

Hey everyone - Happy Thanksgiving to all the American readers out there. I hope everyone is doing well. November and this year are flying by so fast. It's almost 2025.

It's been a fun ride with all the stories I've been able to write for you. Thank you for helping me to bring them all to life. I have a lot of fun story ideas I can't wait to start working on.

Thanks for the Insider feedback on this chapter, I've added a scene or two and expanded some others while tweaking some minor details along the way.

The short story poll will close on Sunday and then I'll see which short story I'll be writing next. As of right now it looks like it'll be one about an undercover wife.

Anyway, I know what you are here for—more Sarah and Lester adventures (and Dan, too, right?).

Without further ado, let's get into it.

-----  
“What? How the hell is that possible?” Dan sighed and leaned his head back against the brick wall. He pulled his jacket tighter; the cool breeze ruffled his hair. “I thought your new boss was cleaning house. Why the hell did he hire Lester?”

He heard Sarah’s exhale through the phone, “I...I don’t know. He’s cut me out of any important decisions. I didn’t even know he was considering something like this. His email does say that Lester is only the interim head of IT so who knows what that means. I don’t know how that’ll work with Lester being in Chicago or if he’s moving here....”

The idea of Dan being trapped in Chicago while Lester was running around living in Middleton made his stomach churn. If Lester did that, what would happen to their agreement about the apartment and rent? Dan was potentially looking down the barrel of a bleak future. He knew he’d figure something out but still didn’t love the idea of so much of his life in upheaval.

If things really turned sour, Dan would really need to look for a new apartment and land a new job that paid way better than his current one. He didn’t feel confident in either option. Rentals seemed to have skyrocketed and he still wasn’t getting called back for interviews as much as he’d hoped. At least he had income from his side-consulting business. If he could bolster that part a bit more, his options would increase. Landing a new job seemed out of reach at the moment. He wasn’t hearing anything back from the application he had put out. Maybe he could convince Walt to bring his salary back to where it was, especially now that they were taking some new clients from Jesse’s company.

“I don’t like it. It doesn’t seem like something Lester would be interested in. Why would he want to move and work there? I assume he’s doing well for himself based on what he charged your hospital to get rid of their hacking issue. That should at least float him for a while. Plus he is covering my rent right now. He must be doing okay.” Dan peered at the building across the street. It was a beautiful tall steel structure with large panes of glass that stretched towards the sky. He’d only been in the building a handful of times but still felt the power of its presence. His eyes watched the front doors as people came and went. “I doubt the hospital pays more than he’d make doing whatever it is he does now,” Sarah said, “It’s not like he has a passion for healthcare. I’m not sure what Richard said to him to get him to sign on.”

“It might not be anything that Richard said. Who knows, maybe Lester angled himself into it. When he was leaving Chicago he made it sound like he was being fired or promoted. Maybe he made a case for himself that went over well.” Dan said.

“Well, it probably won’t impact me too much,” Sarah sighed. “It’s not like I’m being invited to the bigwig meetings anymore.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” the wheels in Dan’s head spinning. “I don’t think Lester is just going to forget about you.”

“Oh I’m aware,” Sarah said, “I’m pretty unforgettable.”

“That you are,” Dan squinted as he thought he recognized someone exiting the building but relaxed when he realized he was wrong. “I don’t like that Lester is going to be around you more often. He’s going to try something.”

"I can handle Lester. Enough about this stupid hospital," Sarah said, "What about you? Things still quiet over there? No more Lincoln Group?"

The muscles in Dan's shoulders tightened at the mention of the slimy company. "No, nothing yet. I'm still waiting for the other shoe to drop but we haven't heard from them. Not since Jesse's company got hacked. Actually, some of their clients have lost faith in them and have come over to us."

"That's great," Sarah said.

"We'll see. It's not like it's a ton of business. It sucks for them that they got hacked but Walt's happy. It seems like everyone's getting hacked nowadays." Dan said. As he spoke, something itched at the edge of his mind. He couldn't quite place what it was.

"Yeah, it seems like someone new is getting hacked every day. Maybe I should quit and start a company with Lester and make us rich," Sarah laughed.

"Don't even joke about that." Dan shivered at the thought, "It's bad enough he'll be in Middleton more often." With you.

"Are you worried about me and Lester being so close?" Sarah said sultrily, "Worried what might happen?"

"After what you told me happened in the car while you were at work? Yeah. Obviously," Dan said.

"I tried texting you, but you didn't answer in time," Sarah said innocently.

"The next time," Dan got up off the wall as the person he was waiting for emerged from the building across the street. "You'll have to wait for me."

"Yes, Dad, God!" Sarah laughed at her husband.

"Hey, I gotta go. We'll talk more about this later, okay? I love you." Dan moved off the wall and hurried across the street.

"I love you too," Sarah said and then hung up.

The cardboard bankers box sat at the man's feet as he stared down at his phone. Dan quickly closed the distance between them.

"Jesse," Dan said, marching up to his former protégé.

"Fuck," Jesse said, almost dropping his phone, "Dan, what the hell are you doing here?"

Dan looked down at the box at Jesse's feet, "Got let go?"

"Yeah," Jesse looked crestfallen. They laid a bunch of us off. The hack caused us to lose a lot of business, and apparently, I'm not worth keeping around."

Dan tried to look sympathetic, but he internally knew that Jesse would be the first on his list to let go due to his sheer lack of competence.

"Why are you here?" Jesse snapped.

"I want to know what you're doing with Lester." Dan demanded, "What have you told him? How are you two working together?"

Jesse's eyes widened in shock, "I don't know what you mean, who's Lester?"

"Don't bullshit me Jesse. I already know you know who Lester is, remember? I know you didn't just show up at that club. And Lester seemed to know an awful lot about what happened in Minnesota," Dan said.

With the mention of Minnesota, Jesse's face regained its composure. "You mean how your wife fucked another guy?" He said loudly, drawing the eyes of people around them.

Dan cringed at so many people hearing his outburst. Jesse glanced down at his phone.

"My ride's here," Jesse said as he bent down and picked up his banker box as a car pulled up to the curb. Before Dan could say anything, Jesse got into the back of the car, and it took off.

Dan looked around and saw a few people looking in his direction. He felt his face grow red and quickly walked away. He didn't want to be around all these people who'd heard what Jesse'd said. Who knew, maybe he would work here one day and these people would recognize him from this little scene.

His confrontation with Jesse hadn't gone the way he'd hoped. He'd come in too hot and put Jesse on his backfoot, making him lash out. A subtler approach would have been better in hindsight. Still, Jesse

looked like a deer in the headlights when he mentioned Lester and the two of them being in communication with one another. He just knew something was going on there. Dan opened the public transit app on his phone and looked at the schedule. The bus he needed to catch would be arriving soon. Dan hurried his pace to get to the bus stop in time.

He couldn't stop running through things in his head as he waited for it. Why would Lester and Jesse even know each other? There was no way they ran in the same circles unless Jesse was a D&D nerd, too. Did Jesse know that Dan had been behind him getting fired in the first place? He couldn't imagine him holding a grudge like that, given he'd gotten an even better job. But Dan, knowing himself, would still be holding that grudge. Or was Lester fucking with him somehow? Maybe using Jesse to dig up dirt on him. Maybe Lester had let it slip that he was taking Sarah to that club, which is why Jesse showed up.

Dan's bus pulled up to the stop just as he got there. Dan swiped his pass and he got in. There was something to this. His brain felt so close to solving it, but he just couldn't quite get there. Music from another passenger and the smell of stale cigarettes seemed to pull him out of his contemplation. The bus started to drive, and Dan's thoughts shifted.

He wished he was home with Sarah right now. He hated being so far away. The homesickness was even worse now that he knew Lester would be spending more time in Middletown. That still didn't sit at all right with him. He didn't like Lester being anywhere near his home and his family.

Images of the last time he caught Lester in his bedroom with Sarah flooded into his brain. The way she'd moaned and the dirty things she'd said. He shifted uncomfortably on the leather seats of the car. He already had half an erection just thinking back to that memory.

With Lester in town, there was no way he wouldn't try something at their home again. He knew he could trust Sarah but lately, he didn't like how much of a hold Lester seemed to have on her. He was blown away when she told him about her tryst with Lester in the car and how they had sex again at her workplace. She never would have done that before, not even with him.

Maybe it was all the stress she was under, letting things slip to justify her actions. But Lester always seemed to push her beyond what her husband understood to be her limits. Dan took out his phone and opened his internet browser.

There was no way Lester wouldn't try something at his house. Dan typed in home security and started looking through a series of security cameras. Most were obvious and bulky, but he wanted to see what discrete options were out there. He didn't love the idea of a big security camera in his home bedroom. He spent the rest of the ride looking at different security cameras and stumbled onto a pinhole camera and a variety of them that mimicked real devices like picture frames, power outlets, and even smoke detectors. He planned on buying a couple and putting them around his house the next time he was home. They looked really impressive; you could hardly even notice the cameras embedded into them. They looked just like the ones around his apartment.

There was no way Lester would ever know. He'd get them shipped to his office. Even looking at these, he felt icky as it signaled that he didn't fully trust Sarah. At least, that's how she would see it. But he had to do this for his peace of mind. He couldn't protect her if he didn't know what was going on.

Being in Chicago, he felt like there was a huge fog between him and Middleton, obscuring his view. Anything could happen.

\*\*\*

The imperial march blared out from the center console of Lester's SUV. Lester rolled his eyes, unwrapped the hamburger, and took a bite. Sauce dripped out onto his cheeks, but it didn't bother Lester. He reveled in the taste.

His phone started ringing again. Lester's face contorted with anger at being distracted from his food. He took a large swig of his soda and answered the phone.

"What?" He said bluntly. He took another bite of the burger.

"Dan knows," Jesse sounded out of breath, "He knows."

“What does he know?” Lester chuckled and shook his head. “There’s nothing to know after you blew me off for that limp dick in Minnesota. How’d that work out for you?”

“He just came up to me at work. He talked about me being at that club with you guys and you knowing all about what was going on in Minnesota. He knows about us,” Jesse said.

“There’s no ‘us,’” Lester scoffed. If Jesse thought he was a co-conspirator, he was sorely mistaken. At most, he was a useful idiot that Lester strung along, “So you happened to be at a nightclub, so what? There’s no proof or anything else. You didn’t tell him anything, did you?”

“No...No, I didn’t,” Jesse stammered, “My Uber came and I left. You must have messed up somewhere because he said you knew all about Minnesota and Byron.”

Lester stayed silent for a few seconds. He didn’t remember revealing his hand, but Dan tried to accuse him of talking with Jesse before he left for Middelton. Perhaps he had let something slip. Dan was throwing darts blindly in the dark. He didn’t know what he was aiming for, but he could still hit the target.

“Just keep your mouth shut and don’t talk to Dan,” Lester said, “I’ll be in touch.”

“Hey, what are -”

Lester hung up the phone and finished his burger. The gears turned in his head. He had hoped Dan would be pacified after seeing his wife become his wanton slut, but it seemed like he wanted to keep being a thorn in his side.

Dan reminded Lester a bit of Lizzie’s boyfriend, Issac, who always put his nose in places it didn’t belong. It was probably only a matter of time before Dan did something stupid that jeopardized Lester’s plans. The snare had been set around Dan for a long time now. It was time to tighten the rope. Sooner or later, Lester’s machinations would be revealed.

He would rather do it on his own terms instead of Dan exposing him.

Jesse’s calling had amused Lester. Now that his relationship with the Lincoln Group was severed it seemed like all the little man’s false bravado had wilted. He was like a leaf in the wind, whichever way Lester blew, Jesse would be pushed along in that direction. Other than his tenuous connection to Dan, Jesse didn’t have much value. But another lackey like his guild-mate Ned could always be useful.

Lester threw all the trash from his lunch into the backseat of his SUV, grabbed the small pill bottle from the center console, and then got out of the car. He strolled down the sidewalk, keeping an eye over his shoulder to nosy neighbors. Lester chuckled as he looked at all the houses adorning the perfect street. All these fucking rubes think they got it all with their little houses and white picket fences. They don’t know what life is really like. How dangerous the world really is.

He slowed his pace as he approached the Williams’ house. Dan was in Chicago, and Sarah would still be at work. Their daughters would still be at school, and the house would be empty.

Satisfied that he wasn’t being watched, he walked up to the front door. He fished out his keys from his pocket and quickly found the copy of Sarah’s key he had made weeks earlier. Lester grinned as he slid it into the keyhole.

He couldn’t turn it. His nostrils flared as he gripped the key tighter, trying to turn it. It didn’t budge. With a huff, he looked over his shoulder again for any neighbors. The street was quiet. Most people were still probably at work.

Lester shuffled around to the back of the Williams’ house and tried to open the backdoor with his key. This lock didn’t budge either.

“Mother fucker,” Lester mumbled under his breath and kicked the door hard. He left the house and waddled back to his car. Fucking Dan. That mother fucker really needed to be put in his place. It couldn’t happen soon enough.

His key had worked the last time when he interrupted Sarah in her bath. She must have said something to Dan, and that fucker changed the locks. Lester slammed the car door shut as he got behind the steering wheel. His phone chimed softly in his pocket.

Another work email. This hospital was incessant. All these stupid fucking internal emails about bullshit that didn't matter. These people really had nothing better to do than just email each other all day. With a snarl, Lester opened his phone and looked over the hospital emails.

He stopped on one that made him raise an eyebrow. Then, a wicked grin crept onto his face. It looks like an opportunity to get past the Williams' locked doors just presented itself.

The universe truly was on his side.

\*\*\*

"Hello? Earth to Dan?" Sarah said.

"Huh?" Dan's mind snapped back to the present, putting his thoughts about Jesse and Lester on the back burner. He had tried to figure out how they could know each other. Unfortunately, Jesse wasn't answering his calls or emails. Part of him reasoned that maybe they didn't know each other, that it was all just a coincidence, but Dan couldn't let it go. That look on Jesse's face had been telling. There was something there that he had to figure out.

"Just lost in thought. Sorry, what were you saying?" Dan asked.

Sarah gave him a flat look from the other side of the elevator and uncrossed her arms. They were riding up to his apartment. "I was just saying how Lester has been letting go of people in the IT department," Sarah sighed, "People who had been there longer than I have. I don't know how he will run his department without all these people. But Richard and the board seem quite happy with the lower headcount, and so far, nothing catastrophic has happened."

"I still don't get how Lester is able to split his time between here and there," Dan watched the numbers on the elevator tick up until they reached their floor and the doors opened.

"Apparently, HR negotiated some hybrid deal where he splits his time between here and there. At least for now." Sarah walked out of the elevator as Dan held the doors for her.

"Has he bothered you at all? I mean, since the car incident," Dan asked.

"The car incident?" Sarah raised an eyebrow at him as they walked down the hall.

"You know when you fooled around with Lester in our car without my permission?" Dan said.

Sarah looked straight ahead. There might be something there that she wasn't telling him.

"No. He's seemed pretty swamped with his work lately. I have barely seen him," Sarah said.

"You sure? You can tell me, you know. That's part of the deal here." Dan said carefully.

"I know, Dan, there isn't anything. He hasn't come by my cubicle at all. It's actually kind of weird. I was expecting he would be all over me every day, but he's kept his distance."

Dan furrowed his brow thinking her words over. It didn't make sense. Lester seemed obsessed with his wife. Why would he just give up? Especially when he had her so close now, "That's weird."

"Yeah," Sarah said. Was it just his mind imagining things, or did she sound slightly disappointed?

"Anyways, what do you want to do this weekend? I thought it would be fun to play tourist. Maybe do a little shopping and get some dinner." Sarah looked over at him and smiled as they turned the corner, his apartment door coming into view.

"I'd like that. But we do need to save right now. We should try to find something not too expensive to do." Dan hated being the pragmatic one but things were shaky with both of their jobs at the moment.

"That's no fun, but you make a good point," Sarah sighed. A mischievous glint appeared in her eyes as she looked over at him, "Maybe I should get Lester to take me out. That way, I can pick up a few things, and it doesn't hit our wallet."

"You're mean," Dan scolded her playfully, "Besides, you know Lester will want a different kind of payment."

"It's not like I haven't paid it before," Sarah bit her lip and gave Dan her best fuck me eyes. "I think in the end, I'll be the one who comes out on top either way."

Her meaning wasn't lost on Dan. She'd get her mindblowing sex and whatever else she gained from the shopping trip. Or she meant she would be the one riding Lester. Sarah's innuendo had layers that Dan had yet to unravel.

"Besides, it's been a few weeks since Lester and I have had anything that could be considered a date. I'm sure he'll want to try something this weekend. We might as well make the most of it." Sarah said, taking her keys out of her purse as she slid them into the lock of his apartment.

Dan had considered the same thing, but it was strange that they weren't even in the apartment yet, and Sarah was already planning to ditch him. She was doing it in a flirty, playful way, but he couldn't help but take her suggestion seriously. His wife didn't seem nearly as perturbed about their continuing arrangement with Lester as he did. While it was true he did get off on it, Sarah seemed almost eager about this weekend. Was it because Lester had ignored her at work when she had expected him to be all over her?

During an earlier phone call, when he mentioned Lester and Jesse talking on the sly, she thought he was reading too much into things. Dan had bit his tongue since he didn't have a silver bullet to prove anything. Even though he knew in his gut something was going on, he decided not to confront Lester again or bring it up with Sarah until he had solid proof.

Once he found proof, how would Lester react? He wasn't sure it would change anything with their status quo but he was obsessed with figuring it out anyway.

The apartment door swung open and Dan's eyes immediately saw the back of Lester's fat head over the back of the couch. It turned in their direction and Lester's beady eyes came into view as he leered at Dan's wife. Dan's stomach twisted at the manic stare from the odd man.

"Hey there," Lester said smugly, his eyes roaming over Sarah's body as he pushed himself up off the couch. Dan couldn't help but grimace at Lester's faded clothes with unknown stains on them. "I was wondering when you would get here."

Dan closed the door silently behind them.

"Hey Lester," Sarah said, resting her suitcase on the wall Dan's eyes darted back and forth between Lester and his wife, analyzing how they interacted with each other. Lester plodded out from behind the couch. Sarah caught Dan looking at her. She tried to suppress a smirk and shook her head, likely thinking that he was already getting himself worked up over the situation.

"You're show's on," Lester gestured with a thumb behind him at the TV. "Love is Blind, I just started the new season."

Dan gave Lester a flat stare. There was no way his nerdy ass was into that show. It was one of Sarah's trash TV guilty pleasures.

"Oh I haven't had time to start it yet," Sarah said "How far into it are you?"

"Just started it," Lester smiled, "I picked up some of that wine you like too. I'll pour you a glass."

"You know, that sounds nice," Sarah stretched her hands over her head, still stiff from the car. Her t-shirt rode up and exposed her midsection. Dan caught Lester's eyes as they roamed over her exposed skin. "It was a long ride, I could use a little wine."

"Okay," Lester cast a glance towards Dan. "I just need my kiss first."

"Kiss?" Sarah chuckled, eyeing Lester suspiciously, "What do you mean?"

"You just came home. Don't you normally kiss Dan when you haven't seen him for a while?" Lester asked. "Get over here and give me some sugar."

Dan took a step forward and was about to say something to his lecherous roommate. Sarah looked over at him and it was like she could read the tension on his face and taut muscles on his neck. She gave him a mischievous smile and suddenly Dan found himself staring into her bedroom eyes. Dan was powerless to stop her when she looked at him like that.

"Okay," Sarah breathed, still locking eyes with her husband as she stepped toward Lester. Dan watched in horror as his wife quickly closed the distance to his slobbish roommate. She was still staring into his soul

with her lust-filled eyes as Lester's arms encircled her body. She turned her head at the last moment to look up at Lester's face before her eyes closed and their lips met.

Dan braced himself for an ugly and hungry kiss but felt even more revolted as the kiss turned out to be far more sensual with a profound tenderness. Seeing his beautiful wife engage with Lester's ugly features like that made his stomach do a flip. He gripped the handle of Sarah's suitcase as he watched the two of them slowly kiss each other.

It felt like it went on for an eternity, but eventually, their lips parted, with Sarah biting her bottom lip and staring up at Lester like she wanted more. After a few seconds, a shit-eating grin appeared on Lester's face, and Sarah came back to reality.

She looked at Dan, and a flustered expression appeared on her face. Like she'd lost herself in that kiss with Lester for a moment, forgetting her husband was even there. Lester seemed to notice, and a big grin appeared on his face as he sauntered off to the kitchen.

"I'll bring your bag to the bedroom," Dan said, his hand still gripping the handle of her suitcase tightly as he rolled it down the hallway. When he returned to the living room, Lester was handing Sarah a glass of wine while he took a sip for himself. There wasn't a third one.

"You know," Lester said as he gestured for Sarah to sit on the couch, "When you visit Chicago, we should really start carpooling back to Middleton. What's the point of us both paying for gas and sitting in cars by ourselves? I could sure use the company on that drive."

Sarah turned towards Dan as she sat down on the couch, "Dan, can I get you something to drink?"

"I'll get it, don't worry," he said with a knowing look as he went to the kitchen to get himself a beer.

"What do you think?" Lester said to Sarah, "Should we carpool back after the weekend?"

"I don't know Lester, I think its best if we drive seperate. I like the freedom to come and go as I want," Sarah said.

"Your house is even on the way from my hotel," Lester said. I could pick you up and drop you off. It's door-to-door service."

The mention of his house irked Dan. He didn't realize how sore of a subject it still was for him. "She said 'no' Lester, drop it," Dan said as he dropped down into the chair across from the couch. The chair where he had now sat several times as he watched this brute of a roommate defile his wife.

"Whatever," Lester grumbled as he gave Dan a flat stare. A creepy smile spread onto his face, "I guess we should focus on tonight anyways. I've got a very romantic evening planned."

"Oh?" Sarah asked, surprised.

"Yeah, Lester," Dan said, "Who said anything about a date tonight?"

"I did," Lester looked back at them, "It's part of the deal. And its been weeks since I've taken Sarah out properly. I don't count trysts at work as dates."

"Then what the hell would you count them as? It seems like you're getting exactly what you want," Dan said.

"Perks," Lester grinned, "For all my hard work. You know, its not easy supporting myself and you Dan. Being a provider is hard."

"You piece of —"

"What I think Dan is saying Lester," Sarah cut her husband off, "Is that some heads up would be nice. Usually when you ask someone on a date, you confirm the time and place before hand."

"Well, I did let you know. Remember last time in the car behind the hospital?" Lester raised his hands innocently in front of himself. "I told you I was taking you out. Let me guess you forgot about it when —"

"That's it," Sarah quickly cut him off, "I'm sorry, I think I forgot about it."

Seeming a bit flustered, Sarah turned towards Dan, "Lester did mention something about it, I just forgot." A sly smile spread across Lester's face like he knew something that Dan didn't. Before Dan could dig into it, Lester started talking again. "Besides, I have some plans for tomorrow night, so I was hoping we could do this tonight."

“Better plans than taking me out?” Sarah said saliciously, giving Lester a look.

“I’d be more than happy to take you out both nights, but I don’t think Dan would let me, even though I’m sure he would enjoy watching,” Lester smirked. “I have everything planned for tonight, including what you’ll wear.”

“Oh really?” Sarah eyed him. “Am I your Barbie doll now?”

“You know exactly what you are,” Lester said.

Sarah shifted uncomfortably in her seat, cast a quick glance towards Dan, and crossed her arms over her chest. “Uh, so what are our plans tonight?”

“Well I have reservations at the Lockwood restaurant at the Palmer House and then I booked us a room for after,” Lester leaned back in his seat.

“Whats the Palmer house?” She shot Dan a glance, “I haven’t heard of it.”

Lester waved a hand dismissively, “It’s just one of the best hotels in town. Old and iconic. And the Lockwood is their restaurant and lounge. It’s nice. You have to dress up. You’re going to love it.”

“That does sound nice,” Sarah said and then looked at Dan, “What about Dan? He has to come too.”

“I booked another reservation for the lounge attached to the restaurant. He can safely observe us and get food from there. If he wants to move to the restaurant, he can.” Lester said.

Dan took out his phone and quickly found the restaurant's website. It didn’t take him long to find the phone number for the Lockwood restaurant. He dialed it, and soon after, a warm female voice answered.

“Hi, I just want to confirm my reservation tonight,” Dan said. It felt good to get ahead of Lester and see if he was really telling the truth. Sarah and Lester watched him from the couch in silence.

“Certainly, sir,” the woman said, “What is your name?”

“Dan, Williams.”

“Just a second.”

After a few moments, the woman spoke again, “I’m sorry, sir. There aren’t any reservations under that name.”

Dan flashed Lester a triumphant smile, having caught Lester lying in front of Sarah. It felt good to show her that his little man couldn’t be trusted.

“It’s under Dekuk,” Lester said, smiling. D, E, K, U, K, Dekuk. Dan Dekuk.”

Dan felt his face grow red, knowing full well that Dekuk sounded an awful lot like DeCuck or Da Cuck.

Finally, he spoke into the phone, “Sorry, what about Dan...Dekuk?”

“Oh yes sir here it is, I see your reservation for one tonight. Are you still able to join us at 8pm?”

“Yes. Thank you. I’ll be there,” Dan said through gritted teeth. His moment of triumph had been turned on its head into a moment of embarrassment in front of his wife and the hostess. Dan hung up the phone and tried to keep a calm composure, not wanting Lester to see him squirm.

But Lester’s stupid smirk made it apparent he caused Dan some embarrassment. It was better than discovering the stupid name in person in front of the hostess, though.

Sensing Dan’s embarrassment, Sarah jumped in to change the conversation, “So what was it you wanted me to wear? I still can veto it if it's too slutty.”

“I said we had to dress up nicely,” Lester said. It’s on my bed. Come with me, and I’ll show it to you.”

“She’s a big girl,” Dan said, “She can get dressed herself.”

“Fine,” Lester chuckled. Whatever. It’s on my bed. Go take a look, Sarah.”

\*\*\*

Sarah moved down the hallway towards Lester’s room with a mix of nervousness and excitement. The duelling comments between her husband and Lester were affecting her. As much as she hated to admit it, having the two of them compete against each other around her got her off.

Knowing that she might give herself to Lester later and let him win was an intoxicating thought. Her mind wrestled with whether letting Dan watch or not would be the hotter scenario. Her thoughts drifted back towards the outfit as she opened Lester’s door.

Before her eyes could adjust to the darkness, her sense of smell was assaulted by the body odor in Lester's room. She couldn't remember it ever smelling this bad. It was almost like Lester hadn't left the room in weeks, but she knew that wasn't true.

As her nose itched, another part of her body seemed to come to life. Maybe it was just the lingering thoughts of Dan and Lester's encounter in the living room, but she felt more turned on in here than she had in the other room. It was almost like Lester's scent was acting as an aphrodisiac and turning her on. But that didn't make any sense, and she quickly dismissed the idea.

Her eyes finally adjusted to the dim light of Lester's room as she waded through the mess on the floor. If she didn't know better, she wouldn't think there was a hardwood floor in the room at all, with the entire surface covered in dirty clothes or other discarded items. She finally made her way to the bed and found the clothing that Lester had left for her. She ran her hands over the soft fabric.

There were three items on the bed: a flowing dress, a pair of panties, and a silk blindfold. Sarah involuntarily shuddered as she ran her hand over the last item. Clearly, Lester had something in mind for tonight that he had excluded from his earlier explanation of the night in front of her husband. Sarah debated whether or not to go back out and ask about the blindfold in front of Dan. In the end, she decided the night would be more exciting for both of them if she didn't.

Instead she turned to the black lacy panties as she looked around for a matching bra. But she couldn't find one. Only when she looked closer at dress did she realize why the bra was missing.

A bra wouldn't go with the top of the dress. The way the cut was, the torso of the dress split in two to cover each breast with a plunging neckline that went down past her sternum. The split went up behind where her neck would be, where it was connected with a gold clasp. The sides of her torso and her back would be completely exposed, along with her bare arms, showing off ample amounts of skin. The rest of the dress billowed down and flowed freely, looking like it would end around her calves or ankles, except for a wide slit on the left leg that ran up high on her thigh before tapering off, exposing a slight amount of the side of her hip.

Sarah would need to be very careful in the dress. Moving in the wrong direction and she might just expose her panty-clad crotch or ass. The dress was a combination of elegance and raw sex. Whoever wore it would be someone confident in their body and open to showing it off while wanting to maintain a semblance of class. Sarah was surprised that Lester had picked something like this for her. The material felt expensive and luxurious, and the cut was sophisticated.

Based on how Lester carried himself, she didn't think he had such a discerning eye. Perhaps he had some help picking it out. Sarah held the dress up on top of her body, wanting to see how it would fall on her. The material felt great on her skin, and she couldn't wait to put it on.

Without hesitation, Sarah rested the dress on the bed and quickly stripped out of her clothes and bra before putting it on. Even though she hadn't done her hair yet, Sarah couldn't help but feel excited by the new dress. It had been a long time since she had splurged on something that made her feel this way. She couldn't help but feel like Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*, being showered in gifts and taken care of. It was an odd feeling that she didn't quite know how to categorize in her mind. The only clear thing to her was that she attributed the feeling towards Lester. Despite his numerous flaws and abrasive attitude, she couldn't help but feel a certain fondness for him. And there was a physical longing that she couldn't deny either.

She shook her head and twirled in place, letting the silhouette of the dress spin around her. Sarah's suspicions about the long slit in the dress potentially exposing her ass confirmed as she quickly moved around. She'd have to be exceptionally careful even when sitting at the restaurant.

The idea of a room full of eyes on her body heated her up. Sarah knew it was inevitable tonight. Her heart rate picked up as she thought about all the men openly staring at her or casting covert glances. Her anticipation about tonight was steadily rising.

A bemused smile appeared on her face as she realized how worked up she was getting over the events of that evening. Here she was, alone in Lester's room, getting worked up over her thoughts. Neither Dan nor Lester would realize it. But perhaps Lester would. He had chosen the dress to show her off, and he knew that being exposed riled her up. Would he have known that she would begin fantasizing about the night ahead? Lester was smart, but he wasn't a psychic. Still, she couldn't help but feel that her reaction to the dress was exactly what Lester wanted.

Sarah grabbed her clothes and the black lace panties and returned to the living room to show off her dress.

Dan sat there with his mouth hanging open, "Jesus, Sarah."

Lester looked pleased with himself at the wide grin on Sarah's face. It was almost like she was playing right into his hands.

"You like it? It's not too much?" Sarah asked her husband. Dan couldn't take his eyes off of her. He clearly was thinking impure thoughts as his eyes scanned over her body.

"It's perfect. You look like a bombshell," Dan said. "You're going to attract a lot of attention tonight."

Sarah felt herself heat up some more at her husband's comment. Her husband's face scrunched up, "I don't think I have anything that can match with that outfit. I'm going to be underdressed."

"I picked up an outfit for you too," Lester said, "Want to see it?"

"No, I'm good," Dan shot Lester a glance, "Thanks, though."

"You sure?" Lester said, "I grabbed it at a thrift shop. It seems up your alley. It screams, 'I've given up.'"

"Play nice, boys," Sarah interjected, "I want to enjoy my night. Constant bickering doesn't make good company. If you keep it up, I won't be going home with either of you."

Dan groaned silently, but Lester shot her a sharp look of defiance. Both men were like putty in her hands. She had learned how to expertly get to Dan over their years together. Lester was still a bit of an enigma, but she'd figured out enough to know how to push some of his buttons. Threatening to take away something he felt was a forgone conclusion seemed to spur him to action.

"We'll see about that," Lester muttered. He shifted his gaze towards Dan, "So you approve of the dress?"

"I'm speechless. Yeah, you look incredible, baby," Dan said, not taking his eyes off her.

"I figured you'd like it. Every man in the restaurant is going to be eye-fucking your wife all night. That's kind of your thing." Lester chortled as he got up off the couch.

"Lester. I said play nice," Sarah warned.

"Fine. Whatever. That just means you and me are gonna play nasty later on." Lester grunted.

Sarah rolled her eyes, "I know it's early, but I need to get ready. I didn't know we'd be going to such a high-end restaurant. But please don't murder each other while I'm in the bathroom."

"I'm going back to my room anyway," Lester said, moving toward the hallway. Dan still couldn't keep his eyes off Sarah. Lester ambled past Sarah but pivoted at the last second, spinning around.

WHACK

Lester's hand slapped Sarah so hard on the ass that she stumbled. Lester's fat paw roughly squeezed one of her ass cheeks as he grunted to himself. Sarah threw an angry glance over her shoulder only to be met with a hungry gaze from Lester.

"You're mine," Lester mouthed before letting go of her ass and heading towards his room. Sarah quickly composed herself and gave Dan an exasperated smile.

"I'm gonna go get ready," Sarah sultrily walked over to her husband, bending over at the hips to kiss him. Dan got an eyeful of Sarah's chest before her lips met his. She broke their kiss and whispered in his ear, "Do you want me to be bad or good tonight?"

She could see the turmoil on her husband's face, and she knew she had him.

"Bad," the word escaped as a whisper from her tired spouse. Sarah could barely hear Dan's response, but a smile spread on her face.

"If that's what my husband wants, that's what he'll get," Sarah turned around and walked towards the bathroom. Her mind drifted to the blindfold that Lester had put on the bed next to her dress and panties. She had no idea what Lester intended, but her body was quite eager to find out.

\*\*\*

Dan's eyes stayed glued to Sarah's ass as she left the room. His heart felt like it was going to jump out of his chest. His mouth was dry, and his breaths were shallow. It seemed like, once again, his night had been railroaded, and he was on a collision course with his fantasy.

He knew that things could go wrong – that he would be paralyzed with arousal. He knew that if he really wanted to, he could resist this and shut it down. But he needed to see more.

He could always stop things later if things got out of control. For now, he would go to dinner and see what had happened.

Alone in the living room, Dan got up and headed to the kitchen to pour himself a drink. He needed to calm his frayed nerves.

\*\*\*

"One last thing," Lester said as the trio were heading out the door of the apartment. "Leave your wedding ring here tonight."

"Why would I do that?" Dan asked. He looked Lester over, trying to size him up. He couldn't help but laugh inwardly at Lester's outdated and ill-fitting suit.

"I meant Sarah. You can do whatever you want," Lester shrugged, "But tonight Sarah isn't your wife. She's my date. We can't have the waiters thinking a married woman is cheating on her husband can we?"

Dan leveled a flat gaze at his obscene roommate.

"It's fine," Sarah said sultrily as she put a hand on Dan's chest to calm him down. She lowered her voice so that only he would hear, "I guess it won't be my husband making me bad tonight."

She bit her lip and slid her rings off her finger. "I'll go tuck them in my suitcase," she said in her normal voice.

Sarah left, leaving Dan and Lester awkwardly loitering by the door. When she returned Lester put out his arm for her to grab. With one final look at her husband, Sarah linked arms with his roommate and stepped out the door and headed towards the elevator, Dan following behind.

As the trio emerged onto the parking lot, Lester said, "We'll meet you there."

Sarah gave him an encouraging smile as she walked away with Lester to his SUV. Dan felt a pit in his stomach, watching Sarah get into Lester's car. But he couldn't just stand around gawking. Dan hurried to Sarah's car and got into the driver's seat. He wanted to stay close to Lester as they drove to the hotel in case he tried to pull a fast one on him.

Thankfully, it seemed that Lester wouldn't play any games this time. Dan trailed the SUV through Chicago until they pulled up to the valet parking at the front of the hotel. Dan reluctantly handed his keys over to the valet, hurrying to catch up with Lester and Sarah, who had already disappeared through the rotating doors of the hotel.

Dan stepped through the doors into the lobby and was awestruck by how elegant and regal the hotel was. Several large columns flanked the walls, stretching up to the large murals intricately painted on the ceiling. The lobby was huge, with people lounging around and professional-looking staff waiting patiently behind a massive wooden desk. It was like a grand European hotel from a movie.

Dan felt the buzz of his earlier drinks make themselves known in his body. What would the hotel rooms look like if the lobby looked like this? Sarah and Lester probably weren't heading back to the apartment tonight, so maybe Dan would also spend the night, especially if Lester was already paying for the room. The idea of sleeping in a queen bed next to Lester and Sarah was really fucked up. Maybe he would get his own room instead, though he wasn't sure he could afford the price tag here.

Sarah. He had gotten so lost in the grandeur of the lobby that he had completely forgotten about Sarah and Lester. His eyes scanned the lobby, but he didn't see any sign of them. Her hurried in, eyes darting around until he saw a sign for the Lockwood restaurant. Dan made a beeline for an escalator at the back of the lobby and quickly ascended to the second floor. It only took a couple of minutes, but Dan strolled into the entrance of the restaurant.

"Excuse me, sir," an elderly man in a white tuxedo said, stepping into his path. We are at capacity for tonight. Do you have a reservation?"

Dan stopped in his tracks and then slumped his shoulders, "Yes. Dan Decuck."

"Very good sir," the man said, "One moment. Ah, yes, here it is. Reservation for one. DeCuck. Right this way."

The elderly man lead Dan through the restaurant, past a large glass enclosed wine room, through to an intimate dinning lounge. The restaurant looked packed with every table taken up. The lighting was low and romantic, just what Lester was probably aiming for. The man lead Dan to a small table in the corner. Dan sat down and was handed a menu. Luckily from his vantage point, he could just see Sarah from across the restaurant.

The elderly man stepped in front of Dan's line of sight, "You waiter will be with you shortly sir. We'll ensure your night meets your specifications."

"Sure. Thank you very much," Dan said as he craned his neck to the side to get a better look at Sarah. Lester and his wife were in a booth tucked back into a secluded corner of the restaurant. A bottle of wine and two filled glasses already on the table. Dan tapped his fingers, anxious for the waiter to come so he could order a drink to nurse his buzz.

\*\*\*

"My friend just arrived. I wanted to double-check that we'll be taken care of," Lester said to the waiter. Lester had intercepted the man on his way to the bathroom.

"Yes, sir. Mr. DeCuck called ahead and let us know he would be covering your table tonight. It's his gift for the special occasion," the waiter said happily. Congratulations again."

"Thank you, but I don't want to jinx anything," Lester feigned a laugh. He opened his wallet and pulled out five crisp one-hundred dollar bills. After tucking them into the waiter's suit jacket, Lester said, "This is for you and the bartender. Please make sure my friend is well taken care of."

"Of course, sir," the waiter said eagerly.

\*\*\*

"Compliments from the bar," Dan's waiter said, setting down a dark-looking drink in front of him.

"Oh? Really? That's unexpected. Why me?" Dan asked.

"No reason, we just wanted to ensure you enjoyed your night. Do you know what you want to order?"

Dan gave the waiter his order and took a sip of the drink. It tasted delicious, but Dan didn't taste any of the alcohol. A free watered-down drink. At least it didn't have a ton of ice like other restaurants used to make their glasses seem fuller.

"Could I order a beer too? Bud light if you have it?" Dan asked.

"Certainly, sir, I'll be right back with it."

Dan sipped his drink, trying not to overtly stare at Sarah and Lester. As they all thought, many eyes in the restaurant kept glancing in his wife's direction. How could they not? The way Sarah was sitting, the slit in her dress was exposing a lot of her tanned leg. His wife looked so sexy, so classy, so out of reach. And Lester just looked like a bumbling buffon, completely out of place. Dan could only imagine what was going through everyone in the restaurant's minds as they scrutinized the odd couple.

Sarah seemed to be engrossed in whatever Lester was talking about it, while taking sips of her wine. It didn't make sense. Lester wasn't much of a conversationalist. What the hell could be so interesting? Sarah looked over at Dan and shot him a warm, knowing smile. It was only for a second before she turned her attention back to the ogre sitting across from her.

Dan's food arrived, along with his beer and a second dark drink. "The drinks are on the house," the waiter added before departing. Well, if I'm about to watch my wife get fucked by that asshole again I might as well get a little drunk. He thanked the universe for the free drinks. Maybe tonight wouldn't be so bad after all.

Dan dug into the steak he had ordered. It tasted amazing and the dark drink paired really well with it. Halfway through his steak and he already was feeling the effects of the alcohol. It was surprising given that the dark drink didn't seem to contain much alcohol but maybe Dan had misjudged it. He looked down at the two empty glasses and reached for his half empty beer before taking another bite of the salad that came with his steak.

A surprised sound from a woman across the restaurant caught his attention. She was smiling, profusing, and holding her hands over her mouth in excitement. It took Dan's hazy brain a second to register that she was looking at something a few tables over from her.

Dan's eyes followed the woman's gaze before they went wide in disbelief.

"Oh, what the fuck?" Dan couldn't believe his eyes.

Lester was kneeling down on one knee next to Sarah who was seated at the table. She looked genuinely shocked. Murmured gasps filled the restaurant as Lester withdrew a small black box and opened it. The little fucker was doing a fake public proposal. Sarah's eyes were as wide as saucers, clearly not expecting this turn of events. She stared down at the box in front of her. Lester was saying something, likely professing his pretend love for her as the entire restaurant and waitstaff were gawking at them. Her eyes flicked up and met Dan's gaze momentarily. Her expression told him that she wanted to reassure him she hadn't known about this. Then it morphed as a mischievous smile formed on her face, likely because Dan's jaw gaped open at the displace. Her eyes turned back to Lester kneeling in front of her.

Sharp knives felt like they stabbed into his heart as Sarah nodded and mouthed a 'Yes' to Lester. Dan's roommate slipped the ring onto her finger, and a chorus of clapping erupted from the restaurant. Lester stood up and kissed Sarah hard.

Even from where Dan was seated, the kiss looked much more intimate than one would typically use for a public display of affection. His hand slipped to Sarah's ass, and Lester's head pivoted as he stuck his tongue into her mouth.

Several people slowed their claps as their heads swiveled to look at their table mates with raised eyebrows and knowing expressions. Eventually, Lester let go of Sarah. She waved to the people still clapping and gestured to the ring on her finger with the oversized diamond on it.

Soon enough, Lester and Sarah were seated again, and the clapping around them died down. Most people turned back to their respective tables, and a waiter brought out two flutes of champagne for them.

Dan felt his stomach twist again. It looked like Lester's reservation for him as 'Dan DeCuck' wasn't the end of his humiliation. Dan had felt so smart earlier checking the reservation, but he had sorely underestimated the depths of Lester's machinations.

Dan shoved another bite of steak into his mouth and followed it up with a large gulp of his beer. There was too much going on in Dan's life right now. He should have seen something like this coming, but unfortunately, he couldn't devote all of his time to Lester.

\*\*\*

Sarah stared down at the glimmering ring on her finger. It felt so much heavier than her other one. Her real one she quickly thought. Sarah shook her head at the odd mistake. She could still feel the eyes of some of the restaurant's patrons on her as she sat there.

Lester looked at her from across the table with his trademark shit-eating grin on his face. The ogre-like man seemed very pleased with himself, no doubt at her husband's expense.

“So, was your plan to give me this ring, or was it more to upset my husband?” Sarah asked as she took a long sip of her wine.

Lester was mid-chew while he spoke, “Is that any way to speak to your fiancée?”

“Lester....” Sarah started, “You know that we’re not really engaged, right?”

“Everyone around us seems to think so. We wouldn’t want to disappoint them now, would we?” Lester threw his food back into his gullet and followed it up with a small sip of wine.

“Dan didn’t look too happy,” Sarah muttered.

“I know,” Lester chuckled, “And I know that turns you on too.”

“That’s not true, Lester. I love my husband,” Sarah said.

“That may be true, but I know you also love it when I talk shit to him and steal your attention. You both like it. You’re both fucked in the head like that,” Lester said.

“You’re a real charmer, you know that?” Sarah said.

“You know what I mean. I’m just saying, I know you guys get off on all this shit, so don’t be too serious. No, what do you think of the ring?” Lester asked.

Sarah looked down at the large rock on her ringer adorned with an beautiful and intricate white gold band, “It’s stunning. Did you pick this out yourself? Is it crystal?”

“That’s a real diamond baby. Nothing but the best for my woman. You should wear it to work.”

“I’m not sure about that. People will notice.”

“That’s what makes it so hot. People will see it, and you’ll know that I own you.”

“That’s not what wedding rings symbolize, Lester.”

“Sure they do. Maybe not in this PG bullshit era we live in now where everything is Disneyfied. But back in the day, yeah, it was. It meant you’re my property.”

Sarah didn’t dignify that with a response. That conversation wasn’t an avenue she wanted to go down.

Sarah stared at Lester over the rim of her wine glass. When she didn’t respond, a self-satisfied smirk appeared on the ugly man’s face.

\*\*\*

When Dan looked back up at the newly engaged happy couple, Sarah was walking away from the table towards the washrooms. He almost got out of his chair to intercept her but his plan died as many people stopped to congratulate her. He worried that he would look like some kind of hapless maniac harassing the newly engaged woman. But his wife hadn’t forgotten about him.

When she finally disappeared into the bathroom, he received a text.

S: I had no idea Lester was planning that. Asshole. The ring is nice, though.

S: By the way, the room number is 326.

D: He’s a sneaky fucker. Everyone seemed very happy for you guys.

S: Jealous?

D: Always.

S: Heading back. Talk to you up in the room.

Dan put his phone down and watched as heads turned, following Sarah back to her table. Dan decided it was a good time to sneak off to the bathroom himself and take a leak. As he stood up from the table, the accumulated drinks finally reared their heads, and he needed to put a hand on the table briefly to steady himself. He shook his head and laughed at himself before navigating through the restaurant to the men’s bathroom.

Standing there, peeing at the urinal, Dan couldn’t help but feel himself swaying from side to side. He hadn’t drank that much. What the hell was going on? Maybe those dark complimentary drinks were stronger than he originally thought.

Dan washed up and went back to his table. His steak and his beer sat waiting for him. The waiter must have been by as a new dark drink sat alongside the beer. Dan eyed it as he sat down. He sniffed it again

but couldn't smell any alcohol. Instead, Dan took a large sip of his beer and cut off another piece of steak.

Her looked over at Sarah's table. Something wasn't right. His eyes scanned over the area again looking at the other booths. Another couple were seated at the booth Sarah and Lester had occupied.

Dan quickly swigged back the rest of his beer, finished off his steak, and caught the waiter's attention, indicating with a hand gesture that he wanted the bill. Nervousness spread through his body as he hadn't planned on losing track of his wife.

When the waiter came by with the bill, Dan asked, "Did the happy couple just leave?"

"They left a few minutes ago. It seemed like they wanted to get a hard start on their celebrations," the waiter chuckled. Dan didn't respond and went to pay the bill.

"Uh, I think this is the wrong bill. I didn't order any of this stuff," Dan said, looking up at the man. The waiter grabbed the bill and looked it over.

"Excuse me, sir, I'll be right back."

It only took the waiter a few minutes to return but every second felt like Sarah was slipping out of Dan's fingers. Flashes of what could be going on upstairs incessantly popped into his head. He tried to surpress the images when the waiter returned, handing him back the same bill.

"Excuse me, sir, this bill is correct. It contains your order here and that of the happy couple. I just confirmed with the team that all the extra items here were what they ordered."

"The happy couple? Why am I getting their bill?" Dan said, trying his best not to slur his speech.

The waiter looked slightly off-kilter, "Sir, when you booked this reservation and that of the happy couple, you gave us explicit instructions that you would take care of both bills."

Another unexpected 'fuck you' from Lester. Dan groaned and shook his head. It seemed Lester making peace with Dan's presence on his dates with Sarah didn't come without a hidden price tag. His fucking roommate would always keep trying to stick it to him. Dan's eyes locked onto the total of both bills, and he grimaced at the total. This place was expensive enough just for him, and it appeared Sarah and Lester had been quite liberal with their orders.

Dan took out his credit card and quickly paid the bill, eager to get up to the room. As he got up to leave, his phone buzzed in his pocket. Dan blinked a few times to focus his vision on his phone. It was a text message from Jesse. It was surprising since Jesse had been ghosting him for so long.

Dan's eyes bulged out of his head when he saw the picture Jesse had sent. It was a smirking Jesse standing in front of a door with the number 326 on it.

\*\*\*

Lester pressed the button to close the elevator doors and handed Sarah the lush satin blindfold.

"Here, put this on," Lester said.

"I can't. What if someone sees me?" Sarah said, feeling her heart beat in her chest. Even though her mind was buzzing from the wine downstairs, she was still capable of rational thought.

"Who cares? You'll never see these people again. And they'll know you are about to do some kinky shit. I know you like that. Feeling everyone's eyes on you. Just like you did in the restaurant with your new fiancée," Lester pressed Sarah against the side of the elevator, causing her to sigh involuntarily.

She felt her breathing grow more rapid as Lester snatched the blindfold out of her hands. With a steely gaze, Lester slowly started putting it on her head. Sarah felt her chest grow warm in anticipation. The possibility of someone seeing her in this position. The thought of stopping Lester was restrained by and overwhelming desire to just let it happen. Maybe it was the wine delaying her actions but she didn't stop him.

Soon, her world descended into darkness as the snug blindfold covered her eyes. Goosebumps spread over her bare arms. Her breathing was shallow as her arousal was notched up a degree.

"Good girl," Lester slapped her bum gently before moving away from her. She heard him press the button to their floor, and the elevator started ascending. Sarah fiddled with the new ring on her left

hand. It was heavier than her old engagement ring. The size of the diamond was at least a carat larger than the one Dan had given her. She desperately wished her blindfold was off so she could look at it again. The clarity was immaculate when she gazed at it at the dinner table. Had Lester really brought her a real diamond ring, or was it some kind of crystal?

Sarah felt completely alone and on display in the elevator. Lester wasn't near her. What was he doing? Where was he? Was his eyes on her? Running over her body? A shiver ran over her skin at the thought of being unknowingly exposed like that. How did Lester know just how to get to her?

She bit her lip in anticipation.

The whole night had been wild. Wearing a dress like that to such a fancy restaurant, Sarah had played it cool the entire night, but she felt every man's eyes on her and many women casting nasty glances all night. All of those men staring at her – desiring her.

And then publically seeing her with someone like Lester. The beauty and the beast. Liking connecting the dots that someone like Sarah would sleep with a man like Lester. Just these strangers knowing that about her. It had all been almost too much to bare throughout dinner and she couldn't help but keep her thighs squeezed together tightly. It didn't help that her dress exposed to much of her leg.

She was sure Lester had chosen his seat to display her leg and thigh for the entire restaurant.

And then he capped it off with a public proposal, guaranteeing all eyes were on her and her body. One set of eyes, in particular, flashed into Sarah's mind – that of her husband's. The arousal and impotent anger on them just served to make her even more wet. Lester and her husband had been jabbing at each other in the apartment, competing over her, and now it looked like the other guy won. Just how taboo of an idea that was....

She was just lucky Lester hadn't followed her to the bathroom because she wasn't sure she could say no to him anymore.

The elevator suddenly stopped after what seemed like an eternity. An unexpected gentle hand on her back caused her to jump.

"Relax, it's time to get out," Lester said from right next to her.

She shivered, not realizing Lester had been standing so close this entire time. His hand on her lower back guided her out of the elevator and onto the carpeted floor of the hallway. Her buzzed brain was worried about walking into something, but Lester expertly guided her, holding her close to him.

She appreciated his closeness and felt protected by him. She knew he wouldn't let her walk into something.

"Evening," Lester said as Sarah heard two footsteps pass them by. Someone had seen her blindfolded. Sarah's body felt flush at the display. She couldn't control her breathing any longer and could feel her bare breasts rising and falling against the sheer material of her dress. Thankfully, there was some small padding in the dress; otherwise, everyone at the restaurant and in the hallway would have seen how hard her nipples were.

"We're here," Lester whispered in her ear as he turned her to one side. She heard a small electronic buzz and a lock turning over. "Let's step inside," Lester said in a low voice and gently pushed on her lower back.

Sarah's heels clicked on the floor of the room. It was probably laminated, but she couldn't be sure. She heard the lock engage after Lester shut the door, and he led her further into the room. Sarah felt heat rising in her chest, but she didn't know if it was from the alcohol or from being more turned on than she ever had been before.

Being blindfolded and paraded around in such a sexual way was a thrilling new experience. It was like a new kink had been unlocked or at least upgraded. Who knew what else Lester would help her discover about herself?

"Stand right here," Lester commanded. The gentle hand on the small of her back disappeared and she recognized the plodding cadence of Lester's steps moving away from her.

“Say hi to Dan, Sarah,” Lester said, “He’s sitting in the corner in this room’s cuck chair.”

“Dan?” Sarah asked.

“He might be a little shy right now. He has that dumb look on his face right now. You know, the one where he’s too turned on to say anything and just nods along?” Lester said. When they had left the restaurant, Dan wasn’t at his table. Maybe he had come up here earlier somehow. Had Lester given him a keycard while she was in the bathroom, or maybe he had been waiting in the hall? But she didn’t hear his footsteps.

“Besides, I think he is a little tongue-tied because someone else is in the room,” Lester continued. The hair on the back of Sarah’s neck stood up at the idea of another person in the room seeing her. Watching her with hungry eyes in such an enclosed space. Watching her in front of her husband. Knowing the secret of her and Lester’s relationship.

Sarah wanted to ask who it was. She instinctively knew it was a man. But what if it was a woman? What if Lester wanted to see her with another woman? It wasn’t something she had ever considered or desired before. But in her current state and with Dan and Lester’s eyes on her, she wouldn’t say no.

“Who is it?” Sarah finally managed to say.

She felt Lester’s presence right in front of her. He whispered softly, “It doesn’t matter who he is. Does it?” It was a man, after all.

Lester ran a grazing finger up her bare arm, making her shudder. “You’ve already told me that you’ll do whatever I want. Fuck whoever I want. You’re husband clearly wants it. Wants to see you be touched by someone else. And I think you want that, too.”

“I...uh..mhm,” Sarah had trouble mustering words. Her brain couldn’t think up a succinct response, not wanting to ruin the moment. Arousal and desire had their hands on the steering wheel, and they weren’t letting go.

“Do you want this tonight, Sarah? I’m not going to lie. I’m interested to see what Dan finds so appealing about sharing you. But our stranger is going to have to wait his turn because I’m going to fuck you first tonight.” Lester whispered in her ear before licking her earlobe.

Sarah shuddered at his words and his wet, oversized tongue. Her knees were getting weak, and her mind was working on overdrive, hyper-analyzing every sound and touch on her body, trying to make sense of what was happening around her.

“Tell me you want it,” Lester breathed again, his tongue trailing down her neck. “I want to hear you say it.”

“I want it,” Sarah whispered. Her admission made her pussy slick with anticipation.

“Good girl,” Lester said, his voice baking away from her. He was somewhere in front of her. She desperately wanted him back. Closer to her. She turned her head to the side, trying to hear where he went. Then, the other side trying to hear Dan’s labored breathing from the corner of the room.

She fidgeted with her arms nervously, knowing that all eyes were on her.

“Uh,” a soft moan escaped Sarah’s lips, and someone pressed into her ass from behind. Hands were on her hips, an already hard cock pressing into her ass. Sarah turned her head towards her shoulder towards the mysterious man next to her. The unfamiliar cologne ticked her nose. The man’s hot breath on her bare shoulders sent a jolt of electricity right to her brain. He pushed on her hips, making her sway back and forth against his cock.

Sarah started to sway to the music of their two intertwined bodies. Her breasts rose and fell in time with her labored breathing, unable to comprehend what was happening. All she knew was that she was in the arms of a stranger as her husband and Lester watched on. The arms left her hips, but his cock kept pushing into her.

Sarah’s hips swayed, pushing her perfect bubble butt out into the man’s crotch. His fingertips ran up the skin of her arms, caressing her gently. He emitted a groan that felt like an aphrodisiac to Sarah. She pushed her ass back further into him.

Soon, wet lips were on her shoulder as the man interlaced one of his hands with hers. His other hand played with the exposed area above her navel before his fingers started to run up the neckline of her dress, toying with the skin exposed by the dress's deep cut. Sarah's head lolled back as the man began to kiss her neck. His fingers ran up her chest until he was clutching her neck as he kissed the other side. He moved next to her, and his cock dragged across her hip. His hand and lips never left her neck.

He was in front of her, his leg between hers parting them. He stepped forward, making her step back. Her ass thudded against a piece of furniture behind her. It was low like a set of cabinets.

Both of the man's hands grabbed either side of her face. He held her there for a second, mesmerized by the shallow breaths coming out of her lips. The hands holding her face pulled her forward. Sarah parted her lips, and soon the man's wet lips were pressed hungrily into hers.

She welcomed the unknown tongue into her mouth and let hers dance across it –savoring his taste. He kissed her passionately with some kind of unknown longing that put Sarah on her back foot. He didn't kiss her like a one-night stand would. It was more like some long-lost soldier returning home, desperate for his wife's touch. Sarah melted into the kiss.

Soon, she was kissing him back with the same passionate furor. His hands left her face and began running all over her body. Sarah held tightly onto his back, urging him closer. Pulling his hard cock further onto her body.

The man's hands ran up her bare back until they found the clasp behind her neck. He fumbled with the clasp for several seconds, unable to undo it. Sarah pushed back on his chest, letting her catch her breath from his lip's onslaught. She gently pushed his hands away and reached behind her neck, effortlessly undoing the clasp and letting the sheer material of her dress straps fall down in front of her, exposing her large naked breasts to her unknown Paramore.

She heard a sharp intake of breath from the man, almost like he was moved to tears from seeing a beautiful work of art. Then he was on her again, but his lips and tongue were lapping at her breasts. Sarah could only hold on to the back of his head as his hands and lips mauled her breasts. She opened her legs wider, letting him press himself against her.

The pressure of his cock pushing against her pussy was intoxicating. She had never felt such an overwhelming, desperate desire for her as she did with this man. It was so different from either Dan or Lester. Lester had a deep, confident touch, while Dan's was tender and loving. This man's touch was desperate and passionate, like a man lost in the desert for weeks, and she was the first glass of water he came across. It was a completely new feeling, and she was lost in being the sole focus of this desperate embrace.

\*\*\*

The elevator to the third floor was excruciatingly slow. Dan stumbled out of it like a drunk bullet as he scanned the plaque on the wall to see which way to go. Room 326 was down the left hall. He steadied his hand on the wall and tried to walk straight. The drinks had been way stronger than he thought. He shook his head, trying in vain to regain some sobriety. He really should have ordered some water while he was at the restaurant. Dan kept trying to hurry as his brain ran wild with thoughts of Jesse in the hotel room with his wife. He fucking knew it. Lester and Jesse knew each other, but he might have been too late to do anything about it.

Dan opened his eyes wide, trying to read the numbers on the doors. His brain was fuzzy, and there was a delay before it could process what his eyes were seeing. After a few minutes of navigating the hallway and trying to ascertain the room numbers, Dan finally found himself standing in front of room 326. Dan banged on the door loudly with his fist. He had used more strength than he intended but didn't care.

"Lester, open up!" Dan said as he leaned his forehead against the door for support. I know you're in there. I know what you're doing with Jesse. Let me in!" Dan tried the handle on the door, but it was locked.

"Lester!" Dan said and kicked the door to accentuate his point.

The door opened and Dan tried to push his way in but the latch was still on the door, holding it open just an inch and half.

"There's no Lester here," a man quietly said, "Go away."

Dan blinked and looked at a short man he didn't recognize.

"Let me in. My wife's in there," Dan said.

"There's no one here but me. Leave now before I call the cops," the man said as he pushed the door close. Dan pushed against the door, trying to prevent the man from closing it. Unfortunately, the shorter man got it closed, and he heard the lock click.

"Sarah!" Dan shouted as he stumbled back from the door. He was sure Sarah was in there. But what if she wasn't? Maybe he got the room number wrong. He took out his cell phone to check his message from her but dropped it on the floor.

Dan almost fell over, trying to grab it. He opened it and looked at his wife's message, squinting to see which room number she said. He looked at the number on the door and back at his phone, trying to compare them to see if they were the same. Even though his brain was fuzzy, he was pretty sure they both said 326. This was even the same door in Jesse's picture.

Dan knocked on the door again, "Lester!"

\*\*\*

"Holy shit," Sarah breathed as her nails dug into Jesse's head. He was eagerly thrusting against her like a teenager while his mouth lapped at her breasts.

Lester stood a few feet away, watching Sarah's depraved fall from grace. He had already brought her down into the mud, and now he was determined to cover her in it thoroughly. Making sure she never got clean again.

Watching this cretin maul Sarah was turning Lester on. It wasn't the same way that Dan got turned on, though. Seeing his wife in the hands of someone else was Dan's Achilles heel that had allowed Lester's charade to go on as far as it had. No, Lester was enjoying this on a different level. The power and control of someone like Sarah Williams, making her give in to her base instincts. That powerful, untouchable professional beauty that had walked into his apartment so long ago was almost completely gone, replaced by what Lester had conditioned and built her into. Seeing her give in to someone like Jesse, given his complicated history with her husband, got Lester off.

Knowing that his dominance over the young mother was almost complete.

A soft moan escaped Sarah's lips as Jesse lowered her dress down her body. He was kissing every inch of exposed flesh as the dress dropped lower and lower. Sarah's hands were embedded in Jesse's hair. Soon, Sarah's illustrious dress dropped to the floor, exposing her panty-clad body to her husband's former protege.

Jesse looked like a man possessed, finally on the verge of achieving his dream. But nights go by quickly, and he would be a junkie looking for another hit. An easy pawn to control and move around the board as Lester saw fit.

Sarah's body shuddered at Jesse's touch. He was ravenous, like a starved man devouring a steak. His hands streaked across her body, exploring every inch of it. A hand grabbed a handful of her ass, eliciting a powerful deep moan from Sarah's throat. His lips were on hers again as they moaned together. Lester winced at the sight of their intertwined tongues.

But there were still some wrinkles that needed to be ironed out. Sarah was still far more willful than Lester's other conquests. Which made her fall all the more sweet. She had disobeyed him the night in the apartment with Vernon, sucking his cock even though Lester had told her not to. And then she had gone rogue in Minnesota with Byron, thinking she was the one in control of her body.

That wasn't the case any longer. She needed a reminder of that fact. And tonight was her punishment. In a way, she would only receive pleasure, but Lester had found that pain was never a good motivator. Sure,

people would become compliant in the short run, but he was after deeper, lasting change. And that was more easily achieved through pleasure, something Sarah would be longing to experience again rather than simply avoiding pain. She would be a moth to his flame.

Lester also wouldn't have considered this route a few weeks ago. But since Sarah had kept her use of contraceptives secret, it did open up a new avenue for him. He didn't need to worry about Jesse taking away his ultimate prize, at least not for the time being. Soon, Lester would eliminate Sarah's pills, and then her precious fertility would be his to claim.

Tonight being fucked by someone so beneath her would be her punishment. She had already debased herself with Vernon and Byron. She set herself on this path. The knowledge that she orgasmed with someone like him and took his seed would unlock new discoveries about herself that Lester would exploit. He just hoped that Jesse was up to the task.

Sarah's hands grasped the belt of Jesse's pants and undid the trousers with expert precision. Her hand disappeared into the material, and a grunt from Jesse let Lester know that she had found her intended target.

"Oh, hey," Sarah breathed between kisses. Jesse's pants fell to the floor, and his shirt quickly followed suit. The awkward young man was standing there in his boxers while the delectable Sarah stroked his cock. The sight of Jesse's cock did nothing for Lester, but he rested easy, knowing that the man didn't give Lester anything to worry about in that department. Dan, on the other hand, wouldn't be so happy. Lester the time to put an end to Jesse rabid assault was soon closing in but his phone buzzed in his pocket. He quickly checked the message and smirked. He backed away from Sarah and Jesse and tip toed into the bathroom, shutting the door behind him. Lester turned a facet on and reread the message from Ned, his World of Warcraft guildmate and lapdog.

N: There's a guy shouting in the hall, just like you said. What should I do?

L: Call the front desk and report it.

Oh Dan, you simple schmuck. It's too easy.

Lester did the same and dialed the front desk, "Hey, there is some deranged lunatic on the third floor running up and down screaming. He's kicking and pounding on all the doors. My kids are terrified. I think he is drunk, and he was waving something around that might even be a gun. I don't know. I couldn't see it from our peephole and wouldn't open the door. Please call the police or security.

The front desk seemed to panic, so they quickly apologized before hanging up on him to take care of the issue. Lester called 911 and told them a similar message, playing up Dan's violent, drunken, lunatic nature.

It sucked to be whoever was in room 326, but that wasn't Lester's problem. Thankfully, he had been able to keep Sarah occupied with the blindfold and buzzed enough that she hadn't even called him out when they got off on the sixth floor. Getting a room for Ned on the third floor hadn't been a problem either.

Dan made his own bed when he decided not to play along with Lester's plans. He had to be a white knight and insisted on being a pain in the ass. He's just lucky that Lester couldn't find a trustworthy person on the dark web to cause him bodily harm. Most of the ones Lester had looked at were likely undercover police trying to entrap people.

But now Dan had fallen into Lester's trap. It was too easy. Jesse had elicited quite an angry response when he had danced with Sarah in the nightclub. That was when Lester saw how irrational Dan could become. Dangling Jesse and Sarah in front of him tonight was almost too easy. And Dan was just as predictable as ever. Now, the police would take care of him.

It was ironic that Dan's own tax dollars would take him down when they should have been there to protect him from someone like Lester. He couldn't help but chuckle to himself since he had never paid any taxes, but the system was helping him carry out his plan tonight.

Sure, he hadn't wanted to bring Jesse into things earlier. But Dan was sniffing around and was getting too close. It would only be a matter of time before he figured that side of things out, and Lester would lose a handy tool. So he had decided to strike with him early.

He knew the status quo was about to change dramatically, but he would be in control.

\*\*\*

Lester opened the bathroom door and decided things had progressed enough. Sarah was stroking Jesse's cock against her panty-clad pussy, moaning with abandon. She was ready to be fucked.

"Lay her down on the bed," Lester said, stepping closer.

Sarah couldn't believe what was happening. She was in a stranger's illicit embrace, and she couldn't even see what they looked like. Not that she cared. Not at that moment, at least. All she knew was that she needed to be fucked, and tonight, there was no shortage of cocks for her to experience.

The man holding her turned her around, walking her backward toward what she thought was a bed. His lips never left hers. Not until the back of her knees touched the soft bed. The man broke the kiss and pushed her down by her shoulders.

Sarah's legs snaked around his, beckoning him on top of her.

"Take off her panties," Lester said from beside her. The other man started to tug down the lacy black panties Lester had bought for her. Reluctantly, Sarah relaxed her legs and allowed the garment to be pulled off of her.

"Give her a taste," Lester commanded, and Sarah's body tensed. For a few seconds, nothing happened, but then a wet tongue probed at her entrance. Her legs shot up at the contact and quickly came to rest on her unknown lover's shoulders. His tongue began lapping up and down her slit, tasting her juices. The man moaned, sending lovely vibrations up into her pussy. His tongue licked down her slit and disappeared inside of her, forcing her open.

"Ohhh fuuck," Sarah moaned as the foreign tongue lapped at her juices and spun around inside of her, dancing across all the sensitive nerve endings inside of her. She bit her lip, and her hands came up to her breasts, massaging and tweaking her nipples as the man ate her out.

She felt movement on the bed next to her. She turned her head towards the movement, and her nose realized what was happening. Lester's musky aroma hit her nose, and she knew he must be naked, and his cock was close by.

Something pressed against her lips, and all doubts were gone. She opened her mouth, and her lips stretched to accommodate Lester's girthy tool. It felt perfect in her mouth, and she couldn't help but moan around it.

"Mhmmhmhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned. A cock in her mouth and a tongue inside of her was a completely new sensation, and Sarah couldn't help but feel she was discovering a new level of pleasure. How had she not known it could feel like this?

Sarah wrapped her hand around Lester's cock and stroked him with abandon as she took as much of his cock into her mouth as she could. Her tongue quickly went to work, coating his shaft with her spit and eagerly licking him. The head of his cock pushed to the back of her throat, but Sarah wasn't worried. She kept stroking and sucking his cock like she owned it.

A sharp flick of the other man's tongue made her pull back and inhale sharply. His tongue grazed against her g-spot, and her hips lifted off the bed, trying to get more and more of that tongue into her. This guy wasn't as skilled as Lester, but the sheer amount of input between his tongue and Lester's cock was more than the pleasure centers of her brain were used to handling.

"God. Feels so fucking good," Sarah moaned. Lester's hands snaked around the back of her head, pulling her back onto his cock. Sarah didn't waste any time and got back to sucking his massive tool.

Her hips were thrashing off the bed as she ground herself against the face of the man. He was holding onto her thighs for dear life. She hadn't heard him breathe at all, but she couldn't stop herself. His

tongue was still flicking around inside of her, driving her wild. Both of his hands had a full ass cheek in each of them as he ate her out.

Lester pulled his cock out of her mouth with a pop, and Sarah desperately tried to find it again with her mouth. This fucking blindfold was in her way, but her hands were too occupied to take it off. His girthy cock slid across her cheek, and Sarah eagerly licked up and down his shaft. Lester kept pushing forward until his pubic hair-covered balls pressed against her face. She knew what her man wanted. Sarah renewed her grip on Lester's shaft, stroking it up and down at a furious pace as her tongue and lips ventured into Lester's pubic jungle and found his balls. She twirled her tongue around them, lapping at any skin.

She couldn't help herself as she moaned into them. The tongue inside of her kept dragging over her G-Spot. Sarah's body felt like it was on fire, and if she didn't cum soon, she was going to explode. Her body writhed against the tongue inside of her, and she gripped Lester's cock harder than she ever had before. Every little bump on Lester's ballsack felt amazing on her tongue. She had no idea that her tongue could give her so much pleasure.

"Mhmmhmmhmfuck," Sarah moaned as she lapped on Lester's balls. Strands of pubic hair matted her tongue, but she didn't dare stop. She could feel Lester's heartbeat in her hands as the veins on his powerful cock pulsated. Her hips thrashed against the other man's face, but she never relented.

"Stop," Lester said, and the man's tongue slowly left her. "Go sit on the other bed and watch."

She felt the man's hand leave her ass, and soon she was alone on the bed. Something moved beside her. Weight pushed down on the bed, and she felt someone step up between her legs.

"Are you ready for me, Sarah?" Lester asked.

"God, Lester. Yes. Fuck me. I need your cock," Sarah moaned, her legs running up and down the sides of Lester's hips, beckoning him closer.

Lester chuckled before he pushed himself forward. Sarah felt the weight of Lester's large frame push down on her at the same time the head of his cock pushed against her lips. Sarah's legs slammed open wide to accommodate Lester's wide body, and she sharply inhaled as his cock plunged into her dripping-wet pussy.

"Ohfuck," Sarah groaned, her nails digging into Lester's back. She raked her fingers over his skin, knotting themselves with the dense hair on Lester's body.

"Ughhhhh," Sarah wailed as her pussy finally had what it wanted. Lester's large cock firmly embedded inside of it. But Lester wasn't satisfied yet and pulled his cock almost all the way out before dropping all of his weight onto her again, his cock pushing all the way to the hilt.

Lester fucked her slow and hard, exactly the way she had come to crave. He pinned her wrists down, immobilizing her as he fucked her. Sarah's hips rose off the bed in time, matching his thrusts. Each one delayed a second or two, making Sarah's body ripe with anticipation of when the next thrust would come.

Sarah managed to get one of her hands-free, grabbed the back of Lester's fat head, and pulled him down to her. Her lips mashed with his as his girthy torso crushed her breasts. Her tongue pushed into Lester's mouth as he groaned back at her assault. Her legs wrapped around his ass, and she held him in place as he fucked her, and she kissed him. She was his and wasn't letting him go until she got what she wanted. The fire started to burn deep inside Sarah's pussy again, and she held Lester tighter. His tongue pushed inside her mouth, and she sucked and licked on it furiously. His hips slammed up to meet his thrusts. She was close. So fucking close.

"AHHFUCK," Sarah wailed into Lester's ear as her orgasm exploded inside of her. It came so fast. The setting and all the teasing combined with Lester's hot cock made her whole body shudder as Lester made her cum. All the muscles in her body tensed, but Lester pushed through the iron-like vice gripe of her pussy on his cock. Each thrust ramped up her orgasm, unleashing it to new levels over and over again.



grunted from behind her as he pulled his cock out. His strong hands left her hips, and Sarah rolled onto her side. Lester's cum was already leaking out of her.

"That's how it's done," Lester said. "Your turn."

Sarah had completely forgotten that her husband and another man were in the room. Part of her thought Lester was talking to Dan but she knew that was wrong in an instant. The other man was getting into the bed with her.

\*\*\*

A strong hand with an iron-like grip held Dan's shoulder as two police officers led him through the lobby. Dan could feel the eyes of the hotel patrons on him as he walked and stumbled his way forward.

The police officers didn't seem to have any patience for Dan as they roughly pulled him through the lobby. The handcuffs pinning his arms behind his back dug tightly into his wrists.

"But my wife!" Dan slurred as the cops led him through a side door next to the rotating glass door.

"Yeah, yeah, buddy. It sucks that you're wife's stepping out on ya, but you acting like a drunk maniac isn't gonna fix anything. You're lucky you didn't get shot," one of the officers said.

The other officer opened the back of the squad car door. Dan was roughly thrown into the back seat.

"She's still in the hotel. With him...."

The officers slammed the backdoor shut, cutting Dan off. They walked away from the car. Dan tried to track where they were going. One went up and talked to the valet, but the other disappeared back inside the hospital. Maybe he was going to look for Sarah.

Dan slumped into his seat as the world spun around him.

\*\*\*

The other man was gently kissing her chest. Lovingly, leaving a trail of tender kisses across her body. But that wasn't what Sarah needed right now. She reached down between her legs and found his warm cock waiting for her.

Without warning, she gripped it tightly and pulled it towards her waiting pussy. Her body was still reveling in the afterglow of her orgasm with Lester, and if she played her cards right, she might be able to quickly get another one.

The man sharply inhaled as Sarah guided his cock to her pussy. She pulled on the head and lined it up with her entrance. Her legs wrapped around the man's waist and pulled him forward onto her.

"Uhhhhhhmmmmmm yes," Sarah moaned as the man's cock delved into her pussy. She tightened her pussy around him and didn't let him go.

"Uhhhhhhmmmm," the man moaned above her. If she didn't know better he was enjoying this more than she was.

"Fuck me," Sarah moaned, "I want you to fuck me."

Sarah was loving every second of this. The blindfold seemed to increase her other senses and helped trigger the powerful orgasms she had experienced. The man's breathing was ragged already. Her hands ran up his back, and he was sweating profusely.

The man's hips lurched, and he started to thrust in and out of her. He wasn't as good as Lester, but he fucked her desperately like he had touched her earlier. Like he was quenching an uncurable craving. His cock felt amazing inside of her. There was a slight curve to it, making it drag across her G-Spot.

"Mhmmhmmmm fuck" Sarah moaned as she wrapped her arms around the man's back. Sweat covered her arms in seconds. The man lurched forward, and his weight pressed down on her chest. She could feel his sweat pressing against her naked breasts.

He was kissing her neck again until Sarah turned her head and pressed her lips hard against his. Their tongues swirled around each other as the man desperately thrust into her. He was like a man possessed by a demon, with nothing stopping him from achieving his goal.

"Uh, fuck. Right there," Sarah breathed between kisses, "Right fucking there."

The man just grunted in response.

"Keep fucking me. Right there. So fucking good. Please don't stop. Don't stop for me." Sarah moaned into his ear.

"How is it?" Lester's voice came from somewhere close by.

"Ughh it's good. So fucking good." Sarah moaned, turning her head towards Lester.

"Do you like your surprise?" Lester asked.

"Yes. I fucking love it," Sarah moaned.

"Are you going to cum on a stranger's cock tonight?" Lester asked.

"Uhhh yes. So good. I want to. Please don't stop."

The man grunted atop her, and his pace began more erratic. It was like her words were pushing him into overdrive. She wondered what he looked like and what he sounded like, but none of that really mattered. All she cared about was his cock and what it could do to her.

"You're really going to let this stranger cum inside of you?" Lester said.

"Ugh. No. I don't know," Sarah moaned. The man's lips were on her neck. He was breathing hard like he had just run a marathon. His thrust kept rocking her on the bed. Her pussy throbbed from his curved cock and the nerves it was hitting. Sarah wrapped her thighs tighter around his hips, not giving him a chance to pull out of her.

A foreign sound broke the sounds of mating in the room. Sarah's cell phone was ringing from somewhere. The curved cock rubbed against her G-Spot the perfect way, and a loud moan escaped Sarah's lips.

"Who fucks you better?" Lester said, "This stranger or your husband?"

Sarah gritted her teeth. She could feel another orgasm about to rip through her, and she didn't want to lose it. She didn't want to keep talking to Lester. She just wanted to fuck.

"He does!" Sarah shouted, "He's way better than Dan. I'm so fucking close, don't fucking stop."

"Don't cum yet," Lester said. Sarah wasn't about to listen to Lester. Not right now. She kept thrusting her hips up to meet her mystery lover's rapid thrusts. She was so fucking close.

"Take off the blindfold," Lester said. "Do it."

Sarah's head lolled to the side, and she reluctantly listened to Lester. Her hands left the man's sweaty back, and she pulled the blindfold off her head. Her eyes immediately locked onto Lester's cock. It was still mostly hard even though he had just cum inside of her. Dan's roommate, with a frog-like body, was sitting on the bed a few feet from her, staring intently at her. Her eyes saw an empty chair behind him. She scanned the room but didn't see Dan anywhere.

"Where's Dan?" Sarah said huskily.

"It doesn't fucking matter," Lester chuckled, his stare boring into her soul.

Her thoughts slid away as the curved cock inside of her kept pounding into her. She locked her heels behind his ass and grabbed onto his biceps, holding on as he dragged her whole body up and down the bed as he fucked her. The guy's face was buried in her neck, but she could at least tell he was white by his skin.

"God," Sarah moaned, "I fucking love this. Please don't stop. I'm so fucking close."

"I won't," the man said, rising on his elbows. Sarah blinked a few times as her mind tried to place his face through her brain fog.

"Jesse," Sarah whispered, staring up at him. Before she had a chance to say anything else, his lips pressed onto her, and his tongue snaked into her mouth. She knew it wasn't right, but it felt too fucking good to care.

Sarah moaned as she felt her body press into the bed. Her arms instinctively came up and wrapped around the back of Jesse's head. Her eyes closed, focused on the feeling of his cock inside of her and his lips on hers.

"Did-did Dan leave?" She looked up at Jesse. His face looked like he was in pure bliss.

“Dan hasn’t been here this whole time,” Jesse moaned as his lips smashed into hers again. Sarah’s mind was embroiled in pleasure and thoughts. She hadn’t expected Jesse to actually ever feel this good inside of her. Part of her brain made the connection that Dan had been right. Jesse and Lester clearly knew each other somehow. That sparked another train of thought that flashed rapidly through her mind. Dan had got Jesse fired and was now taking out his revenge. By fucking her. It was such a wild, wicked thought, but her body loved it. Her hips bucked off the bed to meet Jesse’s thrusts.

Lester sat by the side, smiling and watching as Sarah gave in completely.

“You feel so fucking good,” Jesse moaned into her mouth, “I’ve been waiting for this for so long.”

Sarah’s mind raced, trying to do the math on how Jesse had ended up here and what the ramifications would be. The one consistent her mind landed on was that he needed to keep fucking her so she could cum. Her orgasm wouldn’t be held back any longer. Sarah could feel the dam holding back her orgasm start to crack.

“Don’t stop Jesse,” Sarah moaned into his shoulder. “Don’t fucking stop.”

“I’ll never stop,” Jesse grunted, his lips descended on her cheeks. Kissing her tenderly. He continued planting kisses lovingly along Sarah face and then onto her neck. The nerves in her body were lighting up like a Christmas tree as his lips danced along the sensitive areas of her neck.

“Mmmhmmhmmuhhhhhh fuck,” Sarah moaned, “Jesse, keep fucking me. Fuck me, Jesse.”

“Feels good?” Jesse asked.

“So fucking good,” Sarah whispered back. Speaking to him in that low tone felt so conspiratorial. Like they were star-crossed lovers doing something they shouldn’t be.

“Uhhh I fucking love you,” Jesse mumbled into her neck. Sarah knew that in some fucked up way that he meant it. The way he was fucking her felt like the way a man on death row would. Like it was the last thing he’d ever do. He was so desperate for her.

Desperate men usually were such a turn off but there was something about this. Something about the way he was fucking her like she meant everything in the world to him. Like a starving man sitting down in front of a Thanksgiving dinner or someone suffering from dehydration getting a glass of water. Like Sarah was nourishing Jesse’s very soul. Like she was the only thing in the world that could quench his thirst.

“Fuck I like hearing you say my name,” Jesse finally said when Sarah didn’t respond to him. “Say it again.”

“Jesse,” Sarah moaned into his ear in a sultry voice, “Oh fuck Jesse. You feel so fucking good Jesse.”

“I can’t believe I’m in a hotel bed with you again,” Jesse moaned, “I knew it would be magical but I never knew it would be so fucking good.”

Sarah didn’t know what he meant by that but she didn’t really care, “You should have known better. I’m fucking amazing.”

“God you’re so fucking amazing. You feel so fucking good.”

“Mhmmmm you like that? What about this?” Sarah flexed the muscles in her pussy around his cock, holding him tight inside of her.

“Ohhhhhh FUUUUUCK Sarah,” Jesse moaned into her neck, “Holy shit you’re so tight. I can’t believe it. I never knew it could feel so good.”

Jesse’s hips starting thrusting into her with desperate abandon. Sarah knew it wouldn’t be long before he would need to cum. She needed to cum first though, she couldn’t be left high and dry. She needed another mind blowing orgasm. But she wanted to Jesse to pull out. Despite her brain still being foggy she knew that he should do that. She needed to make herself cum soon.

Sarah’s hips were slamming back against Jesse’s cock, unconcerned with anything other than cumming. She tightened her ankles around his ass and gripped his back with her nails, pulling him down completely on top of her. The dam inside of her shattered.

“I’m so close. So fucking close. Jesse, please. Please don’t stop. Give it to me,” Sarah groaned.

“I can’t – I’m gonna cum,” Jesse grunted.

“You need – need to pull out,” Sarah wailed as her orgasm was quickly approaching, “Jesse.”

“Does he, though?” Lester was suddenly next to her, peering down at her. “Does he really need to pull out? You’re on birth control, aren’t you?”

“Uhhh—what?” Sarah’s mind was foggy from her impending orgasm, and she didn’t want to think. Didn’t need a conversation.

“All this time, you’ve been on birth control. Teasing me and letting me think you weren’t. You can take his load, can’t you?” Lester said.

Sarah could take his load. Jesse could cum in her, and she wouldn’t get pregnant. But that didn’t mean it was right, “I can’t. He can’t. We shouldn’t.”

“But you can,” Lester pressed, “Can’t you? I know you want to feel it explode inside of you. Admit it. It would feel good.”

“It’s not right, Lester. He’s Dan’s old coworker, and it would break Dan if it happened,” Sarah moaned, conflict spreading over her face. Just the fucking idea of it was ramping up her impending orgasm. Such a fucking dirty idea. Jesse cumming inside Dan’s wife, taking his revenge that way. It was too fucking hot. Sarah’s hips started thrashing against Jesse’s cock.

“But you’re protected. Right?” Lester pressed again, clearly pushing for her acceptance.

“Yes, but—uhhhhhh mhmmmmmmfuuuccck,” Sarah moaned, “We.....still...shouldn’t. Fuck.”

“It’s so fucking wrong, Lester,” Sarah groaned again as her legs tightened around Jesse’s hips.

“But I bet it feels so fucking right, doesn’t it? When has it being wrong stopped you before?” Lester sneered at her.

“Uhhhmhmmmm fuck Lester, you’re so fucked up. Mhmmmmmmmm god. Jesse.” Sarah’s brain was going haywire. Not wanting to stop but not wanting to cross this line. But wanting to cross it at the same time. She didn’t have time to think about the consequences. Her body was on fire, and it wanted to cum. Her hands crawled across Jesse’s back until her nails dug into his ass cheeks.

“We shouldn’t. We can’t. He needs to – I need to — OH FUCK,” Sarah’s eyes snapped open, and looked up at Jesse.

“UHHHHHH,” Jesse grunted, and Sarah felt hot, warm, sticky cum explode inside of her for the second time that night. A tsunami of an orgasm washed over her body. A wave of heat washed over her, drowning any objections to her coupling with Jesse. Her nerves frayed as each one lit on fire and throbbed in time with the wave washing over her.

“F-FUCK,” Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as her muscles contracted. In that moment, she and Jesse were one being connected by his cock, completely unconcerned with the outside world. The only thing that mattered to them was their mutual orgasms.

More of Jesse’s cum blasted into her, mixing with the spunk Lester had already unleashed inside of her. She felt so fucking dirty having taken cum from two men, but she was reveling in that feeling. That she could make two guys cum back to back.

Jesse’s lips met hers, and their tongues danced together as Sarah continued to ride the wave of her orgasm, and more of his cum spurted into her. Slowly Sarah started to come back down to earth as Jesse’s cock stopped erupting, but it stayed firmly embedded inside of her.

He continued to kiss her longingly. Sarah was still awash in her post-orgasmic bliss, drunk from the sex, and kissed him back without reservation. Sarah’s tongue slipped into his mouth, and his tongue met hers. They lazily tasted each other as Sarah felt the energy drain out of her body.

Jesse might have stayed like that all night, with his cock inside of her. But Lester had other ideas.

“Get off,” Lester said and touched Jesse’s shoulder. Jesse flashed him a defiant look, but it crumpled under Lester’s harsh gaze.

Sarah was utterly spent. Her body was exhausted from two back-to-back fuck sessions. She looked up at Lester and saw him towering over her. His cock was hard as a rock, standing out at attention about her.

Jesse crawled off of her, and she lost track of where he went. Lester leered down at her with a domineering smile.

“Time for round two. You’re going to be busy all night.” Lester sneered. He moved down the bed, grabbed Sarah’s legs in his meaty hands, and pulled her body down the bed towards him.

\*\*\*

“Hi this is Sarah Williams I can’t come to the phone right now so please leave a message and I’ll get back to you.” Sarah’s angelic voice said.

“Sarah, it’s me. I’m in jail. Call me back,” Dan said and hung up the receiver on the payphone. He rested his head against it before a police officer roughly grabbed his shoulder and pushed him back into the cell. Dan stumbled but managed to catch himself on a bench and sat down. A dozen or so other guys were in the large cell with him, most minding their own business. Dan laid down, hoping the room would stop spinning.

He never should have drunk at the restaurant. He couldn’t remember the last time he felt like this. The guard who took his picture said something about having to sit in here until at least morning when the cashier and bond office reopened, but Dan didn’t really understand it.

All he knew was that Sarah was still at the hotel with Lester and Jesse. He could only imagine what was happening and felt range pouring over his body. He felt immensely ashamed as well since he could feel his dick hardening just at the thought.

This was a new low for him. Thrown in the drunk tank while his wife is probably cumming on other guy’s dicks. His brain was still foggy as he tried to piece together just what had happened tonight and how he ended up here.

He knew his brain wasn’t working properly, throwing out one dumb idea after the next. But one thing was crystal clear. He had been right. Jesse and Lester had known each other. He didn’t know how, but they did. Maybe it was because Jesse’s company needed help with the hack that just happened? But that didn’t make sense. Jesse had been there at that club. That was way before. Unless they just met after somehow? Dan wasn’t sure about the timeline. And it was a leap that they’d work together after such a short time since the hack had just happened. Even Sarah’s hack had happened months and months ago, and the hospital wouldn’t have been able to fix it without Sarah because she knew Lester. There was something there. His brain was itching at something. Like he was fumbling in the dark, trying to peel back the corners of it. But he wasn’t sure just yet.

His mind kept going back to that club with him, Lester, Sarah, and Jesse. Was it weird that two of those people had workplaces that got hacked? That seemed like a weird coincidence. Dan was aware that more and more companies were getting hit with ransomware, but it happening to two people he knew just seemed...off somehow.

Those hackers probably make a killing. Just look at how much money the hospital paid Lester to help fix it for them. Dan’s stomach turned, partly from the alcohol but mostly from the thought of Lester now working for the hospital. He’d be around Sarah all the time. He knew that Lester would just try something at their house sooner or later. But Dan had ordered the hidden cameras that would come in soon. He’d put them in the house to be able to see everything that happened. They got them sent to his office, not wanting Lester to see them. He didn’t want Lester to know about them. They would trick anybody; the cameras disguised as outlets looked exactly the same as the regular outlets in the apartment. No one would be able to tell the difference.

He wished he hadn’t had to buy them, but he couldn’t trust Lester—not at his home. If the hospital had never been hit with ransomware, Lester would never have been so involved in Sarah’s work life.

Dan burped and turned onto his side. Something in his brain clicked, and his heavy eyes shot open.

What would things be like if Lester never got involved at the hospital? They’d probably still just be doing the dates with him. It’s like he wormed his way into their life. Could Lester have something to do with the hack at the hospital?

Sarah and Jesse's workplaces both got hacked. These were two people that Lester knew. Lester was some kind of cyber security wizard. Could he have something to do with it? Would Lester do that?

Without a shadow of a doubt, Dan realized that if Lester had the power to do something like that, he probably would. If Lester was willing to go to those lengths, what else would he do?

Dominos seemed to fall in Dan's drunken mind, so he sat up. Dan had already been wary of talking with clients in the apartment, not wanting Lester to overhear. But what if Lester had some way to circumvent Dan's efforts? Dan's mind snapped to the fact that all his devices were connected to the apartment's WiFi, which had been set up before he moved in.

Could Lester monitor what Dan did on his computer and phone? The memory of Dan's rejection from a job application and the weird resume with his name on it popped back into his mind. He knew it wasn't his resume and hadn't submitted it. Could Lester have been sabotaging his job hunt all along?

"Fuck," Dan exhaled as his mind started racing.

Was Lester really monitoring him? Reading his emails, watching what websites he visited, what jobs he applied for, the clients he worked with, maybe even listening in on conversations....

Had Lester been spying on him this entire time? Sabotaging him? And did Lester hack Sarah's workplace and Jesse's? Why would he do that? The more his drunk brain thought about it, the more it felt like a veil had been uncovered, and Dan was seeing reality for the first time. Dan kept going over it over and over, trying to keep his drunk brain on track.

Lester was manipulative and slimy, but would he actually do that? Dan wasn't entirely sure, but he didn't know where Lester's moral scruples started or stopped. Could he do those things? It seemed possible for someone in cyber security to do so.

Just who the hell was Lester Marshall? And what the hell was happening in that hotel room?