

-----  
“Uh,” Sarah groaned as the bed shifted next to her. Someone was next to her in the bed. It wasn’t clear whether they were awake or still fast asleep. She had never felt more exhausted in her life. She wasn’t sure if she had slept for a few minutes or a few hours, all she knew was their her body felt like there wasn’t an ounce of energy inside of it. Sarah could probably sleep for a week and she wouldn’t feel recuperated.

The covers on top of her shifted, dragging across her skin. Part of Sarah’s brain registered she was naked form the sheet touching her nipple but her body didn’t move. She knew she was in a hotel room somewhere but the rest of the details were blurry. All she knew was that she had lost track of how many times she had been fucked over the last few hours.

Just the stray recollection of the night’s events gave her goosebumps. The sheet shifted again and she felt the body next to her move. Then she felt hot breath on her neck sending a shiver down her spine. Wet lips soon followed, grazing the nape of her neck. Sarah’s mind was still drifting between conciousness and unconciousness but her body was waking up.

Her thighs clamped together as a hand came to rest on her bare hip. She was suddenly very aware how naked she was. She wasn’t sure who was behind her or whether they were clothed or not. But she could feel the body heat emanating from them, making her guess they weren’t clothed either.

The hand started careessing her hip, gently running down to her thigh, making small circles with its finger tips. More kisses began to adorn her neck, eliciting a soft moan from Sarah’s lips. That small sound seemed to act as a greenlight for whoever was behind her as the hand left her hip and landed on her shoulder. It turned her onto her back as the body slid up against her.

Sarah turned her head towards the man besides her. As she was about to power open her groggy eyes, lips pressed hard against hers. They were eager and seemingly reverent about kissing her. The hand left her shoulder and cupped her cheek. Sarah instinctively returned the kiss. Her lips parting as his tongue touched her lower lip. She pressed her tongue against his before the kiss deepened and their tongues began to explore each other’s mouths.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned into the man’s mouth. Even in her groggy, half-asleep state she knew who it was. He didn’t have the dominanating presence of Lester. He was much more reverant with her, like he was grasping sand and didn’t want it to slip through his fingers.

It was Jesse. Her husband’s old unwanted protege turned constant thorn in his side. She’d never felt anything for him but pity and then anger but she couldn’t deny that the way he touched her just did something for her. Like she was his everything and he couldn’t breath without her. It was arousing how much control he was succeeding to her. He was the antithesis of Lester. She was used to losing control with Dan’s roommate. But she had been losing control everywhere else in her life over the past few months, having control again even just a sliver of it was something she needed.

Jesse's cock started to harden against her thigh as the illicit couple continued to explore each other's mouth. Sarah could practically feel it throb against her, making her thighs rub against each other.

Jesse's hand left her face and slowly trailed down her body. Sarah gasped against Jesse's mouth as his warm hands cupped her breast, gently squeezing it as his thumb came in contact with her nipple. She could feel his lips curve up in a smile at the reaction he got out of her. Sarah grabbed the back of his head and pulled her lips back firmly against hers and she kissed him hungrily.

Her pussy was sore from getting fucked so many times. She had no idea how much cum had been shot into her or the exact number of times each man had had her but she knew she wanted more. It was like Lester had ignited an unquenchable desire within her that she was trying now to desperately fill.

Sarah pushed her chest into Jesse's gentle caress as her hand slid down his back, exploring his body. It wasn't strong like her husband's and it wasn't fat like Lester's. It felt a bit scrawny but in the moment she didn't care. His body shivered under her touch. Sarah's hand kept descending down his body, until it found what she wanted. His cock seemed to strengthen as she wrapped her fingers around it. His body lurched and he groaned against her lips, his body and mind seemingly disconnecting from her touch. But his mind-body disconnect was short lived as his hips instinctively thrust his cock forward into her hand.

"Oh my god," Jesse groaned as Sarah tightened her grip around his cock, "I still can't believe we're doing this."

"We've barely started doing anything," Sarah laughed as her mind finally started to wake up. Rational thought of consequences weren't the part of her brain waking up. It was part of her that was far more primal. She gave his shaft another squeeze, making Jesse groan again.

"Uhhhh like all night. Together. I just wish Lester wasn't here," Jesse said.

"My hand is wrapped around your dick and your feeling me up and you're really thinking about Lester right now?" Sarah said.

"No – that's not what I meant –"

Sarah kissed him hard to reset his brain, "Shhhhhhhhhh"

"Just that I wish we did this months ago," Jesse mumbled, "Like on our first trip to Minnesota."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah said, "I don't know. I don't think you would have made a move back then. Even now, it took Lester arranging things to make this happen."

"That's not true," Jesse said quickly, "I bet you didn't know that I was in your bed that night."

"What? I don't remember that," Sarah trailed off as Jesse's hips started thrusting faster into her palm.

"You may have been a little out of it," Jesse said.

"Tell me," Sarah whispered, "Tell me how sneaky you were. What did you do?"

"I, uh, I...Dan left to do something for Byron," Jesse said, "And I waited until he was gone and got into your bed."

"Is that all?" Sarah breathed.

"No...." Jesse hesitated, "You were on your side. I got behind you and touched you."

"Really?" Sarah raised an eyebrow, "I didn't think you would have it in you. Bad boy. Show me."

"What?"

Sarah let go of Jesse's cock and brushed his hand off her breast, "Show me."

She turned away from him onto her side, pressing her ass back towards him, "Show me what you did that night."

Sarah grabbed his hand and brought it to her hip, "Did you touch me here?"

"Yes," Jesse breathed, his warm breath making the hair on the back of her neck stand up.

"Show me where else," Sarah said.

Hesitantly, Jesse brought his hand up to her naked breasts and started to gently play with them.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned at his touch, "You were such a bad boy. I had no idea. Is that all you did?"

"No," Jesse breathed, "I did this too."

Jesse shifted his body and pressed himself up against Sarah's magnificent ass. He gripped his cock and positioned it between her thighs like he had all those months ago. He thrust forward, pushing his cock between the upper areas of Sarah's thighs.

"I did this," Jesse groaned into her ear, "And you seemed to like it."

"Did i?" Sarah playfully rolled her hips back and forth as she pushed her ass backward before inching it forwards, fucking Jesse's cock with her thighs. She bit her lip and let her head drift into the pillow as she clamped her thighs tightly around his cock.

"Uhhhhhhh," Jesse groaned, "You were moaning."

"I can see why now," Sarah said, "You should have woken me up."

"Really?" Jesse said excitedly.

"Mhmm-hmmmm," Sarah said back over her shoulder. She could just make out Jesse's flabbergasted expression. He was too easy to toy with. She loved it.

"If Dan wanted to leave me alone in a hotel room with you, he should have expected the consequences," As Sarah finished her sentence, she shifted her body forward, Jesse's dick pressing against the back of her thighs. She bent her waist forward, held her hips tight and pushed back against Jesse until his cock pushed past her thighs and the head of his cock slid into her pussy.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhfuuuuuuucccckkkkk,” Jesse groaned as Sarah’s pussy lips parted for his curved cock to enter her warm embrace.

“Mmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned as she pushed her ass back taking more of Jesse’s cock into her. She winced at the soreness between her legs but for the moment she didn’t want to stop.

“Ohmygod,” Jesse groaned.

“God has nothing to do with it,” Sarah said, remembering the line Lester had used with her, “Say my name.”

“Oh god Sarah,” Jesse breathed, “You’re amazing.”

“I know. Now shut up and fuck me,” Sarah lightly scolded as she grabbed his hand off her breasts and held it to her waist, urging him to hold her tightly and fuck her. She rolled her hips back and forth as more and more of Jesse’s cock disappeared inside of her.

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned closing her eyes and letting her body run away with the sensation of Jesse’s curved cock inside of her. From this angle it was pressing right up against her G-Spot before delving deeper into her.

“Feels so good,” Sarah moaned into the pillow. She gripped the edge of the bed for leverage as she pushed her ass back to meet Jesse’s shallow thrusts.

“You’re so fucking beautiful,” Jesse groaned into her ear as he finally started to pick up his pace and fuck her properly. Sarah fucked him back, not caring about anything else in that moment. Sarah’s pussy was aching but she loved every minute of this. She had loved every moment of that night. Having two men take turns with her, having her over and over again. The desire of more than one man in a cramped space, with cocks as hard as a rock because of her.

She realized she could have experienced this new level of pleasure years ago. Her and Dan could have taken this leap and done it but they never did. Both had been happy to leave things in fantasy land but if Sarah had known how amazing it would feel she would have pushed for it a long time ago. It was Lester who was the catalyst that led to Sarah experiencing new orgasmic highs she never dreamed possible.

It was Lester how was constantly pushing and expanding her sexual horizons and introducing her to new carnal pleasures. She opened her eyes in search of Lester, hoping that he would be there. All she saw was the darkness of the room. Even though the two men had taken turns with her, she hadn’t experienced them both at the same time, something she desperately wanted to try now.

Jesse’s hands gripped her hips hard and he finally picked up his pace, fucking her more urgently. He was whispering something behind her head, some sweet nothings that didn’t even register in her brain. Her mind was elsewhere while Jesse kept thrusting into her.

The image of Lester and that shit eating grin as he stared down at her. The way her hands ran through the hair on his back. His fat gut pushing down onto her ass as he fucked her from

behind. Of the way Lester talked shit about Dan right in front of him while he fucked her. The humiliation, the degradation. How fucking hot it all was.

She couldn't believe how much her life had changed. It was like Lester had pulled back the curtains showing her what reality was really like. Like her entire life she had lived in a safe walled garden, protected from the real world.

Jesse kept thrusting against her G-Spot and Sarah bit her lip, trying to block out whatever Jesse was saying as her mind focused on Lester and the magnificent tool that dangled between his legs. Her latest orgasm was brewing inside of her. She had lost track of how many times her body had cum that night but she needed another.

Despite how sore her pussy was, she needed another fucking orgasm.

"Don't stop," Sarah moaned, "Keep fucking going. I'm getting close. So fucking close."

"Uhhhh okay. God you feel amazing Sarah." Jesse groaned but Sarah didn't hear it.

"Fuckme," Sarah moaned as her hips started slamming back against Jesse with abandon. He tightened his grip on her hips, trying desperately to hold on and keep pace. Everytime Jesse thrust into her, Sarah thrust her ass back onto his cock harder. Soon she was thrusting back faster and stronger than Jesse could muster.

"Holy fucking shit," Jesse gritted his teeth holding on for dear life.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned, throwing her head back, "Don't fucking stop I'm right there."

"Fuck, Fuck. Please. Please. Yes. Yes. Fuck. God fuck," Sarah shouted. Her orgasm started to bubble up inside of her. Warmth began spreading throughout her body igniting her nerves, injecting pleasure straight to her brain.

"OH GOD FUCK," Sarah screamed as every muscle in her body tightened and her orgasm rattled through her body, shaking her to her very soul. One of her legs kicked out while her fingers dug into the mattress. "MHHHHMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMYYES."

The muscles in her neck flexed as she held her breath. Her body on fire as she came, her orgasm ravaging her body like a wildfire spreading out of control.

"Holyfuck me," Sarah groaned, her pussy tightening around Jesse's cock. Her body went deathly still reveling in the bliss it was experiencing.

As she finally came back down to earth she could hear the labored breathing coming from behind her. Somehow Jesse was winded even though she had been the one fucking back on him. The image of Lester and all the indignities she had experienced at his hands had been too much for her to control herself.

As the pleasure slowly receded she noticed just how sore her pussy was. Jesse finally seemed to catch his breath and pushed his cock forward again, eager to cum himself.

"Stop," Sarah said, making Jesse freeze in his tracks, "Pull it out."

“What?” Jesse asked.

“Just take it out,” Sarah said as she shifted her hips forward away from Jesse’s cock. Her pussy was incredibly sore. With her orgasm slowly deflating from her body she felt wrung out. All that exhaustion threatening to crash down on her.

Jesse’s cock made a audible plop when it came out of her pussy. Sarah groaned and turned around to face Jesse.

“I have a surprise for you,” She smiled mischievously. She really didn’t think that her pussy could physically handle anymore. She would probably be recuperating for weeks. But she knew that someone like Jesse wouldn’t be able to last long if she put her mouth on him.

Sarah pushed Jesse onto his back and slowly began lowering herself down, closer and closer to his throbbing erection.

“Fuck,” Jesse groaned as the tip of Sarah’s tongue flicked across the head of his cock. Sarah twirled her tongue around the head of his cock, dancing across his cockslit. Sarah could feel Jesse’s both wither underneath her touch and she smiled at how quickly she would be able to make short work of him.

“I’m going to take good care of you,” Sarah said huskily.

Jesse’s hips were practically bucking off the bed by the time Sarah’s mouth engulfed his cock. She him up and down, along the strange curve of his shaft. His veins pulsted in her hands as she moaned around his cock, “Mhmmmmmm.”

“I love you Sarah. Holy crap you feel so fucking good.”

“Mmmm-hmmm,” Sarah agreed back while his cock was stuffed in her mouth. He was a lot easier to handle than Lester but the curved shaft made her adjust her technique. She took her mouth completely off of him and kissed and licked up and down his shaft. Making little moans with each kiss.

“You’re way bigger than I ever thought you’d be Jesse,” Sarah mused to herself as her fingertips danced around the skin of his balls. Her other hand was firmly gripping his shaft, tightly tugging it up and down where she wasn’t kissing. “I bet you have a ton of girlfriends.”

“No,” Jesse managed to say as his body seemingly convulsed under Sarah’s touch, “You’re all the woman I need.”

“Well aren’t you a charmer,” Sarah smiled before licking up the base of his shaft all the way to the head of his cock and back down again before diving down swirling her tongue around his balls.

Jesse just groaned in response, “Fuck. Slow down. It feels too fucking good.”

“You want me to stop?” Sarah asked as she extended her tongue and licked around his balls some more. Her hand jerking his cock. Jesse grabbed her wrist, trying to stop her from stroking him but Sarah switched hands.

“No...No..I just uh want it to last. I could lay like this forever.” Jesse croaked.

He’s talking to me like I’m some precious flower. Sarah kept up her aggressive licking of Jesse’s balls as her hands alternated stroking his shaft. Jesse was squirming under her touch, trying to grab her wrists, preventing her from stroking him.

“Slow down. Slow down. Lets make this last,” Jesse said.

“No,” Sarah said, breaking free from his grasp and sitting up. She stared down at where she assume he was in the darkness, her hand going back to his cock shaft. She gripped it hard, squeezing it as she stroked it up and down.

“I want your cum Jesse. I need it,” Sarah breathed lowering herself back down to his cock, “Don’t stop me. Keep your hands to yourself got it? I want to taste you.”

Hearing herself say those words to Jesse reignited the fire burning inside of her. Stooping to that level, giving herself to someone like Jesse. Someone her husband hated and had fucked over in the past. And who had fucked her husband over a few times. It was so humiliateng. To both her and Dan. She pictured the conflicted look on Dan’s face, the mix of arousal with guilt and shame. She fucking loved it. She couldn’t control herself with all this anymore.

“Oh fuck,” Jesse groaned, “I’m gonna cum.”

“Give it to me Jesse. Give it all to me,” Sarah lowered her head to the top of his cock just in time as it splutterd and exploded. She greedily let his cum wash over her mouth, blasting to the back of her throat. She swallowed the first big load and lapped up the rest.

Jesse groaned and his body seemingly went stiff as his cock kept sputtering out more and more cum. Finally Sarah swallowed the last load and affectiontily kissed the head of his cock.

“Mhmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned. She lickd up some after cum that was dripping out of his cock. “Just what I wanted.”

“I can’t, I can’t even. You’re fucking amazing.” Jesse groaned.

“You said that already,” Sarah laughed as she flopped herself back down onto the pillow next to Jesse and closed her eyes. “I know how amazing I am but thank you saying it again. You’re sweet.”

With a fresh load of warm cum in her belly, Sarah’s eyes closed instantly. The pillow was too comfortable and every fiber of her being was exhausted. She planned to sleep for a week.

\*\*\*

Lester stopped the recording and slinked back behind the wall towards the bathroom. He tip toed into the bathroom and gently closed the door, ensuring the handle didn’t make any audible clicks.

The night vision video would be a great addition to his Sarah folder when he got him. Sure, he didn’t plan on frequently watching the videos like all the others he had amassed. After all, it

didn't feature him but he was enthralled at how slutty Sarah had been. Lester smiled inwardly at how far he had caused the young mother to fall.

Her evolution into his little slut was complete. She couldn't deny herself anymore. What was once a well manicured front of sophistication and elegance had cracked. Lester had turned her into what she was now and she was his. She would do whatever he wanted.

Lester saved the video and chuckled to himself, wondering where Dan was at that moment.

\*\*\*

A little man with a pickaxe was chipping away at the inside of Dan's skull. He groaned as he turned over on the cold bench seat, praying to all the deities he knew to make the pain in his head go away.

Reluctantly he sat up and wiped the drool from the side of his face. His eyes steadily blinked as they adjusted to the light and he tried to get his bearings.

The details of the previous night were fuzzy but he knew he was sitting in a jail cell for the first time in his life. The night's events slowly started to click into place now that he was upright and his brain was starting up, despite the pounding headache.

Just what the hell was in those drinks? Dan ran his hands over his face before looking around at the other men in the cell. His watch told him it was just past 10 am. How long were they going to keep him in here? And more importantly, where was Sarah?

He couldn't remember everything with crystal clear clarity but what he did know made his stomach turn and threaten to spill out all over the floor. Lester had taken Sarah upstairs leaving Dan with a hefty bill. Somehow Jesse was involved and likely found his way into Sarah's hotel room. Then there were flashes of a hallway and him banging on doors before being manhandled by a pair of cops.

There was something else important he had to remember but it was just out of reach. He tried to focus on it, trying to make the blurry idea come into focus.

"Williams, Dan, time to go," a guard barked from the cell door. Dan hadn't noticed him standing there a second ago.

Dan stood up and walked to the cell open cell door and followed the officer into an administration area. He felt tense, waiting for whatever life changing verdict was going to be handed down to him. The officer led him down a long corridor before stopping in front of a desk behind a plexiglass window.

There was another officer sitting behind the desk.

"Dan Williams," the first guard said to the one behind the desk. When the other guard nodded the first officer abruptly walked away. Dan looked around at his surroundings. The guard hadn't put handcuffs on him, making Dan start to hope that there might be a light at the end of this tunnel.

The officer behind the desk slid a clipboard out of a rectangular hole in the glass towards Dan. Sign at the bottom. Then he slid small plastic tub through as well. Dan recognized his wallet, wedding ring and cellphone in it.

“What’s this?” Dan asked as his eyes scanned the paper attached to the clipboard. At the top there was some words about personal effects.

“You’re free to go. Just sign the form confirming we handed back all your person effects. Then you’re free to go.” The officer said without looking up.

“That’s it? Do I have to go to court or something later?” Dan asked.

The officer let out a long, sigh before begrudgingly turning his chair to look at the computer screen next to him. After a few seconds he finally looked up at Dan with an impatient expression, “The hotel where you were found zonked out of your mind declined pressing charges. You’re free to go. Just don’t be an idiot. Learn how to control your liquor. Now sign the form and get out of here.”

Dan quickly signed the form and grabbed his stuff. The officer snatched back the clipboard and didn’t spare Dan another look. Dan glanced around the room, waiting for someone to escort him out or to tell him that he was being put back into a cell.

After a few seconds when no one came, Dan hesitantly walked along a marked pathway until he reached the police station’s lobby. Feeling like a criminal feeling the scene of a crime he tried to walk casually across the lobby and through the double door leading to the outside. His body tensed as he pushed open the door. He was just waiting for someone to call his name from behind the moment he opened the door fully, just like the movies.

But now shout came. Instead Dan opened the door and a cool Chicago breeze hit his face, waking him up and snapping him out of thoughts. His jailbreak was complete. Dan quickly put as much distance between himself and the police station as possible before stopping to get his phone out of his pocket and call Sarah.

The screen was black and unresponsive. He held the power button down for several seconds but nothing happened. It was dead. Nothing more useful than a fancy glass brick.

Dan sighed and stared up at the sky letting the cool wind tickle his skin, refreshing him and helping to combat the lingering pounding in his head. It still fucking hurt. He didn’t plan on drinking like that again. When he got back to the apartment he’d pop a Tylenol and take a long nap.

Dan looked down the street and at the buildings around him. That were all unfamiliar. He had no idea what part of Chicago he was in and he couldn’t check his phone. He’s have to figure things out the old fashioned way and go talk to someone and grab a bus or taxi home.

As Dan pondered his next move, his brain began churning through the night before and the revelation he had seemingly had in the jailcell. The wacky idea that Lester was somehow responsible for the networks of Sarah and Jesse’s employer being compromised. In the cold light of day, the idea seemed much more far fetched than it had during his drunk stupor.

He almost dismissed it entirely as the thoughts of drunk man off his ass but the more he thought about it, the harder it was for him to shake it. The idea may have made sense last night but right now it didn't seem plausible. But there were a lot of coincidences around Lester that were looking suspicious.

The more he thought about it, the stranger it seemed. If Jesse was really in that hotel room last night, then two of the three people would have had their companies hacked. That seemed statistically off.

Fucking Jesse. Had he really been there in that hotel last night or was someone fucking with Dan? He wanted to check his phone and look at Jesse's message with sober eyes but his phone was still dead. The idea of that little fucking creep even coming close to his wife.....

Dan shook his head, trying to get his thoughts back on the track as he walked, looking around for a coffee shop. If Lester really had hacked both companies, what was his goal? What was his end game? Money?

Dan had no idea what game Lester was playing. But if Lester had arranged for Jesse to be in that room, whatever the game was, it was personal and Lester was playing on a different level than Dan could even conceive.

It was time to fix that.

Even though Dan was overwhelmed between work and his fledgling side consultancy, he needed to figure this out. It was time that Dan did some digging into Lester and figure out just who the hell he was.

It was time to go to war and give Lester the attention he deserved.

\*\*\*

"Wake up, we're home," Lester said snapping Sarah awake. Lester pulled into his parking spot at the apartment and turned off the engine. "Let's get you upstairs and into my bed."

"I honestly don't think I can," Sarah said. She was still wearing the dark blue dress from the night before with the extremely sexy cut. "I'm sore all over I might need some time."

"You can still suck on this," Lester grabbed his crotch and chuckled, "Come on, you can't leave me high and dry here."

"Seriously? I can't even count the amount of times you fucked me last night," Sarah put her face in her hands, "You've had your fill."

Lester just smirked, "I'll never get enough of you. Besides, you blew Jesse this morning and leave me high and dry? That's just not nice. You owe me."

"Hey, Jesse was part of your plan. I didn't know he was going to be there. You get what you get." Sarah said as she climbed out of the car. Lester followed suit and the two walked towards the back entrance to the building.

“Have you heard from Dan?” Sarah asked, “He hasn’t responded to any of my texts. Are you sure he didn’t get a room at the hotel?”

“I have no idea where he is,” Lester shrugged holding out his phone to Sarah, “Look here, I text him our room number a few times last night but he never came. I don’t know what happened. He’s probably upstairs sleeping it off.”

“It’s just not like him to bail on me like that,” Sarah muttered. “I hope everything is okay.”

“I’m sure he’ll be fine. He’s a big boy. That’s why you should blow me upstairs, Dan has to come home and watch if that’s happening. It’s like the logic of the universe. Right?”

“Maybe,” Sarah looked at Lester and shook her head, “You’re going to keep pushing for a blowjob aren’t you?”

“Can you really blame me? You’re an amazing cocksucker,” Lester chuckled.

“Shhhhh,” Sarah chided as they reached the doors and went inside to the elevator, “Shut up will you?”

“Come on, you should be proud of how good you are. Wear it like a badge of honor.” Lester chuckled.

“I know how good I am, I just don’t need the world to know about it,” Sarah said.

“You love the attention,” Lester chuckled pressing the button the elevator door. The doors closed behind them. “You sure enjoyed the attention you got last night. Now in the cold light of day you want to pretend to be a goody two shoes.”

“Shut up Lester,” Sarah rolled her eyes.

Lester just smirked and reached down to grab a handful of her ass, “Mhm-hmm that ass.”

“You’re such a fucking pig.”

“You love it,” Lester yanked her ass hard, pulling her to him. Sarah gasped as Lester’s other hand grabbed her waist and pulled her to him. Lester licked his lips and bent his head. Sarah slapped his chest, pushing him off.

“Get off, not right now Lester. I need to find Dan,” Sarah scolded him. The elevator doors opened on their floor and Sarah stepped up with Lester following right behind her.

“I told you, let’s get in there. Jump in my bed and get naked, the boy scout will show up to watch,” Lester laughed.

Sarah ignored Lester and kept walking down the hallway towards his apartment. With each step she could feel the soreness of her pussy. She couldn’t wait to take a hot shower or even a long hot bath to recuperate. Still, the idea of going another round with Lester was making her body begin to heat up. What was wrong with her?

Sarah made it to the apartment door first and waited for Lester to unlock it.

“Been awhile since we were in here alone together,” Lester said.

“Whatever Lester, just open the door,” Sarah said.

“All sex and no romance lately. Way to make a guy feel wanted,” Lester mock huffed opening the door. Sarah groaned once inside as she took off her heels as Lester shut the door behind her.

“You really should get out of that dress,” Lester eyed her hungrily.

“Just give me a second,” Sarah said, “You really don’t let up do you?”

“Not when I get you alone. Besides you have some making up to do after lying to me.” Lester said.

“Lying? What are you talking about,” Sarah asked.

“About...” Lester trailed off as Dan appeared in the hallway.

“Dan!” Sarah said, “Where were you? I was calling you, you didn’t answer any of my texts. What’s going on?”

“It’s a long story. I just got in myself,” Dan looked her over from head to toe and then gave Lester a death stare, “Come on, we have a lot to talk about.”

“Where’d you go last night?” Lester said, “We were waiting for you. Well we didn’t really wait too long but you were missed.”

“I’m going to go talk to my wife Lester,” Dan took Sarah by the arm and led her down the hallway into his bedroom.

“Dan what happened to you?” Sarah asked.

“Not here,” Dan said, “Get changed. We’re going to take a walk.”

“I just got back in babe, I want to shower and relax,” Sarah said.

“Get dressed,” Dan repeated, “Now.”

Sarah was confused by how serious Dan was being. She just wanted to veg out on the couch after the events of the previous night. But she could tell there was something bothering her husband so she quickly stripped out of her dress and found some clean clothes and underwear in her suitcase. It wasn’t long after that Dan and Sarah walked out of the apartment, passed a confused Lester who was still expecting her to join him in his room.

“Whats going on Dan?” Sarah was staring to get worried. “Is this about last night? We should probably talk about it.”

“Let’s wait until we get downstairs,” Dan said, guiding her into the elevator. Dan watched the descending numbers on the elevator screens. He was tense and Sarah knew something was seriously bothering him. It had to be Jesse.

She hadn't expected nor had she wanted Jesse to be in the hotel room last night. Things had quickly gotten out of hand. Sarah didn't exactly regret what happened. It had been a thrilling and exhilarating experience for her. But Dan was clearly pissed and she totally understood why.

Lester could have picked anyone else but he roped in Jesse, someone he must have known Dan didn't like. And to top that off, Dan's suspicions were right this entire time. Lester had been in contact with Jesse. But they still didn't know what that meant. Could Lester be involved with the Lincoln Group somehow?

When the elevators doors opened, Dan led Sarah back out of the building, across the parking lot and into their car. Dan let out a long sigh as he rested his head back against the seat. He closed his eyes and pinched the bridge of his nose.

Sarah sat there patiently, waiting for her husband to speak. The minutes ticked by and finally she decided to start things off.

"Look, last night. I don't know what happened to you but there is something you need to know. Something that happened in the hotel room." Sarah said.

"I got arrested last night," Dan blurted out.

"What?" Sarah was shocked. She hadn't expected that at all. "Arrested? For what? When? Why didn't you call me?"

"I did call you," Dan opened his eyes and looked at her hard, "You didn't answer. I think you were busy."

Sarah felt her stomach drop. While she had been having sex with one of the two men last night, her husband had needed her and she wasn't there for him.

"Dan, I'm so sorry. I didn't know. I would have been there. I would have come and got you. I'm sorry. But what happened?" Sarah asked.

"When I was paying for dinner," Dan started, "Oh and Lester stuck me with your bill too by the way. I got a text message from Jesse. A pic of him standing in front of room 326. I went up there and started looking for you and before I knew it the cops show up and dragged me away."

"That sneaky little shit," Sarah said, "But how did you get arrested? Did you knock? I don't get it."

"Because you weren't in that room. Some old guy was. You guys must have been in another room. So I went looking for you and I guess maybe I had a couple more drinks than I should have and some guests reported me for making a disturbance."

"Did you? You know make a disturbance?"

"Of course I did! Maybe a little more than I should have but it was fucking Jesse. Showing up like that like he knew our plans. I went nuts!" Dan's face was getting red and suddenly any arousal Sarah had been feeling was washed away by immense shame and guilt.

“Dan, I know that things didn’t work out the way we wanted last night but I’m pretty positive we were in room 326.”

“You weren’t. Trust me.” Dan said.

Sarah thought back to the previous night. Lester had put on the blindfold in the elevator so she actually didn’t see the room number they walked into. And this morning she hadn’t paid any attention to them on their way out. Lester was practically holding her up as they rode down the elevator. Just one quick glance and she would have known what floor she was on.

Lester did show her his phone and his texts to Dan. He did tell him room 326 a couple of times.

“Didn’t Lester text you?” Sarah asked.

“I don’t know. My phone is dead and charging upstairs.”

“Okay so maybe lets just say that we weren’t in room 326,” Sarah said as she slowly tried to put some puzzle pieces together in her head, “Do you think Lester was lying to us to fuck with you? He couldn’t have gotten you arrested, its not like he as a bunch of police officer friends.”

“Who knows! He could have a bunch of cop friends. We don’t know a fucking thing about him. Besides his little Dungeons and Dragons group, what do we really know about the guy?” Dan said.

Sarah felt like she had a good handle on Lester. She had spent a lot of time with him after all. But she had to admit she really didn’t know anything about him other than surface details the the way his cock felt inside of her.

“I guess we don’t really know much about him. He’s private I guess.” Sarah said.

“Private? More like he’s fucking hiding things.” Dan muttered.

“Hiding what?” Sarah asked.

“I’m not sure yet. But I’m going to figure it out. Don’t you think its just a little weird that your workplace got hacked and so did Jesse’s? Thats a little too much of a coincidence, don’t you think?” Dan asked.

“I don’t know, I mean I guess. It could just mean that hackers are getting better and better at hacking people though,” Sarah didn’t really see where Dan was going with this. It was a little odd but she had heard of plenty of cases of other hospitals being hacked along with countless other companies. It was unfortunately becoming more and more common these days.

“Was Jesse in that room last night?” Dan said quietly.

Sarah paused for a few seconds before answering, “Yes, I didn’t know that he was –”

“I know. I know you didn’t know Sarah. And I need to ask about that but look at it. Two out of the three people there have had their workplaces hacked. Don’t you think that just happens to be a bit too high?”

“Okay Dan, just spit it out. What are you getting at?” Sarah asked.

“What if it was Lester?” Dan asked, “What if it was Lester who hacked both of your companies?”

Sarah stared at Dan for several seconds as the idea rattled around in her brain. She could see how Dan was making the connection but it still felt like he was jumping to conclusions. Connecting disparate dots and seeing a picture that wasn't reality.

“I don't know Dan, don't you think that's a bit of a reach?” Sarah tried to keep her tone neutral.

“I don't think so. He works in cyber security doesn't he? He probably has the skills to do this. It just seems like too much of a coincidence that two people connected to him have had this happen,” Dan seemed like a dog with a bone, determined to follow this line of thinking wherever it led.

“Okay, I can see that. But you could also say that two people you know have been hacked too, that doesn't make you the hacker, right?” Sarah said.

Dan just shook his head, his brain clearly going a mile a minute. He gestured dismissively at the idea, “But I don't have those skills Sarah, I couldn't. He fits.”

“Maybe. I guess I can kind of see it but we don't really know what kind of skills Lester has. I feel like we have a general idea of what he does but we're just assigning all these computer skills to him because it's convenient, you know?” Sarah said tepidly.

“But we don't know what his skills are Sarah. He could be able to do this,” Dan added.

“Yeah,” Sarah admitted, “Maybe he could. But what's the point? What was his end goal in hacking two people he knows?”

“I don't know that yet. Maybe he used information he knew about your workplaces to get a foot in. I don't have all the answers just yet but it fits.”

“Maybe. I can see how you can see that it fits Dan but I'm not exactly sure it's a perfect fit,” Sarah said.

Dan furrowed his brow, “Okay how about this. Statistically what is the likelihood of two people being in the same hotel room last night that both had their workplaces hacked?”

Sarah braced herself for the gut punch. The discussion about Jesse was about to happen, “I mean I guess the two people could be coworkers who work for the same company...”

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, “That's not — Uh, Sarah why do you always have to have a smart answer for everything —”

“I know, I'm sorry,” Sarah raised her hands innocently, “To your point I guess it's probably unlikely.”

“Really fucking unlikely,” Dan exclaimed, “The fact that you and Jesse were in the room with Lester.....”

Dan trailed off. Sarah watched his face as his mind seemed to shift gears to realizing that she was alone in a hotel room with Lester and Jesse last night. Her husband looked at her with uncertain eyes before staring out the windshield.

“So last night...,” Dan started. Sarah waited patiently for her husband to find the words. She didn’t want to rush into this. She knew how difficult this conversation was going to be. The events of last night had surprised her. More surprising was her reaction to it. How easy it was for her to justify and embrace the situation. How much pleasure she had derived from being shared between the two men all night long...

She hated the idea of admitting all of that to Dan but she wanted to be as truthful as possible.

“So you left the restaurant.....” the gears shifting in Dan’s head, “then what happened?”

“Lester brought us up to our hotel room. I thought you would follow right behind us.”

“I got stuck paying my bill and yours, you guys left abruptly and I had to settle up. I wasn’t expecting that.”

“Wait, what do you mean you paid our bill?”

“Something about me arranging it when I made my reservation. In support of the happy couple,” Dan said.

“Oh so Lester....that sneaky asshole,” Sarah could only shake her head. Lester was always trying to pull stupid shit like this with Dan.

“See what I mean? Sneaky. Like a hacker. Between sticking me with the bill and that whole Dan DeCuck thing.....such an asshole.”

“Lester being an asshole is not something I’m disputing,” Sarah said, “He’s is a gigantic asshole.” With an amazing cock.

“So you get to the hotel room...” Dan continued.

“Right, well I put on a blindfold in the elevaot,” Sarah said seeing Dan’s eyes, “So yes I guess I could have gone into a different room number. I can’t remember baby. Anyways I get in there and Lester tell me we’re not alone. That your in the corner watching and there is another man.”

“Jesse.....” Dan growls.

“Jesse. Yes but I didn’t know that at the time. I just thought it was some guy and that because you were there, it was okay. You were okay with it. I didn’t even think to question Lester. Maybe I didn’t want to question him. The situation, being blindfolded. Knowing eyes were on me. It was intoxicating. I wanted to see what would happen. How far you’d let things go.”

Dan stayed silent, his hands tight on the steering wheel even though the car wasn’t moving. His eyes looking out the windshield.

“So what happened next,” Dan asked.

“The man....Jesse came up to me and got me out of my dress,” Sarah said watching a vein throbbing on Dan’s temple, “Then when he was getting more aggressive, Lester stepped in and fucked me on the bed while Jesse and, well, in my mind you were watching.”

“After,” Sarah continued, “Jesse climbed on top of me and put himself inside me. Lester told me I could take off my blindfold. When I did I looked around for you but I didn’t see you anywhere.”

Dan turned to look at Sarah, “And what did you do then?”

Sarah hung her head, “I let Jesse continue fucking me. Then Lester again. Dan I’m sorry but they took turns with me all night.”

“Jesus fucking christ Sarah! How many times. How many times did you fuck each of them!?”

Sarah hung her head, “I honestly don’t know. I wasn’t exactly keeping track.”

“How many times did you cum then? Did you cum with Lester? Did Jesse make you cum?” Dan demanded.

“Dan – don’t, don’t make this harder than it has to be, okay? It’s not important –”

“It’s important to me Sarah. Did Jesse make you cum?” Dan asked again.

“Yes!” Sarah said, “Yes he made me cum. And he fucked me again this morning if you need to know that too. Do you think I wanted this scenario. I thought you were there, maybe that was naive but I believed it. I believed Lester. Maybe that was my fault but I thought you’d be there instead of getting arrested.”

“That’s not fair at all,” Dan replied.

“Did you try calling my phone? Maybe I could have heard it and put a stop to things. Instead you went on a drunken rant through the hallways and left me there alone with them,” Sarah said.

“That’s not fair and you know it. I didn’t realize how strong those drinks were and it’s Lester who manipulated the situation. He invited Jesse to this whole thing just to fuck with me. He told me the wrong room. This isn’t on me,” Dan declared.

“You’re right. Lester did set this up and we both walked into it. I should have known better and maybe you should have drunk less and kept me protected,” Sarah said.

As angry as she wanted to be with Lester for pitting her against her husband like this, there was a dark thrill inside of her that was tickled by the situation he had put her in. Being fucked all night by more than one man. Lester had opened up new worlds for her. He was unpredictable and delivering her new experiences that she was beginning to crave. Experiences that Dan hadn’t given her in all their years of marriage. Maybe that was why Lester had kept Dan at bay. He knew that Dan would put an end to things and deny Sarah these new experiences.

But that didn’t make what he did right. He shouldn’t come between a married couple like this. But Lester never really did give a shit. He just did what he wanted. An attitude that Sarah continued to find herself drawn to.

“Part of the thrill for me was thinking you were there. Knowing you were watching,” Sarah continued, “I don’t know why I didn’t stop when I realized you weren’t. I’m sure part of me wanted to. But by then I was lost in it all. In that situation. In the pleasure. The attention. I couldn’t control myself Dan.”

“Lester seems to have that effect on you,” Dan muttered, “And now it seems like Jesse does too.”

Sarah scoffed and shook her head, “Jesse doesn’t impact me like that. It could have been anyone else last night and I would have reacted the same way. I mean, there is something there just because you dislike him so much but no, he doesn’t have a hold on me.”

“It honestly makes me sick to my stomach knowing that....thinking about him on top of you like that. I know you came but did you enjoy it? Is he.....I don’t even want to know...is he better than me?”

Sarah looked at her husband and chuckled. She could see the uneasiness in his eyes. Sarah knew that Jesse joining the prestigious firm had thrown him for a loop and made him question his own abilities. But he had nothing to worry about, “No, Dan he wasn’t better than you. He was different sure but you are on another entirely different level. It was more the situation than anything that worked for me last night.”

“What do you mean, different? Different good? Different bad?” Dan asked.

“Just different,” Sarah said, “It was like he was desperate. Hungry for it. In the moment it worked for me but now that I think more about it, it just comes off as kind of needy. Not the most attractive trait.”

“Besides,” Sarah said turning her body towards her husband, her cleavage on display as she pushed her arms together, “Minus the whole Jesse thing, what would you have done if you were in the room with us? Would you have put a stop to things?”

Sarah’s voice grew sultry as she ran her hand up Dan’s leg, “Would you have carried me out of that room or would you have sat and watched as two guys took turns with your wife?”

“I...um....fuck...Sarah...thats not....”

“Close your eyes and picture it. Me with two strangers. Taking turns with me. Would you tell me to stop,” Sarah’s hand caressed Dan’s growing erection through his pants. Sarah whispered, “I noticed this earlier. You’re cock getting hard talking about me in that hotel room. I think part of you is just upset you didn’t get to see what happened.”

“Thats not just it, Sarah,” Dan breathed as Sarah continued to stroke his cock, “It’s being jerked around and feeling like some kind of pawn in a game I don’t even realize I’m playing. Lester doing underhanded shit to try to win.”

“So beat him,” Sarah whispered, “Beat that fucking creep at his own game Dan. Don’t let him win.”

Sarah sat back in her seat and bit her lip, looking hard at Dan. She ran her hands gently over the outline of her breasts, "You don't want him stealing your precious prize do you?"

Dan audibly groaned from his seat, "Jesus Sarah...I.....fuck."

Sarah let her sexy facade drop and laughed, "You're seriously too easy Dan. I love it."

"That's not fair at all," Dan complained, "You can't just turn the sexy act on and try to sweep all of this under the rug. I'm still pissed about –"

"Baby you should know better than that. Me being sexy isn't an act," Sarah levelled her gaze at Dan making him gulp, "I only choose whether to turn the dial up or down given the situation."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "That still doesn't just wash this all away."

"You're right. Last night still happened" and this morning. "I won't say that I didn't enjoy things because I did like parts of it..." Sarah chose her words carefully, "But you being in the dark and not a part of it wasn't what we wanted. We need to address that with Lester."

"Its so fucking weird that we're still talking about that creep having more time with you in the future but fuck it, no more Jesse. He has to get that through his thick skull of his too that at some point I'm going to reach my breaking point with him. He can't keep pulling this shit."

"I agree baby. You're right," Sarah put her hand comfortingly on her husband's arm. "I think we're overdo to have a sitdown come to jesus chat with Lester. Lets go back up there and –"

"No," Dan said.

"No?" Sarah leaned forward confused. It seemd like they had a direction that they could move forward with and lay new ground rules for Lester to follow. And break.

"No. You're not going back up there. If you are good to drive, I think its best that you just head out now. I don't want Lester anywhere near you today. That bastard had enough of you last night. I'm not going to let him manipulate things further. I need to get my head straight first."

"But my suitcase....I just need to grab it," Sarah said. He suitcase was in Dan's bedroom, next to Lester's where he was probably naked on his bed stroking his cock expecting her back up there any second to spit and lick his mezmerizing cock.

"I'll go get it," Dan said opening the door, "Just wait here. I'll be back in a second."

Sarah moved into the driver's seat and watched Dan stalk back into the building. God that man can be sexy when he's serious.

A few minutes later Dan returned and loaded her suitcase into the backseat.

"Are you sure you're okay to drive?" Dan asked, "You had a long night."

"I'll be fine baby," Sarah said, "Unless you want me to go back upstairs with Lester?"

"Don't you start with that," Dan said, "We still need to talk more about what happened last night. But I just want you to get out of Chicago."

“Not without a kiss baby,” Sarah purred.

Dan’s hard facade seemed to momentarily break as he leaned into the car and kissed his wife. Their lips lingered together, both of them wanting more from the other.

Sarah was a little disappointed to be leaving Chicago a day earlier than planned but it was probably for the best. She didn’t know what might happen if she spent another night in close confines with Lester. She wasn’t sure Dan or her marriage could take another hit like that so soon after the previous night’s events.

“I love you,” Sarah said rolling down her window as she put the car into drive.

“I love you too,” Dan stood there crossing his arms. He said the right words but his body language was still tense. This issue wasn’t settled and it would take time to get back to where they had been just the day before. Maybe it was time to indulge in his fantasies without Lester. Show Dan he was still the one in control.

Sarah waved good by to her husband as her car pulled out onto the street and in the direction of home. The idea of control rattled in her mind. Had Dan ever really been in control? For as long as she could remember, she was the one who was in the driver’s seat. That was until Lester came around. The way he took charge and put her into situations that unleashed her dark side. As she drove she wondered who was more familiar with the dark impulses within her. Lester or her husband?

\*\*\*

“Excuse me, I think you’re in my seat,” Sarah had just arrived at work to find someone else sitting at her desk. Well, at least the cubicle where she was currently assigned. Her real desk was in the office that the head of HR had taken over. She was trying to be a bigger person and not let that bug her but it still felt humiliating.

Like her value was being increasingly diminished. Things she had worked hard for over the years were just being stripped away from her. Her new colleagues at the hospital were basically telling her she wasn’t good enough for what she had strived to achieve. That they knew better, and that voice deep down in her soul that told her she wasn’t good enough, was right all along.

“Um, Sorry?” The pretty young woman said looking up at her. The girl clearly looked flustered at being confronted. Sarah didn’t recognize her. She was probably new. Not too long ago Sarah had been looped in on all new hires. Not she wasn’t even consulted. Another part of her responsibilities slowly being ceded away from her. “My boss told me to sit here and get set up. I just started,” the girl continued, “she said that the desk was vacant.”

Sarah felt the tension returning to her shoulders, “Who’s your boss?”

“Mary,” the young girl said pointing towards Sarah’s old office, where the new head of HR resided.

“Thank you,” Sarah breathed, faking a diplomatic tone. The girl seemed to pick up on Sarah’s anger and quickly swiveled back around to focus on her computer. Sarah squared her shoulders and walked over to her old office.

“Mary?” Sarah asked sticking her head in, “Got a second?”

The older woman sitting behind the desk looked up at Sarah with impatient eyes. Her eyes scanned Sarah’s body for several seconds and a disgruntled look appeared on her face, “Sarah. What can I help you with? I’m about to step out to a meeting.”

“I’ll be quick,” Sarah stepped into the room. The further Sarah moved into the room the deeper the frown on Mary’s face grew. Sarah gestured over her shoulder, “There’s a new young lady at my desk I was just wondering whether –”

Mary scoffed and rolled her eyes, “Don’t you read your email? You’ve been reassigned.”

“Reassigned?” Sarah stammered, “I’m up to date with my emails. There’s nothing there about it. What do you mean reassigned?”

“The position of hospital administrator has been eliminated,” Mary said coldly.

Sarah stood there shocked, waiting for the scornful woman to elaborate. She didn’t. The older woman seemed to take some perverse pleasure in seeing Sarah wither in front of her.

“What does that mean?” Sarah asked, “You can’t just –”

“It was a board decision,” Mary waved her hand dismissively, “The executive team and the board are restructuring things. Making this place run like an actual hospital should.” She leveled a flat gaze at Sarah that seemed to imply that Sarah had been part of what made the hospital run poorly in the past.

“While of course we appreciate all your hard work, the board felt it made more sense for many of those responsibilities to sit with their respective departments. Since everyone reports into Richard anyway, the role was somewhat redundant.”

Sarah felt like the walls were closing in her. Her heart felt like it was going to leap out of her chest. What the fuck was happening?

“So what does...” Sarah started but couldn’t quite find the words, her brain still shocked from the bombshell this nasty woman just dropped on her.

“Oh get it out,” Mary spat, “I’m not a mind reader.”

“You said I was reassigned, what does that mean?” Sarah asked.

Mary grumbled, “You should have got an email.”

“Anyway,” the older woman continued, “There is a role that recently opened up. The hiring manager thought you would be a good fit for it. I’ll send you the job description but ultimately it’s up to you if you decide to take it or not.”

Sarah groaned as her mind raced. She had been on the other side of this situation enough times to know that Illinois was an at-will employment state and that she could be let go for any reason. Eliminating her role entirely was perfectly justifiable. She just wondered whether the hospital would pay out any severance if she didn't take the new position.

"If I don't take it, is there some sort of package or?" Sarah started before Mary huffed.

"Let me be frank dear. Your position no longer exists. No, we aren't in a position to offer any severance. It is just through sheer luck that this position in IT opened up and you were thought of for it. If you don't want it, the door is behind you.

IT? "Whose the hiring manager?" Sarah breathed.

"Lester Marshall, the new interim head of IT." Mary smiled but it didn't reach her eyes, "Now if you don't mind I need to head to that meeting. Please go speak with him to figure out where you'll be sitting. And check your damn email. If you don't want the position just let Lester know and we'll get the process started on our end."

Sarah walked out of her former office in stunned silence. She heard Mary scoff at her again as the older woman closed the door and walked past her to whatever meeting she was attending. Just like that Sarah's professional career had taken a massive hit and she was still reeling from it. Did Lester vouch for her and create this position to save her from being let go?

It didn't fit with the narrative she had talked with Dan about but she had a hard time putting the pieces together any other way. Lester was on the executive team, something which was almost comical to say. He would be privy to those high level discussions. Maybe he had saved her.

Sarah took the elevator down to the floor where IT resides. She tried to hold her head high, not wanting her true feelings to betray her professional demeanor. It was such a demotion, even though she was apparently staying at the same salary she no longer held as much sway and responsibilities as she did just a few months ago.

Sarah took a deep breath and she pushed open the door to the IT section and strode across the floor towards Lester's new office. She remembered coming here many times to strategize with his predecessor Jerry who had been unjustly fired by the new CEO Richard. He had looked onto the form of her husband's fat roommate who had his feet up on the desk eating a large bag of Cheetos. He didn't give off the appearance of the head of IT but Sarah knew he was extremely competent with computers and all things that the hospital required.

As she walked towards him, she did realize she was pretty ignorant about Lester's level of expertise. Her thoughts turning to Dan's suspicions about Lester and whether there was any truth to them.

"Sarah," Lester smiled as she approached. He stood up and wiped the Cheeto dust from his fingers on his shirt, leaving visible stains behind, "Whats wrong?"

Sarah stopped at the door to his office, taken aback by his ability to read her emotions. She was sure she had buried them deep and was hiding them better than this.

"It's nothing...it's just..." Sarah didn't know what to say. She was still processing the complex emotions from her rollercoaster of a morning. She needed to just sit and take stock but life wasn't going to let her do that. Here she was in her office on the verge of breaking down again, her professional persona about to crumble in front of her.

"Hey," Lester scooted his large body around the desk and quickly closed the door behind Sarah. As the door clicked shut Sarah felt a flood of emotions break from her. Anger, frustration all at the life she had spent years building come crashing down.

"It's everything Lester," Sarah started. Surprised she was confiding in him of all people but she needed to talk about this. Needed to talk to someone who understood the situation. She just needed to vent and he was here for her. "All the new staff in the hospital. They just don't give a shit about any of us. I just found out that my position was eliminated and how I've been demoted to come and work down here."

"No offense," she added.

"I'm sorry," Lester said, "That sounds like a really fucking rough morning."

Sarah breathed out a sigh of relief and some tension released from her shoulders. She felt validated. Maybe it was this place that was crazy, not her.

"Don't be sorry Lester," Sarah breathed, "This isn't your fault."

"Maybe it is, just a little bit," Lester said quietly.

"What?" Anger flashed in Sarah's eyes as she spun towards Lester, "What do you mean?"

Lester held his hands up defensively, "When I heard they were going to eliminate your position. I just blurted out that I needed help in my department. Because of all the cutbacks I've made I need a right hand to help run things. They weren't sure at first but I convinced them you'd be a great fit. I'm sorry if I overstepped."

Sarah stared back at Lester speechless for several seconds as things clicked into place in her head. She hated the fact that she was demoted and now working in IT a department that didn't interest her at all. But the alternative would have been worse. Just having her position eliminated and being out on her ass. At least this way, she had some runway to figure things out for herself.

"I..uh..thank you Lester," Sarah said meeting his eyes. If it hadn't been for his quick thinking, she'd be out on the street right now. He had given her a lifeline and she fully intended to embrace it. Sarah put her hand on Lester's arm, "Truly, thank you. I'm sorry if I came in here like a hot mess."

Lester just chuckled, "I've seen you as a hot mess and this ain't it, believe me."

Sarah just grinned and shook her head, slapping him playfully on the arm, "Ass."

"I know this arrangement isn't what you want –"

"It's fine," Sarah cut in. "For now. I mean, is it what I spent the last several years of my life building towards? Definitely not. But I can still keep a roof over my kids head. Thanks to you Lester."

"I was just in the right place at the right time," Lester shrugged, "You know, I think my newest employee has had a rough day. Maybe you should take the rest of the day to get your head straight."

"It's okay, I'm fine –"

"I insist," Lester tapped a book on his desk that had been part of the new employee welcome package from HR, "Besides HR says mental health is important right?"

Sarah just shook her head, "I guess. Thanks Lester. I think taking a few hours to get my mind wrapped around this would be great."

"Perfect," Lester said as he lead her to his office door and opened it. He gestured for her to step out and he slyly took a long lingering gaze at her ass as she moved past him. He cleared his throat and followed her out into the cubicle farm.

"One thing before you go," Lester said leading her towards another door. "When you come back tomorrow, this is your office."

The door swung open and Sarah's eyes opened wide. She had expected to be relegated to another cubicle not to have her own office. The room was well light and only had a desk and a chair for furniture. There wasn't a window but she had an office once again.

"An office? Are you sure? I don't want to jump the line, i'm here here Lester," Sarah looked around for angry stares from her new coworkers.

Lester just chuckled, "The hospital let go of half the department Sarah. We have plenty of room."

"Besides," Lester eyed her playfully, "I want my girl close by me."

Sarah slapped him on the arm again while gesturing for him to keep quiet, "You seriously need to keep quiet."

Lester whispered back, "Who gives a fuck. You hate all these new people here. What has being the most attractive competent person at this place done for you? Landed you here with me. Its not fair Sarah."

Sarah shook her head while Lester's words took root. The fact that someone recognizes how good she is at her job and that what she is experiecing is in fact unfair and not just in her head. It felt good to be seen like that.

"Regardless," Sarah started, "I still have my own professional code I'm going to follow. I can't let a few bad apples bring me down to their level."

"Good," Lester leaned in conspiratorily, "I much rather you come down to my level and get down a dirty."

“Okay!” Sarah said backing away from Lester, “I’m going to do as you asked and go take the rest of the day off. See you tomorrow Mr. Marshall.”

Lester just smirked at her as she walked out of the IT department. She was relieved that Lester allowed her to leave early. Her mind was still a mess even though Lester had helped her feel better about everything. He was the sole person at the hospital who offered her any kind of comfort. It was a relief to know that she wasn’t alone there anymore. Sarah chuckled to herself at her earlier conversation with Dan, that Lester was some kind of hacker. Despite being his roommate, Dan really didn’t know Lester the way she did.

Sarah walked through the halls of the hospital as quickly as her feet would take her. She just wanted to get out of the building. As her heels clicked through the atrium she saw the familiar janitorial cart up against the wall. Her head turned as she saw Otis mopping the floor of the men’s bathroom. His eyes locked with hers and a toothy grin spread onto his face.

Sarah broke eyes contact and turned back towards the building’s back doors. The last thing she needed was some horny janitor following her with expectations of another encounter. She still couldn’t believe that she had let him watch her and cum on her face like that. It was humiliating but she couldn’t deny the dark thrill it had given her.

She pushed open the door and quickly found her car. There was still a few hours before she had to pick up the girls from school. Sarah pulled out of the parking lot and the thought of just driving on to Chicago to see Dan crossed her mind. She would try to go back up next week but the city still called to her.

Despite all the issues going on at work, the pull of Chicago wasn’t as strong as it used to be.

\*\*\*

‘Beat Lester at his own game.’ Sarah’s words kept echoing in his head. Every time he had gone head to head against Lester Dan had lost. Or been rebuffed. Or celebrated his victory too early only to suffer defeat later. Dan DeCuck the hostess saying into the phone.

If he was going to go after Lester, he needed to be smarter about it. Dan couldn’t get lost in emotions and react and let Lester see his hands. No, the best way to attack Lester was a sneak attack. He couldn’t let Lester know he was coming for him before he was ready to reveal his cards and shut that asshole down once and for all.

Sarah hadn’t entirely believed Dan when he brought up Lester being the one to hack her company. Dan still didn’t know the ‘Why’ or the details on the ‘How’ but he sure as hell knew he ‘Who.’ Lester fucking Marshall. His incel like roommate. Dan just needed his silver bullet to prove to Sarah that he was behind this. And maybe even prove it to the authorities.

The way Lester manipulates situations. The way he sidetracked Dan last night and brought someone like Jesse into the hotel room with Sarah. He was a planner. And he was manipulative. Lester was driving forward an agenda that neither Dan nor Sarah was aware of.

Unfortunately it seemed like Sarah still wasn’t buying into all of this yet. But she had to see the signs. Now Dan just needed to find some harder proof.

Operation No More Lester was about to begin.

Dan's cell phone rang snapping him back to reality. He looked around the office for his cell phone. He shuffled a few stacks of papers to the side as it kept ringing incessantly. There was so much piling up lately. Fuck he just wanted to focus on Lester.

But reality had other plans for it seemed. He found his phone and sighed at the display. It was Sentinel Securities again. He answered it tentatively and went over their current project with them. There was an undercurrent of disappointment in the voice on the other end of the phone.

"Dan, while we're hitting all our timelines we just expected or hoped for a bit more dedication on this."

Dan winced but didn't let it deter him, "We are still well within our agreement and what we set out initially to achieve. I do have other clients and obligations I'm balancing here. If you want more focus on your project that could be something we explore but we would need to come to a new arrangement."

Dan steadied himself. He was already working himself like a dog to keep them happy while building his roster of other clients plus staying on top of all of his current job's demands. From the response he got, it seemed like Sentinel may consider upping his hours but they wanted to discuss it more internally first. Dan wasn't entirely sure how he would manage it.

After the call ended, Dan tried to get his mind back on track to deal with Lester. The mountain of paperwork and requests in front of him made it difficult. He had asked his boss Walt to bring his pay back to what it was before, even arguing that he deserved more because of his increased workload.

But the old man flatly denied him. Being on the brink of financial ruin seemed to make her nervous and now he was like Scrooge pinching every penny.

Dan stood up and paced around his office, trying to think up what he needed to do to take Lester down. What information he needed. What leverage he could gain on him. Dan glanced at the box of hidden cameras he purchased sitting under his desk.

He winced at them. There was no way he could get home to Middleton anytime soon to install them. With Lester spending so much time in town he knew he needed to be able to monitor his house somehow.

Dan sat back in his chair, thinking about all he knew about Lester. There wasn't much. He had a company that dealt with cyber security. That was at least one angle Dan could look into. Maybe see what information he could find about it. Past clients, that sort of thing. Try to talk to anyone that has dealt with Lester's business.

The only other aspects of Lester's life that he could think of were his smokeshow of an ex-girlfriend Lizzie and his group of nerd friends. Lizzie was a puzzle piece that didn't make any sense. Maybe there was something there. But how the hell would he track her down? Dan

opened Instagram and started looking up Lizzie's or Elizabeth's scrolling fruitlessly looking for a familiar face.

Dan wasted half an hour scrolling through his phone looking for a match but came up empty handed. He just knew there was something here though. Lizzie was important. Maybe she wouldn't reveal anything to him but she had to know a lot about Lester. If they really were in a relationship at one point. Who knows, maybe she was just a prostitute Lester had hired to trick them? That seemed extreme but he wanted to keep all possibilities open here.

The other avenue he had to explore was Lester's dungeons and dragons group. He remembered the one short guy said something about having a board game store or something. Dan couldn't remember his name or any of the details. Turning on his monitor he quickly opened google maps and looked up board game stores in Chicago. There were over a dozen. Dan started to meticulously go through their listings looking for something, anything that might tie them to Lester's peculiar friend.

Dan scanned through the images on google maps, looking for someone who looked familiar. He scanned through their websites until he landed on one where he saw a picture of that Eugene guy in the background.

This must be it....

Dan checked the time. There was still a lot of work he needed to attend to but he felt like this couldn't wait. He had to dive in and follow this lead while it was hot. If only he had the money to hire a private investigator to do all this legwork.

Dan left his office and took a bus towards the board game store. He wasn't sure what, exactly he was looking to learn but it was the only lead he had. Still, he needed to be careful. He couldn't just come out asking questions or he might tip Lester off somehow.

As Dan entered the store the short man behind the counter squinted at him before smiled.

"You're..." the short man began, "Lester's roommate right?"

"Yep, that's me. Sorry I forgot your name."

"Ned" the short pudgy man stuck out his hand for Dan to shake. Dan smiled and shook it, "Nice to meet you."

"So Dan, did Lester send you?" Ned's eyes darting to the store's windows as if looking for Lester lurking outside.

"No, I didn't even know you worked here," Dan said, "I just wanted to grab a gift for my nieces. Just looking for a good kid's board game."

"This is my store, I own it," Ned beamed, "We definitely have something for you, let's go see what we got."

Dan let Ned lead him to a section of the store with games for younger children. He made some small talk, discreetly asking some questions about Lester. Much to Dan's dismay it seemed like

Ned didn't know a lot about Lester. He had joined their group a few years ago but kept most of his details to himself. Ned would help Lester out with odd jobs here but didn't know a ton about him.

"What sort of odd jobs do you?" Dan asked casually while feigning interest in the board game in front of him.

"It varies. Sometimes replacing drywall. Or driving Lester somewhere. Or....." Ned trailed off.

"Or?" Dan asked.

"Nothing," Ned corrected himself, quickly changing topics. "Yeah so we do raids a few nights a week, I'm surprised you never joined us," Ned said.

"Oh I'm usually busy most nights. Work, you know. That must be hard to coordinate everyboday," Dan said while absently looking at a board game box.

"It's easy we all just jump on discord and when there is enough of us we jump on," Ned said absently.

"Discord?" Dan asked.

"It's an online community. Kind of like old school message boards but with more features and stuff."

"Huh." Dan understood that Ned was the kind of guy that liked validation from people "Sounds cool."

"It is cool," Ned exclaimed, "You should join us on there sometime. I could invite you."

Dan didn't really know if this was a lead worth pursuing but it didn't seem like Ned had anything else to offer. Though he did wonder what other odd jobs Ned did for Lester. There might be something there.

"Sure I guess, could be cool," Dan shrugged.

"Here," Ned fumbled with his phone until a QR code was displayed on it, "Scan this with your camera, it's an invite to one of our servers. I'm Surgebinder on there feel free to shoot me a message and I'll help you out."

A group of young teens entered the store and Ned's gaze shifted to them. He looked at them like pools of disposable income. Dan quickly scanned the code on his phone and said, "Ring me up for this game, I'll take it."

Ned quickly checked him out and Dan paid. Ned's attention shifted to the kids looking at Pokemon cards, "Don't be a stranger okay Dan? If your nieces like that we have plenty of other games for their age group."

"Thanks Ned, for everything, I'll be back," Dan walked out of the store unsure if he made any progress. Still he had a new avenue of investigation, whatever this discord thing was. Dan just

hoped that he would be a blip on Ned's radar for the day and the peculiar man didn't mention anything to Lester.

\*\*\*

"I'm sorry hun, we won't be able to take the girls this weekend," Sarah's father said over the phone. "You're aunt's health isn't doing too good and your mother and I are heading up to see her."

"That's okay dad," Sarah said, "Give Aunt Tabby my best okay? I love you."

"Love you to sweetheart, take care now," her father said.

Sarah hung up the phone and put her face in her hands. She had already asked Dan's parents who weren't available to watch the girls. And now her parents were going away for the weekend as well. Sarah sighed trying to figure this one out.

Dan had seemed, distant on the phone. Preoccupied with something. Or at least not willing to speak about what he was working on. It almost felt like he was doing something he didn't want to fully reveal to her. She needed to get him alone to discuss whatever it was. There was something there but she didn't know what. It couldn't be what had happened the last time she had been in Chicago....

While they had started to work past that, she could see where the knowledge of that night could still haunt him, forcing him to confront the same feelings alone by himself.

But now it looked like she wouldn't be able to see him. She took out her phone to text him.

S: Hey baby, talked to my parents. They can't watch the girls this weekend either. Can you come down?

D: I can't baby, not this weekend at least. I'm sorry.

Sarah sighed. With everything going on at work she wanted to get away. The last few days hadn't been too bad. Lester had kept her fairly insulated from other events taking place in the hospital while giving her details on decisions the executive team was making.

She knew he shouldn't be sharing such sensitive information with her but she loved finally getting an inner track to the new executive team's decision making. Lester would often ask her advice on how to approach situations and deal with other team members, something she was more than capable of providing.

While it wasn't exactly what she wanted, she couldn't help but feel a semblance of the importance that she once held. Lester was at least providing her with that lifeline.

But she still yearned for Dan's presence. Just to be consoled by the man she had chosen to share her life with. She'd have to wait a bit longer before she could feel that sense of security again. Sarah rested her head on her chair. She was stronger than this. She shouldn't let these things bug her but they did. But Dan's touch would certainly take her mind off things.

With a sigh she got up and went on with her day.

When the end of the week came, Sarah picked up her daughters from work with a smile. Despite everything going on with her, her daughters were still a bright point in her life and she loved being a mother and caring for them. Watching them interact with the world and grow right before her eyes. She could only smile as she drove them home, listening to the girls talk about the elementary school drama going on in their lives.

It seemed so normal for the short drive home. If Sarah couldn't be with Dan this weekend, she'd double down on time with her daughters. She cooked them a simple meal, bathed them and then settled in to watch a new Disney movie with them. By nine both girls were falling asleep on the couch so Sarah helped them brush their teeth, change into their pajamas and tucked them into bed.

When she got back downstairs, she tidied the room up and decided it was mommy time. Sarah opened a bottle of wine and poured herself a glass, letting the warm liquored pour down her throat.

Her phone chimed from the kitchen counter. Sarah opened it expecting a text from Dan but instead it was from Lester. Sarah smiled and shook her head at his stupid message.

L: What are you wearing

Sarah just shook her head. She was a mess. Sweatpants, hair pulled up in a bun. Make up washed off from the day with a loose t-shirt. Her half zipped up hoodie hid her lack of a bra.

S: Nothing sexy, I'm a mess right now.

L: Liar. Show me.

Sarah just rolled her eyes. Lester had behaved himself so well all week, actually playing the role of an okay boss and IT department head. But she knew Lester too well. She knew what lay beneath the surface. She'd still caught his glances.

Sarah shook her head and held the phone up above her head and snapped a picture. The angle clearly showed her messy appearance. After all the sexy outfits and lingerie she had worn in Lester's presence she knew it would be a let down. She sent the picture and went back to drinking her wine, moving to the couch in the living room.

L: Yummy

S: Now whoses the liar

L: I'd hit it

Sarah just chuckled. The thought that it was now her boss texting her like this crossed her mind. How these messages would definitely be viewed as wholly inappropriate and an abuse of a power dynamic. Would Richard and Mary from HR even give a shit? She doubted it but it wasn't like she planned on burning Lester by exposing their conversation. Who knew what else would come out of that discussion but also....it was Lester. This is just what their relationship was like.

S: Uh huh. Well thank you I guess

L: Serious, you still look drop dead gorgeous

L: You messy is still sexy. Way more attractive than 99% of women.

Even though she didn't believe him, it was still nice to hear. It still stroked a part of her ego that needed that kind of attention.

S: Yeah right, you're just saying that

L: Send me another pic then

Sarah snapped another pic from a different angle, less flattering than before and sent it to him,

L: I'm already hard

Sarah paused. This was a bit of an escalation. She checked her messaging app again to see if Dan had messaged her back. Netflix was open on the TV in front of her but her chat with Lester seemed more interesting.

With a wicked smirk she replied.

S: Show me. I don't believe you.

Less than a minute later a pic of Lester's hard, angry, intimidating cock appeared on her screen. As she was trying to figure out how to respond to it, another pic of his cock from a different angle popped up, followed by a second one.

Sarah just stared at her screen, looking over every inch and crevice of Lester's cock. She knew she was playing with fire but she couldn't help but take in every part of him. Her pussy pulsed knowing how that cock felt inside of her. It was almost like her vagina had muscle memory from gripping his cock so often. As her eyes traced up his shaft and the thick veins running up it, she could almost feel it. Or at least the lingering memory of it.

L: Speechless?

S: I just wasn't expecting so many pictures.....

L: I can't help what you do to me

S: This is not a workplace appropriate conversation

L: That never stopped you before. Remember our time in your office?

Sarah started responding but a flurry of messages from Lester stopped her in her tracks.

L: Fucking up against the window

L: Breaking your fucking desk

L: Taking you doggy style on the fucking ground of your office

L: Fuck that felt good

S: You weren't my boss then...

L: I've always been your boss. You do whatever I ask.

S: I'm not some obedient slave Lester. I choose to do the things we do.

L: You're my perfect little slut, aren't you? You've said it before

S: That's all sex talk. Now you're my boss for real as fucked up as that is.

Another picture of Lester's large cock popped onto her screen.

L: Take a pic of those tits for me. I want to rub one out to you right now.

S: I don't think HR would approve.

L: I don't give a fuck

Lester's last message lingered there, clearly waiting a response. Sarah bit her lip and lifted up her shirt and snapped a quick picture of her breasts without her face in it. As she hit send, she felt a dark desire twist inside of her.

L: That's my girl.

L: God I want to taste those right now

S: Are you touching yourself?

Lester sent her a short video clip of him stroking his cock in slow motion. The house suddenly seemed exceptionally warm. Sarah's eyes felt like they were glazing over as she watched the looping video.

L: What would you do if you had that right now?

S: I wouldn't be texting

L: What would you be doing?

Sarah paused thinking of what to say, knowing that she might escalate the conversation.

S: I don't know

L: Would you be riding it or want to suck it?

S: Neither

L: ???

S: I'd have my legs wrapped around you as you thrust into me, pinning me to the bed.

S: Moaning your name over and over

L: God that sounds fucking good. I would grab the back of your head and stick my tongue down your throat.

S: My pussy would clench around your cock, milking it. Not letting you go.

L: Condom or no?

S: Fuck no

L: You're making me stroke so hard right now

S: Mhmmmm cum for me big boy. Make a mess.

Sarah waited with baited breath for a picture of Lester's signature large loads. Her hand absently stroking her breast through her shirt. She pictures Lester leaning back on his bed, furiously stroking his large cock looking at the picture of her tits. Maybe he needed something else to push him over the edge.

Sarah snapped another picture of her holding one of her breasts and sent it to him. No response.

S: I want to see it. Show me the mess you make for me.

Sarah layed her head back on the touch and her hand had drifted into her panties. She was already so wet from their sexting. She snapped a picture of her face contorted in pleasure and sent it to him.

S: Come on big boy. I want to see it. Please.

Still nothing. Was it that hard to jerk off and send her a message at the same time? She needed to see that cock explode for her. Because of her. As the minutes ticked by she was getting frustrated, wanting to see that picture and touch herself to give herself her own release.

S: Hello?

S: Lester?

Finally three little dots appeared on her screen. Lester was typing up a message. She held her breath as she waited. Eager to see what he was going to say. She still wished just for a picture. Each millisecond seemed to stretch on for eternity as she waited for his response.

L: I'm outside

S: What?

Sarah got up and looked out the living room window. The darkened shape of Lester's SUV was in her driveway.

S: Lester what are you doing here? You can't be here.

L: You said you wanted to see me cum.

Sarah's mind flashed to her daughters sleeping peacefully upstairs. If they weren't here she was tempted to let Lester in. Even though she knew she shouldn't. Maybe she could go out to his car and.....fuck a neighbor would see that for sure.

S: You shouldn't have come.

L: I haven't yet. I'm still stroking though.

Oh god. It's not like anything had to happen. She just wanted to see Lester's cock explode for her. Then he could leave. Maybe he could just do that from his car and send the picture.....

S: Go to your backdoor

What? Sarah's heart was beating out of her chest as she hurried to the sliding door off the back of her kitchen. Sure enough, Lester was standing there pressing himself up against the glass, stroking his cock through his pants like some kind of pervert looking for a felony convict.

It was dark out but one of her back neighbors still might catch him. Any number of neighbors might have seen him park and lurk into her backyard. Embarrassed, angry and turned on she slide the door open a crack.

"Lester," She hissed, "What the fuck are you doing her?"

"Jerking off," Lester smiled, "I thought that was obvious."

"That's not what I mean!," Sarah chided him.

"You wanted to see me cum, so here I am."

"That's not what I meant and you know it."

"I am not stopping now, I'm getting so close."

"Someone is going to see you and think you're a pervert."

"They're welcome to watch. I don't give a shit. And I am a pervert," he said the word 'pervert' with a sick look.

Sarah wanted to turn away from him. Mortified about a neighbor discovering her secret. But what if one of them called the cops and Lester had to explain why he was there. They might question her too. Would she lie to the police? She pictured herself standing on her porch in the could explaining her relationship with Lester to the police as her worried girls huddled behind her.

Against her better judgement or perhaps giving in, she slid open the sliding door, "Get in. Now."

With a triumphant smirk Lester stepped into the kitchen as Sarah quickly shut the sliding door behind him.

"Lester you are crossing a line, you shouldn't be here," Sarah locked the sliding door and turned around face her husband's roommate.

Lester was leaning against her marble counter, pants around his ankles. He was stroking his massive cock while his eyes were glued to Sarah's ass being hugged by her sweatpants. Sarah froze like a deer in the headlights, her eyes locked onto the cock that was staring angrily back at her.

"I couldn't help it. I'm powerless against you," Lester grunted.

Sarah didn't respond, her brain still trying to process what to do. She knew what she should do. And she knew what she absolutely shouldn't do.

"Someone's going to see you by the window," Lester said.

His comment made its way into her brain and slowly she stepped forward away from the window. Closer to him.

"You shouldn't be here," She whispered.

"But I am."

"It's not right."

"A lot of what you and I do isn't right but here we are."

Sarah was ready to say that her daughters were sleeping upstairs but she didn't want to draw attention to them.

"You should go."

"Right after I cum for you like I promised."

Sarah's eyes finally broke contact with Lester's cock. The slapping sounds of his strokes echoed off the hard surfaces of her kitchen. Her eyes roamed up his hefty body, drinking him in. His arrogance face looking defiant against her while clearly enjoying his own masturbation.

"Come here," Lester said loudly.

"Shhhh," Sarah crossed the kitchen close to him, "Quiet."

Lester looked up at the ceiling and chuckled, "They upstairs?"

"Sleeping yes, so keep it down."

"You know, I'd finish faster and be out of your hair with some help. Maybe just a hand?"

Sarah looked down at Lester's cock again. She was close enough to feel the warmth radiate off it. Lester turned his body and pressed his thick cock against her hand. Sarah's wrist reflexively turned and his cock slide against the inside of her palm.

Sarah's fingers tightened around Lester's shaft. She closed her eyes, her mind focusing on the sensation of his cock in her hand.

"Uhh fuck that feels good. Its hard working next to you all week and not doing this more often," Lester groaned, "You have no idea how many times I wanted to call you into my office and bend you over my desk."

"Why didn't you?" Sarah's voice just above a whisper.

"I knew how hard of a time you were having this week. I didn't want to complicate things for you," Lester said, his eyes closed.

Sarah didn't respond but her grip tightened on Lester's cock and she began stroking him. Lester sighed and removed his hand as Sarah's hand kept stroking his shaft. Sarah opened her eyes and looked at Lester's ugly face, on how it was contorting with pleasure. She had a hard time recognizing how great he had been this week with how he had treated Dan during the hotel trip to Chicago. She should just ask him about it and see what he says —

Lester opened his eyes, looking at her. Sarah could see the hunger behind his eyes and her voice caught in her throat. They stared at each other for several seconds, both trying to read what the other was thinking. Sarah's eyes flicked to Lester's tongue as he licked his lips. Instinctively she did the same.

Without speaking Lester's hand snaked around Sarah's body and grabbed a full ass cheek in his meaty paw and pulled her towards him. Sarah gasped as her body melted into Lester's her hand never ceasing its stroking of his cock. His heartbeat pulsed in her palm and her braless breasts pushed into his flabby chest. Sarah saw the hunger in his eyes and knew the inevitable. There was no fighting this. No denying what was between them.

Lester pulled her tighter as his tongue descended towards her. Sarah closed her eyes again as his fat tongue pushed past her lips only to meet her slender one. They ran across each other tenderly, tasting one another until they tilted their heads, their mouths forming a tight airlock as they desperately made out with one another.

Sarah felt her knees go weak as she shifted more of her weight into the kiss. Leaning on Lester. Leaning into him, not wanting to let this physical connection go. The outside world slowly started to fade away as she was consumed by this perfect kiss.

"Mmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth. He groaned back, his vibrating tickling her tongue, pushing her hips against him. Sarah started stroking him faster as she swayed her hips against his body, reveling in the feeling of pressing herself up against him.

Lester pulled harder on her ass as he kneaded it. Sarah moaned again feeling herself grinding against Lester's body. Her sweatpants felt so unnecessary, she wanted to rub against his skin on skin. Her nipples were hard, pressing against the material of her t-shirt.

Lester smiled inwardly at her braless breasts pressing against him. He had Sarah in almost every way. The roommate's wife, the professional at the hospital, his little sex puppet in public. Even claiming him as his own 'wife' both publicly and privately. But tonight he was getting something he never had before. The mother.

Sarah wearing the typical overworked, underappreciated mother attire with two sleeping offspring upstairs. The 'mess' as she called her appearance, putting herself after all others. Being neglected by her husband. Vulnerable and ripe for the picking.

Lester shifted his body so his cock was pressing into her sweatpant clad pussy. Making her stroke him against her.

"Mmmhmmmmmm," Sarah groaned again feeling the warmth and hardness of Lester's cock. The sweatpants were in the way. Without letting go of his throbbing cock, Sarah used her other

hand to pull down her sweat pants, pressing Lester's lovely cock against the thin material of her underwear.

"Ohhhhhmhmhhh," Sarah moaned, it felt so much better. Sarah swayed her hips back and forth, pressing herself against Lester's cock as her tongue swirled around Lester's. Lester's hands went to her hips, gently pressing them as she swayed her hips. Soon it felt like a dance with Lester leading the direction of her hip movements as they swayed back and forth in the kitchen.

Lester hooked his thumbs under the sides of Sarah's panities pulling them down. Sarah gasps and gripped Lester's cock in anticipation. As he lowered her panties and exposed her slit to the kitchen, Sarah pulled his cock right to it, letting it run up and down her. She shivered from the cool air and Lester's warmth pressing against her.

Sarah broke the kiss, her mouth agape as she tried to suck in as much air as possible. Her head swam with a thousand different thoughts but all of them were drowned out by the sensation of Lester's cock pressing against her. His cock slid easily up and down her slit, it was already slick with her own juices.

"Let's go upstairs," Lester growled as he pulled his dirty shirt off and let it fall to the floor. Sarah couldn't help but run her eyes over his body. It didn't make any sense. She shouldn't find his body alluring but she did. Her mind warped against society's forms of attraction. Months of Lester spraying his seed into her mixed with the potent chemical cocktails of dopamine, endorphins and oxytocin that he brain released from their couplings.

Sarah let go of his cock as Lester grabbed her hand and began pull her towards the staircase. The only clothing she had left on was her t-shirt and ankle socks, everything else lay scattered on the kitchen floor. In any other setting Lester would look comical in only his tube socks but Sarah wanted to jump his fucking bones.

Lester pulled Sarah up the stairs towards her bedroom.

"Wait," Sarah stood frozen in place. Thoughts of the two sleeping angels. The potential of being caught. Of exposing them to he illicit life with Lester. "Not up there."

Sarah's mind whirled as they stood frozen on the staircase.

"This way," Sarah said pulling Lester back down the stairs. She led him to another door leading down to the basement. Down the wooden steps, they descended in darkness until part way down Sarah reached up and pulled the string light, illuminating the small room. It was musty and dark shadows cast on the walls from the boxes and other assorted items long forgotten by the couple. The perfect lair for a troll.

Sarah led Lester down to the bottom and into one corner where Dan's old futon sat open. Sarah moved a few boxes off. She bent over to place the last box on the ground and Lester pressed himself up against her bare ass, his cock pressing into her crack and pussy from behind.

"Uhhhh," Sarah moaned from the sudden thrust. Her hand caught the edge of the futon bracing herself.

“Damn you look good from this angle,” Lester grunted. He pushed her t-shirt up towards her shoulders “Lets take that shirt off, I want you naked for me.”

Sarah pulled her shirt all the way off and thrust her ass back towards Lester cock. He just smiled down at her as her ass jiggly as it slapped back against his thighs, “If only the guys at work could see you now. I bet Richard would have kept you around if he knew you’d be willing to play nicely.”

“Fuck him,” Sarah spat.

“My my, testy,” Lester teased, “I’d love to see you use your mouth like that in the hospital.”

“I bet you would,” Sarah spun around challenge in her eyes, “You seem like to show me off lately. Even share me....”

“No,” Lester stepped towards her. Sarah took a step back, the back of her knees butting against the edge of the futon. Lester pressed himself right up against her, his flabby chest pressing into her heavy breasts, his cock jutting into her waiting pussy, “You’re mine. I don’t like sharing.”

“Then what about the last few times,” Sarah breathed quietly, “With Otis and then...Jesse at the hotel?”

“I didn’t plan Otis showing up. But I loved seeing how far you’d bend. To do what I wanted. I love seeing how much fucked up stuff you’ll do with me. To see the perfect wife being my little slut. THAT is what gets me off.”

WHAP

Lester’s hand came down hard and grabbed a handful of Sarah’s ass. She winced at the pain and groaned as her body pressed hard into Lester’s cock.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah grunted.

“I love knowing you’ll take shit like that and like it. Knowing that once upon a time you would have slapped me in the face but now you’re going to lay down and spready those long legs for me.”

“Are you sure about that?”

“Yes,” Lester breathed and stepped forward again, forcing Sarah down onto the futon. His hands were on her shoulder pushing her onto her back. He moved onto the futon with her, Sarah look up at him defiantly.

“Open,” Lester commanded.

Hesitantly, Sarah’s legs spread open before Lester. A shit-eating grin spread across his face, “Good girl.”

“What about...,” Sarah breathed, “Jesse in the hotel room. Letting him have me like that. The both of you. Why him?”

Lester shuffled forward and rubbed his cock up and down Sarah's wet slit. She bucked her hips against him seeking contact with him.

"Who gives a shit about him," Lester croaked. Jesse didn't matter and Lester couldn't see why she was so hung up about this.

"Tell me," Sarah breathed reaching out to grab the shaft of Lester's cock, trying to pull it into her.

Lester stared down at Sarah, his gaze feasting on her breasts and the mask of pure lust on her face. She was tugging on his cock trying to get it inside of her but Lester held firm, letting her squirm under him.

"I wanted to see how big of a slut you've become for me. I wanted you to not say no and give in to what I want. And that's exactly what you did Sarah," Lester said as he thrust his cock fully to hilt into Sarah. Sarah took a sharp intake of breath and Lester revelled in the way her breasts jiggled at his thrust.

"Ohhmmhmmmfuck Lester," Sarah groaned her mind losing its track of thought. Lester's cock thrusting in and out of her was driving her insane. She hadn't realized how badly she needed to feel him.

"You should have just asked me," Sarah moaned, "I would have –"

"You're boss doesn't need to ask anything," Lester said punctuating his sentence with a hard thrust making Sarah yelp. "You just do as you're told, understand?"

"Ohhh fuck," Sarah grunted in time with each of Lester's thrusts. Her fingers gripped the old sheets that adorned Don's old college futon. Lester's greedy, fat hands were gripping both of her thighs, using them as leverage to piston in and out of her.

"Uhhh.....mhmmmm...ffffffffff,,,,,god....Lesster," Sarah put a hand to her lip to try and muffle her moans, not wanting anyone in the house to hear her. It was too easy for sound to travel in the vents.

"You'll do as you're told won't you? Fucking say it," Lester spit.

"I'll do whatever you fucking want," Sarah whined as Lester slowed his pace, ensuring he pulled almost all the way out and pushed back in all the way to the hilt, "Fffuuuuucuk LESTER."

"But...Uhhhhh...wwhyyyy Jesse?" Sarah moaned thinking back to her illicit night of sex. "Why did you lie to Dan like that?"

"Do you really want to know?" Lester peered down at her, moving one hand to her beautiful bouncing breasts as he pinched a nipple. Sarah groaned in response, her eyes rolling back in her head.

"Yes," she finally breathed, surprised her brain could muster up a coherent thought.

"Because I like fucking with him," Lester chuckled, "I like pissing him off. It's not enough that I get to fuck you. It's fun humiliating him. Don't you think?"

Lester's words were like gasoline on a fire. The sheer malice of him wanting to hurt someone she loved and cared for. Her dear husband. Him experiencing such utter defeat. Knowing that not just Lester but someone he detested had experienced his once faithful wife. Her dark impulses crapt over her body, giving power to the thought of Lester dominating her husband so thoroughly. It was so fucking wrong. Just sick.

"OHMYFUCK," Sarah screamed into her hand as an orgasm rocked her body out of nowhere. Lester's huge cock stretching her out and pushing into all her sensitive spots combined with the sheer idea of her husband being so outmaneuvered and humiliated by Lester. It was like a surprise bomb went off inside of her and her body was not ready to handle it.

Her limbs shook and her head thrashed back as all her muscles contracted. Her ankles slapped together behind Lester's ass as she went rigid.

At the same time Lester dropped his weight on top of her, crushing her into the old futon. He began rutting into her like a barnyard animal. Wild and with abandon. Sarah's hips slammed up back into him as her pussy tightened from her orgasm trying to milk every drop of cum out of his cock.

"Holy shit," Sarah finally breathed out getting a head rush.

Lester, sensing an opening decided to add fuel to the fire, "Mhm I see you like that."

"Like seeing your husband lose to someone else huh?" Lester teased.

"Nuu," was the only coherent word Sarah could form in response. As her orgasm slowly receded and the fog of her brain lifted, Lester's words danced around in her head, "Maybe."

Lester just grinned, his trademark shit eating grin, "You fucking love it. You're not even mad I picked someone your husband hated. You loved every fucking second of it, didn't you?"

"Yes!" Sarah screamed at him, "I fucking love it you bastard is that what you want to hear? Getting fucked all night....I couldn't walk properly for days."

"We were on the eighth floor, I never gave Dan the right room number," Lester chuckled. "I can't believe he went and got himself arrested. What an idiot."

"Don't....mmhmmmmmm....fuck.....don't call him –"

"Running around the hotel like a drunk while me and that weasel Jesse took turns fucking his wife. Who other than an idiot would fine himself in that situation?"

"But you....ohfuck.....god.....you."

"I fucking won," Lester sneered, "Dan lost before he even knew he was playing. Pathetic."

Sarah couldn't believe how fucked up she had become. Lester's harsh words just turned up the dial on how fucking aroused she was and each syllable was inching her closer to yet another orgasm.

"I saw that," Lester said as he licked the side of her face, "You're mouth made a sexy 'O' when I called your husband pathetic."

Sarah turned her head away from Lester and bit her lip, wondering if she really did that. It was hard to think straight as Lester kept thrusting his powerful cock into her. He scooped up his hips and changed his angle so his cock was slamming against Sarah's G-Spot. His cock was so big, so huge it was stretching her little pussy and running over every fucking inch of her insides.

"Look at me," Lester said, holding her chin and turning her head towards him.

"Look at me," Lester repeated.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at Lester's ugly face. It was beat red and unshaven. Sweat was beading at his hairline. She honestly thought he might have a cardiac episode, she knew the signs well.

"Say it," Lester panted.

Sarah's hands latched onto Lester's sweaty back, fingers digging into the wet hair there.

"What Lester? What do you want me to say?"

"Pathetic," Lester said, "Say it."

"I don't... —"

"Just say it," Lester repeated.

Sarah looked up into Lester's eyes unable to hold back the impending tsunami of an orgasm she was building. She knew that verbally saying those words would throw her into another storm of pleasure.

"Pathetic," Sarah whispered, betraying her husband during this illicit coupling. As the words left her lips she felt like someone ripped off a band-aid as her orgasm rapidly bubbled to the surface, boiling over and scorching every nerve in her body.

Being part of Lester's game and domination of her husband made fireworks blow off inside of her. Her pussy gripped Lester's cock tight, her knees pressing into his sides as her ankles dug into each other behind his hairy ass. Sarah's nails dug into his back and she stifled a fucking scream by biting Lester's bicep.

Lester rode Sarah through her orgasm, pushing past the tightness of her pussy to keep thrusting into her. It was a magical sensation for Sarah, the naked cock inside of her continuing to strongly stimulate more flutters or orgasmic bliss through her body.

"Weak and pathetic. He's an idiot. He should never have given you to me. Call him weak," Lester demanded.

"Weak, so fucking weak," Sarah moaned thinking how many times Dan just stood there and watched her get fucked by Lester. The stupid way he would pinch the bridge of his nose because he couldn't handle something. Just a slave to his own fantasies.

Lester sneered down at her, an ugly expression she found overwhelmingly attractive. She pulled Lester's head down and kissed him hard. Lester never let up rutting Sarah with his dirty cock between model like legs. Sarah kissed Lester hard. She knew he could take it. He was strong.

So fucking strong. The pace she was getting fucked with was so fucking strong. Her tongue danced with Lester's. They traded saliva. The lingering Cheeto taste on his mouth was like an aphrodisiac for Sarah, making her hips slam up off the futon to meet Lester's relentless thrusts.

Her brain was a mess of truths and overwhelming pleasure. She should be mad that Lester manipulated the situation with Dan and Jesse but he did it all to give her that experience. Dan would have stopped it for sure. Not letting her experience that. So weak.

Lester too charge of each situation just the same way he was fucking her right now. Never giving an inch. Lester was grunting with each thrust and she knew it was only a matter of time until he came. Came deep inside of her. Lester made things happen.

Sarah ran her hands down Lester's body until her nails dug into his asscheeks and she pulled him in deeper.

"Fuck Lester. I want you. I need to feel you. Need to feel your cum. Please, Lester. Give it....fuck...fucking give it to me."

"I want you to cum thinking about how weak and pathetic your husband is," Lester growled hoping through their coupling he could implant and reinforce some of these concepts into her psyche.

"God Lester you're such a fucking bastard," Sarah moaned, her breathing getting short as she felt another orgasm on the horizon, "Such a fucking bastard."

"Did Dan cry once he found out you didn't leave the room to go look for him? That you'd rather fuck Jesse than go find him? He knew that I was talking to Jesse but was too much of a bitch to call me out on it. He could have stopped the whole thing if he wasn't so weak willed."

So weak. Sarah hand slapped Lester on the back of her neck as she pulled him into her, and stuck her tongue into his mouth trying to smother him. Her other hand reached behind Lester and found his ballsack. She grazed it with her nails, rubbing it in her palm trying to coax our his cum.

"Fuck Lester I need it. Give it to me. Fucking....fuck give it to me," Sarah moaned.

"My cum?"

Sarah just nodded biting her lip. Nothing had ever looked sexier.

"Not Dan's cum?"

"No Lester," Sarah moaned as another orgasm began rocking over her body, "I need your cum. Lester's cum. Pelase....fuckk....fill me up Lester.....God give it to me.....give to me.....give it to me.....ohmy.....ohmygod.....OHMYGOD LESTER!:"

Sarah bellowed at the top of her lungs as her latest orgasm rocked through her body.

“FUCK. TAKE IT.” Lester roared as his balls contracted in Sarah’s palms and started spurting load after load of bitter, illicit hot cum into Sarah’s waiting pussy. Sarah moaned into Lester’s shoulder as his seed flooded into her, pouring over every secret area of her body.

Sarah’s pussy gripped Lester’s ugly cock in a vice as it milked load after load his cum, pulling at much of it into her as possible. She wasn’t going to waste a single drop of the nourishing nectar.

Their mouths hung agape as their bodies started to slow. They lay there intertwined, mixing each other’s juices together. Both bodies drenched in each other’s sweat.

Lester rolled off to the side panting as Sarah recovered. Her eyes were closed and she could feel the strong pull of sleep calling to her. Lester was up, maybe putting his clothes on. It was a distant thought in the back of her head as her exhausted body finally began to rest.

Something pressed against her lips. Sarah’s eyes flew open and she saw Lester’s ugly cock head pressing against her. It was like looking down the barrel of a gun. Before Sarah could react, Lester roughly grabbed her hair in a fit and pushed his cock between her lovely lips. The same lips she had used to kiss her daughters goodnight.

“Clean it,” Lester demanded.

Sarah opened her jaw and more of Lester’s cock shoved into her pretty little mouth. Lester’s hand roughly gripped her hair and he started thrusting into her mouth. She could taste his cum and her own juices on its shaft, mixing together in some kind of primal illicit cocktail. Being so close she could smell their combined sex efforts and found herself incredibly turned on.

Sarah couldn’t even respond to Lester. She just wanted to do what she was told. Her tongue ran over the length of his cock. She tried gripping his shaft to stroke him but Lester was intent on using her mouth as a fuck hole.

And that’s exactly what he did for the next several minutes. All Sarah could do was hold as Lester fucked her mouth.

“Gllalach,....glaach....mhmhmmmm...glaaacckkkk.”

The rough face fucking so so demeaning and so fucking hot. To be used by some bastard like Lester.....to be used by her boss like this. It sent a thrill up her spine. To be dominated by someone so strong, to give in to their will. Fuck.

“Mhmmhmmmm...gllluucckk...gllalack....gluullck....

Her hands were roaming her body. One hand massaging her clit with the other one groped one of her breasts. Lester never relented. He gave no quarter as he fucked her mouth.

Lester pressed in deeper, pinning her head to the futon. Tears formed at the corners of her eyes and the head of his cock pressed into her throat. Her nose filled with Lester’s messy pubic hair as the fat, slovenly man roared.

“TAKE IT SARAH!”

A salty battering ram of cum blasted into her throat. The first rope sprayed the uvula in the back of her mouth, causing her to instinctively gag around his cock. Lester didn't care and just pushed deeper. She could feel his heart beating in the veins of his cock as it pulsed on her tongue. Salty, bitter loads of cum blasted down her throat.

As Lester came again he stiffed allowing Sarah to inch her head back a little. That was a mistake as her mouth started to fill up with his impressive seed. Sarah choked and Lester pulled his cock out. His cum poured from her lips as she tried to catch it with a free hand.

Lester look on, enjoying his pet as she swallowed all the cum she could. His smile deepened as she licked her fingers clean of his cum without a second thought.

Sarah laid back on the futon feeling the afterglow of her previous orgasm while she licked her lips, making sure not to lose a drop of Lester's tasty cum. Lester watched her carefully as her eyes closed and her breathing became more regulated.

\*\*\*

Thirty minutes after Lester was sure Sarah had fallen asleep on the futon. He crept up the stairs towards the William's master bedroom. He past the closed door where Sarah's daughters slept and quietly slipped into Sarah's room.

In their walk-in bathroom, Lester hunched over looking under the sink, opening cabinets until he found what he was looking for. There in front of him was his nemesis for the past several months.

A package of birth control.

Lester took out his phone and snapped several pictures of the packaging, making sure he got the brand and every other type of information he would need. Satisfied, he put everything in the bathroom back the way it was and slipped out.

Even though he had just come twice with Sarah within the last hour, he was as hard as a fucking rock. Lester lumbered down the hallway, his large body projecting a ominous shadow on the walls from the night light plugged into the wall.

As Lester stepped onto the first set of stairs he heard the unmistakable sound of a door creaking open behind him.

"Dad?" a voice called out.

Lester paused for a second with a deep, satisfied smile on his lips. Then he went back downstairs to his conquest.

\*\*\*

Sarah awoke at some point in the night and realized Lester was next to her on the cramped futon. She swung her long, slender legs onto the side of the futon and sat up. It was freezing in the basement. She must have just passed out without a blanket or anything. Her nipples felt like snow peas they were so fucking hard from the cold.

She had no idea how long they had been down there. She should go check on the girl.....

“Lester,” she said pushing into Lester’s flabby body. He began to stir.

“What?”

“You need to go.”

“What? You need to get out. I can’t have you hear when my girls wake up. I can’t...”

“Are you sure? We could all have a nice breakfast together.”

“Lester I’m serious. You need to leave. Please Lester.”

Lester grunted and got up, “You owe me one.”

The fat man lumbered up the stairs, found his clothes in the kitchen and left through the front door. Sarah watched him at the window as his car backed out of the driveway. Once he was out of sight, she went up to check on her girls.