

Dan's work email inbox was getting close to full. Soon, he'd have to email IT to ask for more storage added to his account or seriously sit down and go over the ever-increasing amount of email. They just came in so fast, and he was cc'd on dozens of irrelevant email threads and back-and-forth discussions. It was difficult for him to filter out which emails needed immediate attention. The increase in clientele was proving more difficult than he'd expected.

His side ventures made it almost impossible for him to catch up with the work in the evenings. At some point, things would shift, and he could pivot to going fully independent, but for now, he was stuck being overworked, overwhelmed, and underappreciated.

It didn't help that every time, he started to dig in and work on something. His mind kept drifting to the state of his marriage. More accurately, Sarah's last visit to Chicago was in the hotel room with Lester and Jesse.

Dan's eyes glazed over as he stared at the computer screen in front of him. His mind had drifted away from another multi-paragraph email to images of Sarah pinned to the bed under Jesse. At the same time, Lester looked on menacingly from some corner of the hotel room, waiting to take his turn with Dan's bride.

A thought kept occurring over and over to Dan - the fact that Sarah had been blindfolded and apparently didn't know it was Jesse with her at first. He believed her recounting of the night even if it pained him to do so. The fact that she would just submit to a stranger like that.....

But one thought kept popping up in his brain. Whispering to him, refusing to be dismissed. Dan adjusted himself at his desk, his cock hard as a rock just thinking about it.

Sarah had been blindfolded, and she knew Lester had invited some random man into the room with them. Even though she thought Dan was present, she had still willingly gone along with letting that man touch her.....put himself inside of her.....

If she'd known Dan wasn't there, would she still have gone along with it? His beautiful wife had been okay with fucking some random man she had never even seen. The idea was intoxicating but frustrating. Frustrating in that he hadn't actually known what Sarah would do in that situation, how it might've played out. His mind kept coming up with scenarios, but almost all of them ended up with his wife on her back and legs spread for some horny stranger.

Dan closed his eyes and let out a long breath, trying to calm himself down and willing his erection to disappear. Before he'd moved in with Lester, he'd been completely in control of

himself. And now it felt like some horny little demon had one hand on the steering wheel and was constantly yanking it toward Share Sarah-ville.

He took out his phone and his finger hovered over the call button next to his wife's name. Her picture looked back at him, her piercing green eyes looked so loving yet there was something else there. Always a promise of something more intriguing beneath the surface.

Dan clicked his phone off and sat back in his chair, pinching the bridge of his nose. He wanted to talk to her. Needed to talk to her. But his mind was still fucked up from everything that had happened in that hotel room. They'd talked since then, but the conversations had felt strained. They both knew something was hanging over them, a weight they were avoiding. Besides work, Dan didn't have much to talk about. He still didn't want to let Sarah know he was looking so deeply into just who Lester was. Not that he'd come up with much anyway.

Dan's mind was still trying to process how fucked up it was that Jesse and Lester had taken multiple turns with Sarah. Even more so that she'd let them do it. Every time he closed his eyes, he pictured her face contorted in pleasure or the soft moans of climax that used to be reserved just for his ears. If he'd never lost his job and moved to Chicago, neither of these men would have entered their lives.

But did he really want to go back to how things were? Not ever actually having lived out this fantasy? He didn't know. And because he didn't, he couldn't dive deeper into a chat with Sarah about it until he had an answer to the question and got his head on straight.

She'd probably have a ton of ideas how to improve his current situation and get his work life under control. She had always been so much better at organization than he was.

Even though their conversation in the parking lot had helped, her absence and Lester's constant presence in the apartment kept his brain going into overdrive. These weren't quiet moments of self-reflection for him. Any downtime was consumed with thoughts of Sarah with those two men and his fucked up feelings about it. He was torn between wanting to punch his computer screen or jerk off to the thoughts in the hope that they would go away afterward.

Dan's phone vibrated on his desk in front of him. Another email from Sentinel Securities appeared urgent. He glanced back at his computer screen, dismayed to see another three new emails waiting for him. It just never ended. He'd have to spend all night, yet again working on it.

He decided to do what any smart, adult man would. Ignore them both. Instead he logged onto Discord on his computer.

.....

Lester looked up at the ceiling of his hotel room and smiled. He remembered the thrill of barging in on Sarah Williams' life and making her drain his balls into her pussy and her mouth in her own home the night before. He smirked, recalling that one of her daughters had mistaken him for her father before he'd left the house. Lester's large appendage began to swell and form a rising sheet tepee in the center of the bed as he gloated at the success of his plans.

Focus

The odd little man's smirk disappeared as he arose from the bed and immediately began putting on the clothes that were draped over the chair by the room's bathroom. He only kept two sets of clothes with him in Middleton. Every day, he alternated the shirt and pants he wore, not really caring if anyone realized how often he wore the same thing. Just another pain in the ass they cared about - as if someone like him, someone who mattered, had the time to pick out clothes when people always looked at him the same way regardless of what he wore.

Lester caught himself. Just as he was about to allow his mind to enumerate all the ways the people at the hospital annoyed him and didn't merit his attention, he saw something that did. He noticed that the chair his pants still rested on was the same height and had the same backing angle as the furniture he'd ordered for the apartment's living room back in Chicago. The kind that he'd ordered to specifications that guaranteed a perfect fucking area for him and Sarah. At this point, those measurements have been proven effective repeatedly. He wasn't positive that he'd take ever Sarah in this room, it seemed like a retreat from taking her in the places that were her domain, but the thought of fucking his roommate's wife anywhere immediately sent streams of blood back to his cock.

Lester's smile turned to a grimace as he stuffed his bulging pole into his dirty pants. He knew he would take Sarah again soon. Today, if chance allowed. The short troll went over to the mini fridge and pulled a Red Bull from the half-empty six-pack he'd stored there. He cracked the can's tab open as he left the modest room, leaving less of a mess than usual. His SUV was parked just outside the hallway's exit door. Lester got in and reached into the passenger seat. A medium-sized bag of Cheetos, one of several in the car, was opened by his free hand. He consumed what had become his standard breakfast on the five-minute drive to the hospital.

It had taken Dan a bit but he finally felt like he was kind of understanding how this whole thing worked. It was a gaming server that Lester and his friends and others used to meet up

and play games. Luckily it seemed like Ned, Lester's friend, had completely forgotten about inviting him the other day when he'd visited his shop.

Dan watched the conversations on various topics and channels until he had a good idea of which person Lester was. He wasn't a hundred percent sure, but based on how the people treated one another and how Ned seemed to suck up to one user in particular, he figured that this Darkspire guy must be Lester. Sometimes, it showed this Darkspire playing video games, the names of which Dan didn't recognize. At the same time, Lester was in his room, with faint computer game noises filtering out into the hallway. However, Lester was always in his room, so Dan's connection wasn't conclusive.

Unfortunately, that's where things kind of stopped. There wasn't anything interesting being talked about on the server besides a bunch of middle-aged men coordinating meet-ups for their in-person games and complaining about nerfs. He hadn't known Nerf guns were a thing with older nerds, but to each their own. There hadn't been anything that would help Dan learn more about Lester. He couldn't even see what other servers or discussions he might be a part of.

Still, it was a lead, even if it was a weak one. He'd keep watching this Discord thing, hoping they would eventually talk about something useful. Dan had done some Google searches using Lester's handle, Darkspire, but the results were all over the place. There were too many results, and he couldn't reasonably figure out ways to filter them easily. The closest he came to seeing something useful were some old message board posts by someone under the same name that sounded arrogant and condescending like Lester, but again, he couldn't be completely sure they'd been written by him.

Maybe there was something more to be gained, but Dan didn't feel confident about it. Still, he'd keep searching and monitoring Darkspires' conversations for now. Dan tapped his finger to his lip, thinking of other avenues he might go down. He didn't know much about Lester. Ever since he moved in.....

Lester had been looking for a new roommate when they'd answered his ad. He'd probably had another roommate before. Maybe there was some way to see who else had lived at that address. Granted, whoever had lived there probably left fast with the way Lester behaved and left shit all over the apartment.

Even though Lester wasn't in town at the moment, it felt like he never left with the amount of dishes and mess left in the bathroom. Dan refused to clean up after him but that only meant that Lester's mess persisted. Even with Lester gone and Dan buried each night with work, he still felt like his roommate was lurking.

Dan did some quick searches. As he scrolled through the results, it seemed like this might be a good prospect to chase down. Maybe there was a way to look at public records or the department of motor vehicles to see who'd been registered living there before. There were even a few sites that did reverse address lookups of public records but the results didn't seem entirely accurate. Dan kept scrolling through different websites trying to dig up what he could.

A knock on his office door snapped him out of his investigation. "Come in," Dan quickly said as he glanced at the clock in the corner of the screen. Shit, where did the time go?

Without realizing it a couple hours had already passed. The door opened and Dan's boss, Walt stuck his head in, "Dan, I sent you an email asking for an update on the project for the Worsha guys. We're meeting with them in five minutes, I need that update."

"Yeah," Dan said, standing up and trying to get his mind back on work. "Sorry, Walt. I've got a lot on the go right now. Let's walk and talk. I'll update you on the way."

.....

Lester entered the IT suite in the morning before anyone else arrived. It wasn't that he was diligent or trying to make a good impression. He just wanted to walk through when no one else was in the office - fewer people to interact with. This particular morning, when he opened the door, he saw a cubicle lamp on. Not sure if anyone was in that cubicle, Lester took a longer route, walking along the outer wall of the suite. The offices along the wall now stood empty after Richard and Lester had cut many of the department's senior positions. As Lester peered into each of the abandoned rooms, he noted that much of the decor and furniture wasn't the standard issue of the hospital, the kind that he had in his own office.

He was about to pass by the third office when he stopped, seeing something he could use.

This just keeps getting better...

Unlocking the door to his modest office, Lester walked in, picked up the phone, and hit "0." A man's voice responded, "This is administration. How may I direct your call?"

"I need a janitor down here in IT. This is the department head."

Lester was quickly transferred to the facilities department. A man answered after four rings. "Facilities."

The grin returned to Lester's face. "Yeah. Could you send, uh, Otis down to IT as soon as you can? I think he dropped his gloves down here."

"Uh, gloves? Ok, sure, I'll send him down when he gets in."

Lester grunted and hung up the phone. Now that he'd planned for some fun, it was time to get the annoyance of work out of the way. He entered his password and logged in.

The keyboard rhythmically clacked as Lester's fat fingers expertly ran across it. Running a hospital's IT department was as easy as he'd expected for the most part. Most positions related to security and maintaining their network had been eliminated entirely. Lester easily took care of most things himself - running his pre-programmed scripts that his former employees were either too stupid to figure out or too wary of in trying to keep their precious job security. In the end, it hadn't mattered as Lester had fired the half dozen or so individuals.

Sure, there were probably some nuances he wasn't aware of but he'd figure those out in time. Or, to be more concise, he didn't care. This job was just a temporary means to an end anyway. All of the annoying crap he was responsible for, like setting up printers and troubleshooting computer issues in the hospital, was done by two or three individuals he'd kept on board. All of the other annoying tasks he had outsourced to other companies gave him quiet but substantive kickbacks.

"Fuck off," Lester murmured under his breath as he read an incoming email. The only issue he had yet to find a solution to were all of these damn meetings. It seemed like every non-medical functionary in the hospital filled their day with useless meetings to justify their own positions and often required his attendance. These meetings were pointless, filled to the brim with sycophants who couldn't make any decisions to save their lives but somehow believed the meetings were important enough for him to attend.

Just reading these emails inviting him to meetings was a colossal waste of time, let alone actually attending them. Their dumb agendas, politicking, and inane issues were something he had no patience for. He was tempted just to say 'fuck it' and leave. This position squandered his talents and was quite frankly beneath him. He'd much rather be at home in his lair, sitting at his command center, diving into a new game, or looking for new soft targets to exploit.

Lester frowned and shifted his weight in the uncomfortable office chair. The chair in his room in Chicago was far superior for his comfort.

But just as Lester's resolve was beginning to falter, his eyes flicked up from the monitor to the window, and he looked out at the newly empty cubicle farm of the IT department. Sarah Williams was walking down one of the aisles towards his office. Lester licked his lips as he watched her. That woman knew how to dress. Today, she had on a professional-looking black blazer and long, skinny white pants with a high waist. A small, delicate black belt adorned the pants, and a black shirt was tucked into them. The shirt wasn't low cut, but

Lester could see her collarbone and the top of her chest beneath her delicate neck. It was a conservative look but still sexy in a way that communicated that she knew what she was doing. A rose gold watch with a matching necklace was on her wrist. Her blonde hair fell down past her shoulders, and her black heels clicked across the floor.

Patience. It was commonly called a virtue. Lester didn't necessarily agree with that assessment as he viewed it more as a tool for him to utilize. A tool to help him reign in his baser instincts and allow his plans to come to full fruition.

He watched as Sarah approached his office. His bloodshot eyes were drawn to the slight bounce of her breasts and the mesmerizing sway of her hips. Those long legs and the rest of her incredibly tight body spoke volumes to him. Lester felt his cock waking up, completely forgetting about his frustrations. Instead, his mind focused on her angelic face and pictured the many times he had seen it contort in pleasure from his actions. Lester had to suppress the smile from forming on his lips as he began humming the imperial march from Star Wars while his eyes stayed glued to Sarah's breasts. Despite all the turmoil she was experiencing at work and at home, that woman still looked like a sex goddess.

He stopped humming as Sarah knocked on his closed door.

"Come in," Lester said loudly.

Sarah opened the door, and her eyes locked onto his. An impish smile appeared on her face. Lester felt his cock stir at the look she gave him, the subtle undercurrents it expressed. Both of them, the only ones in on a secret of their numerous prior rendezvous.

"Hey Lester, got a second?" Sarah asked.

Always so professional. "Of course, come on in. Close the door behind you." Lester said.

"What do you need?" Lester smiled inwardly at his deliberate choice of words. There are many different meanings behind them. He knew it wasn't lost on Sarah.

"Can I sit?" Sarah gestured to one of the chairs in front of his desk, having closed the door.

"Of course. Now, what's going on?" Lester's hands formed a steeple as he eyed the young mother from across his desk.

"Well, I'm still getting my head wrapped around this new position. I'm trying to figure out how I can make myself useful and remain effective. One of the gaps in my experience is that I'm not really well-versed in the IT world. I mean, I know a bit, enough to help make executive decisions but not really enough to be useful in the department." Sarah sighed, "I just want to carve out a place for myself."

This was music to Lester's ears. Sarah's demeanor had become more fragile once the door had closed. And now she was almost confiding in him, seeking reassurance, comfort, and guidance on how her world had changed since Lester had stepped into it. And he wasn't done yet. Not by a long shot.

"I don't think that's going to be a problem. Yes, there are things that would be helpful for you to know, but we can help you fill in those gaps. Plus, your strength lies in the administration of the hospital, something that will no doubt be very valuable to me." Lester chose his words carefully. He didn't want to use the word 'department.' He wanted to ensure that at least subconsciously, she understood that she was tying herself to him.

"That's good to hear." Sarah breathed, "Can I ask you a couple of questions?" She crossed her legs and leaned forward.

"Sure," Lester said, enjoying how subservient she'd become in the workplace power dynamics.

"I know we went over this at a high level when the breach in our network occurred. But I'm sure you went into more depth with Jerry, but how exactly did you stop it? How did you manage to fix it when others wouldn't help us?"

Lester's eyes stayed on Sarah, trying to discern where this was going. Why was she asking about ancient history at this point?

"Well, things were bad, normally you isolate the infected machines first, but by the time I got here, the ransomware had already spread throughout the whole network. So, I cut off all external connections, disconnected the compromised devices from the server, and blocked any suspicious IP addresses trying to contact the network. You'd be surprised how many attackers don't even bother hiding their tracks."

Sarah nodded along attentively while Lester watched her like a hawk.

"Next, I dove into the network's traffic logs. It took some time, but I tracked down the initial point of infection. There happened to be a backup of some of our servers at that Swan Systems place, but they were very out of date. It wasn't just about restoring from backup. The ransomware was a new variant—it looked like a modified version of Bad Rabbit but with a couple of custom tweaks. So, I ran a deep scan with some custom decryption scripts I've written—the thing is, I'd already reverse-engineered a similar strain last year. It turns out that these guys used the same encryption algorithm but with slightly different key distribution methods. Long story short, I had the decryption key on hand."

Something changed on Sarah's face, almost like he'd confirmed something she was looking for. Lester's brain shifted into a higher gear as he continued his explanation.

“Once I decrypted the critical files, I started patching the vulnerabilities the ransomware was exploiting. I mean, they used an old RDP exploit. Simple stuff, but you’d be surprised how many systems don’t have basic security updates. That was the door they walked through. I fixed it.”

Was she beginning to suspect him? The look on her face was enthusiastic, but Lester saw the familiar calculating nature in her eyes behind the smile on her face. He’d need to adjust his approach going forward with her.

“Honestly, we just got lucky that this is one I’ve run into before. Otherwise, I’m not sure I would have been able to fix it. Luckily, I’m part of some cyber security groups that share resources and tools like the ones I used; otherwise, we would probably have had to pay the ransom.”

“Wow. I mean, I knew there was more to it but that does sound impressive. Difficult and impressive. It got me thinking, can you track down who hacked us and do, like, a reverse hack or something like that?” Sarah asked, leaning forward.

There it was. Asking if he could do the hacking himself. She was digging for information, maybe, probably, at the behest of Dan. Fuck, he needed to sever that connection immediately.

“No, unfortunately, that kind of thing isn’t in my skill set,” Lester adjusted his story on the fly, “I could probably track the IP address they used to get into our network, but they likely bounced their attack around the internet so it wouldn’t do us any good. Even if I could find them, I can’t ‘hack’ them. What I do is more like building and maintaining a castle’s walls. Sometimes things get in and need to get pushed out, and then we make the wall stronger. Hacking is like laying siege to the castle or infiltrating it somehow. I’m more of a defensive player if that makes sense.”

“Hmmm, interesting,” Sarah sat back up straight as she mulled things over. “Well, I’m glad you’re on our side.”

For whatever reason, she had been probing it. Perhaps he had slipped up somewhere and made her suspicious. He would need to adjust his strategy going forward.

“Sarah, can I ask you something while you’re here?” Lester said, “I’m looking for shared files on our new strategic direction, but I can’t find them. Mary said they were on the shared server, but I honestly can’t find anything there. Do you know where I should look?”

Sarah’s eyes seemed to flare at the mention of Mary, the woman who was now the head of HR and had pushed Sarah out of her office. That’s something I can use.

“Let’s see,” Sarah said as she came around the back of Lester’s desk and looked at his monitor, “You should look in the HR folder. I bet Mary saved them in her own personal folder there. That one,” she pointed to a folder. “There’s been an issue with past employees working on shared documents. I had a policy in place that addressed it, but with all of the turnover recently, I’m sure it’s fallen by the wayside.”

“That makes sense,” Lester started clicking into the HR folder. “Ah, there it is. Thank you, Sarah. I would’ve been looking for this for hours without you.”

A new strategy for approaching Sarah, at least at work, was forming in his head. He had to admit that his plan was still evolving. He hadn’t expected to work at the hospital, but it did present some exciting opportunities he wouldn’t have had in Chicago. He needed to lower Sarah’s perception of his technical skills, and he needed to keep her busy so that she wouldn’t have the opportunity to read into what he could do too deeply. And there was a very convenient way for him to do that while handling another problem - killing two birds with one stone.

“So,” Lester said, swiveling his chair towards Sarah. Much to his dismay, she was moving back to the other side of the desk. “I need to get you up to speed on new things happening in the hospital. I’m a little overwhelmed, to be honest. I’m going to forward a bunch of meeting invitations to you. We’ll go together today, but I’ll want you to go without me and represent the department soon. Are you up for it?”

“That’s...yeah, I think so. But, like I said before, I don’t really know what I’ll be talking about.” Sarah said.

“That’s fine. Neither will anyone we’ll be meeting with. It’s more of an administrative role in these meetings anyway. I’m sure you’ll be able to handle that.”

“I’ll do my best,” Sarah smiled as she rose from her chair, getting ready to leave. Lester let his eyes deliberately roam over her body.

“Now that we’ve talked about all that. Maybe we should move on to a topic that is more personal in nature...”

“I...um...I don’t know Lester. Maybe we can talk about this after? I need to dig in and get my head around my new role.”

“You don’t want to talk about how you just kicked me out last night? It was cold out,” Lester complained.

“Look, you know that things are complicated, okay? You shouldn’t have come over in the first place.” Sarah crossed her arms over her breasts.

“You let me in,” Lester challenged.

“I was afraid someone was going to see you, and then they’d find out about us!” Sarah said. “You aren’t supposed to come to the house anymore.”

“You didn’t complain at all last night. I’m pretty sure you didn’t complain several times last night,” Lester smirked, enjoying the conflicted look on Sarah’s face. His cock was stirring as he watched the young wife squirm.

“That’s not....look, there are just some personal lines I don’t want to cross. This is important to Dan and I. Our house is off-limits, especially when the kids are home, okay? You can’t just show up unannounced like that. It’s not fair to put me in that position.”

Lester chuckled, thinking about how one of the girls had thought he was her father last night, “This is the first time you’ve complained about any position I’ve put you in.”

“Stop. Stop deflecting, Lester. Stop trying to make this into something else. And yes, last night was good....great even, but we can’t do it like that again, okay? I need you to hear me. You can’t just show up like that anymore. Please?”

“Fine.” Lester grumbled, “I’ll be good. It’s just that I couldn’t control myself. I just needed you, and I couldn’t stay away.”

Sarah’s stance softened. Lester knew she was lonely with Dan being so far away in Chicago. Expressing his desire for her would help wear down her defenses further.

“Well, just don’t do it again, okay? We can figure something else out next time.”

Lester smiled, “Okay.”

Sarah sighed like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders, “Alright, well, if there isn’t anything else, I want to go do some work.”

“There’s just that meeting in a bit,” Lester said as he pulled open a drawer on his desk, “And one last thing. I want you to go home and get the ring I gave you. Come back with it on your finger.”

The ring he had proposed to her with in front of a restaurant full of strangers and Dan helplessly looking on.

“Lester....I can’t do that.”

“Sure you can. Just slide that tiny ring Dan got you off and put mine on your finger,” Lester said.

“That ring is fine when we are... playing around, but we’re both at work right now. It’s not appropriate. Besides,” she whispered, even though only the two of them could hear, “people will notice.”

“That’s kind of the point. I want you walking around marked as mine.” His dead-eyed stare left no question that he was completely serious.

Sarah visibly shivered at Lester’s words. Lester’s eyes tracked some other coworkers walking by the window. Watching Sarah squirm in such a public setting was always delightful. If he squinted, he was sure he would be able to see her nipples poking through her shirt.

“Don’t pretend you don’t like the idea,” Lester said. “I know you. I know what you like.”

“It’s just - “

“It’ll only be here at the office. And during our dates. You don’t have to wear it around Dan or your family or anything.”

“Lester, it’s just...that ring is really... conspicuous. People will see it and know that it’s new. The diamond looks really expensive. It stands out, and I –”

“It was and that’s the point, isn’t it? When you buy someone a ring, you should buy a good one, otherwise what’s the point? It’s supposed to show how much they mean to you and how well you can take care of them, right? I guess a small little one is romantic in an impoverished way, but it’s also kind of pathetic.” Lester emphasized that last word as he watched Sarah’s face closely.

“A- and,” Sarah stammered, “I don’t really want that kind of attention.”

“Sarah,” Lester chuckled, “Have you looked in a mirror? You’re going to get attention whether you like it or not. Sure, it won’t always be good. That’s probably why that bitch Mary has it out for you. But why not flaunt what you have? Rub her face in it. That ring is yours, and you should wear it.”

“I don’t know, Lester, this just feels wrong.”

“Wrong? That’s never stopped you before. In fact I would argue that you very much enjoy doing things you used to think were ‘wrong’. So why not try this? If it makes you feel better, consider it a direct order from your boss. Now you have to do it. Got it?”

“Besides,” Lester leaned back in the chair, “We both know how wet the ring and this conversation are making you. So why don’t you just take an early lunch break and go get it,

hmm? Bosses orders.” He nodded his head in the direction of his door. Sarah tracked the shiver in his jowls as his head moved.

She stood there a little stunned, staring back at him, looking like she was unsure how to proceed. He could see the conflict in her eyes. She was torn between giving in to his demands and the last shreds of her professional stature. Another thing that Lester planned on completely stripping away from her.

“Lester, we need to talk about how we interact in the office. This is still my workplace. Things were okay before but today, it’s like you’ve flipped a switch.”

“You’re right. Maybe I am letting a bit too much of my, uh, Chicago self creep into my role here. I’ll try to be more respectful like I have been. But seriously, go home and get the ring. Now turn around and go so I can watch that sweet ass sway on your way out. I know you enjoy this, and I know you know how much I love when you put up a fight, so thank you for that.”

Sarah's sly smile spread across her face as she shook her head slowly. “You are just unbelievable.”

Lester raised an eyebrow at her and smirked, “Now turn around and get out of here so I can check out that ass.”

With a sigh, Sarah turned on heels and opened the door to the office. Lester licked his lips as he saw Sarah’s hips subtly rock back and forth, obviously putting on a little show for him. Soon, she disappeared from view and reappeared, walking past his window, where she rolled her eyes at him.

Lester’s smirk darkened as he turned back to his computer. Yes, Sarah would be perfect to alleviate him of all these time-sucking meetings so he could focus on more productive endeavors. It was clear that a regular nine-to-five, forcing people to interact regularly with weak people, probably curbed a lot of great men’s ambitions. Too much time spent keeping the plebs happy. If Sarah could shield him from all of that, he could focus on what really mattered.

Further weaken the Williamses financially and impregnate the mother. The idea of walking into their home and taking Sarah upstairs while Dan attended to his daughters and his progeny played in his mind. Lester had graduated from pursuing single women who fell for being his roommate. The challenge of a married woman and manipulating things to this degree was so much sweeter.

He fired up his VPN on the computer in front of him and opened his TOR browser. Lester quickly navigated to his virtual server and accessed the dark web. He didn’t bother

checking any of the many communications he'd more than likely received about accessing his private videos or those trying to set up some kind of personal encounter. No, today, it was all about the mission.

It was time to find someone who could help him produce the tablets and manufacture the blister packaging to mimic Sarah's birth control pills.

.....

It had been too fucking long. Jesse was supposed to be on his computer looking for a new job. He had been unemployed for a little bit now, but it wasn't his job search that was frustrating him. He hadn't heard anything from her.

What the hell was going on? He knew there was something there. They definitely shared a connection during that night at the hotel. It was undeniable. When they were together, it was as if the world had just clicked. It finally made sense.

He knew she felt it, too. She had to.

Even though she had still let that disgusting bastard of a man touch her, Jesse knew the truth. When Sarah had opened up for him, he knew there was something more than just sex happening. More than just the physical connection. The way her sensuous lips kissed his back and lovingly accepted his tongue, the way her nails raked down his back. It was as if they were the only two people in the entire world, even though Lester had always been somewhere close by.

If only he hadn't been there. It would've been perfect. He still didn't understand what had happened or why Lester had been at that hotel with her. All he knew was he'd had to send Dan some dumb picture, and Lester finally gave Jesse what he longed for.

But he still hadn't heard anything from her. She should have called right after he'd last been with her. To tell him she was done with Dan and that she loved him. But that call had never come. Jesse racked his brain, trying to think of what was keeping her away.

It had to be Dan or Lester. Somehow they were controlling her, keeping her away from him.

Jesse pushed himself away from the desk in his bedroom, and he flopped onto the bed. On his phone, he opened up Instagram and looked at Sarah's profile. It was still set to private, but he checked again anyway. His request to follow her was still pending.

Did Dan or Lester control her Instagram account, too? Jesse tossed his phone onto the floor. He had to figure out how to save her.

The more he thought about Sarah Williams, the more frustrated he became. He kept replaying the events in the hotel room repeatedly in his head as he lay there. Soon his hand

trailed down to his dick, and he closed his eyes tight, trying to remember every moment vividly. Echoes of her voice kept repeating in his ears.

I'm going to take good care of you...

This pattern had repeated itself for several days but Jesse didn't care. He needed her. He needed her because she needed him.

.....

Sarah tapped her pen anxiously against the table as she waited alone in the well-lit meeting room. She was early, but she still felt nervous about the next meeting. Lester had forwarded the invitation to her. It wasn't his meeting; it was Mary's, which meant that Sarah was kind of crashing it, even though her boss had asked her to be there.

Lester as my boss.....what a sentence.

As preposterous as that fact was, she needed to get over it and put her head down, and do her job. She'd come extremely close to losing her career at the hospital. She didn't even want to contemplate what that would have meant for her family. Dan still hadn't found stable footing in Chicago, and they absolutely needed her income. More than that, they'd be better off severely cutting down on some of their expenses and adjusting their lifestyle.

If it hadn't been for Lester's intervention, things might have become really bleak. She put down the pen and played with the unfamiliar ring on her finger. It was beautiful, and she loved the way it caught the light. It still felt strange wearing it. It was heavier than the ring Dan had given her, and it tended to catch on her clothes and doorways if she wasn't careful. But more than that, she felt it was inappropriate to wear it. Like she was broadcasting her secret sexual lifestyle to the world. Almost like she was advertising that Lester was her lover.

Sarah shook her head, trying to pull herself together. None of this mattered if she couldn't do her job. Lester would get a kick out of seeing her wear his ring in the meeting, and then she could say she did as he'd requested.

Sarah slid open her phone to distract herself before anyone else arrived. There was a new Instagram notification that made her frown: a follow-up request from Jesse. Whether it was the algorithm suggesting her to him or him deliberating seeking her out, she wasn't sure, but either way, she declined it.

She didn't need any additional complications in her life, and she sure as hell didn't want Jesse to see her Instagram page. She used to leave it open before but had recently learned the benefits of making it private. Besides, what would Dan say? Sarah sighed as she thought about her husband. She still hadn't told him about all the turmoil at her workplace

recently. It would only worry him, and Lester had taken care of things – something she was sure would unnecessarily upset Dan. It was better to protect him from all that was playing out here, at least for now. Let him focus on establishing their foothold in Chicago. Something that seemed like it was never going to happen. She didn't even know if that's what she wanted anymore.

The door to the meeting room opened, and Lester's fat frame appeared in the doorway before he stepped inside.

"Hey, good looking," Lester said.

"Lester!" Sarah spoke in a hushed tone, "You can't say shit like that."

"Relax, no one's around," He stood at the table with his laptop under his arm. He looked down at the table with a confused look, "Hey, uh, do you know how I can connect to the screen? It's like every meeting room is different."

Choosing to ignore his earlier comment, Sarah helped Lester connect his laptop to the room's conference system so that he could project his computer's video onto the big white screen affixed to one wall. She had been in this meeting room hundreds of times before, so she knew it was pretty straightforward. The irony of her helping the head of IT with a computer issue was not lost on her.

While Lester seemed to know what he was doing when it came to securing their network, he didn't seem particularly adept at other aspects of the department. Perhaps it was premature to put him in a position that showed his weaknesses, but Sarah didn't want to say anything. Her success was partly tied to his now, for better or worse.

"Nice ring," Lester chuckled. His chair squealed and buckled as he sat down in it across from her.

"Thanks," Sarah said quietly, hoping Lester wouldn't escalate his comments and someone would overhear. To her surprise, he busied himself on his laptop, ignoring her completely. Sarah stared at him, waiting for him to break and look at her, but he never did. She tried to think up some witty comment to get his attention but found herself coming up short. Was she...disappointed? Yes, she definitely wanted him to keep his mouth shut about them, but that didn't mean she liked him ignoring her.

She heard the sound of approaching footsteps and voices and quickly focused on the meeting at hand. She still felt unqualified to be part of this discussion from the IT side of things but she put on her best poker face. Soon a few people filtered in followed by Mary whose face seemed to frown at seeing Sarah there.

Sarah just smiled politely as she felt the older woman's gaze run over her, judging her appearance. Then her eyes locked onto the ring on Sarah's finger.

"Are congratulations in order?" Mary asked, sitting down, "I thought you were already married, though."

"I am," Sarah said, already having come up with a practiced excuse about the ring, "We just celebrated a milestone anniversary, and he surprised me with it."

"How lovely," Mary said keeping her eyes on Sarah, "It must be nice to have such a well off husband. Sort of makes me wonder why you work at all."

Sarah stared daggers at the woman, her carefully maintained professional facade cracking. She inhaled through her nose to calm herself and stuffed her anger down. She would kill Mary with kindness. "We are doing fine. This was something out of the ordinary that he saved up for, for a very long time."

Sarah had a hunch that Mary was single in an old spinster kind of way. "He's great, honestly. It was such a surprise, and he even did the whole proposal thing again, which I loved. It's amazing to be married to such a caring, thoughtful man who wants to take care of me—even though he knows I don't need him to. I just love him so much."

Sarah caught herself, realizing in a way she wasn't talking about Dan, but Lester. Yes, she was supposed to be talking about her husband but the ring was from Lester. Granted, most of what she said was kind of true for Lester in a way. But it felt weird to have gushed over him like that. Still, she saw that her kindness strategy was irking Mary so she decided to add the cherry on top.

"Sure. Sure. Anyways, Sarah, I'm glad to see you here. I didn't know whether you would take this position with Lester or not—it's definitely not something everyone would be comfortable signing on for. But I'm sure you've got it covered, even if it's a bit outside of your usual lane."

Sarah just gritted her teeth, "Thanks, Mary, that means a lot coming from you."

The meeting got underway, but Sarah had a hard time focusing. She would have loved to reach across the table and slam Mary's head down, but she tried to keep herself under control. The discussion going around the table was getting different departments on the same page and streamlining communications. Something Sarah had already done, but it appeared her efforts had already been abandoned. Lots of different ideas were being thrown out, all of which seemed like too much work for too little benefit. Lester wasn't engaged at all. Instead, he was glued to his computer. She suspected he was projecting one screen on the board while doing something else entirely.

“Can I offer a suggestion?” Sarah said, feeling confident enough about the topic to jump in. She explained some ideas and simple ways to streamline communications and reduce the volume of email traffic. Without going too far, she basically outlined some of the responsibilities of her now-defunct role.

There were a few approving nods amongst the new hires, but Mary was the first to speak, “I admire how you’re able to get through so many things with such a... minimal amount of effort. Some of us prefer to really dig deep, but it’s nice to see a more... streamlined approach. Sometimes the simple approach isn’t the best one, though, honey.”

The meeting continued like that for the next hour. Any time Sarah spoke up with an idea, Mary shot her down each time.

"It's always so fascinating to hear your perspective. You really bring a... different angle to things. I know it can be tough to get everyone on the same page when your viewpoint is so... distinct."

"Oh, that's an interesting approach. I would never have thought of doing it that way—it's definitely unique. I'm sure it'll work out, though. We all have our own methods, don't we?"

"I have to admire how you manage to stay so confident, even when you're completely off the mark. I wish I could be so sure of myself, even when I know I'm wrong."

"I never would have thought of doing it that way, but I can see how you'd think it would work. I mean, it's... not the way I would approach it, but it's good to see someone else try, you know?"

Sarah gritted her teeth each time, feeling herself getting worked up. Maybe this is what Mary was trying to do, undermine her and provoke her in front of a room full of witnesses. Sarah did her best to keep her cool.

As the meeting was winding down, Mary made one last suggestion to the group.

“You know, I think it might be best that the next time we meet, we cut down the number of participants. There was a lot of cross-talk and some ideas that just didn’t land. We could get more done with fewer people. Don’t you agree, Lester?”

“Who would you want to keep around?” Lester asked.

“Well, for starters, I don’t think we really need more than one person from each department. So maybe next time, don’t forward the invitation. We only requested your presence...not anyone else’s.”

Sarah saw Lester suppress a smirk as he closed his laptop.

“Are you trying to tell me how to run my department, Mary?”

“No, it’s just that –”

“I get what it’s about,” Lester scoffed, “You don’t like Sarah. You’re jealous of her, and it’s obvious why.”

“I’m not, that is completely out –”

Sarah winced. Lester clearly wasn’t adept at office politics, which wasn’t surprising considering he spent all day playing video games in his room.

“Listen,” Lester interrupted, “Sarah is my right hand now. She will attend many meetings in my place so you’d better get used to it. She’ll be running point on projects for me, so I don’t have to get dragged down into the weeds like this again.”

“This meeting was important, it –”

“Was a complete waste of time for everyone involved. This meeting could have been more efficient if it had been via email. Do you know the salaries of all the people in this room? I don’t know, but if I had to guess, the hour this meeting took would cost our hospital over a thousand dollars. And quite frankly, I don’t think the hospital got anywhere near one thousand dollars of value out of it.”

“Lester, let’s talk about this after.”

“No, I don’t want to attend yet another of these meetings. You need to bite your tongue and work with Sarah. Richard hired me to streamline my department, which I did, and he has asked me to find other areas to cut expenses. Frankly, meetings like this are one of them. So, I think you need to think long and hard about your approach going forward. Human Resources is a support function of the hospital. You add no value and don’t contribute to any of the key metrics that Richard is measuring. IT, on the other hand, is critical to the operation of the hospital, and Richard knows that. So unless you want me to bring up this pettiness with him, you better come with an improved attitude towards my team next time.”

Mary and the other remaining individuals sat there in stunned silence. Lester nodded his head once, looking like he thought his point had sunk in. Then he gestured towards Sarah, “Alright, let’s go to our next meeting, where there are actually pertinent issues to discuss.”

Sarah stood up and followed Lester to the door, trying her best not to smile.

“Where’s our next meeting?” Sarah said when she was confident they were far enough away from the meeting room not to be overheard. The tension of the meeting still lingered in the air between them, “You didn’t forward me any others.”

“My office,” Lester said as he strode down the hallway, Sarah keeping pace next to him. It was strange. After that verbal smackdown on Mary, Lester somehow seemed more....confident? Maybe powerful? She couldn’t put her finger on it, but she hadn’t ever seen him like this before. Yes, sometimes he would get into it with Dan, but he was more of a schemer. Here, he had confronted someone to their face. It kind of reminded her of the way he talked to his group of friends he played D&D with. Whatever it was, it suited him. Maybe he could do this job after all.

Lester didn’t say anything else as they walked down the hallway to the IT department. Sarah’s stomach still turned at some of Mary’s passive aggressive comments but she held her head high, enjoying the feeling of witnessing her get verbally berated by Lester. Maybe her earlier gushing over the strange man weren’t so weird after all. Maybe she could truly appreciate Lester for who he was and how he treated her.

She didn’t know if it would actually change anything. She knew women like Mary. Lester had probably caught her off guard, but once she slinked back to her office, so she would start to stew and scheme. How the hell that woman had been hired was beyond Sarah. Morale would tank under an HR leader like that, but maybe that was the point.

By the time they reached Lester’s office, Sarah’s heart was still racing. Each beat was a jagged pulse of frustration and twisted satisfaction. Anger still bubbled beneath her skin at Mary’s comments in the meeting. A sharp, bitter ache that made her jaw tighten and fists clench.

She could feel her face flush, her eyes burning with the heat of every word she wanted to shout, every accusation that still lingered in the air. She kept her mouth shut and breathed deeply through her nose.

But there was something else, something that made her stomach flutter in a way she didn’t expect—almost like a secret thrill. She wasn’t sure whether it was the relief of seeing someone finally get what they deserved or the strange, unbidden pleasure of knowing she’d had a front-row seat to their comeuppance. The fact that it was Lester, someone who had such a....personal connection to her, defended her like that. She couldn’t deny how attractive his assertiveness had been.

Her chest tightened with the kind of tension you feel when on the edge of an explosion, but also the kind of tension you get when you know things are about to change irrevocably—for better or worse. She just needed to find a release for that tension.

Sarah stepped into Lester’s office and couldn’t help but pace around a bit. There was too much conflicting energy in her body for her to sit still. Lester shut the door behind him and walked to the window overlooking the cubicles outside. He grasped the plastic rod dangling

next to it and started to turn it, slowly closing the blinds and cutting off their view. As Lester fidgeted with the blinds, Sarah noticed a new piece of furniture in Lester's office. The small sofa reminded her a little of the seats in the Chicago living room. It had roughly the same dimensions, but this one was imitation leather with a garish greenish-yellow hue. It wasn't anything she'd have picked out for herself.

"Redecorating?" Sarah asked, nodding to the seat.

"Stole it from one of the cubicles out there. From one of the people we fired. It was the right dimensions for what I need. But what about you? You okay?" Lester asked, "I'm sorry if I overstepped there at the end."

"Yes. No. I don't know," Sarah shook her head, her arms crossed over her breasts as she leaned against the wall. "I wanted to reach across the table and slap her. No one has ever talked to me like that here. Nobody. So petty and condescending."

Sarah shook her head, "There's no way that would have flown a few months ago before all the changes around here. But now I don't even know where I stand anymore. I feel like I don't have any power to stand up for myself. Maybe I never did. But at least I had the respect of my colleagues. Now, now I don't know."

Lester was watching her closely. Sarah continued, "But the way you put her in her place. To see the look on her face. That was amazing. I loved every second of it." Her eyes lit up, savoring the memory.

"She needed to be taken down a peg," Lester said walking over to Sarah, "She's been annoying me since I started. It was time for her to understand the new pecking order. Maybe we should take her down another peg or two."

"What do you mean?" Sarah looked at Lester, wide-eyed.

"I don't know. Let's see how much she keeps pissing you off. I have a stack of requests from her department. Why don't we start by purposely delaying those until she comes down here personally asking for them? Then you can toy with her a bit. Maybe make her beg. Who knows, maybe we could tape over the bottom of her phone so it doesn't work or change her autocorrect in Word to mess with her... unless you want to get creative and let the air out of her tires or something like that. I haven't thought too far ahead."

"She's a bitch, but messing with her car might be crossing a line." Sarah gave him a sidelong look. "The other things though, it might be fun seeing her squirm a bit." Sarah shook her head, suppressing a smile. It was nice to have someone to share her frustrations with. Someone who wanted to back her up. She eyed Lester as he got closer. She recognized the

look in his eyes, and her heart kept beating in her chest. There was one great and obvious way to release the tension that had become pent up inside of her.

“I enjoyed the attention your ring got,” Lester said, stepping up to her, “So many people in the room’s eyes on it. Seeing the ring represents how bad you can be. How... how tied to me you are.”

Sarah didn’t respond. Her arms were still wrapped around herself. Her shallow breaths made her chest rise and fall. As Lester stepped closer, she felt the hair on the back of her neck standing on end. Her earlier arguments in this very room about keeping things professional seemed so far away. Maybe even the dreams of a naive girl who didn’t understand how the world really worked. Lester’s intense gaze was locked onto her eyes. She stared back, trying in vain to appear like she didn’t want this.

Didn’t want him. But she could already feel her nipples pressing insistently against the cups of her bra. It took every ounce of willpower she had not to bite her lip as he hungrily stared at her. Her arms slowly dropped from her chest as she turned to fully face him. Lester broke eye contact and let his stare start to roam over her body deliberately noting that he could tell she was excited, even with her bra still on.

Lester reached out and grabbed her right hand, the one with the ring on it. He pretended to look at the ring as his fingers gently stroked the back of her hand. While staring at the ring, he continued to move forward until his gut was pressing up against her taut belly. His eyes never left the ring as he leaned into her ear and whispered, “How you belong to me now.”

A shiver ran through Sarah’s body at his word, and she breathed out. Lester’s breath was hot on her neck, and she had to do everything in her power not to moan. She closed her eyes, focusing on his heavy breathing and how warm his body was up against hers. She waited for him to do something else. To touch her somewhere intimate. But other than his fat stomach pressing up against her, nothing happened.

Sarah opened her eyes. Lester’s face was right in front of hers, his eyes boring into her soul. Sarah’s breath was getting caught in her throat as she stared back at him. His eyes flicked down to look at her parted lips and then back up to her eyes. Slowly, he leaned forward as Sarah’s back was pinned against the wall.

His fat lips gently pressed against hers. Slow and delicate. A soft moan escaped her lips as Lester’s hands gripped her wrists and held them, keeping them down at her hips. His body pressed into hers, pinning her further to the wall. The sounds of phones ringing and other office activities could be heard through the window, but the only sound from within was the wet smacking of lips.

Sarah's tongue was the first of the two to dart out of her mouth. Even with her eyes closed she could feel Lester's mouth smile as her tongue ran over his lips. His fat tongue slowly pushed back against hers until their kiss deepened and their tongues entwined in a wrestling match. Sarah leaned forward and melted into the kiss with her husband's roommate as Lester's crotch began to grind against her white pants.

She could feel his large organ jutting into her and the immense heat coming from it. She needed to feel it. Lester released her arms as his mouth continued to voraciously devour hers. His hands ran up her body, brazenly groping and squeezing her chest until they reached her shoulders, where he began peeling off her blazer. As the garment hit the floor, Lester's palms moved to Sarah's bare biceps. He forcefully pulled her towards him as his gut immobilized her against the wall, driving his cock between her legs.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned, breaking their kiss. Lester didn't let up, his tongue and lips ravaging her neck. Slobbering all over her perfect skin. Sarah's arms braced themselves against Lester's body. Sarah moaned into Lester's face, "We shouldn't....shouldn't be doing this."

"Mhmm, fuck ya," Lester's tongue danced tantalizingly along Sarah's collarbone, making her squirm under him. His lips descended to the top of her chest that her shirt left exposed. "I like when you play hard to get, but we both know you're going to be moaning for my cock as I fuck you in here."

"Uhhh, Lester. S-slow down. Things have been going too fast lately," Sarah groaned as he pushed his tongue past the top of her shirt and licked her perfect breasts while his hands indiscriminately mauled them over the blouse's material. He was actively dry-humping her as she was pinned to the wall. "We should pump the breaks...."

"I'll be sure to keep fucking pumping," Lester growled into her chest, frustration evident in his voice. While his hips kept indiscriminately thrusting against his roommate's wife, he roughly tugged at her tucked-in top, freeing it from the confines of her tight pants. He continued to grind his hard cock against her body setting the rhythm for what they both knew was about to occur.

With her shirt free, Lester wasted no time pulling it up her body until the dark emerald bra was exposed. Lester didn't even wait to pull her shirt off. Instead, his face dove down between her large breasts, his hands roughly grabbing at them, his eyes covered by her jiggling skin. His tongue and lips went to town on her soft flesh, sucking, biting, tasting. Sarah instinctively arched her back into his face, her hands automatically flying up to grasp the back of his head and neck, pulling him into her, maximizing the contact. Her black shirt sat awkwardly above her breasts, but neither dared move to fix it. Both were getting lost in each other's bodies.

Further protest died on Sarah's lips. Her eyes were closed as her hands ran through Lester's thinning hair. Lester growled into her chest, and soon, his hands were no longer satisfied. They dropped down to her delicate belt and started undoing the clasp. In one fluid motion he pulled the entire length of the belt out and threw it behind him. It clattered against the wall, neither of them pausing to care about the noise it made.

"Did-did you lock the door?" Sarah breathed as Lester's tongue trailed down her stomach and dipped into her navel, making her body writhe. His hands unsnapped, unzipped and lowered her tight white pants, exposing a matching dark emerald pair of panties that rode high on her hips.

It had been so important the last time she'd fooled around with Lester at the hospital to leave the building. To get away from prying eyes, only for them to be discovered by Otis, one of the lowly janitors. Now, it seemed all her protests were contained in a quiet part of her brain while being drowned out by the intense need to feel Lester between her legs. Her mind silently acknowledged the points of the arguments. The dangers of being caught were enumerated, but her mind decided it simply didn't care.

Lester's tongue continued to descend as her pants went lower and lower until they were pooled around her black heels. Sarah groaned as Lester's nose pressed against her panty-covered pussy, and she could feel his hot breath against her sex. He growled as the smell of her heat fueled his frenzy.

Before Sarah realized what was happening, Lester swiftly tugged down her panties in one swift motion and dove his face into her sex. She grabbed onto his thinning hair as her panties dangled between her knees. Lester's tongue was already exploring up and down her slit until it found her clit. Once discovered, his oversized tongue began drawing circles around it, and his mouth gently sucked on it as he expertly hummed deep bass notes. The humming's vibrations on his lips sent electric shivers through her body.

The gorgeous wife was hunched over awkwardly as her unlikely lover consumed her in a standing position. Sarah's knees grew weak, and she desperately wished there was a bed for her to lay down on so Lester could properly eat her out with his skilled tongue. Lester's hands fumbled with one of her pant legs, freeing it before lowering her panties down the entire way. Then he lifted one of her legs up at the same time. His tongue ran down her slit until it found the entrance to her body. Sarah threw her head back, bumping it into the wall as Lester's large tongue pushed its way past her pussy lips inside of her body. The slick juices already coating her entrance mixed with his saliva as his tongue burrowed deep inside of her.

“Mhmmmmmmmfuuuckkk,” Sarah moaned, pinned to the wall and off balance. The strength in her one leg was under fire as Lester’s probing tongue lapped and explored her sensitive insides. His tongue felt large, like an expanding water balloon, licking over every slick crevice of her insides. “Uh, ooh, uhhh, oohh.”

Lester moaned into her pussy in approval at her taste. Sarah opened her eyes and started at the closed office door, knowing that someone could come through at any moment. That she needed to be quiet, or else their illicit affair would be discovered. But when had she ever been quiet with Lester? Her worry disappeared as she realized the wrongness was driving her lust.

“You’re so fucking wet. I bet you were wet during that meeting, weren’t you?” Lester said as he took a breath before diving back into her pussy. Sarah groaned. The squelching sounds of his tongue in her pussy filled the room. “MmmmmHHMMMmmmm. You’re such a good little slut.”

Lester’s hand moved to cup one of her ass cheeks. “You know how many guys I’ve caught staring at your ass?” Lester asked as his tongue withdrew behind that shit-eating grin. “I’ve lost track. You think you need job security? This ass, this ass is it.” He shook her cheek roughly, his large fingers dangerously close to her asshole.

She knew her ass looked incredible. She worked on making sure it did. And she knew the attention that she received. Her body shuddered as she thought about the eyes that would follow her. The leering gaze of that grubby janitor Otis who looked at her like he knew who she was behind her corporate facade.

“You’re so gross,” Sarah said. Lester gripped her by the hip and spun her around, pushing her back towards a low table and the new sofa that sat off to the side of the room. The back of Sarah’s knees connected with the cool pleather and Lester pushed her down into it. A shiver ran up her spine at the cold material pressing against her body.

“Open them up for me,” Lester commanded. Sarah’s knees were together as she sat there looking down at Lester’s ugly face kneeling before her. She was missing one heel and her pristine white pants were dragged across the floor, one pant leg still dangling around her ankle.

With a deep, calculated breath, Sarah’s knees spread open for Lester as she watched his face. His gaze was focused on her clean-shaven pussy in front of him. In a quick motion, much like a practiced predator, Lester shot forward with Sarah’s knees hooked over his elbows. His hands grabbed a mound of flesh on each thigh as his head disappeared between her legs.

Sarah's head rested on the back of the imitation leather chair as Lester's tongue swirled around madly inside of her. He was touching what felt like every single inch of her, his tongue spinning in erratic circles like a tornado. One of Sarah's hands lay on the back of his head while the other gripped the arm of the chair tightly.

Lester came up for a breath and stared up at her wickedly, "I fucking knew I'd get you naked in my office before the end of—"

Sarah's hand cut him off by pulling his head back to her soaking wet pussy. His lips smashed against her pussy lips while he was still talking. He quickly got the hint, and his tongue dove back into her. Sarah's heel rested on Lester's shoulder, pressing into the flabby flesh under his work shirt.

"Uh, fuckk. Lester. Don't stop," Sarah moaned. Her hand left the arm of the sofa and was gently teasing the upper area of her breasts, running up and down against the lacy material of her bra. Lester pushed his tongue further into her, making her gasp. This new seated angle gave Lester more access to consume her precious privates.

One of Lester's hands started to roam over her body, stopping to compete with her own hands, mauling and groping at her breasts. Then it continued upwards, briefly clasping her neck. As Sarah moaned, Lester stuck two of his fingers into her mouth. Instinctively she began sucking on them, her tongue wrapping and lapping at the underside of them like sucking on a cock. Faint Cheetos flavor could be tasted on his fingers, but Sarah quickly sucked off whatever remnants remained as she took his fingers further into her mouth.

Lester's tongue continued to swirl around inside of her, pushing as deep as he could get it. Sarah's hips rose off the chair to meet his plunging tongue. The heel of her shoe dug into the flesh of his shoulder, causing a dark bruise he'd find later. Lester tried to withdraw his finger from Sarah's mouth, but her free hand snapped up and gripped the back of his hand, holding it in place. She lapped at it, imagining she was simultaneously being eaten out and sucking Lester's cock, a new fantasy she wished he could fulfill for her.

"Mhmm fuck Lester, right," Sarah moaned around the digits in her mouth. She pulled his hand hard, forcing his fingers deeper into her mouth as she moaned and sucked on them. Imagining Lester's large cock head filling her mouth.

Two of Lester's fingers pushed inside of her pussy as Lester's tongue pulled out. He started finger fucking her, his fingers making a 'come here' motion inside of her, the tips of his fingers running across her sensitive G-Spot. Lester's tongue descended back onto Sarah's exposed clit as he finger fucked her and sucked on her. The fingers in Sarah's mouth were relentless. The tension in her body from everything that had happened today was ratcheting up until Sarah could feel her orgasm ready to burst open inside of her.

Sarah's heel dug down harder into Lester's shoulder, ripping a hole in his shirt. Her hand held his head in place between her legs while the other gripped the hand with the fingers in her mouth like a hard cock.

"Fuck, don't stop. I'm gonna, gonna – FUCK" Sarah moaned loudly as a wave of pleasure crashed down on her. The nerves in her body all lit up at once as her leg kicked out straight, and her body writhed with pleasure. Her orgasm had been dialed up expertly by Lester. Sarah's muscles tensed, and her hips lifted off the seat, her pussy pressed hard into Lester's ugly face as she came. Lester continued to hum around her clit, ensuring that her orgasm kept rocking her body.

Sarah finally gasped for air, feeling a sudden headrush. She quickly reminded herself that she needed to stop holding her breath when she came. Her body slumped down in the chair as Lester continued to finger fuck and lick her clit. Sarah could sit here all afternoon and enjoy this treatment. Maybe things were starting to look up at work. This could become a regularly scheduled meeting between the two of them.

Lester's fingers kept making the 'come here' gesture, and as electric as it felt inside of her, Sarah wanted to try something.

"Lester," she whispered, realizing that she might have been moaning too loud. "Stop."

Lester didn't stop but his eyes snapped open as he looked up at her. At one time Sarah would have been disgusted with the troll-like man's head buried between her legs, his fat face red from exertion and his eyes seemingly bulging out of his head. But now all she saw was one thing.

"L-Lester, Lester get up, I want... to, to." Lester paused his assault and stared into her eyes. He pulled back and Sarah could see her moisture covering his mouth and cheeks.

"Let's try this." Sarah's hand ganly coaxed him to stand up. The short ogre stood, his eyes never leaving Sarah's perfect breasts. She got up off the couch and stood next to him, pointing at one end of the couch. "Lay down. There. Yeah, yes."

With a grin on his face, Lester did as he was asked. He lay down on the couch, the cushions hissing as the air was forced out of them. Before he could ask what was next, he saw Sarah's leg rising and stretch across his vision until her ass was directly over his head.

"Heennhh, heh-heh, yum-" the fevrish wife once again cut off his words as she unceremoniously pressed her slit down on Lester's face. She could feel his lips and stubble against her lips as Lester got used to the new situation. A moment later, his entire tongue erupted from his mouth into her drooling opening.

“Haaggh-” Sarah quickly bit the palm of her hand to keep her from screaming in the office, now much warmer than it had been. Her eyelids fluttered as she relished in the sensation of Lester’s tongue coming from this new angle. She exhaled loudly through her nose as Lester slowly worked her back up to her previous level of excitement.

Catching her breath, the flustered mother looked around the room dazedly before her eyes settled on what she now needed. Sarah leaned forward, inadvertently opening herself up more to her ugly lover. As his tongue threatened to steal her sanity and his lips sucked on her pussy, the unfaithful wife’s hands began to undo his belt and fly. Lester’s semi-clean pants were tented and bulging. She impatiently tugged the fat man’s briefs down until his trembling monster shook in the fluorescent light of the office.

Saliva filled her mouth as she saw his swelling cock, and as she leaned down to kiss it, Lester drilled his tongue into the rough patch of her G-spot. The resultant full body tremor nearly made her yelp, but she was focused on her prize. As the maelstrom tensed up across her entire being, Sarah concentrated on planting deep kisses up and down Lester’s monster shaft. Finally, when the primal aroma of him had filled her nose, she sucked as much of the large flesh pole into her mouth as she could, the spongy dome of its head pushing at her throat. For a few minutes in the room it sounded as if a delicious meal was being consumed by two ferocious animals, the two of them in 69, each of their genitals being feasted on by the other. Sarah was nearly nude, her bra still on, pushing her own head down on the short man’s cock. Lester wasn’t able to keep his tongue as deeply inside her as he had and jammed his two fingers inside her while moving his tongue up to her taint. Lester let his tongue run wild, the taste of her was exquisite.

“MMmmhhmmm-Grrckll” Sarah looked as if she was trying to inhale his entire cock into her face. Lester felt the two fingers still inside the young wife press together tightly as she squeezed them from inside. Deep moans came from her throat as Lester added a third finger and pushed it into her drooling pussy.

“Suck me how I like it. Do it.” Lester pushed his hips off the bed forcing the head of his meaty column against her the opening of her throat.

Sarah’s head pulled off the towering appendage and she took a gulping deep breath. After a moment, she seemed to have caught her breath. Lester still had her on the verge of the kind of explosion only he could ignite. Sarah looked behind her and smiled. “Yes, boss.” Then she dropped her head down the massive cock below her and repeatedly took him into her throat, throwing her head down on it, fucking her mouth on it. Using her memory of the night before, she opened her throat but still managed to gag repeatedly on the mammoth, hoping that this would make him give her his cum.

“GhhchcccLL-agglch.” The sound was music to Lester’s ears. It was the sound of a complete departure of her professional facade within the walls of this building. His plan kept delivering beyond what he’d initially imagined. While gloating, his large tongue probed out of his mouth and first prodded, then swirled against Sarah Williams’ clenched butthole. He savored the sensation, breathing in deeply, then pushed the tip of his long tongue past her anal ring and into her ass.

“MMMMhhHHHHMMMM!” Sarah was finally feeling what she had sensed earlier, that having Lester in her pussy and in her mouth would be beyond amazing with him, and, being Lester he knew what to do with his mouth. He continued to tease and poke at her asshole with his agile snake of a tongue, his fingers roughly pistoning in her dripping pussy. Suddenly the tension shot to a higher level and a freight train of an orgasm blew through her as she slammed her head down on Lester’s cock. Tears dripped from her eyes and strands of spit and drool ran down the massive cock, her unseeing eyes rolled back in her head. Nothing else felt half as good as this, nobody else could do this to her.

“GLMMMMMGLLCHH!” Sarah’s ecstasy felt endless, but she wanted more. She took her mouth off of Lester’s unflagging erection. Her stomach felt the butterflies that signaled another impending explosion. She fought the urge to go for it and pulled herself forward.

“Stop. I need you inside of me. Lester, fuck me. Please.” Sarah begged.

Lester pulled back from her ass, and his fingers plopped out of her. He made a show of licking them clean as she scooted off him. He stood up and pulled his shirt off over his head, exposing his flabby torso to Sarah. He was taking too fucking long.

Sarah sat up and leaned forward, quickly undoing Lester’s belt as he dropped his shirt to the floor. Sarah pulled down his boxers and pants in one fluid motion, grasped his girthy cock by its base, and pulled it towards her.

She laid back in the love seat, and Lester kicked off his pants and shoes before quickly kneeling between her legs. The sofa was a little small for two people, but Lester had judged the dimensions correctly. Lester slowly thrust forward, his big cock splitting Sarah open.

“Holy fuck....me,” Sarah groaned as her head lolled to the side as inch after inch of Lester’s behemoth cock pushed deeper and deeper into her. Sarah’s hands came up to grab Lester’s back and shoulders as he crawled on top of her. Sarah’s fingers were slick with Lester’s sweat, her fingers knotting the hair on Lester’s back.

“Ugh,” Lester grunted breathily as he buried his entire length inside of her, “Squeeze me.”

Sarah didn’t even think about objecting as she squeezed and flexed the muscles in her pussy around Lester’s fat cock. God, it felt so fucking good. Long gone were the thoughts of

Mary and anyone else putting stress on her. All there was now was Lester and his magnificent cock buried fully inside of her.

“Fuck Lester. It hurts so good,” Sarah moaned into his shoulder. Lester pulled back and thrust back into her. The wooden legs of the sofa squealed against the floor. “Fuck, I could do this all fucking day with you.”

“Don’t forget all fucking night,” Lester chuckled. He hadn’t even waited to strip her naked. The only thing left on was her dark emerald bra. And one heel. “You feel so fucking good. Lick my chest.”

Sarah’s tongue was out of her mouth before Lester finished his sentence. It danced across the flabby skin of Lester’s chest, ignoring the curly hairs. Lester shuddered at the delicate, wet touch and renewed his thrusts into her.

Soon, the pleather sofa rocked across the floor, and Lester pushed off with each thrust. Sarah was licking Lester faster, almost as if it would help her cum soon, she found his nipple and took it into her mouth “Mhmmhmmmmmmmmmm.”

Lester steadied himself, grasping the back of the sofa with one hand, gaining leverage to keep fucking Sarah at the pace he’d established. His cock felt so deep inside of her. She wasn’t sure if it was the angle or maybe it had grown larger somehow, but she felt so incredibly fucking full. Lester’s cock was making her delirious as it pulled and pushed against her insides, tantalizing, touching, and exploring every inch of her. Sarah whimpered as she licked his chest and tasted his sweaty, pasty skin. It felt so fucking good.

No one had the ability to make her forget about everything else like Lester did. His cock was meant for her. She wished this feeling could be with her, inside of her all the time. That they never had to stop fucking each other.

“God,” Lester groaned, “I’ll never get enough of you.”

“I want all of you, I love you,” Sarah moaned into his chest, “I wish I could have you in my mouth while you fucked me. God, I want you to stuff me. I want your cum to explode inside of me, to fill my mouth and drip down my chin. I want it everywhere.”

“That can be arranged,” Lester grunted. “Next time I get you at night, I’ll fuck you every way possible and cover you in my fucking cum. Maybe I’ll invite a friend or two to just blast their cum all over you too.”

Sarah’s hips started bucking off the leather chair faster with each depraved syllable Lester spoke. Her mind raced at the possibilities. At the idea of laying on a bed surrounded by men

stroking their cocks until they came all over her. All of them hard for her. Just the idea of that much cum....

Sarah's legs wrapped around Lester's waist, pulling him into her and holding him there. Her nails dug into his back, trying to will him closer and closer to her, trying desperately to take more of his cock in her stuffed opening.

"Fuck don't stop, Lester," Sarah moaned, "I love fucking you."

"Mmmhmm, that's music to my ears. I love fucking you too. Especially now that I've broken you so much." Lester grunted as he thrust into her hard with a firm push.

"B-broken?" The words didn't make sense to Sarah, but the way Lester said them was fucking hot.

"Fucking you here at work. Again. Doing whatever I fucking want to you, and you begging for it. Broken. You're not a professional, and you're just my professional fucking whore. Whenever you're not under me or on your knees, you're just a slut playing dress up, nothing more."

"Fuck you're so right," Sarah moaned as her tongue made a circle on Lester's chest. "I'm just you're good fucking little slut aren't I?"

Lester's hand snaked around one of Sarah's knees and lifted it up to hit her pussy from a different angle.

"OOh! Ohfuck," Sarah moaned.

"Like that?"

"Uh-huh...mhmmmmhmmmmmfuck."

"You feel so fucking good. Cum for me. I can feel you're close. Do it. Cum on my cock my dirty little slut," Lester grunted.

Sarah clenched her jaw and closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of Lester's cock dragging up and down inside of her. How full of him she felt. The electric jolt every time his cock dragged across her G-Spot and outer lips. The way it was going to feel when his cock expanded and unleashed a torrent of cum inside of her.

"Fuck. Lester. Fuck. Don't. Fucking. Stop. OHMYGODFUCK," Sarah's knees pressed into Lester's chest as she suppressed a violent scream. Her body shuddered as another orgasm ripped across and through her entire body. Everything tensed up, her nails dug further into Lester's back flesh, and her thin ankles pressed into his flabby ass refusing to let him loose.

Lester pushed through her clenched ecstasy and didn't stop fucking her. Despite the iron-like vise grip of her pussy around his cock, he wanted to keep pushing her over the edge. He kept thrusting into her violently. The sofa's legs scraped and dragged against the floor as it shifted closer to the closed window.

"LESSSTTEEEERR," Sarah groaned into his chest, reveling in the feeling of his cock jammed inside of her as her nerves danced with another orgasm. Sarah never got a chance to catch her breath as Lester just kept fucking her senseless.

Her hands left his shoulders, grabbed the back of his fat head, and pulled him in for a deep, sloppy kiss. Their bodies kept pushing into and against each other as their mouths met. Tongues and teeth collided as they both fucked forcefully on the couch. Lester turned his head to the side, and his tongue dove all the way into Sarah's mouth, smothering her own. Sarah just moaned back into his mouth and sucked on him as her tongue was utterly suppressed by his.

Lester slowed his thrusts and focused on kissing her. Sarah's hips still pushed up off the love seat, fucking Lester's unmoving cock. She didn't care if he'd stopped. She still needed more. Her body continued to thrust itself up off the seat onto his cock, over and over. Lester knelt there stoically as Sarah fucked herself on his thick meaty pole as she lay before him.

Lester broke the kiss first. His hands reached behind him, and unclasped Sarah's ankles, and he slowly pulled his cock out of her. Sarah moaned in disappointment as his cock left her. She felt so empty and unfulfilled. Why did he do that? She needed more of him.

"Turn around," Lester uttered, "I'm going to fuck you from behind."

Sarah quickly complied, swiftly turning herself over on the ugly piece of furniture. Her knees knelt on the seat while her arms and upper body pressed against its back, "Just hurry up and put it back in me."

"Sure thing," Lester chuckled from behind her. Sarah felt his wet tongue lick across her slit from behind, up her taint, and up her asshole and butt crack. Her body shuddered at the detestable sensation, and she moaned into the dead air of the office. Lester's cock pressed up against her opening for a second before thrusting all the way in. The large seat lurched forward again, and Sarah's head hit the wall of the office, next to the window.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah moaned, not at all upset with him. She just wanted more.

"Shhhhh," Lester said from behind her. Sarah stopped and heard voices nearby, likely from some of the remaining coworkers of the IT department. Sarah bit her lip, trying not to moan but it was difficult because Lester was still doing shallow thrusts into her and he continued to play with her buttocks. He gripped her hip tightly, holding her in place.

Sarah's mind was torn between wanting to keep fucking Lester and the utter humiliation of being discovered. The voices were getting close. They must be walking down the hallway, near the window. It had to be two men who were walking —

WHAP

Sarah bit into the leather chair to stop herself from screaming. The pain from Lester's slap on her ass was overwhelming, but now he started to pick up the pace of his shallow thrusts. He'd removed the hand in her ass to slap her. Sarah moaned into the leather, hoping, praying that it wasn't as loud as it had sounded.

The voices must have stopped because she didn't hear them anymore. All she heard was the slapping of their skin colliding and Lester's big balls hitting against her clit. One of Lester's hands gripped her hips tightly while the other dug into her shoulders, pulling her back onto his swollen cock. Sarah held on for dear life as Lester started fucking her in earnest.

She had to change her angle so her head wouldn't keep pounding into the wall. Her ass and shoulder hurt from how hard Lester was gripping onto her, but she didn't want to fucking stop. Sarah could faintly hear the voices outside the window somewhere. She didn't know if they had heard anything, but they seemed to have gotten further away from —

WHAP

"FUCK," Sarah grunted, feeling a hard handprint on her ass.

"You better be careful, or someone is going to hear you," Lester chuckled from behind her. She could feel his fat stomach resting on her perfect ass, "Don't forget that door isn't locked."

Sarah momentarily glanced at the door next to them and saw the lock. The turnpiece was completely vertical, which meant Lester was telling the truth. She reached out to lock the door, but Lester pulled her arm and pinned it behind her back.

"Here, I thought we were supposed to have an open-door policy," Lester chuckled again as he rammed his cock unyieldingly into Sarah. He stopped for a beat and pulled it all the way out so only the head was embedded inside of her before thrusting all the way back in, completely bottoming out inside of her.

"Did you ever think you'd be one of those women that fucked their boss in the office?" Lester grunted.

Sarah's eyes shot open wide at the realization. It didn't feel like it, but he was right. The hospital hierarchy was clear. She was fucking her boss.

“No,” Sarah muttered, shaking her head, “Never. Fuck. I am fucking my boss, aren’t I? God, that’s so fucked up.”

“You seem like you’re enjoying yourself. Such a little corporate slut using sex to climb the ladder. I bet you used to look down on those women, didn’t you?” Lester chuckled behind her as his girthy cock slid in and out of her making her moan.

“I think you should thank me,” Lester whispered.

“Thank you? For that meeting again?” Sarah breathed, “Or for the sex?”

“For saving your fucking job,” Lester punctuated the sentence with a hard thrust into her, causing Sarah’s whole body to lurch in response. “And you could even look at it as a promotion. Now you don’t have to do any work besides getting fucked by me. Isn’t that great? Getting paid to get fucked?”

Sarah wanted to shake her head, but every word he said was true. He did save her job, and here she was getting fucked while she hadn’t really even done any work yet.

“Thank you,” she groaned as his cock hit a particularly sensitive spot inside of her. “Thank you, Mr. Marshall.”

“Oh, I knew you were into it,” Lester grunted again, not slowing his pace as his cock continued to swell inside the young mother.

“Mhmmhmmhmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned into the pleather. If she opened her mouth again, she knew she would just fucking scream in pleasure, and everyone would know what was happening behind the closed window.

“That’s it,” Lester said, letting go of her arm. “My good little slut. Squeeze me if you’re enjoying yourself. We need to be quiet, after all. Squeeze me down there.”

Sarah’s already tight pussy squeezed Lester’s cock.

“Squeeze me again if I’m fucking you deeper than your husband ever has,” Lester grunted.

Sarah’s pussy squeezed Lester’s monstrous cock again.

“Wait, I meant to say squeeze me again if I’m fucking you deeper than your pathetic husband ever has,” Lester said.

Sarah delayed for half a second before her pussy squeezed Lester’s cock again, this time more firmly. She focused on holding him as long as she could.

“That’s what I fucking thought,” Lester grunted, pushing his cock deep into her.

“Here, let's see who's around,” Lester whispered. Sarah could feel his body shift and more of his stomach press into her back. His shadow ran across her vision, and Sarah looked up in horror. Lester was twisting the metal rod next to the window.

“Hey. What? Lester, don't,” Sarah whispered.

“Relax,” Lester chided her. He twisted the metal rod just a bit, allowing the smallest sliver of a gap in the blinds, “Take a look, tell me what you see.”

Sarah felt mortified at the prospect of being discovered, but a dark surge ran through her body too. Biting her bottom lip to try and prevent any sound from escaping her, Sarah raised her head from the back of the leather chair and peeked up, looking through the slit in the window. The office was mostly empty, but there were a few people walking around or talking to each other. Sarah recognized several people from outside of the IT department who had stopped by to visit or to have someone troubleshoot a technical issue.

“Keep watching them while I fuck you.” Lester grunted as he began picking up his pace again, “I want you to watch them do their boring fucking jobs as I cum deep in fucking side of you.”

“Lester....” Sarah breathed. This was too fucked up and way too big of a fucking risk. Her eyes were locked on one of her colleagues, but her mind was focusing on the feeling of Lester's giant cock inside of her, “Oh fuck. Fuck.”

“You going to cum for them? Put on a show? What do you think?” Lester grunted with both hands on her slim hips, gripping them tightly as he plowed into her from behind. The base of his cock spread her open and the shaft dragged across all her sensitive areas. Her pussy was on fire. Her arms pushed back against the faux leather seat so she could push her ass back against him to meet each thrust.

“Uh fuck Lester, I don't. Fuck this isn't, fuck I don't know. Oh god, just don't fucking stop. Please Lester. Uh...mhmmhmmhmmmmmmmm feels so fucking good. I can't –”

WHAP

“UHHHHHHHHH,” Sarah grunted way louder than she expected. Her eyes turned to saucers as she saw several people's heads turn, looking for the source of the sound. A few glanced towards Lester's office, but their heads continued to swivel, unsure where the source had come from.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah scolded, “We almost got....uuhhhhhh....mhmmmmmmmmmfuuck,”

Lester decided instead of arguing with her. He would just make her stop complaining by thrusting his cock into her some more. He increased his pace, and Sarah felt another

orgasm swiftly building inside of her. She lowered her head down to the leather chair, bracing for it.

“No. Uh-uh, look back up at them,” Lester ordered. Sarah kept her forehead pressed against the leather chair, focusing on herself. Lester reached forward and grabbed the hair at the base of her neck, balling it into a fist, and yanked her head up. Sarah yelped as the knotted pile of hair on the nape of her neck was roughly pulled. Lester held her head up to the sliver in the window.

“Keep looking at them, Sarah,” Lester said, “They’re so fucking close to you right now. While you’re stuffed full of my cock.”

Sarah’s eyes were wide, looking out the window at the coworkers on the other side. It was like how Dan used to put her on display for Lester. Igniting one of her hidden kinks that always pushed her over the edge. Now, Lester was in the driver’s seat, pushing her further than ever before and indulging in her wanton desires, giving her exactly what her body craved. Dangling her in front of her coworkers, sending a shooting thrill through her body.

“Fuck Lester, please,” Sarah moaned. Another of his hands came up and roughly mauled her breasts as her hips fucked back into him.

“Please, what?” Lester growled.

“Please....don’t stop. Fuck. Please. I’m so close. I want to cum. Please.”

Lester chuckled again from behind her, “I’m getting close too. But there’s one more thing.”

“What?” Sarah moaned against the blinds, “What?”

“You kicked me out of your house in the middle of a cold night,” Lester sneered, “I told you, you owe me one.”

“Fuck, then keep fucking me. Cum for me, Lester. I want it,” Sarah’s hips started fucking back against him in a pistoning frenzy.

“I want something else after this,” Lester grunted. Sarah’s pussy was clenched around his cock, squeezing him hard. Desperate to make him cum so she could feel his hot cum pour inside of her.

“Whatever you fucking want,” Sarah moaned, her head hitting the blinds, mashing against them. She was watching her coworkers go about their day. A shadow flashed across her visions as one of them even walked right past the window, unaware she was getting the life fucked out of her on the other side of it, “I’ll do whatever you want, Lester.”

“That’s my good little slut. Now hold on because I’m going to drop a fucking gallon inside of you,” Lester was breathing hard. He was slamming into her relentlessly, without a care in the world. It was like he didn’t even give a shit if they got caught.

“Oh fuck. Oh FUCK,” Sarah moaned against the blinds as she felt Lester’s intensity pick up, “Lester...”

“I love how you say my name, Sarah,” Lester grunted, “Fuck I’m going to cum.”

“LESTER,” Sarah moaned for him. She felt his cock twitch and expand. A giant spurt of hot, sticky cum blasted into her rocking her body forward, “OH FUCK.”

Sarah’s head snapped backward as she dug her knees into the seat. The pleather sofa hit the wall again. Sarah’s body convulsed as a massive orgasm descended onto and through it, shattering her mind. It was like every nerve just lit up at once and burned with the power of a thousand suns.

“MHMMHMMMMGODFUCK,” Sarah whimpered as Lester emptied more and more cum inside of her. Sarah’s pussy had already felt so fucking full with just the mass of Lester’s cock inside of it, but somehow she managed to take in all of his cum. Lester’s cock kept spurting more frothing jets of cum inside of her. Over and over again, creating ripples of pleasure that continuously kept washing over her trembling body. It was like she couldn’t stop cumming. Any thought of looking out of the blinds had been abandoned. Sarah was slumped over the back of the sofa as her body automatically continued to milk Lester’s enormous cock for more of his illicit cum.

“Uhhhhh—FUCK,” Lester grunted as his cock finally stopped spasming inside of her. He stood there behind her as her body finally came down from cloud nine, the aftershocks of her orgasm slowly subsiding.

WHAP

Lester slapped her ass again hard, making her body jump. She hadn’t been expecting another one of those, and her ass was already so fucking sore, “Asshole.”

Lester just chuckled, and his cock made an audible ‘plop’ as he pulled it out of her. Within seconds his potent cum started to drip out of her and pool on the seat of the couch. Sarah was still slumped over the back, trying to catch her breath. She finally moved so that her ass wouldn’t be on display for Lester to spank again, but one of her knees pushed into the cum on the seat. Sighing, she eventually freed herself from the chair and grabbed a tissue to wipe off her knee and catch some of the cum streaming out of her pussy.

Sarah closed one eye and looked out through the sliver in the blinds. Everything looked normal. It didn't appear that anyone had noticed anything, but she was positive that she had been loud at the end. She took a moment to lock the door.

Better late than never.

When she finally looked back over her shoulder, Lester was sitting naked in his office chair. His stomach jutted out, making him look like a fat frog sitting on its ass.

"So, about what you owe me," he said with an evil look on his face.

Sarah's heels clicked against the cold concrete. She rounded another corner and found yet another hallway lined with all sorts of pallets and boxes, among other things. She steadied her nerves and kept walking down the dark, dingy basement corridor. Several lights must have burnt out, casting long, eerie shadows everywhere.

She was an anxious mess about doing what Lester had asked of her. But the dark thrill she'd felt earlier continued its journey through her body. Just the idea of it was so....wicked. She still couldn't believe this is what Lester had wanted from her. But on some level she understood it. In his own way, he was doing this for her. Helping her to realize another fantasy, as he said. He always seemed to have his finger on the pulse of her desires unlike anyone before. She would have never have considered doing this on her own. She felt safer doing so knowing he was with her in it.

Sarah slowed her pace as she turned another darkened corner. She was getting close now, and she knew he wasn't far behind her. There wasn't even a doubt in her mind that he was following her. She could hear him trying to follow her discreetly. Even with the resounding clicks of her stilettos echoing off the walls, she could still hear him. Still hear that –

She had finally reached her destination: the boiler room in the hospital's basement. This area had always unnerved her. While she'd been working as the hospital's administrator, she'd only been down here a handful of times. It had never been an area of the hospital that was critical to her job, but it was one of the best places she had thought to grant Lester's request.

Sarah slipped inside the room and left the door open a crack so he would know where she'd gone. The room was dark, with two large boilers against the wall. Pipes affixed to several dials ran to it and up into other parts of the hospital. As Sarah looked around, part of her wanted to jot down all the improvements that could be made in here, strictly from a health and safety perspective, and a few others that occurred to her on the fly. But that wasn't her job anymore. Now, she had to focus on what her boss had asked of her.

She spotted the ratty-looking chair in the corner and quickly removed her clothing, dropping it over the back of the chair. Next, she gently removed her heels. She winced at the cold concrete against her bare feet.

Sarah took another deep breath and stood there in her dark emerald bra and panties. Her heart felt like it was beating out of her chest, and soon, it started beating even faster. The door opened a crack wider.

Sarah put her hand on her hip and pushed her chest out in front of her. Even if she felt nervous, she knew how to present confidence. She still couldn't believe she was actually doing this. It was definitely crossing a line—an ethical one and a professional one. But since she wasn't the hospital's administrator anymore, maybe it was okay. Besides, Lester had told her to do this. Just thinking about him got her excited again.

A familiar head looked in from the door, his eyes wide as saucers at the sight before him.

Otis had seen that stuck-up, unapproachable woman as she was crossing the lobby. He had followed her like he usually did, letting his eyes feast on her curves. He still couldn't believe his luck that he'd caught her in her car that one time, but he needed to have her again.

For some reason, she had gone to the basement alone, somewhere no one but the maintenance staff usually needed to be. He'd kept his distance, following her down the dark corridors. He'd had to leave his cart behind, he knew the squeaking wheels would be too much of a giveaway in the deserted hallways.

He was going to be in a lot of fucking trouble if he got caught by her. There wouldn't be any good excuse for why he had followed her all the way down here. Maybe he'd be fired, but his cock was doing the thinking right now. There was a possibility he could at least cop another feel before they fired him. When she'd gone into the boiler room, he didn't know what to think.

So he inched closer to the door and peeked in. He felt like his heart was going to beat out of his chest right then and then. That sexy woman, Mrs. Williams, was standing there in nothing but dark green lacy underwear, her hand on her hips like she was posing for something.

"Took you long enough," she said, staring at him with an intense gaze as he stepped into the warmth of the room. Otis felt like he could cum right then and there just by the way she was looking at him. No one had ever looked at him like that before. The dark desire behind her eyes was making his heart beat in his chest faster and faster.

“You going to stay out there, or are you coming all the way in?” she asked him, shifting her stance.

A grin spread across his face, and he stepped fully into the room, pulling the door shut behind him.

“Looking real good there, blondie,” Otis said. There was no way he was walking out of here without a piece of that. Otis walked across the dirty room directly to where she was standing. She took one step back, and Otis just stood there, letting his eyes roam over her body. Damn, she knows how to fucking dress. Those tits....

“Otis, right?” Mrs. Williams asked him.

“Uh-huh,” He murmured as his eyes couldn’t stop running over her body.

“Eyes up here, big boy,” she said, “just for a minute.”

Otis just let out a chuckle and finally met her gaze.

Sarah shuddered at the intense, hungry look in the old janitor’s eyes. He was so different from either Dan or Lester. Old crow's feet marked the corners of his eyes. The rest of the skin on his face and what she could see of his arms was weathered from a lifetime of manual labor.

Sarah was about to speak when the old man said, “Turn around. I want to see all of you.”

Sarah shuddered at the command. Before her brain had processed what it was doing, Sarah was already slowly spinning around to give the old man a view of her body. Before she had completely turned all the way around, she yelped as his rough hand grabbed a handful of her succulent ass.

“Wha -?” Sarah turned around but found Otis right there next to her, his hand still firmly gripping her ass. This wasn’t how this was supposed to go.

His lips were pressed against her before she knew it. His tongue penetrating her mouth as the rancid flood of cigarettes and cheap whiskey filled her mouth. His hand continued to maul her ass while his other calloused hand crept up and was roughly kneading both her breasts over her bra.

Sarah sloppily kissed him back before pushing back on his chest to give herself some breathing room. She needed to take back control before someone she hadn’t planned happened.

“Sit down,” Sarah said, gesturing to the chair. Otis just stood there. His lanky body and paunch around his stomach seemed filled with anxious energy—like someone had just put a plate of food in front of a starving man and told him to wait.

“Otis, sit down. Please,” Sarah said once again. His eyes were still desperate and hungry, but he seemed to get the message. With his eyes still glued to her, he backed up and sat down in the ratty chair.

“What's going on here?” He asked as he brazenly stroked his cock through his coveralls. Sarah's eyes momentarily stayed glued to the bulging shape of it before she quickly regained her composure.

“I've seen you. Watching me. Following me,” Sarah whispered as she stepped up closer to him. She steadied her nerves. She still couldn't believe this was what Lester had asked for. Asked her to do. She knew she could have said no. Kicking him out into the cold hadn't been so bad. But still, she found herself agreeing to his instructions quickly. She'd even kissed him deeply in his office when she'd agreed to it. It was like a dark persona had taken over and led her down here into the bowels of the hospital.

“I thought that maybe,” she said as her leg brushed against his knee, “Maybe you'd gotten tired of watching.”

Sarah lowered herself onto her knees in front of him. Her manicured finger nailed running up the thighs of his dirty overalls, “Maybe you'd like to get a taste?”

Her hands ran over his protruding stomach and up his undefined chest. They slid over to the zipper at the top of his coveralls, and she slowly lowered it down, “Or, to be more specific, maybe I'll be the one getting a taste.”

She lowered the zipper all the way to the bottom around his stomach, exposing the faded white t-shirt underneath. Otis just leered down at her with a stupid grin on his face. Was she really going to fucking do this?

Sarah glanced at the closed door. She could still leave. She didn't have to follow through with Lester's orders. She had plenty of other things she could be doing. How had she even gotten herself into this situation? Kneeling in front of a dirty old janitor in the hospital's basement?

Otis eagerly shuffled out of his coveralls, plopping back down in the chair in just his shirt and boxers. Sarah caught the movement out of the corner of her eyes and turned back, the tent in his boxers as evident as the hungry desire in his eyes.

“Oh, I got something you can taste already,” Otis grunted as he grabbed his crotch, “Why don’t you take it out and get a better look at it.”

Before Sarah could protest, Otis was lowering his boxers, and his hard cock flopped out and pointed right at her. With a delighted sigh, Otis flopped back down in the chair and looked at Sarah expectantly. She momentarily froze as she stared at Otis’ angry member in front of her. Part of her was still ready to walk out that door and get back upstairs. But she didn’t want to disappoint Lester. And the cock in front of her seemed to call to her, demanding her attention.

Sarah tentatively reached out and lightly touched it. Her fingertips brushed and pressed over the shaft, exploring it.

“Take off your bra, let me see those tits,” Otis grunted. Sarah retracted her hand and it moved to unclasp her bra. Why am I just doing whatever he says?

Sarah lowered her bra straps until the cups fell away from her breasts.

“Fuck,” Otis breathed, his gaze stuck on her breasts. He’d watched these things sway seductively in the hallways for years and now had an up-close and personal view of them, “Give it here.”

He held out his hand, gesturing for the bra. Sarah bit her lip and handed it over before meeting his gaze. It was so similar to the look that first Dan, and then later Lester would give her. She felt herself growing wet just by his proximity and the hungry look on his face. Fuck, I’m going to do this, Aren’t I?

Otis kept his eyes trained on her but raised the emerald bra to his nose and took a long sniff. He groaned as he did, one hand going to his cock and waving it at her.

Sarah steeled her nerves and wrapped one hand around his shaft, eliciting another groan from the old man.

“Oh fuck yeah,” he said, smiling down at her like a fat kid in front of a birthday cake, “Fuck me, I must have a concussion or something because this can’t be happening.”

Sarah’s eyes turned mischievous. “Believe it, big boy. Now sit back and let me taste you.”

Before he could say anything else, Sarah gripped his shaft and lowered her mouth to his straining cock. Her nostrils flared at the smell of dried sweat on his untuned body. She probably shouldn’t have waited until close to the end of his shift to do this, but she wouldn’t let his bitter, sweaty aroma deter her.

The head of his angry cock pressed against her tongue as her mouth descended further and further down his cock. Sarah licked the undersides of his pole, whipping her tongue from side to side until it was nice and wet so her hand could effortlessly slide up and down the old man's shaft.

Otis put his hands behind his head and marveled at the young beauty eagerly sucking his cock. Never in his wildest dreams did he expect anything like this to happen. Sure, he'd jerked off and spilled plenty of cum to thoughts of Mrs. Williams, but this was something else entirely. Who knew what the future would hold for the old boy now?

And then, he heard music to his ears. Sarah moaned around his shaft as she serviced him. Otis lowered a hand to rest on the back of her head. His dirty fingers intertwined with strands of her beautiful blonde hair. He gathered his strength and stood up, pressing Sarah backwards. He angled her as she sucked him and soon her upper body was wedged between the old man and one of the hissing boilers.

Never would he have been able to approach someone like her, let alone lay a hand on her. But now he was running his hands through her hair while he stuffed his cock into her mouth. When he let his hand rest on the back of her head, he noticed she moaned again.

Otis balled her hair up into a fist and thrust his hips forwards, eliciting another lusty moan from her. He could only grin, knowing it was he himself who was making her react like this, turning her on. He didn't give a fuck where that other guy was or what her deal was with him, but he sure as hell knew he'd be following her around the hospital much more often from now on.

Sarah continued to moan around Otis' spit soaked cock so he decided to see just how far he could push her. He tightened the grip on her hair and held the side of her face with his other hand. Then he leaned forward on the boiler, thrusting his cock deep into her mouth.

The head of his cock hit the back of Sarah's throat as he pulled her onto it. Otis didn't stop thrusting, he used Sarah's head like a fuckdoll, roughly fucking her mouth with his cock. To his amazement, Sarah gripped his shaft tightly and held onto the base as he power fucked her mouth.

"Ah, yeah," Otis groaned as Sarah's sloppy sucking and choking sounds echoed off the walls of the boiler room. Slowly, Otis let go of Sarah's head, but she still kept up at the same pace he had set. Sarah was going buck wild, relentlessly sucking on Otis's cock and taking it as deep into her mouth as she could as her skin was warmed by the metal behind her. Her hand rejoined the party and started stroking him in time with her mouth.

“Fucking hell,” Otis groaned as Sarah worshipped and drooled on his cock. The old guy was leaning against the old boiler, letting Sarah do whatever she wanted to him, “Ugh yeah, that's it. Suck my cock, baby.”

“Mmmmm-hmmmm,” Sarah moaned around Otis' cock. Sarah pulled her mouth off Otis's cock and looked up at him, staring him in the eyes. She stuck out her tongue and licked all the way down his shaft until she reached the jungle of white pubic hair at the base.

“Jesus Christ,” Otis muttered, watching Sarah keep eye contact with him while her tongue licked up and down his shaft, “Give my balls some love.” He sat back down to let her work.

A wicked smile spread onto Sarah's face, and she raised her eyebrows at him, “I'm not done with my new toy yet.” Sarah licked up to the top of Otis' shaft and swirled her tongue around the tip of his cock, licking up the bitter, salty pre-cum that had just oozed out. Otis just groaned as Sarah's mouth hungrily descended again on his shaft. The tip pressed against the back of her throat, momentarily making her gag. Sarah looked up at Otis as his cock was in her mouth. The old man was just gazing down at her in astonishment, the hunger on his face replaced by unexpected pleasure.

Sarah smiled inwardly at the results of her actions. How Otis just seemed to melt into his seat, her words putting him back in his place. She reveled in that feeling. In the power she held over him. The level of control she had in bringing him off or continuing to torture him. Fuck, its addicting.

“Mmmmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned around Otis' hard cock. She was acting just like the slut Lester said she was. At no point in her professional career would she have planned to be on her knees in a dirty boiler room blowing the fucking janitor of all people. But here she was, loving every minute of it.

Otis just sat there and groaned. He'd never had a blowjob this fucking good before. He knew that Sarah had to know how to use her lips, but this was oral sex on another fucking level. That uptight woman sure knew what she was doing, and he thanked his blessings to the man who had taught her so well.

Sarah's mouth plopped off Otis' cock, and she took a deep breath. A single line of saliva connected her cock and his mouth for a second before Sarah bit her lip and looked at Otis. She licked her lips and slowly lowered her mouth to his balls, her tongue parting the dense foliage of his public hair as she found the dappled skin of his nutsack to tease.

Otis groaned deeply as Sarah's tongue danced across his balls, and her lips kissed and sucked on both of them. Sarah's hand never left his engorged shaft. She continued to stroke it. Up and down, her wrist twisted and pumped him for everything he had.

“Mmmhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned breathily into Otis’ fetid balls, his thick public hair pushing against her nose and eyes. Sarah continued to lap and slurp all over Otis’s dangling nuts, completely covering them in her spit. She slid down, lowering, making sure she didn’t miss a single spot on the underside of his balls either.

Sarah’s worship of Otis’ balls, combined with her expert stroking of his shaft, was beginning to be too much for him. He could feel his balls beginning to tighten and knew it wouldn’t be long before he blew his fucking load. But he didn’t want it to stop yet. He wanted to relish every fucking second of the time he had with Mrs. Williams.

“Stop,” He grunted. Sarah slowed her eager licks and strokes and looked up at him with pleading eyes, not wanting to stop at all. “I want to slide my cock between those massive glands. Your tits. Fuck, they look amazing.”

A dark chuckle escaped Sarah’s lips as she pulled back from him.

“Like this?” Sarah asked as she scooted forward. She held his cock in one hand and placed them between her bare breasts. Otis groaned as Sarah held the sides of her warm accommodating breasts together, fully encapsulating Otis’s cock between them. Then she started to rock up and down, letting his slick pole run up and down, fucking her breasts.

“Ah fuck yeah, just like that,” Otis groaned. It felt like what he imagined it was like titty-fucking a Playboy bunny. The kind of perfect tits that didn’t exist in real life, only in a magazine or on the internet, yet here they were in all their magnificence, wrapped around his dirty old cock.

“Uuhhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned at the prickly sensations. Otis’ large thick cock was sliding up and down her between her breasts, her nipples pressing against his legs each time she came back down. She licked her lips and closed her eyes, letting herself get lost in the stimulation.

Over and over, Otis’ blood-filled cock slid between her breasts, titty fucking the young mother. Both of them were lost in the licentious rapture of the moment. Neither noticed that the door to the room had slightly opened at some point.

“Mhmmmm fuck,” Sarah groaned as the head of Otis’ thrusting cock disappeared into her cleavage.

“Ah yeah, you like that?” Otis grunted, “You like my ol’cock between your big tits?”

“Fuck. Yes.” Sarah moaned, eyes shut, “Feels good.”

Otis just grunted in response, unsure exactly how to deal with this firecracker of a woman. All he knew was that he needed more of her, and he was getting dangerously close to exploding all over her face.

“Fuck it,” he grunted as he pushed himself up off the chair to tower over her. Sarah tried to keep her tits wrapped around his cock, but the angle was too awkward. She stared up at Otis’s ugly face staring down at her in the dark, grungy boiler room.

“Mm-hmm,” Otis groaned as he grabbed the base of his cock, pushing her back against the boiler again. “Close your eyes.”

Sarah knelt there and closed her eyes. She was losing control but didn’t want to stop herself. Her large breasts heaved as she breathed, waiting for whatever Otis was going to do. Then she felt his cock slap down against her face, the head of the cock hitting her eyebrow. Then Otis did it again, slapping her on the cheek.

Then, the other cheek. He dragged his dirty cock all over her face, pre-cum leaking out and trailing behind it. He slapped it down over her eye and nose again, taking twisted pleasure in her just sitting there and letting it happen.

Over and over, he slapped his cock around her face. To Sarah’s surprise, a soft moan escaped her own lips as he dragged his cock once more all over her face. She didn’t know why, but she was loving this.

“Stick out your tongue,” Otis commanded. Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at the old man. Then, she opened both eyes and stuck her tongue out. Otis grinned as his cock head slapped against her outstretched tongue. He did this over and over, beating his cock against her warm, wet tongue. Sarah had to restrain herself not to take his cock into her mouth and devour it. Her rate of breathing increased with her excitement.

“Fuck I’m so close. Beg for. Say my name and beg for it,” Otis grumbled.

“Please. Otis. Give it to me,” Sarah moaned as her hands came up and started fondling her shapely breasts. Otis kept beating his iron hard cock on her tongue. Sarah roughly grabbed her breasts, punching one of her nipples. “I need it. I want your cum, Otis. Give it to me. Please. Please fucking give it to me, Otis.”

“Ugh, fuck,” Otis grunted. He was rapidly stroking his cock while he beat the head of it against Sarah’s waiting silky tongue. “I’m gonna cum, girl. Where do you want it? Where do you fucking want it?”

“Everywhere,” Sarah moaned as she tweaked her left nipple, “I fucking want it everywhere. All over my chest, down my throat, on my face. Just fucking give it to me, Otis.”

“Open wide,” Otis grunted.

Sarah didn't need any more encouragement. One of her hands quickly wrapped around his shaft and gripped it hard, running it up and down his length. Her mouth opened wide, and she took his cock on her tongue in her mouth. Sarah felt the veins in his cock pulsate in her hands and knew he was about to cum.

“FUUUCK. SHIT,” Otis grunted, “Here it fucking comes!”

He grabbed the back of Sarah's head and thrust his cock forward violently. His cock hit the back of her throat as her lips mashed down against the base of his cock. Otis grabbed two handfuls of Sarah's hair and used her mouth as a fuckhole until his balls tightened and his cock slit spread open menacingly, unleashing a torrent of hot and sticky cum into Sarah's mouth. Sarah swallowed the first bitter load. And the second. But the third came too fast, filling her mouth with his seed. The fourth shot did the same as Otis was reveling in unleashing his cum into the young mother's mouth. He'd never cum harder in his life.

Cum spilled out of Sarah's mouth and dripped down her chin and onto her heaving breasts. Sarah was still massaging her nipples and areola. She didn't stop as drops of cum began peppering them. She massaged them into her skin without a second thought.

“Holy shit,” Otis grunted, pulling his cock free of Sarah's sucking mouth. Another long rope of cum blasted her in the face, landing across her nose and one eye that winked shut. More cum leaked out of her mouth as Sarah swallowed yet another of his prodigious loads. She meticulously licked her lips of any cum still there while wiping the slimy sperm off her chin.

Otis fell back into the folding chair, exhausted. He stared at Sarah in disbelief, watching this blonde beauty swallow and eat his cum while still playing with her tits. Her perfect knees were marred with dust from the concrete floor, and her bra was nowhere in sight.

Sarah finished cleaning her face with her fingers. For a moment, she thought about cleaning her fingers with her mouth, but instead, she flicked the gooey substance off her fingers onto the floor. Otis just sat there with the dumbest smile on his face, watching her as she stepped beside him and retrieved her bra from the floor and the rest of her clothes from the back of the chair. He had to lean forward to free her pants and top.

The way he stared at her while watching her get dressed just felt awkward. She would have preferred that he just left instead of leering at her like a piece of perfectly cooked filet mignon.

“Can I help –” Sarah caught herself, not wanting to give him an opening for more, “Like what you see?”

“Just admiring the view. Fucking perfection,” Otis grumbled. He fished his phone out of his coveralls, “Say, let me get your number, and maybe we can meet up again.”

“We’ll see,” Sarah said, taking her own phone out. She opened the camera app and looked at herself. Well, my makeup is fucked. She’d have to find the nearest bathroom and wash her face. There were makeup remover wipes in her purse so she could look at least halfway presentable instead of the hot mess she was at the moment.

Sarah finished adjusting her clothes and looked back at Otis, “I hope you enjoyed yourself. I know I did.” She waved at him, the large diamond on her finger flashed sparks of color on the ceiling from the dim lights in the room.

Before the old man could respond, Sarah left through the open boiler room door.

“Yeah, don’t worry sweetheart. I know how to find you” Otis grinned as he leaned back in the chair. He absently stroked his cock as he lazily spun himself around in the chair.

Both Otis and Sarah were too enthralled with her face fucking to have noticed Lester prop the door open. He’d peered into the room and watched Sarah do just as he’d demanded. To debase herself with the janitor. And from what he’d seen, she’d loved every moment of it.

Otis was the perfect pawn to push in the next phase of Lester’s plan. Sarah had already let herself go with Jesse. Now, with Otis in her workplace, his financial stranglehold on the couple could truly begin.

Sarah’s eyes suddenly locked with Lester’s for a moment. She gave him a knowingly look which Lester returned with a smile. Her eyes seemed to go wide seeing the phone in his hand, so he tried his best to appear reassuring. He hadn’t planned on her noticing him but she seemed to like it. Still, she might raise questions he otherwise wouldn’t want to answer.

Lester stopped recording the video on his phone as Sarah began looking for her clothes. He quickly thumbed his phone, sending a copy of the recording off to his secure cloud drive. Lester retreated silently back the way he’d come, eager to see if Sarah would come to find him in his office to report back or if she would just sneak out of the hospital and head home.

Either way, Lester had won another important battle: the deconstruction of Sarah Williams as a professional and the destruction of Dan’s marriage. Lester had never had so much fucking fun.