

Despite the light snores coming from Dan's side of the bed, Sarah couldn't sleep. Even though her body felt exhausted from the night's events, her mind was still racing processing everything that had happened.

She still couldn't believe that she had actually taken two cocks at once. Something she had always fantasized about. It didn't happen exactly the way she had thought it would. She always assumed her and Dan would get wild on vacation and indulge both of their fantasies with a stranger. She certainly didn't think she would be riding Dan's roommate while another stranger fucked her mouth.

The scenario wasn't exactly what she had expected but she still got lost in the moment and gave herself over to it. She was nervous about what Dan might say about it in the morning, but it hadn't stopped him from fucking her at the end of the night. Her and Dan kept sliding back and forth about embracing all of this and then stepping back from it. She wasn't sure where he would land but Sarah didn't regret it yet.

Sarah reached out and found her phone on the nightstand. Through squinting eyes she checked the time. It was late, or early depending on how you looked at things. She glanced back over at Dan who was sound asleep and she slid out of the bed. It looked like she fucked him into submission. Still, nature called and she needed to get out that bed. Not only was she wired but Dan's bed was just uncomfortable.

She tiptoed to the door, opening it before gently shutting it behind her. A small part of her mind warned her about moving about the apartment in just her panties but that voice was growing smaller and smaller as time went on. Trying to stay quiet, Sarah went into the bathroom and used the facilities. When she was washing her hands, she looked at herself in the mirror and shook her head, smiling at herself. The absurd events of the night before still playing in her mind, she couldn't help but laugh at herself and what her life had become. If Dan hadn't moved to Chicago she wouldn't have imagined doing the things she had done, especially with someone other than her husband.

With one last discerning look at herself in the mirror, Sarah left the bathroom and headed to the kitchen to get a glass of water.

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A notification popped up on Lester's screen. If he had been playing WoW he probably would have just ignored it. He wasn't sure what time it was but he knew it was late. Instead of World of Warcraft, a cult Japanese film from the early 2000s, Ichi the Killer was playing on his monitor.

Lester's sad body sat slumped over as he stared at the monitor, the only movement in the room being his labored breathing and his hand disappearing into the bottom of a bag of Cheetos. His eyes darted to the notification. With a groan he pulled up his camera feed on his second monitor and saw Sarah leaving Dan's bedroom.

His cock twitched at the sight of her body. He was happy that he had sprung for the higher definition cameras as his eyes ran over her bare legs and naked breasts as she tiptoed into the bathroom. A predatory smile crossed his face as he continued to marvel at Sarah's body. He never got enough of her.

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Sarah took a long sip of water from the glass before heading back towards the bedroom. She hoped that getting up for a bit would let her mind reset so she could fall asleep. Still, she wasn't eager to get back into Dan's uncomfortable. She wished they had sprung for something similar to their bed at home when he had moved in but money had been tight. It was still too tight for them to afford that kind of luxury.

As she moved down the hallway towards Dan's bedroom, a faint blue light filled the hallway. It was momentarily dampened by a dark figure. Sarah recognized the shadowy silhouette. Lester. He stepped forward, the faint light emanating from a screen in his room. He stood there, watching her wearing nothing but a pair of ragged boxer shorts, his fat hairy gut hanging over the waist band. His ugly face had the same hungry look that she had grown so accustomed.

"Sarah," he said not taking his eyes off of her, "Couldn't sleep?"

"Just getting a glass of water," Sarah said covering her breasts with one of her arms. She knew it had been a risk to walk out of the bedroom like this. At one point it would have been mortifying for her, to let a man like Lester see her like this. But now she didn't feel at all uncomfortable around him.

Sarah moved towards Dan's bedroom door but Lester intercepted her, bracing his fat body against the frame, blocking her path.

"So you're just gonna go back to bed?" Lester said.

"Shhh," Sarah said still holding the glass of water in her other hand, "Dan's still sleeping."

"I bet," Lester said looking her up and down. He reached out and grasped the wrist that was covering her breasts, gently pulling it away from her body. Sarah's naked breasts came on full display for Lester, heaving up and down in time with her rapidly quickening breath.

"Lester...." Sarah started.

"You're right," Lester licked his lips. "We don't want to wake him up. Let's go into my room and finish talking."

Lester hefted himself up off the doorframe and plodded into his room, leaving the door ajar behind him. Indecisive, Sarah stood half naked in front of Dan's closed bedroom door. She knew that if she followed Lester into his bedroom, much more would happen besides just talking.

Still gripping the cold glass of water in her hands, Sarah turned and walked the few feet to Lester's bedroom door. With a deep breath, she pushed open the door and stepped into Lester's bedroom.

It was still just as dirty and dingey as it was the previous night. The room at a slight stench, probably from the unwashed clothes and plates piled randomly on the floor. Lester was leaning against his bed, arms across. The light glow of his computer monitor illuminating his oddly proportioned body.

Sarah gently closed the door behind her and stood there, unsure what to do next. Her body knew what it wanted but her mind still needed to be pulled along.

"Come here," Lester said gruffly. As if on command, Sarah stepped forward into the room. Her manicured toes delicately traversing the piles of refuse covering Lester's floor. She stepped between piles of clothes and other items until she was standing right in front of Lester.

He didn't say anything, he just let his eyes roam over her body. Sarah felt her nipples grow hard from his silent gaze. Eventually Lester stood up and closed the distance between them, he stood just in front of her staring into her eyes. Sarah could feel his warm breath on her face and smell his Cheeto laced breath. It didn't disgust her as much as she thought it would.

Lester reached out and took the glass of water from her hand. They both knew what was going to happen but he was tantalizingly slow, torturing her. He dipped a few fingers into the glass and then held them up over Sarah's naked breasts. Water slowly dripped off his fingers, landing on her breasts before beading down them. Lester made sure his fingers

were placed just right so the water would run down her breasts and over her nipples. The cold water sending a jolt of electricity through her body each time it did.

"Why are you here Sarah?" Lester whispered as he continued dropping beads of water onto her breasts.

"You know why Lester," Sarah whispered back.

"I want you to say it. To admit it to me." Lester said.

Instead, Sarah reached forward and found Lester's cock through his ragged boxers. She gripped it while running her hand up and down, stroking him through the material. Lester smiled and shook his head.

"Not so fast," He said, "Why are you here?"

"For this," Sarah whispered, "I need your cock."

"You want to get fucked again? Didn't get enough before?" Lester said. "I heard you and Dan going at it."

"Did you peek?" Sarah asked, "Through the peephole?"

"No," Lester said, "I couldn't give a shit about seeing you with Dan."

"That's a shame," Sarah said, "I like putting on a show for you."

"You certainly put on a show tonight," Lester said. "That wasn't what I wanted."

"Sometimes you don't get what you want," Sarah said, "Sometimes it's about what I want."

"I think," Lester leaned forward and whispered into her ear, "That you need to be reminded just whose little slut you are."

Sarah bit her lip, "Are you going to show me daddy?"

An ugly smile spread over Lester's face, "First, I want you to tell me what you want."

"I want you to fuck me again Lester," Sarah whispered staring into his eyes.

"And where's your loving husband going to be?" Lester said.

"He's sleeping, next door," Sarah said.

"My good little slut," Lester grabbed Sarah by the waist and pulled her towards him as he backed up to the bed. He pulled her hips forward until they were pressing against his cock. Sarah immediately started to grind herself against it.

"Do you feel that?" Lester said, "I'm going to stick that into you until it explodes inside of you."

"Ughhh," Sarah moaned at the thought. She could feel the warmth of Lester's cock pressing against her panty clad sex. "We really shouldn't be doing this."

"It's too late for that," Lester said as he grinded his cock against Sarah's pussy. "You knew what was happening when you followed me into this room. You want to get fucked while your husband is sleeping in the room next door."

Lester's mouth was on her neck, tasting her. "You could have woken Dan up for another round but you didn't. You know only I can give you what you need."

Sarah's eyes were closed as Lester's lips were leaving a wet trail on her neck. Her body shuddered at his words and the electricity of his lips on her skin. She still couldn't believe that she was here, half naked in Lester's room while his hands roamed her body and his lips were on her. It wouldn't make any sense to an outside observer but only she had experienced everything that had led to this moment.

"What is it I need?" Sarah huskily whispered. "You're big cock?"

Lester chuckled and turned Sarah around so her bubble butt was pressing against the bed. He gently pressed forward, lowering her onto her back. Sarah involuntarily moaned as Lester tugged at her panties, sliding them down her legs.

"It's more than that," Lester said staring down at Sarah victoriously, watching her sprawled out on the bed before him. Her knees were grinding together anticipating what would come next.

"You like giving yourself up to a guy like me. Especially because you know your husband and I don't get along. A beautiful princess like you with someone like me. I know how wet that gets you." Lester sneered.

"You don't know the first thing about me, Les—" Sarah started but was cut off by Lester spreading her legs open and pressing two fingers against the entrance to her pussy. Lester's digits easily slid inside, Sarah's pussy already wet with anticipation.

Lester smirked as his fingers entered her, running in and out of her, grazing against her sensitive g-spot with his fingers. "That's what I thought," Lester said, "Soaking fucking wet. When are you going to give up this game huh? We both know its just a front and what you really want. You can play pretty wife and office worker but we both know you just want to be on your knees with me behind you."

"Uhhh," Sarah moaned as Lester's fat digits slid in and out of her. He was expertly running the tips of his fingers over her G-spot, over and over putting a delightful amount of pressure on it, "Mhmmmmmm."

Sarah's eyes were closed as she lost herself in the moment. When they opened back up to look at Lester, he saw the lust in them. The desire. The hunger. He was happy to oblige as he lowered himself down until he was face to face with her glistening pussy. With a lick of his fat lips, his head sunk forward until his mouth clasped onto her clit.

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned as her thighs clamped together around Lester's head, "Mhmmmmmm."

"I love it when you moan for me," Lester mumbled as he sucked on Sarah's clit. His fingers continued to run inside of her, lightly dragging across her G-spot, simulently pleasuring two of her most sensitive areas.

Lester expertly sucked on Sarah's clit while his tongue slowly dragged across it, over and over again. Sarah was withering on the bed, hands clasping the Lester's luxurious bed sheets. She squirmed, her hips thrust off the bed trying to get more and more of the delicious pleasure Lester was delivering to her.

Lester's other hand snaked up her body until it grabbed a handful of Sarah's breasts, mauling them as he rolled a nipple between his thumb and index finger.

"Oh god, fuck," Sarah's eyes alternated between being shut and staring up at the ceiling of Lester's bedroom. The dark room felt eerily like the lair of some mythological cave troll, which heightened what her body was experiencing.

Lester's suction cup like mouth detached from her, "Sshhhh, you going to wake up your husband. I wonder what he would think seeing you like this."

"Uhhhhhhh," Sarah moaned. The thought of Dan walking in on her with Lester like this. Catching them together after everything. It was a hot idea. One that was playing in the back of her head as she quivered around Lester's fingers. She looked down at Lester and saw his fat, balding head between her tanned and toned legs. He was looking up at her with that ugly, sneering smile but she couldn't help but feel enamored with it. But he wasn't sucking her anymore.

Sarah let go of Lester's sheets and grabbed him by the back of the head, pulling his mouth back down onto her. Lester obliged and quickly resumed his sucking and licking of her clit while his fingers ran rampant inside of her.

The welcome and familiar electrical buzz was building inside of her. Lester's fingers and mouth were quickly working her up into an orgasm that she didn't intend on letting go, "Fuck Lester, don't stop."

Lester mumbled something but his mouth was full of her clit. The mumbling sent an electric vibration against her clit that ramped up her orgasm. She could feel it building so quickly, it was about to crash down on her.

Sarah was already holding her breath, ready for it to wash over. She still couldn't believe where she was but none of that matter. All that mattered was letting Lester do whatever he wanted to her and make her feel like only he could.

"Oh fuck. Yes. Please. Pleeease," Sarah begged as she felt the orgasm rock her body.

Sarah's thighs wrapped tighter around Lester's chubby head as she pushed her hips up off the bed. Lester's nose pressed into her skin, cutting off his only supply of air.

"OH GOD," Sarah moaned with abandon as her back arched off the bed. Her entire body felt like it was on fire as her orgasm washed over her. Sarah's eyes were closed, revelling in pleasure. She couldn't see Lester's head turning a tomato shade of red as he struggled to breathe. His fingers stopped moving inside of her as her thighs held his head in a vice like grip, not allowing him to move and potentially ruin her orgasm.

Lester struggled against her, trying desperately to free himself from her grip. Sarah's body finally came down from her powerful orgasm, her muscles relaxed and she laid back into the bed revelling in the pleasure from Lester's mouth. Her thighs let go of Lester's head and pulled back and took a deep breath. Sarah opened her eyes at the noise, look down at Lester and chuckled at his beat red face.

"Sorry," she said closing her eyes again, "You just do that too good."

Lester awkwardly and unflatteringly shuffled out of his ragged boxers, revealing his hard cock. Sarah eyed it and licked her lips, "Put it in me big boy."

He didn't waste anytime crawling on top of Sarah as her legs opened to welcome the ugly trollish man between them. Lester's gut pressed down onto Sarah as he settled his weight on top of her. His bare cock quickly found the entrance to her pussy and began pushing himself in.

Sarah moaned at the feeling of being stretched to accomate Lester. Her legs insintively wrapped around his hips as her hands gripped onto his flabby biceps.

"Uhhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah groaned as she felt Lester's turgid member push deeper into her. Everytime she was surprised by just how good it felt. Not only to be stretched by a large cock like his but to feel so submissive under the weight of his frame. To completely give herself over to an ugly bastard so far below her.

"I'm gonna fuck you slow and hard while Dan sleeps next door," Lester said as his lips pressed hard against hers. "I want you to orgasm hard while I dump my cum into you while that idiot snores away, not knowing I'm claiming his wife."

Sarah didn't respond but she opened her lips, letting Lester's fat tongue slide into her mouth. She tasted the Cheetos he had been eating as her tongue danced over his, tasting him with every tastebud she had.

Lester pushed his cock fully into Sarah.

"Ohhhhhhhgod," Sarah moaned at how full she felt. Lester's hairy balls we pressing against her asshole as his cock was fully embedded in her. "So fucking good, baby."

"That's what I like to hear," Lester said as he gently bit her lip. As he lowered his lips back to hers, he turned his head to the side and pushed his tongue deep into her mouth at the same time he pulled his hips back and pushed his cock fully back inside of her.

Sarah moaned into his mouth, trying and failing to battle with her tongue. Each time she made any progress, Lester's cock pulled out and thrust back in causing her to moan. Lester grabbed Sarah's hands and interlaced his fat fingers with hers, holding them gently over her head, pinned to the bed.

Lester kept up his slow pursuit, slowing pulling his cock out of Sarah before slowing pushing it back in. Sarah's hips started pushing off the bed as the couple made out. Eagerly wanting him to go faster and fuck her harder.

After what had transpired earlier in the night in the living room, Lester didn't want Sarah taking control again. He needed to reassert that he was the one in charge. He rammed his cock hard into her, pinning her hips to the bed under the weight of his immense frame.

"No," Lester pulled his head back and looked deep in her eyes, "We're making love tonight. It's been too long."

"Uhhhhh," Sarah moaned in disappointment but kept bucking her hips up off the bed. Lester adjusted the angle of his hips and sunk his knees into the bed. He pulled all the way out of Sarah until just the top of his cock was still inside of her and slowing pushed it back in, dragging across her G-Spot. "Mhmmmmmm fuck."

Lester repeated the action, again and again. Sarah's hips pushed up to meet his thrusts, the two of them quickly moving their motions into sync with one another. Lester grabbed the back of Sarah's neck and pulled her head up towards his mouth. His lips met with hers as his cock sunk deep into her.

Sarah moaned into his lips as Lester changed tactics with his lips. Instead of pushing his tongue deep inside her mouth, he focused on his lips on hers, sucking and gently kissing them in a slow, loving manner. His plan was to entice some of those love hormones in her brain to be released by his slow, methodical pace.

Lester kept up his pace, pulling out and pushing his entire length into the married woman. He wanted her to feel every inch of his cock, over and over again. He let go of her hands and dropped more of his weight on top of her.

Sarah felt Lester slightly crushing her petite frame, thankfully he kept himself on his elbows. Still, her heavy breasts mashed against Lester's flabby chest. She could feel the hairs on chest itching her pristine skin but that wasn't at the forefront of her mind. She was focused on the sensations between her legs.

Lester shocked her by altering his pace, thrusting himself quickling in and out of her twice. Sarah's arms gripped his arms in response, tugging on them. Urging more. He went back to his slow methodical thrusts making Sarah squirm.

"Fuck Lester, that feels so good," Sarah moaned into his shoulder. Her tongue insintively reaching out, licking circles into his skin.

"It's gonna feel even better when I cum inside you," Lester whispered. "I can't fucking wait."

"Uhmhmmmm," Sarah moaned at the thought of Lester's hot cum exploding inside of her.

"I can't wait Lester. I can't wait for you to cum in me again."

"That's my girl," Lester grunted, still sliding his cock slow and steady. Sarah's body was responding to him in time. He could read it like a sheet of music, each thrust. Every grunt and moan. It was telling him that she wouldn't be able to hold out long before cumming again herself.

He knew from experience that her mind played a critical part in pushing her over the edge. He chose his words carefully to tug on the things that he knew would turn her on. Lester wanted run on a knife's edge between pushing her buttons and trying to deepen her connection to him.



down on her body. The thought of Lester's hot cum pumping into her was driving her insane. "FUCK ME LESTER. GOD Don't stop. I LOVE YOU. FUCKKKK."

Lester roared like a lion attacking a fresh kill in the savannah as he came. Even though he had cum hours earlier a torrent of white, hot sticky cum sprayed like a firehouse from his cock. It drenched every inch of Sarah's insides, exploring every corner and crevice of her body.

"OHGOD," Sarah shouted as she felt Lester's cock explode inside of her. His hot cum drenching her, filling her up completely. Rope after rope of cum kept exploding into her in a never ending loop. Sarah grunted loudly as her body came again. Another orgasm washed down on Sarah, dwarfing the previous one as it over took it and took over her body.

"MHMMHMMMMMMMMMOHH," Sarah wailed as her body enveloped Lester's holding him tightly to her. Lester's cock continued to pulsate and throb inside of her as more of his illicit cum was emptied into her.

Sarah's pussy continued to clench down on Lester's cock as she came, her body trying to milk every last drop of pleasure out of it. Lester pushed his head down, his lips mauling Sarahs as the contradictory lovers came together. Sarah's tongue pushed into Lester's mouth, barely registering the taste of Cheetos as she found his tongue. They kissed each other hard as both of their bodies continued to go through the bliss of their orgasms, Sarah's arms still clutching Lester's sweaty, hairy back.

Their bodies continued to press against one another, Lester crushing Sarah's as the sweat on their bodies combined. Finally, the pace of Lester's thrusts slowed in time with Sarah's hips. They laid intertwined, still kissing one another for several more minutes. The kisses changed from oral exploration with their tongues to soft, gentle kisses with just their lips.

Lester broke their kiss. His cock still embedded in Sarah, he pulled back to look at her. She opened her eyes to look back at him. His hand caressed her face, brushing a stray strand of hair away. With his labored breathing he stared into her eyes. She looked back up at him affectionally as her breasts were still crushed under his chest. After staring at each other for several seconds, Lester lent down one last time. Sarah raised her head off the bed to meet his lips, with one last lingering kiss.

Slowly, Lester pulled himself out of Sarah and flopped onto the bed next to her. Sarah felt even more exhausted than earlier but now that her itch had been scratched she knew she could finally fall asleep.

She looked over at Lester who already had his eyes closed, his breathing growing shallow as sleep overtook him. Her mind wasn't thinking clearly, but she had thoroughly enjoyed that session. The way Lester had tenderly held her while still driving deep inside of her had been overwhelming.

Sarah knew she had to get up and slide back into Dan's bed. She would do that in a minute. Lester's bed just felt so nice and comfortable. She just needed another minute or two and she would get up and quickly clean herself up before returning to her husband. With the heat of Lester's body off of her, Sarah could feel the air conditioning run over her body giving her a slight chill. She pulled the thin covers up over herself, enjoying how soft and luxurious they felt.

A yawn escaped her lips and her eyes started getting heavy. Just one more minute then I'll get up.

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Dan groggily rubbed the sleep from his eyes as he tried to wake himself up. Sunlight was already streaming in from the window and he knew he needed to get a move on. He reached out for Sarah next to him but his hand felt the empty spot where she was supposed to be.

His eyes snapped open and he looked around the empty room for any sign of his wife. The door was closed and her duffel bag was still in the corner of the room. Dan sat up and quickly threw on a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. Sarah had likely woken up earlier and left the room to take a shower or get a coffee. Being considerate, she shut the door behind her so she wouldn't wake him up.

Dan quickly opened the door and stepped out into the hallway. The bathroom door was open and the light was off. He turned and walked down to the living room, worried when he didn't see Sarah anywhere. He checked his phone but there was no message saying that she ran out.

"Sarah?" He said as he walked into the kitchen and looked at the small table in the corner. She wasn't in here either.

The noise of a bedroom door opening came from behind him. Dan whirled around and walked back into the living room and looked down the hallway. His eyes went wide at what he saw.

Sarah was gently closing the door to Lester's bedroom. Her long, naked legs on display. Dan couldn't tell if she was wearing panties or not, the oversized ugly t-shirt with the Death Star from Star was emblazoned on it, hung down to her upper thighs. Even from where Dan was standing the shirt looked wrinkly and unwashed.

She paused and bit her lip as she saw Dan standing there in the living room watching her. He tilted his head and she silently nodded and an impish smile spread across her face. An understanding seemed to pass between them in that moment.

Sarah walked down the hallway and stopped in front of the bathroom. She gave Dan a sexy look that could cause a lesser man's heart to stop and smiled at him again before disappearing into the bathroom.

Dan stood there, his mind going into over drive putting the pieces into place. Some point in the night, Sarah had somehow ended up in Lester's bedroom. His mind raced while his body reacted and he felt himself grow stiff. He wasn't sure what he wanted in that moment with conflicted emotions clear on his face.

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With Sarah headed back home, Lester sat in his command centre staring at the monitor in front of him. His hands were clasped together in a steeple in front of his face as he contemplated his next move.

Things had taken some unexpected turns lately. Even though he accounted for all the variables things still went awry with Vernon. He hadn't wanted to share Sarah like that. Not yet. Not unless he was fully in control of making her capitulate to his demands and her willingly giving in to them.

Vernon was just supposed to be the added spice, turning Sarah on at being exposed while further reducing Dan's agency at the heightened situation. Lester would need to improve his vetting process or find some way to better control how he exposed Sarah.

Putting her on display to his D&D friends and strangers behind the windows of his car were one thing. Even fucking her against her office window overlooking the hospital's parking lot had been a tactic he used to push her into obedience, succumbing to her own desires.

He wanted to continue down that path, pulling Sarah deeper and deeper into his web. But the events with Vernon gave him pause. He didn't like a plan not going the way he liked, introducing too many outside variables was proving unpredictable to control.

Still, some variables were worth the gamble. Lester still needed to punish Dan severely for his transgressions and he had just the idea of how to do that. Lester reached out and grabbed his phone off the desk and dialled the number for Jessie.

The phone continued to ring as Lester thought through his plans. Dan had a volatile reaction to seeing Jessie at the club. He wondered just how far he could exploit that. Perhaps push Dan into doing something else stupid, this time falling into a trap with more consequences. "Hello?" Jessie's voice answered from the phone.

"Jessie. It's Lester," Lester said, "I think its time we talk. I have an idea that I need your assistance with."

"Oh yeah?" Jessie fired back with venom, "Now you want my help? After shutting me out and ignoring me? Sorry but I have my own plan now that doesn't include you."

Lester frowned. This was not what he had been expecting. A pilable variable like Jessie should be known, waiting and eager for Lester to call on it, "Excuse me?"

"Yeah. I don't need you anymore Lester. My friend from the Lincoln Group and I already have things in motion. He promised I'll get my time alone with Sarah in Minnessota real soon."

Jessie was talking in a rapid fire like way, "You're not going to dick me around anymore. I have her all to myself and take her away from you and Dan."

"Listen here you little shit," Lester started, "You don't know the first thing about me and the lengths I'll go to ruin your pathetic little life."

"Whatever," Jessie said and hung up the phone.

Lester stared at the phone in angers as his fingers clenched it tightly. What the hell was that?

Jessie suddenly growing a back bone was not a variable he had anticipated. Lester scooted his chair forward and opened up a search engine on his computer. He typed in The Lincoln Group while opening another tab to look at Jessie's LinkedIn page. He needed to assess and figure out what events were in play that he didn't know about. These guys thought they could take Sarah for something themselves?

After his months of schemming and subtle manipulation, they just wanted to reap the fruits of his labor? No fucking way.

Lester's phone rang. Expecting Jessie and answered but didn't recognize the number.

"Hello?" He said coldly as his eyes ran over the information on the screen. He opened a word document and began collating information about Jessie, his company and this Lincoln Group he mentioned.

"Hi, Mr. Matthews? This is Jenny with Chase Bank's fraud department. I'm reaching out because several recent transactions were flagged as suspicious. Can you confirm whether you purchased over one thousand dollars of liqor this morning at a convenience store."

"No," Lester fired back, his eyes scanning his desk for his wallet. Holding the phone to his head he stomped out to the living room to look for it. The last thing he remembered was giving money to Sarah for a the pizza.

Vernon. "No I didn't do that. Cancel all my cards and reissue new ones."

"Okay Mr. Matthews. First I need to ask you a few questions to confirm your identity."

Lester balled his free hand into a fist, feeling the rage boiling inside of him. Vernon. Dan. The Lincoln Group. Jessie. It was time to burn them all to the ground.

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Fuck," Dan muttered looking down at his phone.

"What is it?" Sarah asked looking concerned. They were riding in the back of a Uber on the way to their hotel in Minnesota. Their early morning flight ensured Dan could get into his client's office by mid-morning.

"My client at Sentienl Securities is complaining about my responsiveness," Dan breathed.

"I've been stretched between them, my other clients and actual work. I try to respond to them right away and I'm ahead on our agreed timeline but they seem to want me to act like a full

time employee. I have to figure out what to do with this. They're my biggest client and the lynchpin for my future plans."

Dan but his head back on the seat and closed his eyes, "It just never stops."

Sarah held his arm and leaned in towards him, "We're going to figure it out together remember?"

She smiled at him and gently bumped in with her shoulder, "This trip isn't just about work. It's about getting you out from these guys remember? One less thing for you to have to worry about. We plant that USB and then you can get out from under them and deal with everything else, one thing at a time."

"You make it sound so easy," Dan opened his eyes and looked at Sarah, who was smiling back at him.

"It isn't but we just need to focus on what's in front of us and not get overwhelmed by the bigger picture," she said. "You're smart, we'll get through this. Figure out a good response when we get to the hotel room and then let's focus on burying these other guys."

"I'm still not sure how we'll get that USB into Byron's office," Dan said.

"You go there and work like you normally would. See if you can find an opportunity to do it or just scope the place out. Then we'll talk and figure out the best way to approach it. Okay?" Sarah said reassuringly.

"Alright," Dan looked at his wife smiling back at him. A weird expression crossed his face.

"What?" Sarah asked.

"It's nothing," Dan looked out the window.

"No, tell me," Sarah said, "What is it?"

"Your smile just now. It reminded me of the last time you visited in Chicago. You know when I caught you doing the walk of shame?" Dan said tentatively.

"Oh did it?" Sarah asked. "I seem to remember you were quite eager to 'reclaim' me after that."

"I know," Dan said, "You just do something to me. I love when you behave badly but I feel like I shouldn't."

"Don't be embarrassed about anything like that with me," Sarah checked the rearview mirror to see if their Uber driver was listening. He had headphones in but she was sure he was eavesdropping. "We're in this together and I'm happy to indulge in our fantasies."

She ran her hand up his thigh, her eyes still on the rearview mirror. The driver looked back and locked eyes with her for a split second before quickly refocusing on the road. Sarah ran her hand over Dan's crotch before pulling back and giving him a wicked smile, "I think we're here."

The Uber pulled up in front of the same hotel they stayed in last time. After grabbing their luggage they quickly checked in and settled themselves in their room. Dan got dressed in his work attire, kissed Sarah on the lips before departing for The Lincoln Group's office.

It didn't take Dan long to go to The Lincoln Group's office. Dan checked in at the security desk before riding the elevator up and checked in with their receptionist. After a few minutes, she led Dan through their hallways to a discreet corner office with large windows looking out at the city. Byron was lounging behind his desk in the middle of a call while Jessie was sitting on a couch looking like he didn't have anything to do.

Byron ushered Dan in and dismissed the receptionist while he finished his call. Dan wasn't about to sit like a patsy on the couch, instead opting to stand until Byron was done his call. Jessie was smirking at him from the couch but Dan pretended to ignore it. Byron didn't so much as glance his way as he lowered his voice and spoke into the phone.

Finally, the call ended and Byron got to his feet, walking over to where Dan was with a hand out stretched. Dan noticed the slight receding hairline and bags under Byron's bloodshot eyes. Reluctantly, Dan shook Byron's hand who squeezed extra hard and gave him a few extra pumps before disengaging.

Byron looked behind Dan and then around the office, "Where's that lovely wife of yours?" "Shopping," Dan said, "Ready to start?" He looked over at Jessie who hadn't even opened his laptop yet.

"You brought her along the right? Maybe I should have been more clear that she was supposed to come in today," Byron put his hands in his pant pockets and narrowed his eyes at Dan.

"Well she's not getting paid to be here, so no she won't be," Dan said coldly.

Byron just stared at Dan for several seconds, sizing him up. A predatory smile broke onto his face, "Fine. Lets get started."

Byron gestured to the couch where Jessie was sitting, with his laptop on the table in front of him. Dan sat down next to his former subordinate while Byron sat in a chair opposite. Byron leaned back in this chair, stretching his arms above his head, "You know, I would gladly compensate your wife for her.....services. She's going to join us for drinks later."

"Sure," Dan said while opening his bag, ignoring the grins on both the men's faces.

The trio got down to business, discussing some of the finer points of The Lincoln Group's projects that Byron had been unwilling to discuss over the phone. The project was very ambitious and somewhat sketchy. From the sounds of it, it seemed like the company was establishing some off the grid community that had energy requirements far exceeding a normal subdivision. It made Dan think that they were building some kind of secret commune. Byron wouldn't reveal any details of the location but what he did say was that all of the housing unit's energy, internet and other services would run through a central monitoring hub. What occurred in that hub still remained a mystery.

Dan led the group through the finer requirements of the project, not wanting to waste anytime and be required to stay in Minnesota longer than required. He was also hoping not to have to come back here. He wanted to knock out what he needed to get his part of the project done, then try to get off the project.

At lunch time, Byron escorted Jessie and Dan out of his office so he could make some other calls. Dan had the USB with the keylogger in his pocket. He couldn't see Byron's computer tower but it must be somewhere under his bulky wooden desk.

When Dan and Jessie were alone, riding the elevator down, Jessie opened his mouth to say something swarthy but Dan cut him off. He held his voice very intentionally in his hand as he spoke, "So what do you think Byron is going to do when he finds out you're spying on him?" Fear appeared on Jessie's face as he stumbled to respond, "W-what?"

"I know the deal you made," Dan said "You're getting paid to spy on Bryon and the Lincoln Group's project and give regular reports to Peter. Don't play dumb. He told me. He's getting impatient."

"It's not like...I don't know what your talking about," Jessie said.

"Suit yourself," Dan said, "I'll just talk with Byron after lunch about it and show him what I have. We'll see what he says."

"No don't," Jessie said too quickly, "Don't."

Dan smiled at Jessie, "Why shouldn't I?"

"I'll split the money with you. How did you even find out? Fuck," Jessie said.

"It doesn't matter. Call Peter a mutual friend. He revealed a lot of stuff to me, particularly that you haven't been giving him the reports he asked for." Dan turned back to the elevator doors as they opened and then walked out.

"Because I don't have anything yet!" Jessie spoke in hushed tones as he followed Dan out into the lobby of the building, "Today was the most we've seen. They've been all secretive before this."

Jessie continued to trail Dan as he walked outside. When they were away from the building, Dan turned and said, "So what's the plan tonight with Sarah? What are you guys planning?"

"I, uh, I don't know. Honest," Jess said, "I just know that Byron said at some point I'll have some alone time with her. Without him and without you."

"Well that isn't happening anymore," Dan said. "Or I'll tell Byron everything and you'll get fired again."

"Okay," Jessie looked deflated. Dan kept walking and Jessie was still on his heels. Dan turned around and stared at him, "Why are you still following me? I'm getting lunch. Alone." Dan walked off, leaving Jessie standing alone on the busy street corner.

After lunch, the trio resumed their work hashing out details of the project. Dan continued to keep them on point, quickly trying to get through all of the items on his checklist so he could go back to Chicago and hammer on the project. Jessie looked uncomfortable but Byron never mentioned it.

"Alright," Byron said standing up and looking at Dan and Jessie, "It's time to get out of here. Quitting time. I'm going to grab dinner and then we'll meet up for drinks across the street. Say nine o'clock. He pointed a finger at Dan. Don't forget to bring that sweet wife of yours." Dan just nodded. Byron gestured to the door and went back behind his desk, where he propped his feet up and dialed a number on his phone. Dan and Jessie left, each going their separate ways.

When Dan got back into the hotel room, Sarah was there waiting for him.

"How'd it go?" She asked anxiously.

"He never left us alone in his office. But I know where it is. I think his computer tower must be under his desk somewhere. He looked like he was getting comfortable but he wants to meet us at the bar across the street for nine."

"Is his office private? Would it be easy to be in there without anyone seeing?" Sarah asked. "It's tucked away. Yeah I think so." Dan said, "I still don't know how we're going to get in there though. Maybe tomorrow, we can bait him out of his office while I'm in there and I can attach it." Dan was pacing back and forth.

Sarah walked up to him, stopping his stride. She put her hands on his chest and looked up at him, "Honey, relax. Okay? We'll figure it out."

She patted his chest, smoothing out the wrinkles on his dress shirt, "For right now. Let's just worry about dinner, okay? I'm starving."

"Alright baby," Dan said, "Let's go find some grub."

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Just after nine, Dan and Sarah entered the loud bar across the street from the Lincoln Group offices. Several heads turned their way as they made their way across the crowded bar to the lounge area at the back.

Sarah pretended to ignore all the glances she was getting but she secretly loved the attention. She knew exactly what she was doing when she put her outfit together. Long flowing black dress pants that tapered at her midsection. A very low cut tank top in faux silver alligator skin with black straps. The top exposed a lot of her chest, sitting low enough

that she didn't wear a bra with it. She knew that eye contact was going to be a problem with any man she talked to tonight.

Her silver heels matched the small silver clutch she carried that contained the USB Dan needed to plant in Byron's office. As the couple navigated the bar, they quickly came upon a booth with Byron and Jessie.

Byron stood up to greet them while Jessie remained sulken in the booth.

"Dan," Byron said cheerfully clasping his hand before quickly turning to give Sarah a very obvious up and down. "My, my, my. Sarah I forgot how sexy you looked. It's been too long. He stepped up and gave Sarah a lingering hug that she reciprocated before he pulled away and gestured to the booth.

"Dan, why don't you sit on that side next to Jessie," Byron smiled, "I want to catch up with this lovely creature." Byron gestured to the booth, letting Sarah in first before quickly sitting next to her, cutting off any opportunity Dan had to sit next to his wife. He reluctantly slid into the side of the booth next to Jessie.

Sarah was well aware, that Byron had purposely pinned her between the wall and himself with no easy way out of the booth. A server came by and took their drink orders, quickly returning with a wine for Sarah, a light beer for Dan and Jessie and scotch for Byron.

"Keep em coming," Byron winked at the server. As she walked away, he pointedly checked out her ass before turning to Dan, "You're covering drinks tonight right?"

"Actually," Dan said, "I'm just the contractor. You're Jessie's client." Dan gently slapped Jessie on the back, "Drinks are on you."

"Yeah, sure," Jessie said trying not to stare at Sarah's low cut top across from him.

"So..." Byron said turning towards Sarah, "Where have you been all this time? Dan's been keeping you from us. You should have come in today so I could show you my office."

Sarah caught Dan rolling his eyes. Byron turned his body to focus on her, physically blocking Dan and Jessie from engaging in the conversation.

"Well a girl has to keep her secrets Byron, you know that," Sarah said, "Besides I was too busy to come to your little boys club."

"Ha!" Byron laughed, shaking his head, "Little boy huh? Is that what you think of me?"

"I haven't seen any evidence to the contrary," Sarah kept eye contact but flicked her eyes down to his crotch. With a smooth smile she turned her body away from him and grabbed her wine glass to take a drink. She leaned forward, out of Byron's grasp and looked at Jessie.

"Jessie, I haven't seen you since that night in Chicago," Sarah said. Jessie looked at her then her breasts before his eyes darted to the bar. "How are you?"

"I'm doing good, yeah, got a new job. Things are going well," Jessie squirmed.

"I heard," Sarah smiled, "That's really great. Dan said it's an awesome company that is really prominent. I wish that Dan would be able to land something like that." Sarah eyed her husband and gave him a wicked smile. Dan hadn't realized it until just that moment, but Sarah was playing her game the second she walked into the bar.

Sarah swirled her wine glass. All the men waiting with baited breath to hear what she'd say next. She turned to Byron, "Did you know that Jessie is a really, really good dancer?"

Byron shrugged, "Had no idea."

Sarah cast her gaze to Jessie again, "It's true. Jessie, do you know what they say about men who dance really well?"

Jessie looked like a deer in the headlight, "No..."

"Hmmm," Sarah said gazing Jessie up and down, "Too bad."

Despite the unfortunate circumstances, Sarah was enjoying herself. Teasing Jessie and Byron in front of Dan. Making them think lustful thoughts about her. She loved the power and attention it gave her. All three of them were like putty in her hands. She couldn't wait to get Dan alone later and see his reaction to all of this.

Byron took a large sip and finished his scotch. Sarah eyed it and took another gulp of her wine. The small size pours weren't nearly enough, "Byron can you get me another?"

"Sure thing," Byron said raising his hand to catch the attention of the server. When he did he motioned to their drinks and gave her a thumbs up. Sarah was staring at him.

"So, Dan tells me you have him working on some exciting project," Sarah said, "Something about a subdivision?"

"It's way more than a subdivision," Byron cast a dismiss look at Dan, "It's a whole new community designed and controlled from the ground up."

"Really?" Sarah said, feigning interest. The server returned with their drinks and Sarah immediately asked for another. "Tell me about it. What makes it so special?"

Byron began talking about the project his company was working on. He kept the details vague but kept overstating how cutting edge and important it would be. As he talked, Sarah slid her foot out of one of her heels and extended her leg, letting it run up and down Jessie's leg. Sarah had to stifle a laugh at his reaction. It looked like he was ready to cum right there. She shared a conspiratorial look with Dan. Despite his anger at the situation, his face betrayed his aroused emotions. Byron continued to talk about his secret project. Sarah nodded along but didn't really listen to what he said. She knew the type of guy Byron was. He loved to hear himself talk so he would feel important and powerful.

"Isn't that right Dan?" Byron said turning to her husband. As he did his hand disappeared below the table and rested on Sarah's thigh.

"Sure," Dan agreed, "We'll get it all done on the right timetable."

"That's what I like to hear," Byron finished off his scotch, signalling for another. "Sarah, you're husband is great at what he does. I'm sorry but I'm going to keep him very busy over the next few months."

"Oh," Sarah put on a disappointed look, "If my husband is so busy, what I am I going to do with myself?"

Byron chuckled and turned back to face her, "I can think of a few things." He ran his hand further up her thigh and smiled at her. Sarah leaned forward and whispered, "You know, I'm disappointed I didn't get that tour of your office earlier."

"Really?" He said slyly as his hand massaged her thigh.

"Is it too late for one now?" She asked, "I'd want a private one, without your coworkers hanging around."

"Oh yeah?" Byron sat up and checked his watch. Sarah could tell he was already well on his way to being sloshed. She took another long sip of her wine, finishing it off. "It's late," Byron said, "Everyone should be gone by now."

Byron smiled, "You want to go now?" Sarah nodded her head smiling.

Byron turned to Jessie and Dan, "Hey boys, uh, Sarah didn't see the office earlier. I'm just gonna take her across the street and show it to her. You guys stay here, we'll be right back."

Byron got out of the booth and held his hand to Sarah, helping her out while his eyes ran up and down her body. She shared a quick, knowing look with Dan who simply nodded back to her. Sarah hadn't realized just how much the alcohol had hit her until she stood up. Jessie looked heartbroken as Byron led Sarah out of the bar.

"Are you really just going to let her go with him?" Jessie said pleadingly to Dan.

"She's a big girl. She can handle herself," Dan said taking a long sip of his drink, "Besides, you didn't try to stop them."

Jessie just shook his head, "I...I don't..."

"So here's what's going to happen," Dan said turning an angry gaze to Jessie. He gestured a finger back and forth between them, "You and me, we're going to find a way to get me out of this whole thing. You're going to help me or I'm going to have a nice long chat with Byron about what I know."

"There is no way out," Jessie said, "Besides I'm not scared of him."

"Oh yeah? He'll forget all about me and burn your world to the ground. You heard in back in your office, the threats he made against me. What do you think he'll come after you with?"

A thought occurred to Dan at that moment. Maybe he should just contact Byron and burn Jessie again. But there were no guarantees that Byron would let Dan walk or that Jessie's company wouldn't still work with him. He needed a cleaner break.

"What do you want me to do?" Jessie was staring down at his drink.

"We're gonna get your company to fire me." Dan said.

"They won't do it," Jessie muttered still staring at his beer, "Hiring you is a clause in our contract with The Lincoln Group. They'd have to get that approved by Byron which after tonight I don't think he is going to do."

Dan sat back against the booth trying to think of a way out of this. He still felt trapped but at least now he had something of an accomplice in Jessie that he could take advantage of. He still couldn't trust Jessie fully though.

"We'll figure something out," Dan finally said finishing off his drink. He eyed Jessie, "Tabs on you right?"

Jessie nodded as Dan left him alone at the booth and headed out onto the street.

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Across the street from the bar, Byron and Sarah rode up the elevator. Byron had his arm draped around Sarah's shoulders as his eyes feasted on Sarah's cleavage. When the elevator doors opened, the dark floor of The Lincoln Group's Minnesota office appeared before them. Byron led Sarah into the open atrium before a glass wall obstructed their path. He reached into his pocket and retrieved a set of keys, quickly unlocking a glass door. He held it open for Sarah who walked through. Byron's eyes were glued to her ass he followed, swaying as he walked.

"Which way to your office?" Sarah asked.

"This way," Byron said sliding up next to her and placing a gentle, directing hand on her ass, leading her further into the depths of the office.

"Here it is," Byron said as they walked to the end of a hallway to his corner office. He opened the door and let Sarah inside. She looked around at the decor as Byron started to take off his suit jacket and eye fucked Sarah.

"Byron," Sarah turned to face him. The alcohol was starting to take effect as she saw the lustful expression on Byron's face. "Do you have a kitchen here?"

"Yeah," Byron said closing the distance between them, "There's one across the office."

"Could you run and get me a water bottle while I get more comfortable?" Sarah smiled as she looked Byron up and down. A shit eating grin appeared on Byron's face and he raised his eyebrows.

"Sure thing," He said as he walked over to the door, "I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere."

"Oh I won't," Sarah said, "I'll be here waiting for you."

Byron flung open the door harder than he probably meant to do disappeared into the hallway. Sarah quickly opened her purse, grabbed the USB and hurried around the desk, her feet unsteady from the alcohol.

She quickly got on her knees, looking under the desk for Byron's computer tower. All she needed to do was plug the USB in. To her growing horror, she couldn't find the tower anywhere. It wasn't under the desk, not even suspended under it. The cabinets were full of papers. She ran her hands along the monitor looking for any kind of USB slot but couldn't find one. Sarah's eyes darted around the room, looking for any wires running from the desk to a hidden tower somewhere but she couldn't find anything. Nothing behind the couch, nothing on the bookshelf. The only wire she could find was the wire to a powerbar that turned the monitor on.

Her body swayed on unsteady feet as she looked around, feeling like a deer in the headlights. There wasn't anything to plug the USB into. She hurried back over to the desk to peak under it one last time.

"I'm back," Byron sauntered back in with a water bottle in his hand. Sarah quickly put her sexy face back on, replacing the worried and frustrated one.

"Took you long enough," Sarah said standing up straight, "I was starting to get bored."

Byron set the water bottle down on the desk, "What are you doing down there?"

"Oh," Sarah stalled for time, trying to think up an excuse that wouldn't get her caught, "Just wondering if there was room for me down there."

"And?" Byron asked as he slumped himself down into his chair, "Is there?"

"I'm not sure," Sarah said.

"Why don't you get down on your knees and see," Byron suggested. Sarah stood staring down at him before slowly lowering herself to her knees. Byron unbuckled his belt and pulled it out the hoops on his pants before unzipping his fly.

Sarah froze, watching as Byron slid off his pants. She was about to do this for no reason. No USB, no corporate espionage. Her entire plan just went out the window.

"What do you think of this," Byron said as a semi-hard cock sprang into view as he lowered his boxers. It was girthy, longer and thicker than Dan's but still not as impressive as Lester's. Still, she couldn't take her eyes off it as she realized kneeling before this piece of shit man was making her wet. "Still think I'm a little boy?" Byron asked.

"No," Sarah breathed, her eyes still focused on his cock.

"You know, its rude to stare," Byron said as his hand looped behind Sarah's head. His fingers ran through her blonde hair as he pulled her head towards his angry looking cock. "Put that pretty little mouth on it."

Sarah's brain was still trying to think of a way to make the most of this situation. A way to get what Dan needed and somehow get access to Byron's computer. But her body was already responding, her lips opening up taking Byron's cock into her wet, warm mouth.

Byron moaned as his cock diappered into Sarah's eager mouth. Sarah couldn't believe how easily she had just obeyed his request and accepted her fate. She should have maneuvered into something else, going to another office. Looking in a conference room. Instead her body just gave in, the path of least resistance. What was wrong with her? And why was she enjoying this so much? She felt like her body was running on different programming than her brain.

"Ah, yeah," Byron moaned, "That's it Sarah. I knew from the moment I saw you that I'd have my cock inside of you. It was only a matter of time."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Byron's cock. She couldn't help but compare it to Lester's in her mind. Byron's cock was pretty hot but Lester's just did something to her that

she couldn't quite put a finger on. Sarah licked up Byron's shaft and kissed the head, "I'm surprised there's room for me down here. I expected the space to be taken up by a computer."

Byron chuckled, "Thank god for the IT nerds then. They put our computers on the cloud so all we have is our monitor and devices. I'm sure we would have figured out someplace else to get you on your knees."

So this whole thing was pointless. There was no computer to plug the USB into. She could still just get up and walk away. Get out of the office, saying she changed her mind. The cock in her hand throbbed and Sarah looked down at it, unable to take her eyes off of it. It wasn't Lester's by any means but she still felt powerful holding it in her hand.

"I would have managed. I'm very skilled," Sarah whispered.

"Show me your skills then. I knew you'd be a good cocksucker," Byron thrust his hips up, running his cock up Sarah's hands.

Sarah looked up at him while lowering her tongue to his bulbous head, "You have no idea." Then his cock disappeared in her mouth as Sarah lowered onto it. Sarah expertly stroked the shaft of Byron's cock as she sucked as much of it into her mouth.

"Mhhmmmmmm," She moaned around his cock. Sarah had grown addicted to feeling her mouth stuffed full of cock, the sensation turning her on immensely. All of this seemed so out of character but it felt so fucking good to give in to it.

"Damn," Byron breathed staring down into Sarah's eyes, "I should have invited Dan up here so he could see this. I bet that little cuck would be hard as a rock seeing you on your knees for me. After all the shit he's caused, I'd love to see the look on his face."

Sarah slowly licked up Byron's shaft causing his body to shudder in response. Her tongue swirled around the head of his cock, licking a drop of precum that had formed there. Byron's cum tasted different than both Lester and Dan's. It was more bitter than both.

"Slow down," Byron breathed, "Take your top off."

Sarah begrudgingly let go of Byron's cock and reached down to pull her form fitting shirt off. The faux-alligator like shirt held her breasts up so well that she hadn't worn a bra. Byron's eyes lit up as Sarah's naked breasts were exposed to his sleazy gaze.

"Fucking A," Byron leaned forward and grabbed one of Sarah's heavy breasts in his hand. He roughly grabbed it as Sarah lowered her mouth back down onto his cock.

Part of her mind was still battling against the suppressive nature of her new instincts and urges. It still wanted her to get out of the office and go back and find Dan. This entire thing pointless because there was nothing to install the USB onto. Her grip tightened on Byron's shaft, not willing to give life to those thoughts. Maybe she could just suck his dick clean and then make her exit.

"Dan's really be holding out on me," Byron said, "We should have done this the last time you were here."

"Well," Sarah said as she kissed down his shaft and started licking his balls. She alternated between licking, kissing and sucking on them despite the patchy pubic hair. "Before I was just a happily married woman. But now that you're making Dan work for you, I finally have the excuse I needed to get what I wanted."

"And what's that? What do you want?" Byron was breathing hard as he stared down at Sarah while mauling her naked breasts.

"This," Sarah said licking over his ballsack and up his shaft, twirling her tongue over the head of his cock and then sucking it with abandon. If she sucked hard enough and stroked him off, she knew she could make him cum quickly.

“Uhhhhh fuck Sarah,” Byron moaned, “You’re so fucking dirty. I love it. You kiss your children with that mouth too?”

Sarah didn’t respond. She didn’t want to think about her kids right now. All she was focused on was Byron’s hot sleazy cock in her mouth. Byron let go of her tits and slumped down in the chair. Hands behind his head he just watched Sarah go to town on his cock, amazed at the sensations she was eliciting from his body.

“Goddamn,” Byron muttered to himself as he watched Sarah work. He could feel her expert afflictions already starting to make his balls begin to tingle and get ready to explode in her. He was torn between letting her suck the life out of him or throwing her off and fucking her.

“Stop,” Byron said. Sarah pretended not to hear and continued to suck his cock with abandon. She knew he was getting close by his breathing and body. She just wanted to finish sucking his cock.

“Stop it,” Byron said gripping her hand, stopping it from running up and down his shaft. Sarah gripped his dick harder making him jump. She kept her mouth firmly attached to his cock, creating a perfect suction like seal. “Fuck. Sarah stop,” Byron said loudly. Sarah finally broke her trance and looked up at him.

“What?” Sarah said.

“Stand up,” Byron said pushing his chair back with his legs. “Take off those pants.”

“You want me to take these off?” Sarah asked as she stood, playing with the hem of her pants.

“Now,” Byron ordered as she marched over to the couch area of the office. He grabbed one of the plush chairs he had sat in earlier and pulled it over to the window. He turned and watched as Sarah undid the button on her high-waisted pants and seductively lowered them. His eyes grew wide like saucers as she revealed the black thong she was wearing and her long, tanned and toned legs.

“Jesus, they really broke the mould when they made you,” Byron said, “Come here.”

Sarah slowly closed the distanced between them. She felt completely exposed to this scumbag of a man, wearing knowing but her heels and black thong. But she had to admit to herself that she felt so fucking wet being on display like this, for someone like that. Byron had irked her the first time they met. Made her skin crawl and now she was offering herself up to him on a platter.

Byron glanced out the window and chuckled before turning his attention back to Sarah. He bit his lip and grabbed her by the back of the neck and pulled her in for a sloppy kiss, his tongue immediately pushing its way into her mouth. His other hand grabbed her shapely ass and pulled her body towards him, his cock pressing hard against her thong covered sex. At some point he had ditched his pants, standing naked except for his sloppy shirt and high black socks. His hand kept roughly massaging her ass as his cock grinded up and down her. Sarah couldn’t help but feel her body moving in time with cock, reciprocating the attention. Was she really going to have sex with this sleazeball? This hadn’t been the here plan. None of her plan had worked out the way it was supposed to. Maybe she could just drop to her knees and finish him off with her mouth. Before Sarah could put formulate a concrete plan, Byron pull back from her and twirled her around. His hand still on the back of her neck, her pushed her forward. Her knees bumped into the edge of the chair he had placed by the window. He pushed her neck down until she gripped the back of the low chair to brace herself.

His hands were on the sides of her thong, pulling them down faster than her brain could compute. Byron roughly pushed her ass forward with his hands until Sarah put her knees up on the seat of the chair while her hands rested on the top of it.

“Fuck, I’m going to enjoy this,” Byron said as he quickly shuffled behind Sarah and ran his cock between the tops of her thighs.

Sarah breathed hard and hung her head in anticipation. She could have walked out of here at anytime but she knew that her body was in the driver’s seat and she knew what it wanted. Byron was running his cock up and down her slit, coating it in her wetness. Then he pulled his hips back and put his cock right up to her opening.

“Byron,” Sarah breathed, a thought suddenly doning on her, “Do you have a condo – ughhhhh”

Byron pushed the thick pole of his cock into Sarah’s wet entrance. Sarah’s hands braced themselves against the chair as she ground her knees into the seat.

“Fuck you’re so tight,” Byron grunted from behind her. Sarah froze in place, encapsulated by the feeling of Byron’s swollen member pushing into her. “God that feels fucking good.”

“Uhhhhhhgmmmmmm,” Sarah groaned as inch after inch of Byron’s cock pushed into the young wife. Her mouth contorted in pleasure and her eyes rolled back as more and more of Byrons cock pushed into her. The low chair provided the perfect angle for Byron to fuck her, his cock pressing right up to all the perfect places inside of her. “Ohhhhhhhhhhh,” she moaned as Byron’s cock was finally fully embedded inside of her. His balls slapped against the bottom of her asscheeks.

“Holy fuck,” Byron said loudly as he grabbed her shapely hips, “I’m finally inside of you. I’ve been waiting for this. Fuck.”

“Open your eyes and look out the window,” Byron said. Without hesitating, Sarah did as she was commanded. She opened her eyes and saw the Minnsoeta skyline outside.

“Lower,” Byron sneered, “Look down across the street.”

Sarah did as he said, her eyes shifting down from the dark night sky to the dimly lit street below. She scanned the street, her eyes stopping on the illumated sigh for the bar they had just been at. Standing outside the door was Dan, leaning against the wall watching the entrance to Byron’s building.

“What do you see?” Byron asked.

“Dan,” Sarah breathed back. Byron pulled his cock slowly out of Sarah before quickling ramming it back in.

“Ughhhhh,” Sarah grunted as she was rocked against the chair.

“Do you think he knows whats happening up here?” Byron said. Sarah closed her eyes and turned her attention back to what was happening behind her, “Maybe.”

“No,” Bryon said, “Keep looking at your pathetic husband out the window.”

Sarah opened her eyes again and looked down at Dan, who was standing vigilant on the street waiting for her return.

“Watch Danny boy while I make his wife my bitch,” Byron grunted as he started jackhammering Sarah’s pussy. He held her hips in place with an iron grip as he fucked her relenetlessly on the office chair.

Sarah stared at Dan, several floors below her as the man who had been stressing him out hammered into her. Sarah wanted to keep looking at Dan, maintain that connection to her husband but Byron’s cock just felt too fucking good. She closed her eyes and focused on his cock running back and forth inside of her. Sliding in and out, hammering into all her most sensitive places. The hot, throbbing feeling of his cock buried inside of her.

“Mhmmhmmfuuck,” Sarah moaned.

“That’s right Sarah,” Byron hissed from behind her, “Moan for me. Nobody’s hear, moan as loud as you want. Moan loud enough for Danny boy to hear you down there. Moan for me.

“MHMHMMHMHMHMMMMM,” Sarah let out a gullteral moan in response. His words made her feel completely unbridled as she dug her knees into the seat and thrust back against his cock, “UUGH, AH, Ah, ah, Fffuuuu, mhmmhmm, Yeah.”

“Fuck yeah baby,” Byron grunted, his grip leaving handmarks on her hips, “Moan my name bitch.”

“Byron,” Sarah said loudly into the office, “BYRON. OH FUCK. BYRON. DON’T STOP.”

“That’s right,” Byron chuckled as his hips kept thrusting forward, his naked cock sliding in and hot of Sarah’s unprotected pussy with abandon, “Shit.”

“Uh god,” Byron said, he leaned forward and licked up Sarah’s spine, making her shiver. One hand stayed gripped to her hip while his other hand grabbed roughly onto her shoulder. Each time he thrust into her, he grabbed her shoulder hard and pulled her back onto his cock.

“Look at your stupid husband down there,” Bryon said. “He didn’t even try to stop me tonight. He just let you come up here and get fucked. Well while your in Minnestoa, you’re my bitch, got it?”

“Mhmmhm, oh, uhhh, ah, ah, ah uhhh, ohh, ooomygod,” Sarah whined.

“Whose bitch are you?” Byron demanded.

“Uhhhh, yours. Yours.” Sarah moaned back.

“Whose bitch?” Byron said.

“YOURS,” Sarah shouted, “I’m Byron’s bitch.”

“Heh, thats right,” Byron laughed. “Look down at your husband. Do you see him?”

“Mhmm, uhh, ya – yes,” Sarah said her eyes having trouble staying focused on Dan on the street as Byron’s hammering cock made her body jump with each thrust.

“Tell him,” Byron said, “Tell him whose bitch you are.”

“Dan...,” Sarah started as she felt this new level of humiliation and degradation of Dan start to blossom into an orgasmic flower inside of her. She knew that her next admission was going to set her over the edge. “Dan,” Sarah breathed, “I’m Byron’s bitch now. He fucks me so fucking good. I’m all his. All Byrons.”

Sarah felt her body start to quake as the heat from Byron’s cock seemed to wash over her entire body. Her nails dug into the fabric of the chair as she ground her teeth together,

“Uhhhhh. Oh. Fuck. Please. Please. Give to me. Don’t stop. Uhhh, I’m gonna. I’m gonna.”

“I’m gonna fucking cum,” Byron shouted to the empty office, “Cum for me Sarah. Cum on my cock. Let your husband see.”

“OHGOD,” Sarah’s body convulsed as she felt Byron’s cock expand inside of her. The first rope of hot cum blasted her insides causing her body to jerk. She thought his cum was going to blast her off the chair. Instead it ignited a chain reaction of an orgasm. Each rope of his bitter cum blasting into her was like another rapid domino that pushed her orgasm into existence, “FUUUCKKKKKKK,”

Sarah’s pussy clamped down on Byron’s spurtting cock as she came. Her muscle grew tense, her toes flexed out, fingers dug into the couch. She arched her back and thrust her breasts out as she loudly screamed, “AHHHHUHHHHHHHHHHHHMMMMMMMMFFUUUAA”

“Oh yeah,” Byron said still pumping his cock into her, feeling his balls completely emptying into Dan’s wife. “FUCK THAT FEELS GREAT. TAKE IT ALL SARAH. TAKE ALL MY CUM.”

“MMMMHMMHMHMHMMMMMM,” Sarah groaned as her orgasmic fireworks continued to explode inside of her. She was gasping for air as she came down hard, her body continuing to feel little tremors of pleasure as Byron’s cock stopped ejaculating inside of her.

Byron was breathing hard behind her, his face against her back. His hands still gripping her shoulder and waist tightly. Sarah opened her eyes and looked down at the street where Dan was still waiting patiently for her.

Slowly and with a groan, Byron pulled his cock out of Sarah as he stood up. He stumbled back and just admired the scene before him. Sarah William's propped up on a chair, thong dangling around one of her silver heels as her chest slumped forward trying to catch her breath. Her ass, looking fantastic on display and inviting for him.

Sarah slowly caught her breath and shuffled off the chair. The alcohol in her system was making her dizzy as she fumbled around looking for her thong. After finding it, she weakly pulled it back up.

Byron had flopped himself onto his office couch. His eyes were shut and he was wearing just his dress shirt and socks. Sarah quickly put her pants and shirt back on. Without bothering to say anything to Byron, she left his office. While she wanted to make a beeline for the stairs she opened a few doors, hoping to see a glimmer of a computer tower—anything she could plug the USB into. Then she noticed that some of the hallways had discreet security cameras. Her face red from being caught on camera, she played the part of a drunk woman looking for a bathroom. Playing up her dizziness as she navigated the halls of the office until she found the bank of elevators. As powerful as her orgasm had just been, she couldn't help but find herself craving something more. Someone more. Her mind immediately thought of Lester. On uneasy feet, she rode the elevators back down to her waiting husband on the street below.

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Lester felt the rage boiling inside of him. This wasn't how things were supposed to go. Sarah and Dan had briefly dropped some things off in the apartment before heading to the airport to fly to Minnesota for his work.

Was Sarah actually going to fall to such a weak boy like Jessie? What kind of leverage did this company have? Ever since his call with Jessie, Lester had been extensively researching and digging up dirt on both Jessie and his company. From what he could tell, Jessie's company had The Lincoln Group as their client. And those guys seemed shady as hell, a typical multinational corporation that said all the right things but had their fingers in different pies. Completely vertically integrated with very little information about them. More such a large and powerful corporation, they mysteriously weren't publically traded, which meant very little information he could dig up.

He didn't want to get too distracted digging into them at this point but he had trouble suppressing the urge. They were an unknown variable that he didn't realize was part of his equation. He couldn't have that. He didn't like the feeling of not being in control. The unknown entity was a black hole full of baseless ideas that Lester's brain generated. Fortunately he would have more answers soon. Then we would figure out what he was up against and how it would impact his hold on Sarah.

He opened his computer console again and rechecked the validation he had reviewed a few minutes earlier. Jessie's company had been easy to breach access too. They used a common suite of tools with known vulnerabilities. He began downloading all of their communications that mentioned Jessie or The Lincoln Group and he would soon find out exactly what was going on.

Lester uploaded a package to Jessie's work computer. Once Jessie unknowingly accessed it, the file would worm its way into his computer allowing Jessie's machine to be a slave to his. Lester could use Jessie's work computer as a relay to push into The Lincoln Group's network without it being traced back to him.

Lester took a calming breath. Patience.

It would all work out in the end. All of this was just momentary setbacks that he would swiftly bring to heel.

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Dan was exhausted. He pulled their carry on suitcases down the hall of his apartment building, Sarah ahead of him with her key out already. He had managed to escape Minnesota early, leaving the morning after the bar and Sarah running off with Byron. They hadn't talked much about it but Sarah did confirm that Byron had fucked her. He knew she needed time to process everything despite his need to know all the details about what happened. Byron had send him some passive aggressive emails that morning on their way to the airport about how skilled his wife was but he ignored them, shutting off his devices. While Sarah had crashed early last night, Dan had tossed and turned all night. He couldn't stop thinking about what had happened. His cock had been rock hard all night long just thinking about Sarah with Byron and the look she gave him when he caught he leaving Lester's room the last time she visited.

The unknown was plaguing his mind. He desperately wanted to see Sarah in action. He gritted his teeth as they grew closer to his apartment door. He knew he shouldn't want to see Sarah with another man. At least, he knew it was bad for him to lose control again like that. But with the events around them lately, the denial at being party to them and his blue balls from the night before his head was swimming with images of Sarah being bad.

Fuck, that look she gave me in the hallway. It implied so many things to him. They really should have talked about it afterwards to make sure they were on the same page but it felt too late now. Like life had moved on and whatever answers he got out of her would be santized from the passage of time.

Sarah turned the lock on the door and opened it, stepping inside and out of the way for Dan to wheel the carry-ons inside. Sarah shut the door behind him and locked it. Dan brough the luggage to his bedroom, Sarah following behind him. They both got changed, Sarah sliding into a comfortable outfit for lounging around the apartment. She'd be heading back to Middleton the next morning.

Dan eyed Sarah as he unpacked his bag. She was wearing a loose pair of cream white sweatpants that went up to her bellybutton, where it had a tapered cut. Surprinsgly she had a matching white tube top on, likely so she wouldn't need a restrictive bra. Then she put on a matching oversized white cardigan that went down past her knees.

His eyes couldn't help but roam over her body as he felt his cock getting hard all over again. "Let's go watch a show," Sarah said opening the door to he bedroom before Dan had a chance to voice his desire for her. He swiftly followed behind her, trying to figure out what it was his mind wanted and how best to get it.

Dan was on the couch scrolling through Netflix, trying and failing to find something to watch. Sarah was making herself a tea in the kitchen when Dan heard the familiar sounds of Lester's plodding feet. Lester appeared in the threshold of the hallway with an intense look on his face. Dan read it as an intense frustration, anger underscored with deep lust. Wearing only a pair of tight white underwear, Dan winced at seeing Lester's almost naked body. The rolls of fat, the thick matted hair covering his skin. His oddly proportioned body on display. Lester's eyes gazed across the living room until he heard the kettle boiling water in the kitchen.

Without so much of a glance in Dan's direction, Lester marched across the living room and disappeared into the kitchen.

“Lester – what the,” he heard Sarah say followed by the sounds of items shifting and things falling onto the kitchen floor. Dan sprang to his feet letting the control drop to the floor. He quickly made his way around the couch and over to the kitchen. He stopped abruptly as his eyes took in the scene.

Lester had Sarah’s pinned up against the counter as his hands mauled her body as his illicit tongue was running up the side of her mouth. Sarah’s perfect ass was pushing against the counter, one of Lester’s legs between hers, prying them apart. One of his hands were roughly grabbing the bottom of an ass cheek while the other held the back of her neck. Dan watched in horrified fascination as Lester turned Sarah’s head towards him and pressed his ugly fat lips against hers.

To his growing horror and reluctant arousal, Sarah’s surprised features seemed to relax at the urgent kiss. He watched as she closed her eyes, seemingly giving in to Lester’s aggressive pursuits.

Lester ground his crotch against Dan’s wife. This was all so sudden and not something Dan had expected. He recalled the power of marching into his home and holding Lester by the throat but that power felt out of his grasp. Maybe it was the past day or so of living in a constant state of denial and arousal, finally bubbling up to overwhelm his strictly managed sense of control. Whatever it was, in this fleeting moment Dan felt like he was regressing back into his impotent state of letting Lester do whatever he wanted.

Dan managed to ball a hand into a fist, as he did he noticed his dick bulging against the material of his pants. Lester kept up his aggressive pursuit, Sarah’s body seemingly capitulating to Lester’s desires.

With a snarl Lester broke the kiss, both hands coming up to Sarah’s shoulders and throwing off her oversized cardigan. Sarah gasped at the boldness, her arousal going from zero to one hundred in the few seconds of Lester’s presence. With Dan she was like a dial that needs to be slowly turned on over time, cranking up until she was ready to go. With Lester, it was just a push of a button and she was uncontrollably turned on.

Lester licked his lips and his head darted forward, licking her neck again while pinning her against the counter. His tongue trailed down her chest, licking all over every inch of exposed skin. Sarah’s eyes locked with Dan, both of them standing there staring at each other. She noticed the bulge in his pants and Dan couldn’t help but notice the way Sarah’s body seemed to be grinding itself on Lester’s thigh.

Sarah bit her lip and looked at Dan, waiting for some sense of direction. What did he want her to do? Would he let her continue with this or did he want her to stop. Dan didn’t say their safeword ‘pineapple’ or anything else, he just stood there staying at his troll like roommate having his way with his wife. Sarah watched Dan’s features for several more seconds, trying to discern what he wanted. In the end, she took his lack of response and clear arousal on his face for consent to give in to his roommate. Something she was more than happy to comply with.

Lester’s tongue worked down her chest until he met with the fabric of her cream white tube top. He didn’t like his progress to her breasts being impeded and he roughly pulled it up her body awkwardly. Sarah tried to comply, moving her arms up to allow it to be pulled over her. Once Sarah’s breasts were free Lester abandoned pulling the top off her, letting it pin her arms above her head as his mouth found a breast and sucked it in.

“Ohh,” Sarah’s hips shot out against Lester’s body as she struggled to free herself from her top. Eventually she managed to get it off, letting it drop to the floor. It’s pristine white a sharp contrast with the dirty lamented floor of the kitchen.

Sarah's now free hands went to the back of Lester's head, pulling him to her chest as he continued to lick and suck on her breasts, his fat tongue swirling over her exposed nipple. Sarah's body shuddered and Dan watched as the lower half of Sarah's body seemed ready to be exposed by the way it was gyrating against Lester.

Lester seemed to notice the hint as hell. With a loud grunt he bent over and picked Sarah up on his arms catching her off guard. On unsteady feet, Lester held Sarah up, her arms incircling his neck holding on as he plodded out of the kitchen past a stricken Dan.

Lester with couldn't wait to get to his bedroom or couldn't physically carry Sarah that far. He brought her over to the couch where Dan had just been sitting and pulled off her sweat pants, revealing Sarah's white lace panties. Sarah sat up and quickly tugged on the waist band of Lester's once white underwear. They dropped to his ankles as Lester cock sprang out smacking Sarah in the face. She didn't waste anytime grabbing it with both hands and dropping her mouth onto it.

Lester just stood there, hands on his hips watching Dan's wife devour his cock. He looked over at Dan who seemed to be paralyzed at what was happening in front of him. Lester now felt that he had the cheat code to override Dan's control. He needed to be gradually introduced to arousing elements to loosen his control. When he had discovered Sarah and Lester at his home, it had been a sharp introduction, letting him retain his control. Lester wouldn't make that mistake again.

A shit eating grin spread onto Lester's face as he looked at Dan, now understanding the best way to make him compliant. His gaze shifted to Sarah sitting on the couch before him, worshipping his cock. It was time to teach Dan another lesson and see how far he could warp his image of his perfect wife and mother of his children.

Lester made sure to keep Sarah connected to his cock as he moved beside her and laid down on the couch. Sarah followed him, never taking her mouth or hands off his cock. She was on her knees on the couch, bent over licking and sucking Lester's cock with abandon. From the doorway to the kitchen, Dan watched as Sarah's head disappeared below the back of the couch. He could still hear her light, muffled moans and the wet, unmistakable slurping sounds of his wife's mouth on another man's cock.

Dan's uncontrollable arousal propelled him forward. First one step, then another as he made his way to the side of the couch. Sarah's white panties and her fantastic bubbly ass were pointed out towards him as her head bobbed up and down on Lester's crotch. Dan couldn't take his eyes off the illicit affair, his hand absently reaching out to find the plush leather chair as he tried to sit down.

Lester saw Dan sitting down out of the corner of his eye and smiled. Time to twist the fucking knife.

"You miss this?" Lester said to Sarah. She looked up at him with her piercing green eyes and nodded before licking up his shaft.

"Mhmmm I did. I missed it. I missed this cock. I missed you," Sarah's mouth returned to Lester's cock and he watched as she went lower and lower down onto it.

"Good girl," Lester said as his hand went to the back of her head, guiding her up and down on his cock.

"Uhhhhh that feels great Sarah baby, suck my cock. Yeah just like that you know how I like it," Lester said. Sarah continued to bob her head up and down with abandon on Lester's cock. She already felt her panties getting wet. She loved sucking cock, especially one like Lester's. She had been craving Lester ever since the night before with her encounter with Byron. No one made her cum as hard as Lester. Her mind was racing at everything that was happening but she pushed it all aside to just focus on her favorite cock.

“Ughh, lower. Suck on my balls,” Lester commanded.

Sarah took her mouth off Lester’s cock with an audible ‘pop’ and quickly descended down to his thickly matted pubic hair, her face disappearing into it as her tongue trailed down his ballsack. Lester’s pubic hair pushed into her closed eyes and into her nose but it didn’t bother her as she sucked on his balls. Her tongue darted out and traced circles on his hefty nuts.

Dan just sat there watching the love of his life devour Lester’s ballsack. A small voice inside of him was screaming, begging for him to listen and take action but he felt the same way he did whenever he took an edible. Couch-locked, unable to move or react.

“Lower,” Lester said, causing Sarah to move down the couch onto her stomach so she could lick the underside of his balls. She kept stroking his cock as her mouth slobbered over every inch of Lester’s balls.

“Lower,” Lester said again. Sarah didn’t disobey, she obliged by licking down below his balls to the musky area between his legs. Lester squirmed at the sensation, enjoying every lick. But he wasn’t done. Not now that Dan was sitting there watching. He needed to show him just how much Sarah belonged to him now.

“Lower,” Lester said again. Sarah stopped her licking and looked up at Lester who just stared back at her. Then she dropped her head again, her tongue licking between his thighs before going further down.

“Yeaaah,” Lester chuckled as he felt Sarah’s tongue graze his asshole, “Nice little circles like that.”

Sarah knew she should be repulsed. Repulsed by what she was doing but she could feel Lester’s cock throb in her hand and knew the effect she was having on his body. She loved that feeling. Being in control of it. The power of making someone like Lester shudder. She lapped her tongue out more, licking and circling it around Lester’s hairy asshole, finding herself getting more and more turned on at her illicit and depraved actions.

“She ever clean your asshole before,” Lester said absently to Dan. “No? You’re wife gives one hell of a rimjob. I guess she saves it just for her lover.”

“Keep doing that baby. Yeah right there. Daddy likes. Keep going. Fuck yeah,” Lester groaned, his hand on the back of Sarah’s head, holding her firmly in place as she tossed his salad. Her body was withering on the cock, clearly enjoying Lester’s firm hand and encouraging words.

Dan couldn’t believe what he was seeing. Sarah’s perfect mouth. The one he kissed on their wedding day. The one that kissed his daughters on the forehead everynight before bed, was firmly puckered and attached to his disgusting roommate. He felt himself getting light headed watching. A memory popped into his head, where Sarah expressed her disgust at the idea of any sexual act relating to an asshole. And now she was here, feasting on his ugly roommate’s.

“Mhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as he tongue lashed out as Lester’s asshole. The coppery, bitter taste was just an afterthought as she enjoyed this much more than she ever thought she would. The simple act of licking Lester here was like jet fuel on a fire, making her body crave more. She pushed herself up off the couch, despite Lester’s strong hand on her head and pulled her panites off.

“I need you inside me,” Sarah said, climbing up Lester’s grotesque body. Lester just watched as the beautiful mother climbed up him until her wet pussy was pressing against his cock. She held it there for a second, eyes closed, just feeling his hard cock against her wet slit and clit. Then she slowly moved up, letting his cock brush against her clit. Then back down. She

did this a few times before she went all the way up and positioned her entrance on top of his cock. She drew in a sharp breath as she began to lower herself onto Lester's massive cock. Her breath quivered as she took more and more of Lester's cock into her.

"That's it," Lester growled, "Take it all baby."

"Ohhhh fffuuck," Sarah groaned she lowered herself fully on Lester's cock, "God I feel so fucking full."

"That's because you are," Lester said. They both stayed still for a moment looking at each other as Sarah adjusted to Lester's cock inside of her. Tentatively, Sarah began rolling her hips on top of Lester. His hands came up and grabbed a handful of each ass cheek in them, kneading them as Sarah started to ride him.

Lester was just bucking his hips off the couch enough to spur Sarah on. He didn't want to ruin her pacing but ensured his cock was hitting all the right places inside of her. Sarah hands were resting on Lester's flabby chest, pushing her breasts together for him to salivate over.

"I'll never get tired of fucking you," Lester groaned.

"You better not," Sarah breathed, eyes half closed while looking down at Lester.

"Did you see that Dan?" Lester said, "She didn't even think about putting a condom on me. Isn't that right Sarah?"

Dan just stayed silent, despite Lester's taunting. The image of his wife's beautiful body riding this ogre was transfixing.

"No...no condom," Sarah moaned throwing her head back as she picked up the pace with her hips. "Never again."

"Why not?" Lester urged her on.

"They fucking suck," Sarah said, "It's so much better without one."

"It's better raw," Lester corrected her. "Tell Dan you like it raw."

Sarah didn't turn to look at Dan. With her eyes clamped shut she was focused on riding Lester's huge cock, "I love it raw Dan. I only want Lester to fuck me raw from now on."

"Heh," Lester said tightening his grip on her ass, pulling her tightly back down on top of him in time with Sarah's movements. She moaned at the strength of his hands and the way he expertly manipulated her body at the right moment. Lester could tell if he kept pushing things verbally he'd have Sarah cumming in no time. He knew Dan's presence could be a lever he could exploit with her.

"Where do you want me to cum?" Lester urged, "Where am I allowed to cum Sarah?"

Sarah's pace picked up. Lester words were pushing her to her orgasm faster than she anticipated. Talking like this. Admitting these things in front of her husband was driving her wild. Her 'betrayal' and submission to someone her husband detested only served to make her wetter than she ever expected.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt an orgasm fast approaching. She could feel it hanging over her body, ready to crash down and consume her. "You can come anywhere. Any fucking where you want. I don't care. I just want your cum."

"What do you think Dan?" Lester said, "Should I cum in that pretty mouth of hers? What do you think Sarah can I cum in your mouth?"

"Ugh yes," Sarah moaned, each word spoken further stoking the fire inside of her, "I want your cum pouring down my throat."

"Or I could cum all over her chest. Maybe spray on her face," Lester said. Sarah's body seemed to shiver at his words, imagining what that would feel like. Lester just grinned, "Or maybe I'll cum in this tight pussy of hers like this and see if we can get you that boy Dan failed to give you."

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck," Sarah moaned as she started to ride Lester like a woman possessed, her orgasm just out of reach. If she kept up this pace it would be hers in seconds. "Don't stop. God please fuck. Ohmygod. Jesus. Yes. Yes."

"Or," Lester said through gritted teeth as he braced himself at Sarah's insistence facing. He let go of her ass and both of his meaty hands planted themselves on her swaying breasts, tweaking her nipples, "I could cum in your ass."

"FUUCK," Sarah screamed as she threw her head back and thrust her breasts into Lester's lecherous hands. "Whatever you want Lester. Cum wherever you want."

The patiently waiting orgasm came crashing down on Sarah igniting the nerves of her body on fire. "Ahh, oh fuck. Fuck YEEESSS," Sarah screamed arching her back, nails digging into Lester's flesh. Sarah was panting hard, trying to catch her breath as waves of pleasure washed over her body.

Lester had a shit-eating grin plastered on his face, staring up at Sarah. He looked over at Dan who was sitting immobile in the chair in a catatonic state. "Did you hear that?" Lester grinned, "Your wife says I can fuck her ass and cum in it. I'm gonna save that for a private date when you're not around."

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah was still catching her breath, frozen in place still enjoying the aftereffects of cumming on Lester's cock.

"Get off," Lester said, "I'm going to fuck you doggy style so Dan can watch your face."

With a groan, Sarah pulled herself up off of Lester's cock. She stared down at the massive appendix covered in her juices. She swung her leg off the couch as Lester awkwardly shimmed up the couch. Without waiting for his command, Sarah put herself on all fours on the couch, waiting for Lester to get into position.

Lester got onto his knees behind Sarah and rubbed his cock up and down her wet and waiting slit. She pushed back on his cock trying to get it inside of her but he chuckled and continued to play with her.

"Mhmmm Lester," Sarah moaned in frustration, "Put it in me."

"I will," Lester said, "I want you to look at Dan and tell him what you want."

Sarah lifted her head off the couch, the sweat on her face causing her hair to stay matted to her skin, "I want Lester's cock inside me baby. I want him to fuck me. Is that okay?"

Before Dan could speak, Lester pushed his entire length into Sarah causing her to squeal. "It doesn't matter what Dan wants, do you understand?"

"Yes," Sarah breathed as she tried to get a grip on the couch as Lester fucked her from behind. He held her hips in place and slapped an ass cheek and he increased the pace of his thrusts. Not wanting to give Sarah a minute to breath.

Dan felt like he was having an out of body experience as he watched the coupling before him. It was like his mind was watching but his body was disconnected somehow.

"Look at your husband," Lester said through gritted teeth. His face was getting red and flush as he fucked Sarah, sweat dripped down his back and chest, running through the coarse hair matting his skin. Sarah raised her head to look at Dan, sitting there with arousal on his face. He looked like he was in agony. "Look how pathetic he is watching his wife get fucked. Won't even lift a finger to do it. Who do you want to fuck and fill you tonight? Me or your husband?"

Sarah dropped her head to the couch, "You Lester. I want you."

"But you fucked someone else on your trip didn't you?" Lester said.

"Yesss," Sarah breathed.

"Who?" Lester said.

"Byron," Sarah squealed, "Dan's client."

“Not Jessie?” Lester grunted as he pounded Sarah from behind.

“No,” Sarah dropped her entire torso to the couch, her ass still high in the air for Lester to fuck. She reached her hands out over the leather looking for anything to grab onto. Something about what Lester just said scratched a part of Dan’s mind but he couldn’t put the puzzle pieces together at that moment. All he could do was watch in horrified arousal at the scene in front of him. All cognitive function was devoted to absorbing every moan, groan and twitch of Sarah’s body.

“So Dan just sat there like he is right now and watched you get fucked?” Lester said.

“No, he let me go with him. Dan stayed at the bar,” Sarah grunted.

“Was he good?” Lester said angrily as he power fucked Sarah. Each thrust causing her body to jolt forward. His unrelenting pace and the angle of his cock was pushing Sarah closer to yet another powerful orgasm.

“Okay,” She moaned into the leather, feeling her eyes rolling back in her head. Lester’s cock just felt so good. Everything about it was amazing, his hands on her hips. His balls smacking against her ass. The fact that Dan was watching and hearing everything they were saying. “I kept thinking of you,” Sarah admitted, “After I just wanted you.”

“Heh, hear that Dan?” Lester said, “You’re wife’s been craving me after she got fucked. She probably does the same thing after you leave her wanting more too.”

“But,” Lester said grabbed her hips tightly and pulling Sarah’s ass back onto him. He pushed forward quickly into her pussy before pulling out almost all the way and slamming it back in again. Each thrust was like a punctuation, “You. Don’t. Fuck. Anyone. Else. Unless. I Say. So. Got it?”

“Uhhhmhmmmmmm yes Lester,” Sarah groaned, “I’ll fuck whoever you want.”

“It’s going to be your punishment,” Lester growled, “For fucking someone behind my back. I’m going to make you fuck somebody you’d hate to teach you a fucking lesson.”

“Mmmhmmhmmmmmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned, she’d agree to anything Lester wanted in this moment as long as he didn’t stop fucking her. It felt way too fucking good right now. Nothing else mattered. Consequences be damned.

Lester wanted to complete his circle of humiliation tonight. He wanted to keep pushing Sarah while making Dan feel like the true cuck he was. It was time to finally put him in his place, at least for tonight.

“Tell your husband to take out his little cock and start stroking it. He’s not going to ‘reclaim’ you tonight. He’s going to cum watching you take a real man.” Lester grunted.

Sarah raised her head to look at Dan. He looked like his mind was a million miles away, “Take it out Dan. I want to see you stroking for me, I want to – OW”

WHAP

Lester slapped her ass harder than he ever had before, “No improv. Just tell him to take it out and stroke that pathetic cock. You’re focused on me tonight.”

“Ughhhh,” Sarah groaned as Lester’s cock ground against her insides, in and out, in and out, over and over, unrelenting. “Take out your cock Dan.”

As if in a trance, Dan lowered his pants and boxers in one slow motion his cock springing out of it. His hand immediately went to it, his mouth hanging agape as he started to stroke it.

“Yeah,” Sarah said eying it, “Stroke it for me. Stroke that pathetic cock while Lester fucks the shit out of me.”

Perfect. Lester thought. He let go for Sarah’s hips and watched as her body continued to fuck herself back onto his cock. Now he could keep turning the screws on Dan and cut him down at the knees. Lester needed to take whatever momentum Dan thought he had and crush it.

"Who owns you Sarah?" Lester snarled, "Who owns you mind, body and heart? Tell me."

"Mhmmm fuckkk," Sarah moaned, sweaty head pressing down into the couch, eyes barely open staring at her husband stroking himself. She wasn't sure what to say. She didn't know what would be crossing the line for Dan but in that moment all she wanted to do was make Lester happy. "You do Lester," Sarah moaned loudly, "You fucking own me. You can fuck me wherever, whenever you want. I'm yours."

"Damn fucking right," Lester growled slapping her ass again. This time a low moan escaped her lips at Lester's brutal handling of her. "What about at the hospital? I can fuck you there again?"

"Yes!" Sarah screamed as Lester's cock was hammering against her G-Spot, "You can fuck me wherever you want!"

"What about your bedroom at home," Lester breathed hard, sweat was dripping off his forehead falling onto Sarah's back. She thrust back against him, her ass cheeks jiggling each time. Lester held her by the base of her neck and held her down into the couch, "Answer!"

"FUCK LESTER. YOU CAN FUCK ME ANYWHERE," Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs. Dan was now stroking himself faster and faster, not being able to control himself at all. "YOU CAN FUCK ME IN MY BED. I DON'T CARE WHAT DAN SAID. TO WHATEVER YOU FUCKING WANT TO ME."

"Do you get it now Dan?" Lester snarled venom at his roommate, "Sarah is mine. I'll do whatever the fuck I want to her. She's mine. She'll fuck whoever I want, where ever I want. You're wife is mine."

"OH FUCK. FUCK. FUCK. UHHHHHH. FUCK. LESTER," Sarah said as her vision blurred and she got light headed. All of the nerves in her body started to light up at once, ready for a massive orgasm to explode inside of her. Lester talking so much shit directly to Dan was oddly intensely turning her own. "I'm gonna. I'm going. Ohmygod, Lester. LESTER."

"Cum for me Sarah," Lester grunted, "Show your husband what its really like when you cum and aren't just pretending."

"AHHHHHHHMHMMMMHMMMMM," Sarah's back spasmed upwards uncontrollably as her hips quivered on Lester's cock. A avalanche of an orgasm crushed down on her nerves. Her face contorted into a mask of pure pleasure that only Dan could see. Dan couldn't help but stroke himself harder at the sight in front of him. Watching Sarah cum was too much for him to handle

Lester never stopped thrusting into Sarah. Her pussy tightened around his cock as she came but he dug his heels into the arm of the couch and pushed forward out of the grip of her pussy. He held the back of her neck, pinning her into the couch as he relentlessly fucked her to make a point to both of them. Sarah's orgasm was still rocking her body, a dribble of drool dripped out of her mouth as it hung open in a perpetual moan. Lester large stomach rested on her ass, placing extra weight on it.

As Sarah's orgasm began to wane, Lester immediately pulled out of her and flipped her onto her back. Before she could comprehend what was happening he was back between her legs, burying his cock into her wet and waiting pussy, "Mhmmhmm, Ahhhhhh."

"Ugh you feel so fucking good," Lester growled staring down at her. His overweight stomach now pressing against hers. Dan was stroking himself with abandon. His mind still felt disconnected from his body but it registered the tingle in his balls and he knew he was going to cum soon.

"You're going cum one more time for me Sarah. I'm going to explode and dump my entire load o cum into when you do." Lester said.

"Do it Lester!" Sarah screamed, "I WANT IT."

"What do you want!?" Lester said holding her thighs as he pumped his cock in and out of her.

"Your cum. I want your cum. Give it to me," Sarah pleaded, her hands going to Lester's biceps urging him to keep fucking her, "God I want it."

"You're gonna get. I'm going to fill you up," Lester said then he turned towards Dan and sneered, "Maybe I'll even knock her up. Who knows."

"Ohgod," Sarah's head rolled to the side and saw her husband furiously stroking his cock. There was no way he was going to last much longer. The familiar sensation inside of her suddenly burst to the surface again. She was about to explode again with all the sensory inputs. "Don't stop. Please. Please. Please. Lester. Ohmygodrighttherelester. Baby fuck me. Please."

"I ain't stopping," Lester said firmly. He had waited until this moment to launch another attack at Dan's heart. "The last time we fucked in my bed, do you remember what you said?"

Sarah shook her head as she closed her eyes and waited with baited breath to cum. She felt her muscles tighten, her pussy gripping Lester's cock as her nails dug into his biceps.

"You said you loved me," Lester growled. He looked between Dan's face and Sarah's. "Open your eyes and say it to me again. I want to cum to it."

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at Lester's ugly face. She couldn't help herself. She felt like she was drowning in his commands but she wanted his cum. She needed to feel that. She would do anything it took in that moment to make herself cum. "I love you," she moaned while staring up at Lester's ugly features, "I love you."

Sarah grabbed Lester by the back of the neck and pulled him down on top of her for a deep kiss. Their tongues clashed as Lester continued to hump into her. Sarah's body throwing itself off the couch onto his cock as they sucked onto each other's mouths, teeth, tongue and lips clashing into one another.

"Ffffffffff," Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth as her body exploded to life. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets as her body twitched around Lester's cock. Every fibre of her being seemed to come to life and transcend to a different state of being. Lester's body and cock felt like the only things that mattered in the entire world as she quivered below them. He legs kicked out and her toes curled.

Cum shot out of Dan's cock and landed on him. As his balls emptied, his mind finally seemed to come back down to his body and started to process the illicit scene in front of him. Horror spreading over his face.

Lester roared and unleashed a tidal wave of cum into Sarah's waiting pussy. Her body was still experiencing her own orgasm and insintively tightened its gripe on his cock, milking load after load of his hot, sticky cum into her. Lester came way more than either Dan or Byron, completely feeling her. The sensations brought her orgasm to another level, quickly crescendoing past all her known limits.

"UHHHHHHMHHMMMMMMMMMAAAAHHHHHHHH," Sarah screamed louder than she ever had before.

Somewhere from a floor below them, a dog started barking in response. Lester continued to thrust into Sarah with each rope of cum he deposited into the young mouth. Their lips still mashed together, slowing as they both needed to catch their breath.

Dan was sitting there, covered in his own cum, watching as Lester and Sarah's body came to a complete stop. The only parts moving were their lips. Sarah's voice saying 'I love you' to Lester playing over and over in his head. His brain felt like it had been shattered into a million pieces and was trying to put itself back together. He had no idea how to chart these

unknown waters or how to react to any of this. He just sat and started at the taboo coupling in front of him.

Eventually Lester pulled himself free of Sarah. Dan saw his horse like cock hanging between his legs, coated in his wife. Lester chuckled catching Dan staring at his cock and he shuffled off to the bedroom. Dan looked at his wife who had rolled onto her side, light snores coming from her. It looked like Lester had fucked her into submission.

Dan finally got to his feet, grabbing a box of Kleenex and cleaning himself off. The tissues kept sticking to his hands. He had made an absolute mess of himself. Satisfied that he was mostly clean. He threw the tissues in the kitchen garbage and retrieve a blanket to put over Sarah's naked form.

As he layed the blanket over his wife, he saw a trail of cum leaking from her pussy. His brain still didn't know how to process all of this. He put the blanket down on her and flopped himself back into the chair.

He didn't want to go to bed and leave Sarah here by herself. He sat in the chair as his eyes got heavy. He told himself he was staying out here to guard Sarah but he wasn't sure he could stop Lester and Sarah if he wanted to.

His mind was in turmoil as he drifted off to sleep. All he wanted to do was talk to Sarah but she was already encapsulated in post-orgasmic bliss.