling him he was. The same weak person that had let Lester take advantage of his fantasies and worm his way into their lives. Just a pathetic cuck. But that wasn't who Dan was, not really.

He regripped the steering wheel and signalled right, checked his blindspot and moved into the offramp. His eyes lingered on Sarah's blonde hair and the pit in his stomach tightened.

She'd barely said two words since they got in the car. She grown quiet when he'd told her he wanted things to go back to the way they were. Before Lester, before Chicago. He'd slept on the couch, giving her space but she didn't try to engage him and he couldn't bring himself to try and talk about it again. Sentient Securities was their golden ticket out of the mess, and onto building a better life.

He was afraid part of her wanted to stay down in the muck with Lester's influence. He'd underestimated just how much of his wife he'd lost to the awkward little man. It was infuriating. He thought it was just sex but Sarah got something more out of it that he wasn't still wasn't sure about. If she didn't go along with what he wanted, could Dan really go it alone? Could he bring himself to do that?

Tricia popped up in his mind. He hadn't told Sarah about her. Part of him wanted to. Martial guilt creeping in. But the other part of him, the one he was listening to, didn't feel that he owed Sarah an explanation at all. She'd kept things from him, she'd shown him how their marriage could be.

Dan gritted his teeth and tried to shake the thoughts free. This wasn't a good way to approach his marriage. If he kept thinking like this, it was doomed. And he didn't want that. Despite all the shit, he still loved Sarah and wanted to make things work. Tricia would never replace her, not like that.

The offramp exited to a streetlight in the heart of Chicago. Dan signalled left and drove them to their hotel. Driving into Chicago with Sarah gave him a level of anxiety he hadn't realized he had. But pulling into the fancy hotel instead of the grungy apartment helped set him at ease. He'd feel better if Sarah had firmly committed to moving forward without Lester though.

"We're here," Dan said putting the car in park. Sarah finally broke eye contact with her phone and looked up at the hotel before them.

"It's really nice," Sarah said quietly.

"This is what me working at Sentient Securities does for us. For our future," Dan said noticing the slight flinch from Sarah. Maybe he was pushing it too hard. He didn't think so. But she purposely didn't pick up on his comment, instead getting out of the car first.

He sighed. This fucking sucked. He hated it. And was getting tired of it. He needed to end the shit with Lester once and for all. He hated that he was starting to obsessively watch the security cameras at his house. And he hated that she kept reinforcing why he'd installed them. He'd watched a replay of Lester taking Sarah on the closet floor. Her face contorting in pleasure. Yet he had still told her he loved her and wanted a future together. He'd buried that memory and didn't tell her he knew about

it. She used to tell him the details of their encounters but not it was like a separate part of her life he wasn't invited to.

Dan kicked open the car door and went to the back to grab his suitcase. They got checked in and both settled onto respect queen beds in the room. Dan wanted to say something but couldn't bring himself to do it.

The problem was, they needed to be on their game and present a united front to Gordon and his wife. Gordon was his new boss at Sentinel Securities and had invited him out to dinner with Sarah tonight as a sort of 'welcome to the company' thing.

Dan shifted on the bed, getting up and moving next to Sarah. She looked up at him and he held her gaze. Despite his heart telling him not to, he reached out and grabbed her hand, taking it in his.

"I really hope tonight goes well," he said, his thumb stroking the back of her hand, "It means a lot to me that it does. I really want things to work out here. It's such a good opportunity. It's not like the last job I had. There's real growth potential for me. For us. I can see a bright future for you, me and the kids Sarah. I want to grab it. But I want us to reach for it together."

Tears welled up in her in corner of her eyes. Her fingers squeezed his. "I want that to, Dan."

He wanted to press. Ask for clarification. Ask about Lester. About leaving him behind. But for now he wanted this little victory. This connection.

"I love you," Dan said, bracing for the gut punch of a delayed response. But she answered right away, "I love you too."

A sad smile spread across her face. The instant he saw it Dan's arms were around her, holding her. She buried her head in his shoulder and they just sat there, holding each other for a time.

"We're gonna be okay," Dan whispered and kissed her hair. He tried not to think about the way Lester would hold it wrapped in his fist while he pumped his naked cock into her. He was beginning to feel like a vietnam veteran having unwanted flashbacks.

"Are you okay?" Sarah whispered, her hand on his chest, "You're breathing so fast." He hadn't realized that he was almost panting, thinking about Lester fucking Sarah. Like he was having some kind of delayed panic attack. \

"Yeah, I'm fine," Dan lied trying to get himself under control. It felt similar to how he'd freeze up when Lester would fuck Sarah in front of him. He wasn't prepared for these thoughts to creep in and effect him like this. He balled his hands into fists to get himself under control. Sarah nuzzled into his neck, her warm breath on his skin. Dan's shoulder relaxed and the pit in his stomach unclenched.

His fists relaxed and his fingers stroked his wife's hair. "I want this," Dan whispered, "More of us. I miss this."

"I miss it too," Sarah breathed out shakily. "I don't know what way is up lately. I feel like I have no anchor and I'm just adrift to the currents."

"I got you," Dan said, rubbing her back. He felt his cock stir. He wanted to take her right then. Reconnect with her. But they had to get ready for dinner. "I wish we could just stay in tonight. Enjoy the city together. I don't want to go to dinner. I just want to stay here with you."

Sarah pulled back, eyes dry of tears and put her hand on his chest, "We have to go out. My husband got a kickass new job and needs to start working on that promotion with his new boss."

She kissed him softly on the lips and smirked, standing up, "Besides, you have a hot wife to show off."

She gave him a dangerous smile and slid around him, moving towards the bathroom, closing the door behind her. He heard the water start and pictured her disrobing. He tried not to swell on her use of the term 'hot wife' and the other ways he could have taken that. Images of Sarah moaning under Gordon's old frame filtered into his head.

"Fuck," Dan grumbled getting up and pacing around the room. He needed to stay busy. While Sarah got ready, Dan ironed his clothes and watches ESPN on the TV. When Sarah finally emerged from the bathroom, she was wearing a sexy black dress that hugged her form in all the right spots but was loose enough that it still seemed conservative. There was a nice amount of skin but there wasn't enough cleavage to upset the other wife. Dan had to admit, that Sarah really knew what she was doing when it came to her apparel.

"You look amazing," Dan said, feeling his heart beating faster and the familiar swell of his cock as his eyes ran over his wife's body. Red tinted her cheeks as she thanked him. The drive to the restaurant only took a few minutes, Gordon and his wife Ann were already there waiting for them.

"Gordon," Dan said shaking his new boss' hand, "Great to see you again. This is my wife, Sarah."

Gordon's smile didn't falter and his eyes stayed locked on Sarah's as he introduced his wife. From what Dan could see, his new boss' eyes didn't stray down to look over Sarah's form at all. A good sign of a consummate professional.

They joined the other couple, ordering drinks while looking over the menu.

"So Sarah," Gordon said closing his menu, "What kind of work are you in?"

Dan was about to answer for her, to save her from the complicated situation she found herself in but she put a hand on his thigh. He closed his mouth as she said, "I'm taking a hiatus at the moment actually. For the last several years I served as the executive administrator of a hospital. Unfortunately there had been a lot of executive turnover recently and some fairly large structural changes which gave me pause, so I'm taking a step back from things and evaluating where I want to spend the next three to five years of my life."

Gordon nodded along then said, "You know, that is commendable. Too often we jump from one opportunity to the next, running full tilt only to wake up unsatisfied, unchallenged and just miserable. And it impacts and spills over into all other aspects of your life. It's not the American way to take a break. I know, as a culture we look down on that. That's how our society is wired. But I think it's smart. Where you spend your time, especially away from your family is something that you should take care in deciding."

"I couldn't agree more," Sarah said with a soft smile.

"That is why I am glad your husband has decided to join our team. I'm assuming he is as careful and discerning as you when it came to making this decision?" Gordon said with a slight twinkle in his eye and a smirk.

"Dan made the decision rather quickly," Sarah said, "He's been telling me for months how much he enjoys the work and challenges that your company presents and what a great opportunity it would

be. He's been trying to company on for size for awhile and liked what he saw. It didn't take any convincing by the time the offer came down," Sarah smiled.

Gordon clasped Dan on the shoulder and smiled at him, "That's great. Just great. We're going to do great things together Dan. I think you'll really make your mark on the company."

"I hope so. I'm really looking forward to getting started in earnest," Dan said.

"The whole team loves him. Everyone went to bat to convince us to bring him on board. Tricia and the others on the team. They all convinced us how much money and time we'd save by bringing him on board," Gordon said as the waiter arrived at the table to take their orders.

Dan silently prayed Sarah hadn't picked up on Gordon using the name Tricia. He'd hate to have to try to lie to her about it. After the waiter was done taking their orders, Dan quickly shifted the topic away from work, asking Gordon's wife about herself. Any speed bumps to the conversation quickly dispated as the foursome fell into and lively back and forth that didn't lull as their food arrived.

The cooks in the back really outdid themselves and they all ate, laughed and enjoyed the company of one another. Dan was feeling good, and not just because of the free flowing beer but because he was clicking with his new boss on a personal level. He could see the potential this relationship held, how it could open doors in the future for him. But for the first time in a long time, he was just enjoying the company of another guy who wasn't a complete sleazeball around his wife. It was refreshing to remember that reality was a lot different than what he'd experienced over the recent past. It was a bonus that this guy was his new boss and hopefully they could continue this relationship into the future.

Things were going great. Until someone from the other side of the restaurant started to make a scene. "You fucking slut!" A man loudly slurred catching the room's attention. Dan's eyes snapped up from his conversation with Gordon to see a overweight, dishellved man in a suit stalking across the restaurat, waving his arms wildly. It was clear he was drunk by the way he moved. He waa mess: stains on his shirt, his tie was loose and crooked and he dragged his feet while he walked.

"You fucked them, and ya fucked me, you fucked everybody!" the man wobbled then steadied himself on a couple's table he passed by. Dan realized, perhaps a few seconds too late, that the slurring man on uneasy feet was shambing in their direction, his cock-eyed head fixed on Sarah.

"What the hell?" Gordon muttered as his wife skitted back in her seat. Dan's eyes shifted between the approaching man he vaguely now recognized and Sarah. His wife's face was white as a ghost and she looked like a deer in the headlights.

The older drunken man stumbled up to their table. His voice rose for the entire restaurant to hear, "You conniving fucking bitch. I ought to punch you in the fucking throat for what you did. The fucking board. I know it was you. I don't know but fuck you did it. And then she left me!" The man slurred punctuating each senteance as he pointed beer bottle at Sarah.

"I..." Sarah swallowed, looking at the the rest of the table. Before Dan knew what he was doing, he was on his feet between the drunken man and his wife.

"Back off buddy," Dan said, hands raised in front of himself defensively, "Look, why don't I buy you another drink and you can tell me all about it."

“Fuck you and fuck her!” the man barked, swaying uneasily on his feet. Dan had moved on instinct to protect Sarah but now realized that this was also a show to his boss on how he’d react to a difficult situation. He couldn’t just knock this guy out. “She ruined my fucking life!”

Get in line pal, Dan thought then dismissed the errant thought.

“Take it easy,” Dan said, hands still up in front of him, “Lets take it down a notch alright?”

“She’s gonna fuck you too. I got fucking fired because of her. Fuck you. Fuck you too,” he shouted at Sarah and threw his bottle down. It smashed into pieces on the tile floor. A couple of the cooks came out of the kitchen and were slowing making their way through the dining room.

“I think theres some kind of misunderstanding,” Dan said carefully, trying not to directly look at the cooks who were quickly closing in on the man from behind.

“She’s a fucking whore!” The man shouted as a cook slipped in behind him and pinned his arms over his head. The other cook rushed forward, helping to restrain the belligerent old man. They forced him out of the restaurant to a chorus of claps as a police cruiser pulled up.

Dan turned back to the table, sharing an exasperated look with Gordon. “Are you okay?” he asked Sarah. She quickly nodded her head, averting her eyes from everyone else at the table.

“Did you know him?” Gordon asked, looking between Sarah and Dan.

“Never seen him before,” Dan said as he sat back down. Sarah crossed her arms, “No idea. He must have been on something.”

“More like on several things,” Gordon’s wife muttered. Gordon gave Dan’s shoulder a gentle squeeze, “You did well, distracting him like that. Quick thinking.”

“I wasn’t about to let him keep approaching us, hurling insults like that. He was drunk out of his mind,” Dan said putting an arm around Sarah’s shoulders.

“Let’s order another drink,” Gordon said, swallowing what was left of his. The couples had another round of drinks, watching the man outside be arrested and taken away in the back of the police cruiser. When their drinks were finished, they called it a night and parted ways.

On the drive back to the hotel, Dan asked, “Who was that?”

“Richard,” Sarah said quietly, “The guy who beat me out for CEO of the hospital after Drew left. He just got let go too. It was...hot...how you stood up to him like that. Even when his face was all red and angry.”

Dan opened his mouth to ask a follow up question. Ready to ask what Richard had been yelling about. Was there any truth to what he said? But before he could speak, Sarah said, “I’m going blow you when we get back.”

Dan’s jaw abruptly closed and he knew better than to press the issue right now. Back in the room, Sarah was tearing the clothes off Dan’s body as they fell onto the bed. She started manouvering down the bed, yanking off his boxers.

“I guess I better thank Richard,” Dan drunkenly muttered.

“Thank you my husband for being a big strong man and standing up for me,” Sarah said, licking her lips and staring down at Dan’s lengthening penis.

"I just stood there. It was those two cooks who took him down," Dan said. Sarah's fingers encircled his dick, her eyes staring up at him with wild excitement, "You're right. You did just stand there. Maybe I should go back to that restaurant and thank those two men, personally."

Dan groaned, his head falling back on the pillow. His hips arched off the ground when he felt Sarah's tongue touch the head of his dick. "Fuck," he murmured letting his wife take him somewhere he hadn't been in a long time.

"Should I go?" Sarah asked flicking her tongue up his shaft, "Go back to the restaurant. Leave my husband here with a hard on, needing to take care of it himself?"

"I..." Dan felt the familiar pull. Of falling. Of being out of control. He gritted his teeth, trying to hold on as Sarah's fist pumped his cock up and down, her tongue swirling around the head of his cock. "I'll do it." Sarah whispered to his cock, "you know I will. At one point this would have all just been bedroom talk but now.....do you think I would actually do it?"

"I don't know..." Dan panted, his hips jutting up off the bed, trying desperately to find Sarah's mouth. She extended her tongue and quickly swirled it around the head of his cock making him groan in pleasure.

"I think you do," Sarah said with a soft moan. "You've seen me do things, that you...that we both... never thought I'd do. I still surprise myself. Do you think I'd do it? Do you think I'd go down there, find those cooks and taste what they've prepared for me? Hmmm? Lick them just like this?"

Sarah licked up the length of Dan's cock making him shudder. "I wonder if I could make them both go off at the same time," Sarah mused as she played, licked and stroked Dan's cock, "Or maybe I'd let one of them fuck me."

"Jesus christ," Dan muttered, his hands making fists with the bedsheets as Sarah toyed with him.

"Is this what you meant when you said we would be all done with this? Done with Lester? Did you really mean that? That you want me to stop touching you like this, talking like this?" Sarah whispered, "Did you really want me to stop playing with other men? Is that what you want? I know you crave it. I've always known how bad you crave it. I wonder if you could really even help yourself from thinking about it, wanting to see me to do it."

"I..." Dan started, his mind racing. He wasn't expecting this. Wasn't expecting how to react. Didn't know what to say. They'd been so cold earlier that he hadn't expected her to go in this direction.

"I...I...I..." Sarah teased, "You love this. You don't want to, but you do." Her mouth engulfed his cock and he started to suck him in earnest. Dan just groaned, trying to keep his hips from bucking, from thrusting his cock deep into her mouth. Dan was amazed that Sarah took his cock completely into her mouth, her tongue lapping at the underside of it.

"Tell me you want to keep going with everything," Sarah breathed as she stroked his cock. He could feel her hot breath on his dick.

"I...I don't know," Dan said trying to fight off his impulses to go along with anything so he could cum. "Maybe. But not with Lester. On our own terms. We figure things out together."

Sarah put her mouth back on Dan's cock and sucked him while stroking his shaft. Dan put his hand on the back of her head, urging her on. His hips bucking off the bed in time with her hand movements. His mind raced at the idea of Sarah going back to that restaurant and thanking those cooks properly. Thanking them for taking down her old CEO. Stopping the nastiness he was spewing. The lies...

“Was Richard lying?” Dan asked. Things clicking into place. Richard said she fucked over people but maybe he was saying she fucked them. She’d fucked Otis the janitor there. And he knew that Lester had taken her in the hospital at least once. “Did you fuck Richard?”

Sarah gasped coming up for air, “What if I did? What would you think about that? Would it turn you on?”

“Jesus,” Dan groaned as she gripped his cock. The thought her Sarah under a man like that, letting someone like that inside of her. Moaning to someone like that. He hated that it turned him on. It was such a fucked up situation. “You did. Didn’t you. And somehow he got fired for it.”

“He deserved it,” Sarah said, her hands slamming down on Dan’s hips pinning him to the ground as her mouth descended back on his cock. Dan’s mind swam, mental images running through his head. He knew he was slipping, spiralling like he always did. So he grabbed the back of Sarah’s head and thrust up to meet it. She squeeze his cock hard. Dan continued to thrust over and over until he felt his balls seize and his cock expand and his cum shoot out into Sarah’s waiting mouth.

“Ughh,” Sarah grunted at the quick release of his cum. Her groan was quickly followed by gulping as she swallowed her husband’s load. Dan fell back onto the pillow letting out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding.

The brain fog cleared and finally he could think clearly again, albeit sleepier than before. “What did you do? How’d you get him fired?”

Sarah looked up at him, wiping cum from her lips. “It’s not important.”

“It is important. The fucking guy almost derailed dinner with my new boss,” Dan said exasperated, “Sarah, I’m trying to build our life back up here. I can’t have shit like this popping up and surprising us. What if he wasn’t drunk and said something convincing? I’d be screwed.”

“He didn’t lift a finger when I got fired and then took advantage of the situation. We were just getting payback,” Sarah said.

“We?” Dan asked.

“Me,” Sarah paused, “And Lester.”

“You come to me with your problems. Not him,” Dan said.

“Lester took the initiative,” Sarah said, “And now Richard got what he deserved.”

“Maybe. But this just reinforces that we need to be done with Lester,” Dan said. “Or else our life is going to spiral out of control like this. He only brings chaos. Sarah, for us. And the girls. We need to be done with all this shit.”

Sarah slumped back on the bed, dejected, “I know. I don’t even know who I am sometimes. I think your right.” She gulped and looked up at him through teary eyes, “I don’t...okay...we’re done.”

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Renee stared at her phone screen, vaguely aware of how short her breathes were coming. She should delete the conversation and block the contact and be done with it. But she was mesmerized by the messages. How lewd and domineering they were. How much attention he was spending on her. And pictures...it was disgusting. Yet she couldn’t look away.

She laid in bed in only her bath robe, scrolling through the the conversation. She reread them over and over, her fingers tracing the trim line of the robe on her chest.

L: God you were so fucking tight

L: Moaning in a public bathroom

L: How'd you like my cock?

L: I knew you'd be a good fuck

L: God if only Sarah could see what I did to her mother

L: Did my cum leak out of you all night?

L: Did you touch yourself thinking of me yet?

Then there was a picture of Lester's mammoth cock, angry and veiny staring back at her.

L: I can't wait to slide this into you again

L: To hear you moaning my name

L: I want to fuck you in your martial bed

L: Or better yet Dan and Sarah's bed

L: Come on Renee

L: Don't be shy

L: I can see that you've read these. Are you touching yourself to them?

L: You want more don't you? You want me to fuck you in a public bathroom again?

L: Come on baby, lets meet. I'll let you suck my cock this time.

Renee snapped off her phone and threw it across the bed before she did somethign stupid. She'd already broken her marriage vows and the guilt was eating her alive. Why? Why the hell was she thinking about cheating again then? And with someone despicable like that? She'd thought Lester was meek and polite but now she'd seen the real thing. The real monster he was. And she couldn't stop thinking about him.

The exictment she felt. She wanted more of that. She hadn't realized how much she'd been craving excitment in her life. She laid back on the bed, acutely aware of where her phone was and the nagging pull of it on her mind. She wanted to reach out and grasp it, look at it and revel in what she saw. Instead she calmly breathed like they taught her in yoga class, ran her hands slowly over her robe and closed her eyes.

She focused on the sound of the water from the next room. James was in the shower. Renee waas getting ready to crawl up the walls. Finally, she undid her robe and stormed into the washroom. James looked at her confused from behind the shower pane. His eyes trailed down and it took him a second to realize she was standing there, completely naked. She posed seductively on the door frame.

"Umm," James stuttered before a smile spread onto his face. He rinsed off the last remaining soap on his body, turned the water off and grabbed his towel and started drying off.

"I need you." Renee said as James stepped out of the shower. "Now."

She strode over to her husband and grasped his growing erection. He looked shell shocked but Renee needed it. She dropped to her knees, skin pressing against the cold tile floor and took her husband into her mouth. Her mind immediately drifted, wondering whether Lester's cock would fit and how she would tackle it. She pruned her eyes open to look up at her husband, trying to focus on him, not letting that brutish disgusting man worm his way into her brain. James looked down at her with a relaxed smile. One of love, understanding and care. And as his dick grew hard in her mouth, and his hands ran through her hair. She realized that wasn't what she wanted in that moment.

With his dick now as hard as a rock. Renee held his gaze and slowly stood up, still stroking his cock. She tugged on it as she stepped backwards.

"Renee...what are you.." James sputtered.

"I want you to make lov..." Renee started but corrected herself, "Fuck me. Fuck me like this. Now."

She let go of his cock and gripped the porcelain lid of the toilet. She closed her eyes and pushed her ass out towards her husband. She swayed back and forth waiting for him to take her. She could visualize the dirt bathroom wall of the bar in front of her,

"Renee..." James said slowly, "Why don't we get comfortable in the bed?"

"James, just fuck me," Renee said, shocked at how desperate her voice sounded. Her husband put a hand on her bare hip and she felt the head of his cock search for her opening. She bent slightly, pushing her ass back and lined herself up with it. James was about to say something but Renee pushed herself back, opening herself up and taking his dick into her.

She groaned, dropping her head, her blonde hair spilling over the top of the toilet. She pushed herself back on James' dick taking more and more of it into her until...she felt her ass cheeks pressing against his hips. She pushed back harder trying to take more of him into her. It took her a second to realize there wasn't anymore to his dick. She stifled her disappointment, quieted the areas inside of her that longed to be touched and began to fuck her husband.

James struggle to keep his wet feet planted on the tile floor but he got both of his hands on his wife and started to pump into her like she oddly demanded. Her beautiful bubble butt slammed back against him with an intensity he wasn't used to. James did all he could to hold on as Renee started to moan desperately and out of control as they fucked. He wanted the bed, to lay down. This wasn't like them. But Renee was making new sounds he hadn't heard before and he already found his breaths coming in shallow as his body took over and started pumping at a frenzied pace.

Renee pictured herself bent over the toilet, that short fat ugly disgusting man pumping into her behind with his large cock. His gross hands on her body. Despite her husband's lack of inches she was slowly building herself up to an orgasm. She focused on it, tying it to the image of Lester and their dirty bathroom rendezvous.

James was grunting as he pumped himself into her. Renee clenched down on his cock and felt the warm, tingling sensation begin to grow inside of her. James grunted and lurched forward, his dick spasming and erupting inside of her. Her almost doubled over and she had to brace herself on the toilet as he caught his breath. Her growing orgasm quickly fizzled out and she wanted to scream.

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L: Are you in Chicago?

Sarah stared at the text, biting her bottom lip. Her thumb hovered over the keyboard to reply, then she withdrew it and clicked the screen off. In the mirror, her face was full of conflict. She had just told Dan that they were going to be done with Lester. Yet, a few minutes later a simple four word text had her itching to respond to the deplorable little man.

What is wrong with me? Sarah thought to herself. She could hear Dan in the next room, snoring away. She kept looking at her reflection in the hotel bathroom mirror, trying to decipher the gaze staring back at her. They both knew, deep down, what they wanted to do. They knew what they should do, which was follow through on her agreement with Dan to be done with Lester.

Her phone on the counter was like an itch she needed to scratch. No matter how much she tried to ignore it, its mere presence was tug on her consciousness. She focused on herself in the mirror, trying to slow her breath, look at herself in the eyes and whisper that she could do this. She didn't need Lester. She watched her eyes flick briefly to the phone, her shoulders sagging. The bright screen shone in her face again.

S: Yes.

It was agony, waiting for a reply. Her mind raced, wondering what else Lester could be doing. Why he was taking so long to type back. What if Dan woke up and found her hiding in the bathroom texting Lester? She let out a gasp of air she hadn't realized she'd been holding when the three little dots appeared at the bottom of the conversation.

L: Why aren't you here?

S: Dan has work stuff

L: I don't care about Dan. Why aren't you here?

Sarah chewed her lip, trying to decide how to respond. She knew how she could lead this conversation to Lester's bed. It wouldn't be hard. In fact, all she had to do was suggest it and Lester would happily take her there. Or take her someplace else like that theater...

L: Why aren't you over here getting fucked?

Sarah put the phone down on the counter and took a deep breath. She shouldn't be continuing this conversation. She should crawl into bed with Dan. But she'd just given him a blow job and they always turned her on. She wanted relief. But she wanted some semblance of that old life back too.

S: It's late. We'll talk tomorrow.

Sarah silenced her phone and powered it down. As quietly as she could, she exited the bathroom and crawled into bed with Dan, trying not to wake him. She lay awake thinking about how Lester would respond. How irate he'd grow when she didn't message him back. And if she could sneak out of the hotel and meet Lester and be back before Dan woke up. That thought was disturbing but even as she admonished herself for it she also knew that she could slip out without Dan knowing.

She laid there, tossing and turning, trying to think of anything else until sleep finally took her.

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Sarah didn't turn on her phone when they woke up. She had Dan facetime the girls and check on them, since they were with Dan's parents. Sarah had suggested they stay an extra night in the city. It would be good for them to reconnecting and spend time just the two of them. Even as she said the

words to Dan, he mind told her she was lying to him and herself. That there was another motive for staying. She ignored the voice and spent the day visting sights around the city.

They fell back into a familiar, comfortable rythmn together as they talked and ate. It felt like old times. It felt good. Then while Dan was in the washroom at the restaurant, Sarah turned on her phone.

L: Sarah

L: Get over here

L: Now

L: Where are you?

L: Did you really fucking go to sleep?"

L: What the fuck?

L: I swear to god, Sarah

The last message had come in a few minutes after she had shut off her phone. Before she could talk herself out of it Sarah sent a message.

S: Hi

She flipped of her phone, face down on the table and mentally berated herself for sounding like a teenage girl. She had just spent the day with her husband and had given in to texting Lester the second she was alone.

L: I'm going to punish you for leaving me hanging last night.

S: I'm sorry. We're here for work stuff.

L: Come over tonight

S: I can't. Sorry Lester.

L: Come on. I'm having D&D at my place and I want to show you off. The cuck can come too.

Sarah was about to tell him they were going to slow things down. She didn't want to say they were breaking things off yet. She wasn't sure she was ready for that. Yet.

S: Not this time Lester.

L: Come on, I have a bunch of your dirty panties here. Come pick them up at least.

L: And Dan left some stuff in the kitchen. Like his work mug.

"Whats up?" Dan said, sitting back down into the seat across from her.

"Uh? What?" Sarah put her phone face down on the table. Dan eyed it, "You're face looked flustered. Everything okay?"

Yes," Sarah smiled, let out a breath said, "No. Sorry. It's just...Lester just text me. I know. I know we are stopping things. He just said that we left stuff at his place. Like your work mug? I don't know he's trying to get us to go there."

Really?" Dan asked, flatly.

"Yeah, I know. I didn't say we were. But he's being pushy. He has his nerd friends over tonight, I think he wanted to...you know. Show me off or whatever," Sarah said. Dan didn't reply but took a long drink of his water. Dan seemed lost in thought. Sarah looked down at the empty plate in front of her, bracing for the inevitable argument. She didn't think Dan would float the idea of divorce but the idea terrified her.

"Maybe we should go over there," Dan finally said.

Sarah's eyes snapped up to look at her husband who still seemed to be chewing on the idea. "What?" Sarah asked, "Why? After last night I thought...I thought we were going to be done with him."

"Yeah, I know," Dan said with a shrug, "I just love that travel mug."

Sarah stared at him, dumbfounded. He returned her gaze before a smirk broke on his face. He shook his head and held his hands up, "I'm just kidding. We have other travel mugs. And I know I said we should be done with him. With all of it. And I still mean that."

"So you were just joking," Sarah said feeling a sense of disappointment creep over her, "You don't want to go over."

"Oh no, I still think we should," Dan said.

"That doesn't make any sense Dan. Why would we go over there if we are going to be done with him? Isn't it dangerous or leading him on?" Sarah asked.

"Or..." Dan said slowly, "We I could have one last opportunity to rub his face in it. That you're now off limits. That we are done and he gets to go back to his sad little life."

"That...sounds like something Lester would do," Sarah said, her heart beating a little faster. Dan shrugged, "Maybe. I don't really care what he'd do. I have an idea. I don't want to spoil it. It's a good one though. And I'm feeling more like myself lately. What time is his D&D game starting?"

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Dan was half surprised his key still worked in the apartment door. It had been awhile since he'd been back. And given his lack of employment in Chicago and him moving out, he expected Lester would have changed the locks and found a new roommate by now.

Yet, as they swung the door open, the apartment looked just as it did before, as if it had been waiting for them. The sharply appointed decor, the new couch. Dan felt a false sense of comfort stepping into the apartment. Sure, this place had a ton of unpleasant memories but it also held some good ones. Childless nights with Sarah on the couch, enjoying each other's company.

Dan was beginning to lose himself in a strange sense of nostalgia when his reverie was shattered by the fat, plodding footsteps of Lester coming down the hallway. His body tensed. Sarah must have noticed, putting a hand on his lower back and closed the door behind him.

"Well, well, well what has the cat dragged in?" Lester huffed, dragging a large card table behind him. Dan wanted to scoff at the light sheen of sweat on the man's face. "My slut and the cuck," Lester chuckled, "Come on over here Dan and help me set this up."

"Yeah that's gonna be a you thing," Dan said steeling his nerve, determined not to fall back into the familiar trappings they'd always found themselves in. He took Sarah's hand and led her to the kitchen, "We're just here to pick up our things."

He quickly found his travel mug in the cupboard and frowned, "Did you use this?"

"Of course I did. It's in the communal cupboard," Lester grunted, bending over to straighten the table's legs before turning it upright. He went into the closet and brought out several folding chairs and sat them around the table.

"What is this?" Dan winced peering into the cup. He showed Sarah the strange brown streaks running up and down the interior.

"Coke, probably," Lester shrugged turning back to his set up, "Hey, where's my kiss Sarah?"

"You drink coke out of a can," Dan muttered then locked eyes with Sarah and shook his head. Sarah seemed visibly tense just as he had been but she was holding herself together.

"We're just gonna grab our stuff and be out of your hair," Dan said, eyeing Lester's prominently thinking hair. Dan held Sarah's hand as they crossed the living room. Lester stepped into their path eyeing up Sarah. He licked his lips and Dan suppressed the urge to shove him.

"Something's up," Lester said finally pulling his eyes from Sarah's body. "What's going on?"

"Nothing that concerns you," Dan said, "We're just getting out things and leaving."

"Oh? I thought you were going to stay and play some D&D. It was so much fun last time." Lester smirked.

"Where's her stuff?" Dan asked, crossing his arms. He knew that just like them, Lester was planning something.

"On my bed," Lester attempted to wiggle his eyebrows but it just looked stupid. There was a soft knock on the door, stealing their attention.

"Get your things," Dan said quietly to Sarah, urging her down the hallway.

"I left something else out on the bed for you," Lester said with a mocking sneer, "Go put it on."

Without waiting for a reply, Lester went and opened the door. Sarah looked unsure about what to do before she went down the hallway and disappeared into Lester's room. Dan felt that familiar tug as he watched her disappear into Lester's abyss. Thankfully his awkward, portly roommate was opening the apartment door.

"Hey Dan, what's crackin'?" Ned asked walking through the door with his hands full of Cheetos. The man hadn't changed since the last time Dan had seen him. He looked like a mini Lester, less chunky and more meek. His beard needed to be trimmed as it was bordering on scraggly and he wore the nerd staples of thick glasses and cargo shorts. "You joining us tonight? Been awhile since you've played but I think I have your character sheet on my phone. It was a bard right?"

"That guy that sings? I think that was it." Dan said with a shrug.

"Yep, Dan's joining," Lester said eyeing him, "And Sarah will be too."

The elderly wizard looking man Eugene bumped into Ned, almost dropping the cardboard box he was carrying. His thinning grey, wispy hair and long white beard put some extra mileage on him since the

last time Dan had seen him. He looked ancient, "You're girlfriend...Sarah. She's here?" His lecherous eyes darted around the room, looking to scan Sarah's body.

"Yep, she's getting ready in the bedroom," Lester forcefully took the cardboard box from Eugene's hands and plopped it on the table.

"Hey, I painted some new miniatures be careful," Eugene snapped, quickly moving to the box to check its contents. Last into the apartment was Greg who had slide past the others and was next to Eugene, removing things from the box. Greg looked like a meek book nerd: rail thin, clothing a couple sizes too big, thick glasses and squirrely eyes.

He gave Dan a curt nod before going back to the box. Lester slammed the door shut and turned to Ned, "Soda's in the fridge. So are the bowls."

"On it," Ned said turning from the others and heading into the kitchen. Dan set his travel mug next to the couch and waited for Sarah. The other guys set up a board with the miniatures and began laying out a bunch of pieces and notes behind a large piece of cardboard at the end of the table. Greg sat behind the cardboard with Eugene and Lester taking seats on the opposite side of each other. Ned returned shortly after with and went to sit next to Lester but was shooed away to another seat. Eugene looked at Dan expectantly. He just stood there, leaning against the couch waiting for Sarah.

His head snapped down the hallway when the door at the end clicked open. Dan's heart started to pound into his ribcage as Sarah walked out wearing a sexy little emerald robe, carrying a small grocery bag filled with her clothes and other garments she'd left behind at some point. He inhaled deeply. This hadn't been part of their plan. Hell, Dan hadn't even told her what his plan was. She'd done this of her own volition.

Dan swallowed, eyes trailing up her body. Lester was smirking at him before he even saw Sarah appear, knowing the outcome by reading Dan's face. The jaws around the table dropped when Sarah walked into the living room.

"Hi boys. It's been awhile. Did you miss me?" Sarah purred. Dan felt his chest tighten. She'd fallen back into her old routine so easily. This sultry persona. Thankfully, Dan had kind of been aware this might happen. He loved when she acted like this but just wished she didn't do for Lester on her own.

There was silent, enthusiastic nods from all around the table. Lester just chuckled and patted the chair next to him. Sarah gave Dan a furtive glance, her cheeks going a tint of rose before she averted her gaze and sat down next to Dan's rotund roommate.

None of the eyes turned towards Dan who, once again, stood apart from the main event. All eyes were discreetly or in Eugene's case, not-discreetly undressing Sarah. She pretended not to notice and reached towards the bowl of chips. Her robe loosened at her chest, giving Ned an appreciated glance at her cleavage. His gulp could be heard all the way from where Dan was standing.

He felt the familiar sting to his ego. The feeling creep further into him, making him waver and grasp onto the familiar comfort of going prone, letting the events play out before him. Dan balled his hands into fists and took a step forward, pulling a chair out and sitting down at the table.

"Alright," Greg said from behind the standing cardboard, "Let's begin." The diminutive man cracked his knuckles and began to lay out the story for tonight's game. Apparently it was some kind of new campaign where the characters were meeting in a tavern to find someone with secret information on the location of a lost ancient magical treasure. Dan half listened, instead opting to watch Sarah's eyes

dart around to each member of the table. When she landed on him, her gaze faltered a bit. Lester seemed to notice, reaching out a hand to squeeze her thigh that the robe barely covered.

Dan steeled his nerves, looking down at the character sheet on Ned's phone. He'd spent enough lunch hours with Carlos in Washington that he was more prepared for this little game than he was last time. He listened as Greg explained the situation and their characters took turns entering the tavern, trying to identify which character in the tavern had the information they required.

Dan stared at Greg, getting his attention and putting a finger to his nose. Greg looked confused but Dan thought it stood out enough that the guy might go along with what Dan was planning.

Lester was once again playing as his barbarian character and said, "Lady Val, come lets sit by the fire."

"I'm going to go talk to those rough looking men at the bar," Ned said, repositioning his character. "I'll engage them in a conversation."

"I'll cast a mind reading spell and see if anyone is thinking about the relic," Eugene said, his eyes staring at the table in front of Sarah's breasts.

"It fails," Greg said from behind his cardboard, "Dan, Cassius Silverstrings, your move."

"Tell me, Mr. DM. Does this tavern have rooms available for rent?" Dan asked.

"Indeed it does," Greg said, "Five gold."

"I pay five gold to the innkeeper for a room," Dan said. This move got Eugene to break his stare at the table and look up at Dan surprised. Ned gave him an enthusiastic thumbs up while Lester looked disinterested and kneaded Sarah's leg.

"I stroll up onto a table, with my lute in hand and begin to play," Dan said moving his little figure on the table. "I target the Maiden Val as my rich voice captures the attention of the room. My song has a strong charm effect and its a song of seduction."

"What?" Lester snapped.

Greg hid a little smile, "...okay. Roll Performance check."

Dan grabbed the dice off the table and rolled and 18. Greg nodded. "You passed. Val finds her loins stirring and she leaves Dar the Barbarian and saunters up to listen to Cassius's performance.

Player: "I seduce her with a song."

DM: "...okay. Roll Performance."

Dan rolled the dice. It landed on a twelve.

"Pass," Greg said with a knowing look to Dan.

"I charge at bard with my sword drawn, to impale him," Lester said breaking the turn order but casting the dice anyway. It rolled a sixteen.

"Sorry, it needed a twenty," Greg said. Lester slapped his hands down on the table.

"My song makes the cleric disrobe," Dan said and rolled an eight. Sarah raised her eyebrows looking at Dan with a playful look. She put her hands on his, stopping his die roll. She stood up from the table, and unknotted the belt holding her robe together. She let it drop to the floor, standing completely stark naked before the group of assembled nerds.

There was a sharp intake of breath from several of the men. Lester slammed his hand down on the table, but no one eye's diverted from Sarah's body. She swayed seductively to a song only she could hear, the curves and moves of her body mesmerizing the assembled men.

Dan threw his die onto the table and said, "I take the cleric upstairs and fuck her until the morning."

He didn't even look at what the dice roll came back as. He stood and grabbed Sarah's hand and pulled her from the room, down to his vacated bedroom. He locked the door behind them and threw Sarah onto the bed and crawled in after her.

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"What just happned?" Ned muttered tucking his boner up into his waist band and looking around at the rest of the group.

"Lester's getting cucked, thats what happened," Eugene chuckled, "Cucked by the bard!"

Lester balled his hands into fists, clutching the little miniature figure in it. He shook and stared down at the table as comments and laughed came from Eugene. He seethed. The same way when girls in high school had made fun of him all the years ago. Before he learned he could take what he wanted.

"UHMHMMMM," A moan echoded from down the hallway making the men grow still. Lester abruptly stood, knocking his chair over in the process. He stomped away from the group, disappearing down the hallway.

"Did Silverstrings really just do that?" Ned said eyed wide. "I...I should have tried that...do you think she would have..."

"I don't know," Greg said as he debated whether to pack up the board and pieces for tonight, "I've never seen Lester so angry."

"Of course he's angry. His hot girlfriend finally came to her senses and traded up. Jesus christ just listen to them going at it." Eugene chuckled.

"UHHMHHMM. FUCK," Sarah's sultry screams could be heard from where the men sat. Ned looked out of sort as he tried to focus on anything but the sound he could hear."I can't wait to post about this on the subreddit," he said to himself.

Eugene stood and started down the hallway.

"W-where are you going?" Ned said, reaching out to stop him but he pulled his hand back when he noticed Eugene's erection tenting his sweatpants.

"Gonna see if I can get a closer look," Eugene said walking away from the table and down the hallway. Greg couldn't look up. He started putting the cardboard and the other pieces into the box.

"Did he really pass on those checks?" Ned stammered, awardly trying to sit to concel his own boner.

"Yeah," Greg lied finishing packing the box. He wouldn't have done that if Lester wasn't to mean to him. Still, he hadn't expected anything in real to happen.

"Dan...whats gotten into you?" came Sarah's words from down the hall.

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Lester pounded on his bedroom wall, trying to get Sarah's attention. How the fuck could she do this to him? Sweat dripped down his back and his face was flush. He wanted to scream and hit something. He closed one eye and peered into the peephole only to be rebuffed by the back of the anime poster he'd mockingly put up with Renee had visited.

But Sarah and Dan ignored his fists. Her moans echoed through the thin walls and Lester felt impotent rage he hadn't experienced in decades. He kicked over a pile of dirty clothes and almost threw his model of the USS Enterprise but calmly put it back down. He threw the door open, intending to pound on their door.

He stopped short when he saw Eugene with an ear to the door as he stroked himself through his sweatpants.

"Oh what the fuck!" Lester snapped. Eugene's eyes went wide and he stood up, trying to cover his erection. Then he smirked and said, "Sounds like your girl is getting fucked by an alpha male."

"Get the fuck out of my HOUSE!" Lester screamed, stalking towards the older man. Eugene smirked, put his hands up placantly and walked back to the other room. Greg was possessingly holding the box of D&D items as Ned sat there awkwardly.

"Get out!" Lester bellowed, his cheeks felt hot. Greg was already out the door as Lester struggled to catch his breath. Ned stood awkwardly, torn between leaving and trying to help clean up. Another step into the room by Lester made him drop the bowl of chips and dart out the door. Eugene was chuckling as he pulled the door shut behind him.

Lester spun and marched back down the hall. He slammed his fists against the door, "FUCK."

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Dan pumped into Sarah with a renewed energy he hadn't felt in a long time. His energy. This felt like himself. Sarah's face contorted in pleasure as he fucked her. His feet were planted on the floor as Sarah ground herself against his cock, laying on her back on the bed. Dan grunted, hands mauling Sarah's naked breasts.

It was been invigorating to expose Sarah like that to the group of nerds. But it had been like a short of heroin to steal his wife away from Lester in front of them. Sarah's pussy clenched around his dick.

Dan was aware of the pounding sounds on the door but neither him nor Sarah stopped to care about them. He legs wrapped around his waist, urging him deeper and deeper. Dan hadn't felt this alive since he'd fucked Tricia in the office. Sarah's hands clawed at him, desperately needing to feel him.

A primal sense to fuck his wife surged through him. He gripped her toned thighs and thrust into her. She pulled him down by his shirt, their tongues swirling around each other others. Desperate energy coursed through them as the pounding continued on the door.

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Eugene howled in laughter, "Did you see the look on Lester's face? Dan is my new hero. I think I'm going to name my next character after him. Dan the Daring. Dan the Dastardly. What a legend."

"Lester was really upset," Ned said, fingering the elevator button for the tenth time. Greg clutched the box of D&D supplies possessively, his eyes on the floor. "I've never seen him so mad."

"Yeah it was awesome," Eugene said. Then in a lower voice he whisper, "How about those tits? Jeezus Sarah has a fantastic body. I hope she comes to the next D&D night. I'll make sure to spec in some love spells."

Greg silently shook. Ned said, "I forgot how to breath. Literally. When she dropped that robe, my body stopped breathing. We really should record our sessions."

"Amen to that. It happened too fast. I want to see them globes again," Eugen held up his hands in front of his face, groping the air and flicking his tongue up and down. The elevator dinged and before they could step in a non-descript man walked out, paused and looked at Eugene sucking on a pair of pretend breasts. Ned nudged Eugene in the side. The older man just laughed and pushed past the guy and onto the elevator. Greg and Ned followed after him, Ned hammering the close door button.

The man watched the elevator door close and headed down the direction the men had come from. His eyes darted to the apartment numbers until he stood in front of the one he'd been searching for. He pulled a toolkit from his pocket, looked up and down the hallway then pulled out a small snake like device and plugged one end into his phone. He kenlt and pushed the camera end under the door and looked into the apartment.

Lester Marshall was pacing back and forth holding a bowl of Cheetos. He furiously shoved them into his mouth. The man's brow furrowed watching the scene. Where was Dan and Sarah Williams? Thier car was in the parking lot, they wouldn't be anywhere else.

He pulled the snake free and put it back in his toolkit. Before he sent an update to Marcus, he'd stick around a bit longer and see what developed.

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"It's been awhile," Sarah said dreamily from Dan's chest. She was wearing just the starcy white sheets as she laid with him. Dan's hands were clasped behind his head, feeling yet another victory.

Sure, having sex with his wife wasn't something to celebrate so strongly but he couldn't help but smile. Life was on the upswing and after tonight, they were done with this shity apartment and Lester for good. Things were looking up. He couldn't wait to see Lester's ugly face as they strolled out of her and out of Lester's life for good.

"It was long overdue," Dan said, stroking Sarah's back. He smiled and kissed her head. They laid like that for awhile, just enjoying each other's bodies. Lester had stopped pounding on the door at some point. Dan didn't remember when.

"Dan," Sarah said softly, "Are you going to be okay?"

Dan hesitated for only a second before answering, "Yeah. We will. We just need to put all of this behind us. It'll take a bit but I think we can be stronger then ever."

She kissed his chest and nuzzled into it, "I hope so."

"I know so," Dan said, his fingers grazing her naked back. He wanted to lay with her forever. But the bed was uncomfortable and the sheets itched. And the sooner they were out of this hellhole the better.

"We should get out of here," Dan said.

"Do you want me to get off you?" Sarah said coyily, her hand brushing his chest.

"No," Dan said, "But I do want us to get out of there. The sooner we are aware from all of this, the better."

Sarah pushed herself into a seated position, her blonde hair flowing freely down her naked back. She swallowed and nodded her head, giving Dan a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes, "You're right. Let's go."

Dan swung his legs off the bed with a groan and began grabbing clothes. He pulled on his boxers, then his pants and shirt. Sarah was still sitting there, completely naked.

"Uh, babe aren't you going to get dressed? Or do you want to walk down to the car naked?" Dan asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes and pushed herself off the bed, standing stark naked before him, "A charming bard disrobbed me with his song in front of the whole tavern, remember?"

"Ah, yeah," Dan chuckled, "You're robes out in the living room. What about your clothes?" Dan moved towards the door.

"Lester's room," Sarah whispered. Dan froze with his hand on the doorknob. He'd hope not to have to interact with the short weirdo again. Having his last memory of Lester be ineffectually banging on the door would have been nice.

"Alright, give me a second I'll get your robe," Dan said. He pulled the door closed behind him. Lester's door was, thankfully closed so he couldn't hear any rumblings or gaming noises. It was probably the middle of the night and the fat bastard was fast asleep.

He went to the living room but couldn't find Sarah's robe. The table was still set up but everything else was missing. No nerds, no soda, no bowl of chips and cheetos. Something moved out of the corner of his eye and Dan swore he'd seen something at the bottom of the door. He stared in the direction for several seconds but it must have been his sleepy mind playing tricks on him.

Unless Eugene or one of the other nerds had taken Sarah's dress as some kind of jerking off aid, there was only one place in the apartment it was. He stared daggers down the hall at Lester's closed door. Even when Dan had gotten the upper hand on the smug bastard, Lester still had a card to play, knowing full well they wouldn't leave without getting Sarah's clothes.

Hell, Dan was tempted to just have her leave naked and not have to play into his roommate's plan. She could wear his clothes for all he cared. He went back to his old room and cracked the door. Sarah stood there, arms crossed over her breasts, trying in vain to hide her nakedness.

Dan's eyes scanned up and down her body briefly and he felt the surpsing urge to go for round two. He quieted that voice and said, "Robe and the bag of your old clothes is gone. Lester probably has it in his room."

"Of course he does," Sarah said pulling the door open, "Wait here, I'll get them."

"No I'm gonna come with you," Dan said. She shot him a questioning glance, "I don't want to leave you alone with him."

"I'm a big girl Dan, I can handle myself," Sarah said letting her arms fall from her breasts.

"I know. It's just that Lester seems to have a way of convincing you to do what he wants. Earlier, you didn't have to come out wearing that robe. We could have just left. But you still did what he said," Dan whispered.

"I did that because you said you had a plan," Sarah said in a low voice, "I figured it had something to do with teasing those boys."

"Whatever. It all worked out right? Let's just go in and get the clothes." Dan said walking up to Lester's door. He tried the handle and it didn't budge. Locked.

He raised his hands to bash on the door the same way Lester had been doing earlier but Sarah gently grabbed his wrist and shook her head. She softly knocked and said, "Lester. Are you awake? We're leaving but I need to get my clothes. Can you open the door?"

Only silence came from the other side of the door. Sarah gently knocked again and repeated her message. This time slow, plodding footsteps could be heard approaching the door. Dan braced himself.

The door was pulled open and his short, ugly roommate stood there very naked. Dan regretted his eyes dropping to Lester's member and immediately looked up at the ceiling. His brain told him that the brief moment of appendage he'd glimpsed confirmed that Lester was packing and that his dick was semi-hard.

He finally looked down from the ceiling when he realized no one was talking. Sarah's breasts were rising and falling rapidly as she stared at Lester's face. His eyes were roaming over her body as he slowly licked his lips. It finally dawned on Dan that both of them were naked. Lester's dick began to harden in front of them until it was jutting out like a steel rod pointed directly at his wife.

Dan's throat went dry. His jaw opening but no words coming out. He hoped Sarah would speak for them but her mind seemed to be doing a hard reset. He began feeling like a third wheel again, doomed to spectate as this troll ravaged his wife. Dan clenched his fists until the nails dug into his palm and he stepped forward, "We're leaving. Just give us Sarah's things."

"Leaving huh?" Lester raised an eyebrow to Sarah, "What happened to our rules? Our throuple. I thought we were in this together."

"That's all done now," Dan stated flatly, pushing out his chest a bit. Lester didn't seem to be intimate, instead he stepped back and gestured for them to enter his room.

"Just give us the clothes Lester," Dan said.

"As you can see," Lester gestured to the floor covered in piles of dirty clothes, "There's lots of clothes in here. You're going to have to be more specific. Scratch that actually. I don't really care enough to get the clothes. You can pick them up yourselves."

Dan started into the room, eyes scanning the piles of garbage and clothing on the floor, looking for anything that looked feminine. He was about to take another step in but realized Sarah was still standing at the threshold, naked. He looked back over his shoulder and saw Lester turn and whisper something at Sarah.

"Nope," Dan said, "Not happening."

He grabbed Sarah's wrist and pulled her into the room with him, shooting Lester an irritated glare. He turned to his wife, "Alright, what were you wearing earlier? Do you see it? Let's grab it and go."

The door shut behind them with a audible click. Dan turned to see Lester pressing his back against the door. "Lester what the fuck do you think you're doing?" Dan asked carefully stepping around a pile of plates littered on the floor.

"I'm closing my door, what does it look like?" Lester shot back.

"Open it. Now. We're getting our things and leaving. We're done with all of this. Done with you." Dan said. Lester shrugged and opened the door a crack, technically following Dan's command.

"Is that right?" Lester said, his hand going to his cock while his eyes feasted on Sarah, "Sarah is this true? You're done with this?"

Lester shook his cock to punctuate his sentence. Sarah stayed uncharacteristically quiet, seemingly torn between them. Dan gave her hand a squeeze. She returned it and looked at him. He saw the uncertainty in her eyes, a stark contrast to the determined woman from earlier.

"Yeah, we're all done," Dan said.

"So hostile," Lester chuckled, "Well, if this really is the end of the road. I'll be sad to see you two go. It's been a lot of fun after all."

Dan kept scanning the room, looking for Sarah's clothes, "Fun's one word for it."

"Oh don't be like that Danny-boy. At least, don't lie to yourself. We both know you enjoyed watching me fuck your wife. Whether it was in this bed, in your bed, in the car, wherever. You stroked yourself to completion so many times that we both know it would be a lie to say you didn't enjoy it."

Dan stiffened at Lester's words. Sarah's nipples stiffened as well.

"I gotta say, I never thought it would end like this. It's a bit anticlimatic isn't it?" Lester said stepping towards them. "Shouldn't we go out on a high note? One more memorable night? Instead of going out with a whimper, would should go out with a bang, What do ya say?" Lester licked his lips looking over Sarah's body against. His cock hard and jutting out towards them. Dan gulped at the sight of his wife standing here in this filth, naked with this short troll of a man openly feasting on Sarah's body.

She broke eye contact with Lester and slowly turned her head to look at Dan. He could see it. The lust in her eyes. The desire for this ugly man. It didn't make any sense. A stray, betraying thought crept into Dan's mind, asking him Would one last night really change anything?

Dan felt himself waiver. He was staring hard at Sarah eyes, Trying to figure out how to convey his feelings without speaking out loud. He hesitated and something passed between them. A glint of recognition in her eye. An understanding.

She licked her lips in anticipation, an eerily similar gesture to Lester's. She broke eye contact and turned to Lester, "One last time. One last night together. You're going to fuck me like its the last time you'll ever have me. Give me the best fuck of my life to remember you by."

Dan's heart hammered in his chest, his knees going weak. Lester flashed him a smirking, arrogant smile and he crossed the dirt laden floor and pulled Sarah into his arms. She groaned when his cock, dripping with precum touched her skin, pressing hard into her. Lester enveloped her in his flabby, hairy arms and dipped her like a dancer would. He made a show for Dan's sake of running his hands up Sarah's naked body before he grabbed the back of her head. He slowly licked his lips. Dan's breath caught in his throat when his wife unconsciously mimicked the motion. He slowly lower his lips to hers

and at the last second before connection Dan saw her lips open, allowing Lester's foul tongue into her mouth.

His wife moaned into the kiss, her body seeming to melt into Lester's body. Pulling on him with desire. His hands ran over his pale skin, reaching down immediately and grasping his cock. She groaned again, wrapping her delicate french manicured nails as far around it as her hands would let her.

Dan's mouth was dry as he tried to swallow. What the fuck did I let happen. The genie was out of the bottle yet...he knew he could put it back in. But he felt his brain and body disconnect. Lester's hips started humping forward, jutting the precum soaked tip of his cock against Sarah's thigh. It inched higher and higher leaving a slug-like trail in its wake.

Dan's foot inched forward. If he said something would they stop? Would Sarah? She didn't stop the last time he told her on the phone. Did Dan want her to stop? His head felt foggy and he couldn't think straight. He kept blinking over and over, breathing harder and harder.

Sarah stroked Lester's cock, desperately against herself, smearing his creamy pre-cum onto her skin like some kind of fucked up moisturizer. They stumbled back until Sarah's bubble but pressed against the edge of Lester's low bed.

The analytical part of Dan's brain noted how the bed seemed to be at the perfect height for Sarah's luscious behind. Lester edged himself forward, splitting Sarah's legs apart. Sarah still held onto his cock, lining it up with her opening and running it up and down her slit. Lester's oozing pre-cum mixed with Sarah's juices. She was thrusting her chest against Lester, her body desperate for him to fuck her. Their heads continued to wildly thrash from side to side as they hungrily kissed.

Dan saw flashes of entwined tongues and lips in the rapid motion, Sarah's beautiful blonde mane moving so quickly like it was blowing in the wind. Sarah's hand grabbed Lester's cock tightly, stroking herself with it. Then she lowered it and jutted herself forward. Lester held his hips still and broke the kiss. Sarah breathed heavily, looking up at him with a look Dan could only describe as love and adoration. His heart broke. Again.

Lester smirked at Dan over his shoulder and nodded, "Take a seat champ."

Sarah blinked, looking at Lester, then turned to follow his gaze. She seemed to look through Dan, blinking hard, struggling with recognition. Dan's leg bumped into something that slid back. Lester's gaming chair. Sarah's gaze pierced him and his legs went weak. He fell back into the chair, scooting it back so it bumped the desk. The monitors came on, casting light over their copulating couple in front of him.

Lester was still smirking at him, while Sarah's body writhed in need. "Hey," Lester chuckled, "Remember when you both used to insist on condoms?"

Before anyone could reply, Lester bent his need and thrust forward, the head of his cock disappearing into Sarah, "UHHHHH."

Her fingers latched onto Lester's hairy shoulders. She moaned as Lester fed her his cock. Dan watched inch after inch of Lester's cock disappear into the loving mother of his children. Sarah groaned in pleasure. Lester's ass cheeks jiggled as he pumped more and more of his cock into Sarah. Her legs wrapped around his oddly proportioned body, pulling him deeper.

His fat tongue lapped at her collarbone, her fingers running through his thinning hair.  
“Uhhmmmm...ffuuuuckkk,” Sarah groaned, her bottom lip hanging over sucking in air.

“Ohfuck Lester,” Sarah moaned, kissing his balding, fat head, “Uh, uh. Ah...Uhh..Mhmmm...  
fuuuuhhhhhh.”

Lester glanced over his shoulder at Dan, that shit eating grin still plastered on his face. Sarah tugged at his body, her head thrown back a mask of pleasure covering her face. Lester sneered, “I didn’t hear her making sounds like these earlier. Guess thats what happens when you send a boy to do a man’s job.”

“Dan wants you to be louder,” Lester whispered, “Don’t hold anything back. Show him what we’ve been working on.”

“Uhhhh....Mhmmmm...god yes Lester,” Sarah moaned, finger nails raking across Lester’s back, “Fffuck.”

Dan gripped the arms of the chair having an out of body experience. It had been a long time since he’d had a front row seat to this horrid affair. Lester began picking up pace, his fat hips beginning to jack hammer into Sarah. Each thrust eliciting a grunt of pleasure from her. Gone were the soft, pleasureable moans from Dan’s session with his wife earlier. Even her screams sounded different. More animlaistic. Primal.

Dan felt like he was watching the mating ritual of wild animals on the discovery channel. Lester fat sausage fingers grabbed onto Sarah’s thighs. He pulled on her legs and pumped his naked cock into her. Sarah fucked him back, her bubble butt rocking against the bed, thrusting her body back onto Lester’s cock. They ground against each other like it was a comepeittion for dominance.

“Fuck. Ohhhffuuuck,” Sarah moaned, throwing her hair back and screaming at the ceiling. Lester snarled and grabbed the back of her head. His fat tongue was already sticking out of his mouth as he pulled Sarah to him. Her mouth, still parted from the moan took his tongue inside.

“MHMPHMMM,” Sarah moaned eyes flying open at the sudden invasion. Dan’s heart sunk. Her eyes looked at the fat man in front of her affectionatly. Almost, lovingly as she closed them and melted into the kiss, her mouth and body moving with a passionate fury that Dan had rarely seen.

The headboard slammed against the drywall. Their bodies rocked against the end of the bed, making the legs slide across the floor. Dan opened his mouth but nothing came out. Sarah was lost in bliss and seemed to have forgotten all about him.

Lester broke the kiss with a groan and dipped Sarah back onto the bed. She moaned as her body touched the soft blankets and she pulled Lester back into a freznied kiss, her ass lurching off the bed as Lester slowly feed his entire length of cock back into her.

“Mmmhmmm,” Sarah groaned, raking Lester’s back with her fingers. Lester’s stubby body knelt of the bed, his mass covering Sarah’s tight body. The fat gut around his waist pressed down into her, making it hard to breathe. Sarah whined under him. Dan’s eeyes were fixed on Sarah’s calves as she dug her heels down into the bed, flexing them, ground herself as she desperately tried to arch herself up to meet his possessive thrusts.

Lester broke the kiss, leaving a gasping Sarah panting below him. He looked over his shoulder and shot a glare towards Dan, daring him to do something. Dan’s nails dug into the arms of the chair. He felt somethign stir in him. He was about to get up.

Lester pulled his cock back all the way to the head and slammed his entire length back in with force.

“UHHHMHMMMMMMHMMM,” Sarah moaned, the sound reverberating through the room followed by lower, softer groans of pleasure that rocked Dan to his core. His legs went limp, the words in his throat a jumble of nothingness.

“UH. UH. UH. UH. UHHH. UHHH. UHHH,” Sarah’s moans echoed off the walls as Lester continued to repeatedly pound into her. She arched her back, her bare breasts pushing into his chest, gleaming with sweat.

“UH. FUCK....LESTER....MHMMMM,” Sarah moaned, her ass flying off the bed to meet his relentless thrusts. “UHHMMMM.”

Sarah clamped her eyes tight. Dan watched in horrified fascination as her lips formed the perfect ‘O’. He watched all the muscles in her body go taut, feet digging into the mattress, toes curling as his loving wife came.

A shower of explosive pleasure erupted inside of Sarah and overwhelmed her senses, her concept of time and space didn’t matter anymore as her body drowned itself in the sensation that only Lester’s cock could give her. Lester smirked down at her as he pumped his hips forward. He licked his lips, ran his hand down Sarah’s thighs and grabbed onto both of her ass cheeks. He collapsed down on her and humped into her at a rapid pace like some kind of fucked up slug.

Dan’s stomach twisted at the sight. Sarah’s entire body was engulfed by a mass of sweaty, hairy skin. The only thing he could see were her head and her legs jutting out from under his body. Her feet weren’t planted on the bed anymore. Lester held her ass up, lifting them off the ground as he pounded into her.

Sarah groaned in wheezing pleasure, crushed under Lester’s weight. But she didn’t want it to stop. Her head lolled to the side as she struggled to breathe, struggled to catch her breath from the blissful orgasm still radiating through her. Struggling to breathe from the oncoming tsunami of a second, thanks to Lester’s new angle his rapid, fucking.

“OH...OH...OH.....UH...UHH,” was all Sarah could utter through wracked breathing. Her lungs burned under the strain of Lester’s weight. Dan couldn’t move. Just watch as Sarah’s legs kicked out and his wife started a back to back orgasm.

“FFFUUUUU,” Sarah’s scream seemed to rattle the walls. It reverberating in Dan’s ears, seemingly settling there and threatening to never leave. When her scream trailed off into a desperate whimper, her heavy breathing as the only thing left making noise. Until Lester began to thrust into Sarah again and the wet, slapping sounds of flesh rang out. She threw her head back, seemingly amazed that the sex was still going.

Lester was whispering something in Sarah’s ear that Dan couldn’t hear. He leaned forward in the chair, straining to try and catch a word but all he heard was a throaty purr from Sarah. It seemed to reverberate in her chest.

With a heft, Lester pushed himself up and Dan could finally see his wife’s body again. Drenched in sweat, either hers or Lester’s. What made him wince was the the dark hairs clinging to her breasts and torso, transferred from Lester’s body. His normally prim wife didn’t seem to notice or care. Her breasts were too busy rising and falling rapidly as she struggled to catch her breath.

She struggled up onto her elbows, her body looking like it was ready to collapse into the bed. Her hair was a mess and sweat ran down her face. She blinked, her eyes searching the room. Lester pulled his cock out of her with an audible 'spluch.'

Her eyes finally settled on Dan, her face blank of recognition for a few seconds before saying, "Dan... what are you doing?"

Dan swallowed, thinning hard. His lips finally made word shapes and said, "W..watching."

"You should be doing more than that," Sarah said licking her lips the same way Lester did. It unsettled Dan. He didn't respond, his brain racing against a sea of testosterone and brain chemicals.

"Take out your dick for me," Sarah said biting her bottom lip. Lester grunted and heaved himself off the bed, repositioning himself. Sarah looked back at him with a wicked smile on her face and shakily climbed onto her hands and knees. Lester knelt behind her, one hand on her hip, the other on his cock as he stroked her pussy lips with it.

"Mhmmhmm," Sarah moaned, wiggling her ass back, searching for a connection. Her heavy eyelids opened again, piercing Dan's, "Take it out. I want you stroking it for me."

Dan shimmied out of his pants, his dick already tenting his boxers underneath. Sarah looked at the boxers with derisions and he lost them too, His hand was already on his dick, the feeling of his palm a much needed sensation compared to the strain against his pants. His cock twitched at the sight in front of him and Dan felt like if he stroked it much more it was going to explode all over himself.

"Okay Dan," Sarah breathed hotly, "Show me how much you like this. How much you want to keep watching me....UHH."

Her sentence broke off as Lester pushed his cock into her. He only put a couple of inches in, pulled it all the way back out and slowly feed her his entire length. Sarah's head dropped to the bed, a mass of blonde locks showering down around her face.

Lester kneaded her hips with his pudgy sausage fingers. His sweaty gut sat atop her perfect bubble but like a quivering blob that stared angrily at Dan. It was such a fucked up sight to see his wife shaking with desire, thrusting back against such a horrid creature, while her jaw hung open in half pain-half pleasure as she struggled to breath.

Lester had a permanent sneer on his face and an expression Dan couldn't quite place. There was something lurking there, beneath the surface that he didn't recognize but it felt threatening.

"Sarah, my love," Lester said hoarsely, sweat dripping down his fat skull. As he slowed his thrusts, eliciting a whimper of need from Sarah. She raised her head, her eyes partly visible through the blonde curtain of hair.

"What?" Sarah breathed, heavily.

"Have you and Dan discussed which room is going to be the nursery?" Lester drawled slowly as he pumped in and out of her. Dan swallowed.

"Personally I am in favor of you side sleeping. You know, making sure its there in your bed every night," Lester chuckled and locked eyes with Dan, "What? You haven't discussed this at all? Buddy you better get prepared for whats coming in nine months."

WHAP

He slapped Sarah's ass cheeks sending a ripple through them. It reverberated through his gut making a sickening worble. "Ah, Sarah grunted, fingers digging into the mattress. Lester licked his lips, "And you better get ready for what's cumming in a few minutes."

Dan didn't like what Lester was doing. Didn't like this sick fantasy of his. To impregnate Sarah. It crossed a boundary. Even though part of Dan shook at the very idea. His whole goal tonight was to shut Lester down. With a dry throat he said, "She's on the pill. It's not happening."

Lester's smile grew wider. Dan saw something sinister behind his eyes, but still couldn't identify it. Lester ran his hands lovingly over Sarah's body and said, "Maybe."

He left the words hang in the room. Dan's mind tried to puzzle together what he meant. Sarah hadn't seemed to hear him. Her face a mask of pleasure as she ground herself back against him, sucking in little spurts of breath.

Lester's hand snaked up Sarah's back grabbing her by the base of her hair. He balled her pretty blonde locks into his fist and yanked up. Sarah's head snapped up, glossy eyes locking onto Dan's. She looked like her mind was far away.

"Maybe the pills won't work," Lester said slowly his naked cock thrusting in and out of Sarah. Driving deep inside of her at this glorious angle. Hitting places inside of her that only Lester had ever touched. It felt like a hot, veiny steel rod impaling her and she craved more and more of it inside of her.

"You hear those stories all the time. Condom's break. Pills fails because of medication. Vastectomies well...life finds a way," Lester said in a slow deliberate voice. He face turned into a grimace, his thrust growing more urgent.

"What do you say Sarah? Should we stop? What if none of that works. What if your pills don't work? What if I start shooting real cum into you. Flooding you with it," Lester grunted yanking her hair, reaching around and mauling her breast. "Are you going to stop?"

"No," Sarah panted, answering too quickly. "No," she repeated.

Lester licked his lips. He was pistoning in and out of her now. Sarah was opening moaning her throat sucking in air faster than her lungs could process it. "You'd let me cum in you? Flood your fertile womb with my potent seed?"

Dan wanted to roll his eyes at the way Lester spoke like a neckbeard incel. But all he could do was swallowed, hearing his wife's lewd admissions.

"Yes...fuck," Sarah moaned, her arms muscles tight as she ground her palms down into the bed and pushed her body back onto Lester's invading cock. "I want your cum to explode inside of me. I want to feel it. All of it."

"Even if it knocks you up?" Lester grunted.

Sarah's body shuddered and for the first time Dan saw pleasure and acceptance on her face. In that moment, he truly doubted that Sarah would actually stop this if there was a chance Lester could impregnate her. The idea of Lester's seed flooding into his wife and seeking her egg made his cock involuntarily twitch and a stream of cum drip out of it. He loosed his grip on it, worried it would go off at the slightly provocation.

“Ummm....uhhhh...yess...” Sarah breathed rapidly, wanting to say anything to keep Lester inside of her. To keep this amazing feeling building inside of her. “I want it. I want it to knock me up. I want you to put a baby in me Lester.”

“You want me to fucking breed you. Say it,” Lester snarled.

“Breed me Lester,” Sarah panted. She urgently thrust back into him, revelling in the feeling of his cock battering against her cervix and dragging over her sensitive nerve endings, “I want you to breed me. Fucking breed me Lester.”

Lester raised his eyebrows, smile growing wider than Dan thought possible. Wider and sinister. Lester’s eyes flicked up to Dan.

“What about you Dan? You want to see me breed your wife? Breed her right fucking in front you? Knock up the woman you love and married? Impregnate the mother of your children? Flood her with my heavy seed? Huh?”

Dan’s heart hammered in his chest, his cock twitched. He couldn’t breath. The room felt small. It felt like it was closing in around him. Everything seemed to spin. Sarah’s urgent grunts and groans were too much for him. Flooding into his brain like erotic heroin that he needed more of.

“Cat got your tongue huh?” Lester sneered, “You just gonna sit there while I cum in her aren’t you? This is your moment hero. This is your chance to stop me from impregnating Sarah Williams. And you’re just going to fucking sit there and watch as she’s knocked up. Knocked up and begging for it. Aren’t you, you little cuck? Watch your wife get bred.”

Dan couldn’t move. He couldn’t breath. It was all happening so fast. There was too much to process.

Lester yanked on Sarah’s hair, pulling her head back up. She winced and let out a yelp. Lester licked up her back as sweat dripped off of him onto her, “Look at your husband Sarah.”

Sarah’s eyes lazily locked onto Dan. They flittered over the quivering dick in his lap and onto his conflicted face, “Watch as the man you love sits ideally by as you’re knocked up by his disgusting roommate. Watch as he lets you get bred. Watch as he wants it to happen.”

“Ohhhh,” Sarah’s face contorted at Lester’s words. They were pushing her over the edge. She felt the warmth rapidly building inside of her, convulsing into something gigantic. “Ohhhlllester.”

“Tell him what’s about to happen Sarah. Tell him what he’s letting happen,” Lester panted.

“Ahhhhmhmhm Dan.....Dan....he’s...he’s going to cum in me,” Sarah whined in anticipation. “He’s going to fucking knock me up. He’s going to breed me. Breed your wife.”

“Unless he stops me,” Lester whispered the challenge to the room. Dan felt an oppressive heat radiating out from the copulating couple in front of him. It threatened to wash over and suffocate him. Part of Dan wanted to protest but he was already too far gone. Immobile. What the hell happened to me?

“You have maybe thirty seconds,” Lester said, his hands possessively roaming Sarah’s body. Groping, mauling. “Before I fucking unload into her. Before my heavy balls flood her with my baby batter. I dare you to stop me.”

Dan’s fingers were gripping the arms of the chair, nails digging into the leather. His dick twitched in his lap.

"He's hard as a rock Sarah. Look at his dick. He wants this. He wants you to be bred. Pathetic." Lester sneered. Dan's vision felt blurry, his face red hot.

"Pathetic," Sarah repeated, chewing on the words for taste. Breathing was getting hard for her. Her own orgasm was rapidly building and all conscious thought was starting to slide out the window.

"Breed me Lester. Fucking give me that cum. I need it. Make him watch."

"Ughhh," Lester groaned, "Squeeze it baby. Milk all the cum out of me. Work for it. Show Dan how much you want me to breed you."

"Yes Daddy," Sarah huffed. Dan's heart twisted hearing that word from her lips. The word that had so many connotations. But his heart twisted further as she followed it up with, "Make me pregnant Lester. Give me your baby. Fuck it into me. I want to feel it grow inside me."

"Heh," Lester licked his lips, and pushed her head down into the mattress, "You're about to get a deluge of Lester DNA into your unprotected pussy. Milk it out baby. The pills aren't gonna work and neither is the snips."

"Give it to me. Flood me!" Sarah squeezed her pussy around his veiny shaft. She felt his heavy, hairy balls slam into her. Her body started to burn with an intense fire and part of her knew, deep down that this was an act of mating. Dominating Dan while she was bred in front of him. Stealing something away from him that would never be returned.

"FFFF-ffuck LESTER BRED ME," Sarah cried, tears rolling down her cheeks as he pumped his full length into her in rapid succession. Lester sneered at Dan, "Too late little cuck. She's gonna get a big load of me."

Lester turned his attention back to Sarah and said, "Here it comes baby. Take it."

"AAHHHUUHHGNMMMMMMMGMMMMMM," Sarah cried, her pussy holding onto Lester like a vice, milking him as his veins began to pulsate. Liquid hot cum sprayed out drenching her insides in Lester's virile, disgusting cum. It splattered against the walls of her pussy. She milked it taking it deeper as she came. Fireworks exploded behind her eyes and burning heat courses through her, igniting her world on fire that burned hot and pleasure. She quaked, her own body convulsing and thrusting back onto Lester invading cock. As he came, her body squeezed and sucked more and more of his illicit seed, deeper and deeper inside of her. She cried out as another orgasm eclipsed the first, sucking the air from her lungs.

Her world spun and time seemed to lose all meaning. Her world was just waves of rippling pleasure that she wanted to ride forever. Primal pleasure. Of biological functions succeeding.

Her eyes rolled back in her head as she collapsed into a messy heap on Lester's bed, consciousness slipping from grasp. Lester grunted and fell onto her, before rolling off to the side, large mast of his cock sticking up into the air, glimmering with their shared juices.

Dan slumped in the chair, his dick quivering in front of him, cum running down its sides and pooling on the chair beneath him. He'd cum all over himself. His dick exploding on its own accord. He felt weak, in more ways than one.

His brain was still fogged up, looking at the sweaty bodies on the bed in front of him. It tried to grasp at comprehension but failed. He sat there, alone as both Lester and Sarah's breath took on the familiar cadence of sleep. He looked down at his lap, disgusted with himself and slowly, weakly got to his feet and went into the bathroom, cleaning himself up.

When he was done, he looked into the room at the sleeping couple. His mind a war of hate and disappointment towards himself. He'd been sucked in, just he he promised himself he wouldn't. His body was exhausted and sleep called to him. Sarah was already out, a sleeping mess after Lester's insemination. He didn't want to wake her. Didn't want to face whatever look she'd hold in her eyes. He didn't want to see the disappointment, hurt or naked contentment.

He fell into his own bed and let sleep take him.

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Niko snuck back into the living room after Dan disappeared into his room. He quietly left the apartment and prepared himself to report into Marcus.

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Sarah woke him when the sun was already coming in through the window. She was dressed and her was a mix of emotions he couldn't properly read.

"Ready to go?" She said quietly, almost hopefully that he'd say no. Dan sat up and couldn't meet her eye.

"Yeah," he said to the flood, his voice coming out weak and tired. He cleared his throat and repeated himself. They gathered their things, Sarah at some point having found her belongings in Lester's room.

They made their way to the living room where Lester was waiting for them with a shit eating grin on his face. Dan wanted to punch him but felt somehow lower than the short, pudgy man in front of him.

"We're leaving," Dan declared, leaving no room for argument or discussion. "We're done. Don't contact us."

He squeezed Sarah's hand, hoping to instill strength into both of them. She didn't squeeze back.

"Oh, I don't think so," Lester said far too casually.

Dan flung open the door and Sarah was right behind him. She looked back and forth between Dan and Lester. He squeezed her hand again, this time to be reassuring. He needed to get her out of this apartment. Out of Lester's clutches.

"We're done. Fuck off," Dan said, pushing memories of last night out of his head, He tried adding steel to his voice, "Last night was a mistake. It's not happening again."

"Want to bet on that?" Lester sneered. A wide, evil grin spread across his face and he held out of cellphone, showing Dan the screen. Dan squinted, not wanting or caring to see whatever Lester was showing him. Sarah gasped.

Dan squinted and took a step back. On the screen, Sarah was begging to be bred on her hands and knees as Lester plowed into her from behind. Dan watched as he sat pathetically in the computer chair. Watched as Lester roared and came in his loving wife. Watched as Dan's own cock betrayed him, standing on end as it quivered and cum spurted out of it.

"Now," Lester said, "Let me tell you how things are going to go."