

Hey all, hope everyone v-day was good. I've been in the lab writing this chapter of toxic attraction alongside some other things I mentioned in the recent newsletter. I'm a little behind editing Tainted Conception but I'll have that all polished up by early next week.

As always, this insider draft is rough. Plenty of issues with it from a spelling and grammatical point of view. There are a few scenes I want to reexamine when I get to the editing phase, particularly one with Sarah and Dan in the middle of it.

Anyways, enough from me, I know you all like the dirty stuff better than my ramblings. I just finished the last scene a few minutes ago so here you are!:

Jesse's face was flush and he was breathing hard. He had lost track of how many times he had done this since his encounter with Sarah that night. His sweet Sarah. If only she were there with him at this moment. It would be so much better.

Jesse shifted in his bed trying to find the right angle to make this work. One hand on his dick while the other held his cell phone in front of him. Sarah's angelic face filled his phone's screen. He'd finally managed to find a picture of her online from her inactive LinkedIn page.

It was like she was staring right back at him, smiling at him. He couldn't almost smell her perfume from that night at the hotel. She hadn't let him follow her on Instagram. Or his friend request on Facebook. He couldn't find her on TikTok or Snapchat. He'd even looked on Pinterest but that had been a deadend.

Now he lay there, jerking off to her LinkedIn picture. But he just couldn't get there. He had busted his nut to this photo countless times over the past few days but today, no matter how long or hard he jerked it. It just wasn't happening. Maybe if he got one of those fake pussy things to jerk off into but that felt like cheating on her.

Those fucking bastards must have all her accounts locked down. There wasn't any other explanation for why she wasn't responding to him. They were afraid that him and Sarah would run away together. Especially now that he'd spent the night with her. Now that she knew how much she loved him.

Baring his teeth, Jesse let go of his dick and swiped Sarah's picture off the screen. He opened this phone app and scrolled down until he saw Lester's name. Her gatekeeper.

Jesse didn't understand what kind of hold Lester had over Sarah. Dan he got, he was her husband so maybe there was some loyalty there but Lester? Why was he able to control her?

His finger hesitated over the call button, memories of that night in the hotel flooding his brain. Watching, heartbroken as Sarah wailed while Lester impaled her with his cock. Fucking her senseless. He really wished that ugly bastard hadn't been there at all.

Jesse knew that Lester couldn't hold a candle to him. That Sarah and Jesse had really connected that night, on a level neither of them had ever experience before. But Lester had still been there and managed to bring her off so many times.

While Jesse had, at first, made love to Sarah, he had to watch on in horror as afterwards, Lester had just fucked her like a caged animal. And she had loved it. At least, her body had, judging by how many times she came with him.

So then Jesse had tried to have sex with her like that. Roughly like Lester did. Maybe it was because they had already had sex or maybe it was because it so inauthentic to the way Jesse was but Sarah didn't cum as much as she had with Lester. And then the fucking guy had made love to her the next time, making her cum just as many times.

The only thing that made sense was that she was putting on a performance. Faking it all those times just to satisfy that asshole. Because he had some kind of control

over her. Maybe she was afraid of him. Either way Jesse knew he had to get Sarah out of Lester and Dan's clutches.

Jesse gritted his teeth and found the resolve deep inside him. He had to do this, for her. He pressed the dial button and steeled his nerves, waiting for Lester to answer. While the line was ringing, it abruptly cut off going straight to voicemail.

Lester had screened his call. Jesse called back again with the same result. On the fifth consecutive call, Lester finally answered.

"What?" Lester barked. Jesse felt his blood begin to boil at Lester's tone. He must have been intimidated by Jesse, that's why he hadn't called him since that night. Lester recognized him as a threat.

Jesse stood up. Sitting down felt like a weak position to speak from. He paced around his room, purposely avoiding the overdue rent and other bills on his desk.

"You're going to let me talk to Sarah. Now," Jesse said.

Lester chuckled, "Why would I do that?"

"Because I know what you're doing. You're controlling her. You and Dan. Trying to keep her away from me. I know you guys have her social accounts locked down so she can't talk to me. So back off and let me talk to her."

Lester was silent. Jesse knew he had struck a nerve. Finally he spoke.

"It's not me," Lester said, "I don't have any control over her."

"It's Dan then? He's the one controlling her?" Jesse asked.

"He is her husband. She has to do what he says I guess," Lester said.

"That's fucked up, she is her own person. She can think for herself. She doesn't have to stay with him." Jesse said.

“They have kids together,” Lester sighed, seeming sad he can’t help. Like he had given up on her. Well Jesse was ready to fight for Sarah.

“I can take care of them. She can leave Dan. I’ll take care of her and her girls. You can tell her that,” Jesse said.

“I’m not sure when I’ll see her,” Lester whispered.

Jesse gritted his teeth. This wasn’t going anywhere. He’d need to talk to Dan and fix this.

“Fine,” Jesse said, “I’ll call Dan then.”

“Wait,” Lester said, “Are you sure you want to do that? It’ll give him a heads up and let him know you’re coming. He’ll be able to get ready.”

Lester was right. He didn’t want Dan to just be able to hang up on him. He needed to confront him in person. Dan had ambushed Jesse outside of his workplace, maybe it was time for Jesse to return the favor.

“Bye Lester,” Jesse said and hung up the call. He opened LinkedIn and searched up Dan, confirming he still worked at the same place. It was time to go pay his old colleague a visit.

Sarah’s heels clicked on the floor of the hospital’s lobby. With her head down, Sarah crossed to the elevator bank. In the cool sunlight of the morning, yesterday’s events felt much heavier. What had she been thinking going along with Lester’s request? In the moment, right after Lester had fucked her in his office, the request had sent a dark, thrill through her. She hadn’t wanted to say no. The idea of lowering herself to touch someone like Otis, let alone doing it in her workplace touched part of her that she usually suppressed. And the fact she had an eager audience watching her just added fuel to the fire that had been burning within her.

But now the cold reality of the situation was washing over her. She had fooled around with a coworker in her workplace. Lester....she didn't count. That was a unique circumstance and someone she already had an existing relationship with. No, Otis was....different. She didn't know him well, which made her stomach turn into knots as she couldn't anticipate what he might do, or how he would react the next time he saw her. And that fact that he was....she hated to admit it because it sounded so elitist....on a lower social rung than she was. Though, his status seemed to be slipping lately.

She'd felt confident last night walking out to her car with her head held high. She hadn't been able to find Lester but she had to quickly switch into mommy mode anyways and go pick up her kids. But today, she just felt nervous.

Sarah got into the elevator, her eyes flicking between other colleagues inside. She steeled herself, waiting for one of them to look at her with a look that said 'I know what you did last night.' Thankfully none of them did.

When the elevator doors opened, Sarah squared her shoulders and walked out, trying to project an air of confidence that clashed with how she felt inside. She tried to channel how she felt months ago before the hospital takeover had started.

Sarah walked into the IT Department and froze in her tracks, eyes going wide. Through the rows of cubicles Sarah saw Otis' cart parked outside her office. The portly janitor was loitering in the area, far earlier in the day than he normally did. Sarah wanted to make a dash for Lester's office to talk to him. Instead she spun on her heels and marched back out into the hallway.

She needed to talk to Lester. If what she saw was right, he recorded her time in the basement with Otis on his phone yesterday. While it sent a strange thrill down her spine, the cold reality of a video like that existing shook her to her core. As much as she needed to talk to him, she desperately wanted to avoid interacting with Otis today.

Otis would have to leave eventually. He couldn't loiter there forever. He was probably trying to catch her as she got to work that day. Who knows what he would say or try. So the best bet was to avoid him entirely. Sarah headed back to the elevator to go downstairs and get a fresh coffee.

Half an hour later, Sarah was pulling open the doors to the IT department once again. She peaked her head in and felt the tension drop from her shoulders. Otis and his cart were nowhere to be found.

She strode across the room to her office, wishing she didn't look like she was just arriving to the office now. After putting her things away, she walked over to Lester's office to talk about the video recording. Unfortunately he wasn't there.

Sarah wanted to ask someone if they'd seen Lester but she didn't know any of the handful of IT people left and she was supposed to be his right hand. It would look bad if she didn't know. Sarah walked back to her office, closing the door behind her and logged onto her computer. She could see in her calendar that Lester wasn't available but she couldn't see where he was.

She spent the next few minutes catching up on emails while trying to figure out more about how the department ran. Eventually she had to run to a meeting, one she hoped Lester would attend as well. Unfortunately, he didn't. Nor did he turn up at the next one. Sarah texted him asking where he was but didn't receive a reply. This went on for the entire morning, Sarah seemingly unable to locate Dan's roommate, now her boss. It was almost like he was avoiding her on purpose. Sarah shook her head, grasping at straws wasn't going to help and almost made her feel like a highschool girl wondering why the boy she liked wasn't giving her any attention. It was stupid.

Between meetings and returning to her office, Sarah had to avoid Otis who seemed to keep poking around. Lester's office sat empty the entire time. On her way to the cafeteria to pick up lunch, she happened to see the waddling form of Lester heading across the atrium towards the parking lot in the rear of the building.

Sarah hurried her steps, restraining herself from breaking into a full run. Lester was exiting the building as she closed the gap between them. From the corner of her eye she could see Otis wheeling his cart in her direction. Sarah hurried the last few steps as she pushed the exit door open and caught up with Lester.

“Lester,” Sarah said in a low voice, “Where have you been all morning?”

“Hmm? Oh just, you know working. Why?” Lester asked, not breaking his stride towards his car.

Sarah looked over her shoulder and saw Otis standing at the window, watching them.

“We need to talk about yesterday. About what you made me do,” Sarah said.

Lester looked around the parking lot. There were other people heading to their cars, with more streaming out the exit doors behind them. It was lunch after all, “Are you sure you want to talk about this right now? Here?”

Sarah looked around, “No. I guess not. I just haven’t been able to find you all day. I was hoping we could have chatted about it this morning in your office.”

“Yeah, got called out for a dumb meeting,” Lester shrugged, “I’m grabbing lunch and picking some stuff up from the hotel. We can chat when I get back?”

Sarah looked over her shoulder. Otis was still standing at the window glaring at her. If she turned around and went back inside now, he would no doubt intercept her, for who knows what. And she had left her purse locked up in her office, grabbing only some cash to buy lunch. She didn’t have her keys to go to her own car.

“Could I tag along? I could use a break from this place,” Sarah said.

“Sure, I guess,” Lester said as they navigated the parking lot to his black SUV. As they pulled out of the parking lot, Sarah glanced back at the hospital and saw Otis

hurrying away from the window. He probably thought Sarah and Lester were heading to their prior meeting spot behind the old annex of the building.

Sarah looked out the window the SUV, watching the building and streets pass by. Finally she worked up the nerve to start the conversation with Lester.

“About yesterday,” Sarah started.

“Hold on,” Lester cut her off as he swung the SUV into another parking lot, navigating into the drive through of a Burger King, “Let me just order real quick. Did you want something?”

“Umm,” Sarah started, “I need to read the menu. I don’t come her often.”

“Alright, you read it while I order,” Lester said pulling up to the microphone. Sarah’s eyes scanned the unfamiliar menu as she tried to look for the healthiest options. Unfortunately, it looked like that wasn’t a thing here.

“Welcome to BK where you rule, what can I get for you today?” the voice from the speaker said.

“Yeah give me a triple Whopper and add bacon to it. Super size the coke and fries. On the side can I get a Carolina barbecue chicken sandwich, eight nuggets, and a slice of of that Hersheys sundae pie? What do you want Sarah?”

“Quite the appetite there,” Sarah murmured before adding, “I’ll just have the veggie burger, no fries or soda though.”

“And a veggie burger combo with a coke,” Lester said before receiving his total and driving up to the window. Sarah gave him a glare and soon they pulled back onto the road towards Lester’s hotel.

As Lester drove he stuffed his hand into one of the bags and pulled out a handful of fries that he shoved into his mouth. Sarah just shook her head and reluctantly took a sip from the coke.

"Let's talk upstairs," Lester said as they pulled into a parking space. With their Burger King orders in hand, the couple entered the hotel and quickly found Lester's room on the second floor.

"Let's eat first, I'm starving," Lester said as he opened the door. Sarah followed him into his hotel room and wasn't surprised to see the state of disarray it was in. The garbage and recycling bins were overflowing with garbage. The lights to the bathroom had been left on, along with the TV. Items were strewn all over the bathroom counter. Both of the queen beds weren't made and there were empty of half-empty bags of Cheetos and other refuse on both of the beds.

"Lester..." Sarah started, "Why don't you get the maids in here to clean this place up?"

"I don't want them going through my shit," Lester said, "Besides, I'll be heading back to Chicago in a couple days they can clean it then."

"It's just... how can you live like this?" Sarah asked.

Lester just shrugged, "It's not that bad. We can't all have our perfect little houses. Why do you think I always come to your place?"

Sarah looked around at the room, crossing her arms in front of her. Lester sat down on the bed, unwrapping the greasy food and devouring it. Sarah sighed and did the same, opting for the small chair next to a table where she neatly unwrapped her veggie burger and started to eat it. As much as she didn't want them, the fries and Coke hit the spot.

Lester's eyes were transfixed on the TV in front of him as he scarfed down his food. There was some kind of video game tournament on the screen. Something about a DOTA but Sarah wasn't really paying attention. She just eyed Lester as grease ran down his chin. It was disgusting but impressive how he quickly finished the triple Whopper before moving onto the nuggets. The wrappers for both, discarded on the

bed. Then he started in on his other sandwich, taking swings of his extra large Coke.

“Fuckers didn’t give me a fork,” Lester complained when he opened the Hershey’s sundae pie. Sarah’s eyes went wide as Lester used his hands to shove it into his mouth. Sarah could barely get through half of her burger before her stomach felt full.

Lester wiped his hands on his pants and shuffled himself back the bed to rest against the head board, his fingers diving into one of the open bags of Cheetos already there,

“How are you still hungry?” Sarah asked, “I can’t even finish this.”

“I have immense energy reserves that I need to fill,” Lester said without taking his eyes off the screen in front of him.

“Energy for what?” Sarah shook her head. He was going to eat his way to an early heart attack.

“I think you know,” Lester said, turning away from the TV to look at her with that shit eating while he stuffed a handful of Cheetos into his mouth.

“You’re gross,” Sarah rolled her eyes, leaned back in her chair and crossed her legs. She wanted to finally talk to him about what happened last night.

“We need to talk about what happened yesterday. In the basement,” Sarah said. Lester just shrugged and grabbed another handful of Cheetos. Orange dust marred his shirt.

“What about it? The way you blew the janitor’s world?” Lester asked, turning his attention back to the TV.

Sarah cringed at his choice of wording but pressed on, “Yes. Specifically I wanted to
_”

“Did you enjoy it?” Lester asked.

“Lester, I don’t think –”

“It sure sounded like it. With the way you were moaning on his cock like that. Otherwise you deserve and Oscar. But what would you have done if someone else other than the janitor followed you down there? I wonder...” he trailed off as he shoved another handful of Cheetos into his mouth.

Sarah honestly didn’t know how she would have reacted. If someone else at the hospital had stumbled upon her posing like that in her underwear. The idea was absurd. She knew she would freak out and get dressed. In fact the entire of being down there in the first place was absurd. She knew that. Logically it made sense. But what would she have done in reality?

You wouldn’t want to disappoint Lester. She had owed Lester one and knew he was watching. She probably would have done exactly what she did.

“I guess we’ll never know,” Sarah answered, “But I want to talk about you and the video you took.”

“Oh. That.” Lester said grabbing the remote with his greasy hands and muting it, “I was wondering if you’d bring that up.”

“Lester....,” Sarah started, “You know how much damage a video like that could do, right? I get that in the moment it can be hot but in reality its scary knowing that something like that is out there. How damaging it could be. For me, for Otis and even the hospital. Please, Lester I need you to delete it.”

Sarah stood up and put her hands on her hips, trying to recapture some of her lost confidence. She stepped between Lester and his view of the TV. Lester moved his head to the side to keep watching but Sarah side-stepped into his view.

"I never said I wouldn't delete it," Lester shrugged giving up on trying to view the TV.
"I just thought you, ya know, might like to see it."

"Lester I was there," Sarah breathed in, "I lived it."

"No, I mean like see yourself. From the perspective of Dan or me. See how you perform from our eyes. See how the fantasy of fulfilled. That's why I took it. So you could see how sexy and powerful you looked." Lester met her gaze.

Sarah shivered at his intense stare, not knowing how to respond to that. Just as she was about to say something, Lester spoke.

"Come here. Look," Lester pulled his hand out of the Cheeto bag and grabbed his phone. He thumbed it and motioned for her to sit next to him. Hesitantly, Sarah walked up next to the bed where he was sitting.

"Don't be shy," Lester moved the Cheeto bag and patted the bed. "Sit down."

Sarah sighed. She wiped Cheeto crumbs off the bed and shuffled onto it, next to Lester, "You're still going to delete it after."

"I promise," Lester said as he leaned towards hers. Their shoulders touched and Sarah could see the greasy fingerprints on his phone. There on the screen was a frozen image of her on her knees before Otis.

Lester tapped the screen and the video began to play. Sarah, in just her sexy underwear locking eyes with the lowly janitor as Sarah sucked his cock. Sarah felt her eyes go wide seeing everything from this angle. Seeing how slutty she looked. Seeing the new body language of Otis from his perspective. How dark and dirty that room had been.

"Opps, sorry I had it on mute from a meeting," Lester said and thumbed the side of the device.

Sucking sounds came from the phone, followed by an unmistakable, "Mmmhmmmmmm," from her lips.

Sarah watched in fascination and horror as the phone version of her was loving every second of sucking the older man's cock.

"See how sexy you look?" Lester asked. Sarah didn't answer. She couldn't pry her eyes from the phone. Sarah felt the heat rising in her chest as she watched herself perform on the screen. Part of her brain registered that her breathing was growing shallow as her eyes fixated on the dick on the screen, the way it slid in and out of her mouth.

"See how sexy you look?" Lester repeated, whispering in her ear. When had his lips gotten so close to her? She could feel the heat from his breath running against her neck, causing a line of goosebumps to appear. Lester put the phone in Sarah's hand. She gripped it tightly as the video continued to play.

Lester's wet lips caressed her neck and his fingertips kneaded into the thighs of her pants. Sarah clamped her thighs together but Lester's fingers somehow found a way.

"What are you watching?" Lester whispered as his kisses trailed down her neck. Her own head bobbed to the side, jutting her neck out ever so slightly into his lips. "Tell me what you see."

"Me," Sarah whispered, "Being bad."

"Doing what?"

"Worshipping a cock," Sarah whispered.

"That's what you're good at. Whose cock is it? Dans?" Lester asked.

"You know it's not," Sarah said.

“Whose?”

“Otis,” Sarah breathed, “The creepy janitor at the hospital.”

“And you’re on your knees, worshipping his cock.” Lester tugged on her hips, pulled her down from a sitting position onto her back. Sarah almost lost her grip on the phone but she righted herself. Lester pushed her onto her side and slid in behind her.

A soft moan escaped Sarah’s lips as she felt Lester’s hard cock press into her ass, between their respective pants. This hadn’t been how she had planned this conversation going. She really should put a stop to this. She really should....

Lester’s tongue swirled on the back of her neck, making her mouth droop open. She bit her bottom lip. “Lester....” Sarah moaned softly, “We should really get back to the....”

“Sshh just keep watching,” Lester said as his tongue continued swirling around one of her most sensitive spots. “Keep watching how your hips just want to grind on something. Some nice and hard.”

Lester punctuated his sentence with a thrust of his cock into her ass, holding it there so she had to feel how hard he was for her. Sarah gasped and her hips instinctively pushed back into Lester’s cock as a soft moan escaped her lips.

“Lester....” Sarah groaned, her hips rocking side to side against Lester’s cock. As if sensing her attempts to disengage, his arm encircled her, his hand massaging her breast.

“Uhhhhmmmm,” Sarah wanted to protest but her just responded to Lester’s touch, almost like it was conditioned to.

“Open your eyes,” Lester whispered, his tongue no longer on the back of her neck, “Watch the video.”

Sarah hadn't realized she shut her eyes to revel in Lester's touch. She opened them and looked at the phone in her hand. Otis was dragging his cock all over her face. Sarah felt a heat in her abdomen as she watched the rough treatment. For someone so much further below her on the corporate ladder to degrade her like that with his cock. Fucckk.

"We don't need these do we?" Lester's hand dropped from her breast and started to tug down her pants. Part of Sarah knew she shouldn't. Knew she should get back to work. But a louder part of her wondered why? Why go back to work? What was she working for anyways? They had shunted her off into IT, her past contributions meaningless. Besides her boss was right here....

Sarah lifted her hip off the bed, letting Lester pulled her pants down to her feet. She kicked them off onto the floor as Lester shuffled awkwardly behind her, his large gut pressing into the small of her back.

"Ah, yeah I love this ass," Lester roughly pawed her bubble butt before pushing his now freed cock against it. In his awkward movements he had lowered his own pants and boxers. Sarah could feel his hard, naked cock pressing into her ass cheek, his rough mangle of public hair tickling her skin.

Lester's hand gripped her slim hips, pulling her bubble butt back against his cock as he thrust against her. Rubbing his cock all over her perfect ass.

"Fucking perfection," Lester murmured behind her. Sarah's body was responding to Lester, like it always did. She couldn't help it. She knew things were complicated and it was smarter to just walk away but her rationality was drowned out by the fascination of watching herself perform on Lester's phone. Otis was slapping his cock against her cheeks. She hadn't realized how fucking horny and desperate she had looked in that moment. What would she have done if Otis had tried to fuck her?

Sarah shivered at the thought. At the same time, Lester's grubby hand pulled at her shirt, snaking under it to fondle her lacy bra clad breasts. Her shirt kept rising with his

forearm as he roughly grabbed, squeezed and massaged her breasts. Soft moans escaped Sarah's lips as she continued to be transfixed by the video.

"You looked so fucking hot yesterday," Lester nibbled on her earlobe. He shifted behind her, his cock dragging down one of her ass cheeks, leaving a sticky trail of precum behind. Sarah's eyes fluttered closed again feeling Lester's cock press between the bottom of her ass cheeks. Lester's hips pushed forward, parting her skin, pressing between her upper thighs.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. Her body warm with anticipation. Lester's cock continued to rub against her skin until it pushed against the sensitive area of the lips of Sarah's vagina. Sarah dropped a hand down between her legs and felt Lester's bulbous cock head prodding there. He pulled back and pushed forward again, grazing Sarah's sensitive skin. The tip of his cock pushing into Sarah's palm.

He held still while Sarah's delicate fingers began massaging the head of his cock. She held it against her pussy, rubbing it back and forth. It felt amazing and she wasn't surprised to feel how wet she already was. Lester just did that to her.

"You looked so fucking hot, being my obedient little slut. I loved that you went down into that dirty basement and did exactly what I said," Lester's fat tongue snaked out of his mouth and sloppily licked her ear.

Lester's hand continued to maul Sarah's breasts. His thumb got hooked in the fabric of her shirt and he hastily pulled it up and over her head. It dawned on Sarah that she was laying on Lester's hotel bed in just her lacy underwear. A weird thought popped into her head of princess Leia being fondled by that green worm guy.

With her shirt free, Lester began mauling her harder. Tugging down the straps of her bra and licking all over her shoulders. His hips started bucking, fucking her thighs while Sarah guided his cock against her pussy.

"What would you do with Otis was here right now huh?" Sarah eyes' snapped open at Lester's words. She looked at the phone and saw that the video had restarted.

She was back on her knees on the screen, just beginning to take the older man into her mouth. Lester was so unpredictable, it was hard for her to know how to answer his question. For all she knew, Otis was waiting for a signal or something from the bathroom, and then he would appear cock out, expecting her to satisfy him. She had been avoiding him all day, she couldn't imagine what would happen.

"Would you do the same thing as yesterday? Like on the screen right now?" Lester's hot breath was on her neck. She tore her eyes from the screen and turned her head, looking over her shoulder at Lester. This wasn't a flattering angle for him. Laying like this his chins pressed together looking like a large earth worm. But the intense lust in his beady eyes made her knees weak.

"I..." Sarah started, as a wicked idea formed in her mind. She let the phone drop to the bed and grabbed Lester's hand that was groping her breasts. "I'd do whatever my Chicago boyfriend wanted."

Then she curled all of his fingers into a fist but his index finger. Without breaking eye contact with Lester she raised it to her mouth. Her lips parted and her tongue stuck out slightly as she brought Lester's finger into her mouth.

Sarah never broke eye contact with Dan's obese roommate. Her mouth closed around his dirty finger and she moaned, imagining it was a cock. Not Lester's, not Otis', not even Dan's. Just a cock in her mouth.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned at the sensation. Her tastebuds ignited, registering the fine Cheeto dust on Lester's finger. It wasn't a snack she particularly enjoyed but in this moment...it was Lester. So very Lester. Her tongue swirled around his finger, cleaning it, sucking off all remnants of Lester's orange dust.

Lester let out a groan, watching Sarah fellate his finger. She kept staring at him, watching him wither under her touch. She pulled the finger out her mouth and uncurled his middle finger. She saw more orange dust on this one. Holding the two fingers together, she licked the length of them before taking both of them into her mouth.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned again. Lester pushed his fingers deeper into Sarah’s mouth eliciting another primal moan. Lester began fucking Sarah’s mouth with his fingers, pulling them out and pushing them back in deeper, and deeper. Sarah finally broke eyes contact first, closing her eyes and revelling in the sensation of his digits pushing into her mouth. He kept thrusting them faster and faster, not letting Sarah clean the new finger properly.

At the same time, Sarah’s hips began bucking back against Lester’s thrusting cock, her slit wet and ready for him. Lester’s body shifted behind her and she knew it was coming. The angle of Lester’s cock changed and she felt the meaty head of his cock pressing against her entrance. She wanted to take a breath and brace herself for what was about to happen but she had lost control of the fingers in her mouth. Lester was pushing the fingertips all the way to the back of her throat before retracting them and doing then doing it all again. It was like her body was just there for his pleasure, stuck between two ends as he fucked her.

Lester grunted and the head of his cock jutted forwardly, pushing open the folds of Sarah’s pussy. “Uhhmmhmmmmmm,” she moaned around his fingers as his fat cock began pushing into her pussy. Sarah could feel his familiar cock, stretching her open. Long gone were the thoughts of condoms or of even letting Lester be this close to her. She had probably fucked Lester more these past few months than her own husband.

More of Lester’s cock entered her slowly, like it was never ending. Sarah’s body quivered as he continued to push into her. His fat, hairy balls pressing against her soft thighs. Lester’s other hand reached around her head and grabbed the phone on the bed.

The fingers in her mouth moved to the side, Sarah’s head following as they kept pumping in and out of her mouth.

“Open your eyes,” Lester breathed into her ear. Sarah did and saw the cellphone open in front of her again. Her past self on her knees before the old janitor as she

sucked him off. Immediately Sarah pictured Lester's fingers as Otis' cock, "Mhmmhggmmhggmmmmmm."

Lester's hips pushed forward and he was fully embedded inside the young mother, "Ahhhmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she took in a quick breath from around Lester's fingers. Her eyes glued to the screen, watching herself put on a show for them.

Lester didn't waste any time. His hips began rocking back and forth as his cock slid in and out of Sarah. The fat head of his cock pounding into her sensitive flesh. Sarah wanted to shut her eyes and revel in the sensations Lester's cock was giving her but she did as she was told and kept staring at the phone.

Her lips clamped around Lester's hairy knuckles as she sucked his fingers aggressively, picturing Otis's cock from last night. Any evidence of Cheeto dust on them, long since removed.

"Fuck you're so tight," Lester grunted, his cock sliding out of her, slick with her juices before sliding right back in.

"Mmm-hmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's fingers. They fucked like that for what felt like forever. Lester's fingers pushing deep into her mouth while his cock battered her pussy. Having his cock in her and his fingers fucking her mouth, while watching the video of herself was quickly pushing Sarah past her point of no return. Her orgasm was quickly threatening to descend onto her.

"Mmmmmffffff," Sarah held onto the back of Lester's hand as his fingers pushed in and out of her wet and waiting mouth. Her eyes open, staring at the screen before her as Otis dragged his cock all over her face.

"Here comes my favorite part," Lester grunted. He pulled his fingers from Sarah's mouth, much to her disappointment as he roughly gripped her slim hips, giving him extra leverage. "Keep watching."

Lester kept pounding Sarah's pussy as she watched the events unfold on the screen. Her body was on fire, feeling Lester's fat cock sliding in and out of her. tantalizingly touching her insides and setting her nerves on fire. She gripped his cock with the muscle in her pussy, enveloping him, not wanting to let him go. Not when she was so fucking close to cumming.

She wanted to clamp her eyes shut and focus on the sensation inside of her. But Lester had told her to keep watching. So she watched, even as her body was being dialled up for an explosive climax.

"Ohfuck," Sarah moaned watching the illicit scene play out on Lester's phone screen. Otis was slapping his cock against her outstretched tongue. Her body gyrating on the dirty ground of the boiler room like a common whore. Her mind a fucked up cocktail of exhibitionism and voyeurism. Knowing Lester was watching, putting on a show for him. And now seeing her in the act from Lester's viewpoint. Seeing her perform. It made a heavy cocktail of endorphines in her brain that she wanted to drink from forever. It was all too much.

Sarah's body tensed at the same time Otis' did on the screen. As the first rope of his cum splattered across her face on the video, Sarah could almost feel the warmth of it again. Her body shuddered and her pussy clamped down on Lester's cock as she came.

Her orgasm ripped through her body, rocking her to her very core. Despite Lester's order's Sarah closed her eyes, the image of Otis's cock exploded seared into her memory. She held her breath as her entire body was enveloped in a warm embrace as her orgasm radiated from her very core. Her hands knotted the bedsheets and her legs went taunt. It was like she could actually feel the ropes of cum landing on her face again. Her mind shifting from Lester's perspective and her own from last night as the janitor fucked her face.

"Ohhhhhmmmmmygooddfuuuuck," Sarah moaned her brain on fire from all the stimuli. This was something new, like pouring gasoline onto a fire. All of it touched her in a new way and shattered her to her core, her orgasm rocking her. Watching

herself. Seeing herself. Seeing herself in such a fucked up situation with such a fucked up person.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhh,” Sarah wailed as her orgasm crescendoed and another one, out of no where, took its place and crashed down onto her. Her pussy clamped down on Lester’s cock like a vice. It was hot and strong inside of her and she could feel his heartbeat thrumming from inside her. Pulsating from his cock. Her body quivered and her face went red as she held her breath, her closed tightly as her climax exploded inside of her.

“Jeeesus,” Sarah finally exhaled, her body slumping. Taunt muscles relaxing for a second as her mind cleared. She released her grip on Lester’s cock. She had been holding him so tightly that he hadn’t been able to continue thrusting inside of her.

“Stay like that,” Lester grunted, pulling his cock free. Sarah felt empty, a pang of disappointment at his cock disappearing from her. She wished she could just feel it in her all the time. The mattress dipped behind her as Lester repositioned himself. From the corner of her eye she saw the blob outline of Lester’s body push itself off the bed and shimmy itself down towards her legs. Lester’s large stomach stuck out, his pasty white skin covered in hair a contrast to her tanned and toned legs. His flabby chest almost as impressive as her own bust. He licked his lips and stared down at her, one hand on his cock as he ran it against her slit. He put one leg in between hers to give him better access to her pussy and then pushed forward.

“Uhhh,” Sarah moaned staring at her husband’s roommate. Her boss, as he mounted her. He legs were bent and to the side, with Lester kneeling against her ass and thighs. Suddenly he jabbed his cock into her hard and fast without warning.

“Ughgghhhhhh,” Sarah grunted in surprise. A sharp intake of breath, her jaw hung open.

“I love doing that,” Lester chuckled, “Love seeing that look on your face. The aroused surprise. Love seeing those tits bounce as I fuck you.”

“Then don’t stop,” Sarah moaned, “Keep fucking me. Fuck me hard Lester. Make my...tits bounce for you.”

That ugly shit-eating grin appeared on Lester’s face and he started to pound his cock into her. Sarah gasped as Lester wasted no time fucking her hard and fast the way she craved. Her body immediately responded to him. She pushed her butt back against him with each thrust. It felt like Lester was splitting her in two, but it felt so fucking good.

“Uh, Uh, mmmhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned at each hard thrust. Her breasts were bouncing wildly, Lester’s eyes devouring the sight of them. Feasting on them. The way he stared at her, like she was the only thing in the world he wanted to look at. That intense mask of lust on his face, those eyes almost glowing with desire. Desire for her.

“Don’t stop fucking me Lester,” Sarah whined. She bit her lip and held onto the pillow beneath her head with one hand. The other needed to touch him. She touched his stomach, fingers running through the hair there as he thrust into her. Lester smacked her hand away. He gripped her wrist and held it against her thigh, not wanting anything to slow his thrusts.

Lester just gritted his teeth and kept pounding into her, his forehead glistening with sweat. In another life, seeing Lester’s grotesque body connected to hers like this would have been a nightmare. But now, strangely, Sarah felt herself strongly attracted to his form. Logically she knew it wasn’t something she should desire but she couldn’t help herself. On a primal level, she knew that his form was associated with massive amounts of her pleasure.

“Now this is how to spend a fucking work day,” Lester grunted, finger nails digging into her flesh. “If only everyone at work knew that Sarah Williams was getting fucked on her lunch break.”

The idea sent shivers of terror down her spine but her pussy clenched around Lester’s cock.

“Here,” Lester said, one of his hands trailing up her body, “You need to clean these ones too.”

Two of Lester’s fingers pushed their way into her mouth. Just like the last ones, she tasted whatever he had been eating. Without so much as a thought of disobeying, Sarah lapped at them. Her tongue dragging across them, licking them clean as Lester pushed them into her mouth,

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned around his fingers. Again her mind flashed to the video of Otis with his cock in her mouth.

“Good girl,” Lester grunted between thrusts, “Lick’em clean.”

Lester’s other hand roughly pulled down the cups of her bra, letting her bare breasts tumble out. He didn’t bother undoing the clasps, just exposing her breasts. He wasted no time before roughly mauling them. After playing with her breasts and nipples, the hand gripped her shoulder and pulled her towards him while he thrust into her,

“Ahhh-uuuhhhh,” Sarah gasped around Lester’s digits at the hard movement. Lester repeated it again and again. He pulled his fingers from her mouth, now glistening with her saliva and grabbed his phone again, sticking it in front of Sarah’s face and making her watch the video of her suckong on Otis’ cock.

Sarah just groaned softly as she watched the video as Lester continued to slide his large, hot cock in and out of her. It was like she was watching porn while a massive dildo was fucking her. Except instead of a dildo it was Lester’s monster cock and the pornstar was her, acting like a wanton slut for some random older man.

“How do you like watching yourself?” Lester asked, not breaking his pace.

“Uh, ah, mmhmmmm, uhhhh,” Sarah just grunted, forcing her eyes to keep watching. Even though Lester was doing a thorough job of distracting her.

“Tell me,” Lester smirked, “How do you like watching yourself perform for me? Sucking Otis’s cock at my command? How wet does it make you, watching yourself act like such a slut. Tell me, how you like it.”

“It’s....” Sarah started, “Different.”

“Different how?”

“Uhhh, its almost like an out of body experience, mhmmm, but I know its myself. I never, mhmmmmm, knew I looked so....slutty. I keep, uhh, expecting, ah, Otis to pull out and try to..fff-fuck me but I know thats not how it ends.”

“Do you see how sexy you look doing it? Now you know why Dan likes to watch you. But the sexiest thing is watching you, knowing your doing it because I told you too.”

“Oh god,” Sarah groaned, “Doing it...because you want me to.”

“No,” Lester corrected, thrusting forward sharply to make a point, “Because your boss commanded it. And you’ll do whatever your boss demands, right?”

Fuck. Lester knew just how to talk to her to rile her up to a new level. “Yes,” she breathed between thrusts, her face completely flush, “Whatever my boss wants. Whatever you want Lester.”

“I’m going to make you do the nastiest things you’ve ever done in your life,” Lester barked, “And you’re going to love them.”

“Whatever you want,” Sarah closed her eyes and focused on Lester’s cock, sliding in and out of her at rapid speeds. Even though she wasn’t watching the video, it was still playing back in her mind, over and over. The desperate look on Otis’ face as her stared down at her....

“Remember that homeless guy? From that one night? Maybe I should track him down and give you to him.” Lester sneered, bending over and licking her skin. “And you’d love every second of it wouldn’t you.”

“Yessss,” Sarah moaned imagining that rough looking man standing in front of her in the boiler room while she serviced him. The dirty things he’d say while he used her mouth. While he...fucked her. Hands against the boiler getting fucked from behind.

“Stopp,” Sarah mewed, opening her eyes to look at Lester, “Take me from behind. Please.”

Lester just smirked and slowly, slid his oversized cock out of her. Sarah moaned as it slid out of her, eyes going wide at the sensation. After it plopped out, her mind seemed to clear for a brief moment, taking in Lester’s form. The sweat trickling down his neck, running down his chest. The heaves of his chest as he breathed.

He slapped her thigh and Sarah snapped out of her reverie. She turned her body towards the center of the bed, moving her hips to –

Rough hands grabbed her hips and Lester shoved his cock into her all the way to the hilt.

“UHFUUUUU,” Sarah screamed into the mattress. She hadn’t been ready. Her knees jerked forward, the sharp thrust pushing her off balance. Sarah’s chest fell to the mattress with a weird crunch sound.

Lester thrust again, not giving her time to push herself up. Her entire torso collapsed onto the bed while he held her hips up to meet his cock. Another thrust and another strange crunch sound.

“Uhhh, mmhmm, ah, uh, uh, uh, uh, yes, yes, uh, please, Lester,” Sarah moaned, fingers splaying out, trying to grasp something, anything. Her fingers curled around the bedsheets, giving up on pushing herself up onto her hands, content to just take the aggressive fucking from her fucked up lover.

“What’s your favorite part in the video? Getting blasted with is cum?” Lester said mockingly behind her.

“Uhhmmhmmm. All.....all of it...” Sarah moaned, “I fucking love all of it. Every single fucking second.”

“Heh,” Lester grunted and with a heavy breath pulled his cock all the way back until just the cockhead was inside of her and then slowly pushed it all the way back in. Sarah’s toes curled and she let out a long whine.

“I bet Dan would love the video too,” Lester chuckled, “He’d love jerking his wittle cock to it, don’t you think?”

“Yes,” Sarah admitted, “He’d love it.”

“Too bad he is never going to fucking see it.” Lester chortled, “It’s all mine. Just like you are.”

Lester picked up his pace and started fucking her with renewed vigor. Sarah finally found her hands underneath herself and was able to push herself up off the bed. Now on all fours, she ground her palms and knees into the bed while Lester relentless fucked her from behind. His meaty hand grabbed the back of her neck and force her head down as she used her neck for leverage in his fucking.

Sarah’s eyes lazily opened and saw a crushed bag of Cheetos below her on the bed. That was the crunch sound before. Its contents exploded out all under her. Neither of them caring. Not wanting to stop. The maids would have to deal with it.

“Poor Dan,” Lester chuckled, “Probably would fucking die to watch this video. Probably jerked off right away when you told him about yesterday.”

Sarah just hung her head, focusing on Lester’s cock hitting her G-Spot and driving her to another orgasm. She knew it would be close. So fucking close. She just had to focus on it and she was going to explode again.

Lester chuckled menacingly behind her, his leg coming up next to her hip as he chose a new angle to fuck her from, “You didn’t fucking tell him did you?”

“No...,” Sarah started, “Not yet....I was –”

“Fuck him,” Lester grunted, squeezing one ass cheek hard enough that Sarah held back a shriek, “He can’t give you what you need. Not like I can. You know it.”

Sarah didn’t respond, clamping her eyes shut as she held onto the bed sheets.

Lester’s hand on her neck snaked up to grab the hair at the base of her skull. He clenched his hand into a fist, roughly grabbing a handful of her hair and he yanked her head up. Sarah winced at the pain, Lester using her hair to pull her body back as he fucked her.

“You’re boss asked you a question,” Lester commanded.

“NO,” Sarah screamed into the room, “He can’t. Not like you can. No one can. Not like you.”

“Not like your Chicago Husband huh?” Lester growled as he pumped more and more of his cock into her. His fat, hairy balls, slapping against her clit.

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned, “Uhhmhm. Ah, I think...you’re just, uhh, my...Chicago Fiancee, uhhhh.” He’d done the fake proposal and all of that. And yes she had talked up her husband’s ring to Mary but there hadn’t technically been a ceremony or something that would –

WHAP

Sarah shrieked as Lester slapped her ass hard.

WHAP

He did it again, leaving a massive mit of a handprint on her left ass cheek.

“Don’t give me that smart ass shit,” Lester grunted.

Despite Lester’s strong grip on her hair, Sarah turned her head her head to look over her shoulder. Her eyes blazed with defiance. She looked back at Dan’s roommate. Her boss and the man who gave her more intense orgasms than she had ever experienced before.

Sarah didn’t know where the phone was but she could hear Otis’ voice, “Stick out your tongue.”

“You want to be my Chicago Husband?” Sarah said with a raw edge to her voice, “Then you’re going to have to fucking work for it.”

Sarah readjusted where her hands were placed, crushing a few Cheetos under her palm. She slammed her hips back against Lester’s cock, catching him off guard. Lester tried thrusting his cock into her but Sarah slammed her ass back against him before he could set the pace. Then slammed her ass back again, groaning feeling Lester’s cock hitting her the way she wanted. The way she needed.

Lester grabbed her hips with both hands, holding on while she fucked back against his cock. Each time she slammed back, her ass cheeks rippled. Just like the fat stomach connected to her.

Sweat was pouring off of Lester, making a squelching sound where their bodies connected. Sarah could feel her own sweat pooling on her lower back, right above her ass cheeks. Lester’s chest was heaving with each breath. Despite his aggressive thrusts, the tank he had claimed to fill earlier seemed to be running out.

“Come on big boy. Give me what I need. You want me to be all yours than your going to have to show me what you got,” Sarah’s fingers spread out on the bed and she pushed her ass back further than before, trying to take more and more of Lester’s cock inside of her.

A familiar fire was quickly igniting inside of her. She didn't care if Lester didn't like what she was doing. If she stopped she knew she'd lose this orgasm and that wasn't fucking happening.

"Fuck," Sarah grunted as she slammed back into Lester, "Fucking give it to me Lester!"

Otis' voice again from the phone, "Fuck I'm so close. Beg for. Say my name and beg for it."

"Don't fucking stop. PLEASE. GOD. I NEED IT. I NEED YOU'RE COCK," Sarah moaned, each word ramping up the fire she felt inside. "Fuck I want to feel you fill me. Fuck Lester. Please fill me up. Fill me Lester. PLEASE."

Lester was breathing hoarsely behind her, unable or unwilling to respond to her. It didn't matter. She was so close. It was right there. Right there, "Right there. Right there. Lester. Lester. LESTER. FUCK. GIVE IT TO ME LESTER."

The phone sounded more muffled than before but Sarah could still hear Otis say, "Ugh, fuck. "I'm gonna cum, girl. Where do you want it? Where do you fucking want it?""

Sarah's building orgasm started to ripple inside of her about to explode.

"Agh. Fuck I'm gonna cum. Take it Sarah," Lester grunted from behind.

His words danced into her ear and seemed to pierce through her body, right towards her budding orgasm, setting it ablaze.

"Open wide," Otis said from the phone.

"OH FUCK," Sarah screamed, nails digging into the mattress below. Lester's cock felt like it was heating up inside of her. It expanded and she felt it. The pulse of his

cock as the first rope of cum exploded out of his shaft and drenched her waiting pussy.

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

Sarah’s pussy clenched down on his cock, milking it, refusing to let is go. Rope after hot, sticky rope exploded inside of her. The wall inside of her holding back her orgasm crumbled completely and it washed over her body. Every inch of her felt a soothing warmth and the neurons in her brain fired at rapid speed as every nerve in her body seemed to alight all at once. Her toes curled and she thrust her ass back against him while she moaned, “JEESUUSSLEEEESSTERRRRR. FILL MEE.”

Lester let out an animalist roar as the last of his cum flooded her pussy. His fat stomach collapsed on top of her and she felt all the weight of his frame pushed her down onto the bed. She heard that familiar crunching sound somewhere distant as her body still rocked from pleasure. Her body pinned to the bed under Lester’s massive frame, her eyes rolled back in her head as the last rememants strands of intoxicating pleasure rippled through her body.

“Holy shit,” Otis’ voice said from the nearby phone.

Soon, she was a heavy, sweating mess, breathing hard on the bed, under the mass of Lester. She couldn’t breathe. His weight was too much for her. Lester slid his cock out of her and rolled off onto the side. Sarah did the same, rolling onto her back the other way. The sound of the plastic bag under her ruffling as she did.

Trying to catch her breath, Sarah could feel Lester’s illicit cum begin to leak out of her well used pussy. She was too tired to care.

“Here,” Lester grunted holding out his phone to her.

“Just admiring the view. Fucking perfection. Say, let me get your number, and maybe we can meet up again,” the recording of Otis said.

Confused, she looked at him for an explanation.

“You wanted the video deleted,” Lester said wearily, he was still breathing hard from the way she had took over and set the pace at the end. “Do it.”

Sarah took the phone and looked at the video one last time. Then she pressed the delete button, erasing it from Lester’s phone. The next picture in the camera roll appeared and Sarah recognized it. It was one of the dirty pictures Lester had sent her recently. She swiped right and saw more of them. A bemused smile played on her lips as she realized that Lester must take several pictures before selecting the best one to send her. She hadn’t realized he was so careful in choosing the best pictures for her. It was almost...sweet in a way.

“I told you, Dan was never going to see that video,” Lester chuckled, eyes closed.

Sarah just shook her head and tossed the phone back to him, “I guess not.”

Pushing through exhaustion, Sarah raised herself up onto her elbows and surveyed the state of the bed. The sheets were crinkled up everywhere. Lester was a hot, sweaty mess laying like a beached whale on the bed. Cheetos and its gross, overprocessed dust was everywhere.

I fucked him on a bed of Cheetos...

“Maybe we should make our own video,” Lester cracked an eye open and smiled at her, “Then we can do that while we watch ourselves.”

Sarah stared at him. She had just deleted a video and now he was talking about making another. Though, he hadn’t put up a fight with her when he wanted to delete it.

“Maybe for my birthday,” Lester said.

“Didn’t you just have a birthday?” Sarah remembered his birthday request from a few months ago.

“Oh...yeah,” Lester said, then quickly added, “Maybe an early present for next year.”

“You’re ridiculous,” Sarah shook her head and sat up completely, “Come on. You need to shower quickly. We need to get back to the office.”

Sarah peaked her head around the corner and saw Otis’ cart parked outside one of the washrooms. She counted to five and not seeing any movement, she quickly sped walk down the hallway, past the cart and washrooms and rounded the next corner to the elevators.

She pushed the button calling the elevator and looked up at the digital display above it. The elevator car was a few levels up. Sarah’s breath caught in her throat as the numbers slowly descended. Looking over her shoulder, the janitor’s cart was still unmoving. She just prayed that Otis was a diligent worker who took his time doing his job so she wouldn’t be discovered by him.

As the seconds ticked by, Sarah felt her nerves begin to fray at the potential confrontation with the man. Would he make a scene in front of her coworkers? Worse, would he try to maneuver her for a repeat performance? Or more? She had very little exposure to the man...well, maybe a lot of exposure but she didn’t know his personality or how he would behave.

Finally the elevator dinged and the doors opened. A handful of people got out before Sarah could step in and push herself against the back wall. A few others milled in behind her. All the while Sarah was internally screaming for the doors to shut so the elevator could rise to her floor.

Over the sounds of talking coworkers, Sarah heard it. The door to the washroom opening and the sound of someone fiddling with the cart. Sarah tried to melt into the

wall of the elevator and hide behind one of the other people. The cart's wheels squeaked as it grew closer.

Thankfully the doors shut. Her eyes stared at the digital display and she finally breathed out a sigh of relief when it moved up a floor. She had successfully managed to evade Otis once more. But was this really what her days were going to be like going forward? Peeking around corners, timing things perfectly to avoid him? She'd need to find some way to get him to back down. Maybe Lester could help her with him,

"Excuse me," a feminine voice snapped her out of her thoughts.

"Yes?" Sarah said turning to the young nurse. She was a pretty brunette who looked like she was a few years out of school.

"I just wanted to let you know," the young girl whispered. Her eyes darted down to Sarah's chest, and then her pants. With a muted smile she said, "I think you must have brushed up against something. There's some orange stains on your blouse and pants."

Sarah looked down at herself. Orange Cheeto stains marked her breasts and pants where Lester had groped her. Thankfully the girl didn't seem to recognize that the marks somewhat resembled fingers.

Sarah futilely attempted to dust herself off but the stains were embedded in her clothing, marring her professional image for the rest of the day.

"Thank you," Sarah whispered back, "I'm not sure where they came from."

The elevator stopped on Sarah's floor and she got out alone and headed towards her office. She walked quickly, knowing that Otis wasn't around. Lester's office was vacant when she got into the IT department. He had waited in his car so they wouldn't be seen walking in together but told her he had some items to attend to. What those were, she had no idea.

When she reached the safety of her office, Sarah closed the blinds and locked the door. She sat down and sighed, closing her eyes. Finally letting the stress and tension she had felt since returning to the hospital escape her.

When she opened her eyes, the first thing she saw was the still cracked picture frame with a family photo in it. A prominent crack in the glass running through Dan's face, obscuring him. She really needed to fix that but so far hadn't had the time or willingness to do so. There was always something else and so much had been happening lately.

With another sigh, she reached out and grabbed her cell phone. She couldn't put it off any longer. She needed to call Dan, so that she could....she didn't really know what she wanted to do. She needed to tell him about everything that happened. She knew he wasn't going to take it well. Admitably she had done a lot of things she hadn't expected lately. Gone further than she ever intended.

She knew things were stained already and this was only going to add to it. Despite what she told herself about her embracing and running with Dan's fantasies, she knew she had gone further than either of them had ever expected. Further without his knowledge or consent. But at the same time, she felt like she had discovered something new and she wanted to hold onto it. Continue exploring it. Needing to find out just who she was.

She dialed Dan's number and within a couple of rings he picked up.

"Hey," Dan said warily from the other end of the phone, "You okay Sarah?"

"Yeah, I'm fine," Sarah said. "I don't know. No? Maybe? Dan, things have gotten a little out of hand here lately."

"What do you mean?" Dan asked. She heard a door shutting and other shuffling on his end, "Sarah what's going on? Are the girls okay?"

"Their fine," Sarah said, "It's not them, its..."

“Lester,” Dan breathed, “I knew he couldn’t keep his hands to himself. Sarah what happened? What did he do?”

“Dan...I....I don’t know...I just....I can’t...” Sarah should have gotten her thoughts straight before making this call. To figure out how she wanted to tell Dan everything that happened. To figure out the best way to tell him. Maybe figure out a way to get him turned on by it. Maybe that could work.

“I’ve been so lonely,” Sarah shifted her voice, pushing past her unsteady nerves, morphing her voice into a low sultry sound, “I’ve been bad Dan.”

Silence from Dan’s end of the phone. She knew her sexy voice would catch him off guard and hopefully turn the conversation in a better direction.

“What, uh, did you do Sarah?” Dan stuttered.

A smile teased at the corner of her lips, “I tried to be good Dan. I did. But Lester...well, you know how he is. Being so close to him everyday at work has been hard....”

Dan didn’t respond. She could hear him breathing into the phone.

“And things have been tough at work and I needed a little distraction. Well...maybe a big distraction.” Sarah purred into the phone.

She could almost hear Dan gulp from the other end of the line, “Sarah, its only been a few days....”

“I know. I know. You’re right, its just....”

Dan exhaled, “Just what?”

“That Lester knows exactly how to get me going,” Sarah let it hang there, wondering if Dan would speak first.

“What did he do?”

“You mean, what didn’t he do?” Sarah said, “He took me in his office Dan. And I went with him at lunch to his hotel room today.”

“Jesus Christ Sarah,” Dan breathed into the phone. She had omitted one very intense encounter but had admitted to fucking Lester more than once.

“You know I still don’t trust him,” Dan’s voice had grown weary, “Sarah you, we, really shouldn’t be doing this.”

“I know. Buts hard to stop Dan,” Sarah said.

“I think he’s been fucking with us. With me,” Dan said, “This...this is too much Sarah. You need to pull it back. We need to take a breather from all of this.”

“I don’t know if I can,” Sarah deepened her sultry tone. Dan seemed on the fence, like always, not wanting to give in completely to his fantasy. She knew he just needed a little push so she decided to drop a bomb on him.

“But Lester isn’t the only one I’ve been playing with.”

“What? Sarah what are you talking about? Who are you talking about?”

“Well there is this guy at work. A janitor actually,” Sarah said drawing out her explanation to torture her husband, “I’ve seen him staring at me Dan. Always staring at me.”

“What happened?” Dan asked softly.

“Well, I was just doing some work things and we ended up alone in the basement together...” she trailed off.

Dan didn’t respond but she could feel the tension from the other end of the phone.

“One thing kind of lead to another,” Sarah breathed huskily, “But I ended up on my knees, covered in his cum baby. I hope you aren’t mad.”

“Babe, are you for real?” Dan asked, “Did this really happen?”

“Yes,” Sarah said, “I told you’ve I’ve been really bad baby. Without you here, I’ve been going kind of crazy.”

“This is crazy Sarah. Its like you can’t even control yourself. You just let go.”

“I know. It is crazy Dan,” Sarah said, “I still can’t believe it. What I’ve done. Just thinking about it makes my stomach do a flip but at the same time....at the same time it gets me going. I wish you could have been here to watch me.”

“I don’t know. I think I would have shut it down Sarah.”

That wasn’t what she expected, “What do you mean?”

“I feel like your slipping. Slipping away from me, towards something bad. I mean, with a janitor from work? Sarah who is this guy? Can you even trust him? I don’t think we can even trust Lester and you’re still fucking around with him. You’re supposed to talk to me about this shit before you do anything. It feels like your going off on your own and just cheating, instead of us doing this together.

Cheating? After all of this, he drops that on her? Yes, she had done some of this without his knowledge but isn’t that part of what he wanted? What he found hot about all of this?

“Dan, I’m not cheating. All of this is part of our fantasy, we even said last time that we’d continue things with Lester for now. So don’t try to make me into the bad guy saying I’m still fucking around with him.”

“But you are, I’m not there and you’re still –”

Sarah sighed, "Okay. We should stop then. But what about your rent? Lester is still paying for it, well I am paying for it with my body, aren't I?"

"That's not fair, Sarah."

"No maybe it isn't but that's the reality of things. So I'm doing my part and I don't think it's fair that you make me feel guilty about it."

"The deal is rent for a date. I don't see how fucking Lester in his office and then in his hotel in just a couple of days counts for that. Even if our rent just went up, it doesn't make sense."

"That's not fair Dan," Sarah said. All this time she had been indulging Dan's fantasy. And now that she was beginning to explore new things. Things that she was just discovering she liked, he was lashing out at her and trying to put her in a corner.

"How is it not fair Sarah?"

"Because! We do all this fantasy stuff, all this fantasy play and it's always on me. It was your fantasy to start with but now when I find some parts about it that I like and want to explore, you push back on them."

"I'm not pushing back on anything, I'm pushing back on you doing these things without my knowledge. I can't protect you if I don't know what's happening Sarah."

"I'm a big girl Dan, I don't need a man's protection all the time."

"Lester is a manipulative fuck Sarah, I don't think you're seeing clearly."

"Oh my god," Sarah rolled her eyes, "Dan, I know you are still pissed about the hotel thing with Jesse. And I'm not going to let Lester off the hook with that but he isn't some grand master mind here. He isn't some hacker, I've seen him at work, there's no way. Besides he's had my back and even saved my job. Without him, we wouldn't

have my income and would be really fucked. So yeah, maybe I have given him a little extra slack lately but he's earned it."

"Yeah okay and what about this random janitor? Have you even thought through what he might do? What if he goes to HR? What if he tries something again? Who is going to be there to help you?"

Lester will she thought but knew saying it out loud wouldn't help her argument. "Like I said, I'm not some delicate flower Dan. I can handle myself. You're not the only whose managed to build a career, okay?"

"But we never talked about the janitor. I'm in the dark on it, just like I was when you got fucked in that hotel room by Lester and Jesse," Dan said.

"Fine, what do you want me to do? Text you everytime I'm about to do something?" Sarah asked.

"No but when it comes to the fantasy stuff, yes I don't want to be in the dark on it," Dan said, "That stuff we need to talk about beforehand."

"That sounds really hot and spontanious," Sarah shook her head. Then she sighed, "But I get it. I get you not wanting to be in the dark on all of this. Things just kind of happened. They weren't my intent but in the moment they just sort of happened. I didn't plan on them. I'm sorry."

Sarah felt like a weight had just been put on her shoulders. She thought back to the days when Dan still lived at home. Things were simpler. Things were easier with their family back then, neither of them exposed to all of this. The stress and the excitment about all these new situations they found themselves in. She longed back for those days but also wondered whether going back to that would put an end to these new wild experiences she was finally having. Would it kill that side of her while she was just discovering it?

"I get it," Dan said, "In the moment things can just kind of happen but Sarah, there have been so many of these moments lately. Thats why I think we need to take a

pause and figure all of this out. Even with the whole rent thing, we should have time before the next 'date'. We need to talk through all of this."

"Do you hate me?" Sarah asked, defeated.

"No, I don't hate you. It's complicated," Dan said, "Not that its complicated like my love for you or anything like that. It's just a fucked up situation. Like on one hand, the whole janitor thing.....the idea of it is hot and in any other situation it would turn me on to watch it. To be there with you. But it's all of this together. All this unknown. The Lester stuff. Even knowing you are out there doing things without me knowing it kind of hot but right now its just.....I don't know."

"You really think Lester is pulling strings or something?" Sarah asked.

"I think so. I don't have any proof but I feel it in my gut," Dan sighed.

"Dan, I've seen him at work. He can barely navigate our shared drive. I think he is more of like a security person than someone who is a mastermind hacker. Sure he is an asshole and yes he liked to control things. And maybe even try to put you down at times which weirdly turns me on, but I'm stil not sure."

"Well I'm still going to keep looking into it, but don't tell him Sarah," Dan said.

"I won't," Sarah paused for a second. "Dan, where do we go from here? With you in Chicago and me here. With the fantasy stuff?"

"I don't know Sarah. But I think we need to put a pause on it for now."

"I don't think Lester will like that," Sarah said.

"Too bad. It's just you and me in this marriage, he doesn't get a say. If he wants us to play nice and we let him be a part of things, at least until I can prove he is involved, then he needs to play by our rules. And if it wasn't for this whole rent thing then I'd stop it all together."

“You mean we’d stop it. Together. We’d make that choice, right?” Sarah challenged.

“Yeah, that’s what I meant,” Dan said.

Neither spoke for close to a minute, each of them wrapped up in their own thoughts.

“Look,” Dan said, “I don’t want to fight. We’ll talk through all of this like we always do, okay? We’ll figure it out together. I do want to hear more about it. Hear more about some of the things that have turned you on about it so we can explore them together.”

“I’d like that too,” Sarah said.

“I know we’re both at work....so I don’t want to get into it now and cut it short. We need to talk through this. But we’ll have that chat. For now though, how are the girls?”

They talked for another few minutes about normal life things. The conversation almost seemed normal, but Sarah felt like they were ignoring the elephant in the room that was hanging over the entire conversation. Eventually Dan had to go because of a client call.

“I love you,” Dan said softly.

“I love you too Dan. I can’t wait to see you and make sense of all this.” Sarah said.

“We’ll figure it out together baby,” Dan responded.

After hanging up, Sarah found a mountain of emails waiting for her, while her thoughts kept drifting back to their conversation and Lester.

Dan rested his head on the back of his office chair, resisting the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose. It had been a couple of hours since his call with Sarah, yet his mind constantly drifted back to her words.

That she had been pursuing her own adventures both aroused and scared him. Before all of this started, he had fantasized about something like this. About Sarah going off on her own and being bad, only to slide into their bed later and seductively tell him all the details. But now....

He didn't know how to feel. His dick was hard at the idea but he couldn't help but feel a pit in his stomach. Was she really doing this on her own? Or was it because Lester was manipulating her, just like he manipulated everything else?

Sarah's words rang in his ear, that he still didn't have proof of Lester's misdeeds. But his gut feeling should be enough, shouldn't it? He still felt trapped by his bargain with Lester, exchanging time with his wife for help with the rent. It felt like he was losing control over his life. That he and Sarah were dancing to the tune of Lester's machinations.

His wife was crossing lines he didn't think she would normally. Not only had she played around at work - something she would never have been brave enough to do before. She had actually included a coworker, albeit a janitor in it. That sent Dan's whole mind on fire, not knowing who this person was or what Sarah had done with them. How it had all come together. What had they said to each other? How had Sarah looked at him?

He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, adjusting himself. He cursed his arousal and the entire situation his family found themselves in. He just wished they were together, experiencing these things together.

Now it felt like his fantasy was out of control. Before he felt like he was out of control, not being able to reign in it. Now it felt like it was running away without him, taking on a life of its own with Sarah along for the ride. She had clearly begun to

adopt the fantasy as her own and he had seen a wild side to his wife that he always knew was there. Alive, but restrained. Now? Now he wasn't sure what was going on.

He realized that he and Sarah had never actually finished their conversation, about pausing the fantasy and stopping all of this. Had she let that conversation thread naturally wither? Or had Dan said the words and not entirely meant them?

He wasn't sure. It would be easy to blame her. But he knew part of him wanted this. Wanted more. But things still didn't sit right with him as they were. Not with Lester involved. Dan felt impotent, unable to extract Lester from their lives. How the hell had he managed to ingrain himself so far into the hospital to be able to be there with Sarah when Dan couldn't?

Dan felt like an outsider, looking in on his own life as thing spiralled out of control.

He shook her head and hand his hands over his face as he sat up in his chair. Speaking of out of control, he eyed his inbox and the blistering amount of unread emails on the screen. He knew a similiar amount await him on his cellphone for his side consulting business.

It was like everything was happening at once, conspiring to overwhelm him. Even his investigation into Lester was begining to bear fruit, threatening to distract him entirely. He finally had uncovered a thread that would lead him to Lester's ex-girlfriend.

He just needed to....someone was shouting out on the office floor. Usually things were quiet. Especially with the low staff levels, most of his colleagues were keeping their head down.

Dan rose and opened his office door. Loud voices were coming from the other side of the office. Cautiously, Dan stepped out and walked to where the noise was coming from. He locked eyes with someone and he stopped in his tracks, his blood going cold.

Jesse.

Why was Jesse back here? Was he trying to get his old job back? No. Dan could see it in his eyes and the dark expression on his face that this was something much more threatening. Something personal.

“There he is,” Jesse motioned to the small crowd of nervous coworkers standing around him.

“Whats going on?” Walt stepped forward trying to cut in. He looked back and forth between Jesse and Dan, confused.

Jesse ignored the old man’s question and marched right up to Dan, drawing the eyes of everyone in the office.

“You need to let her go,” Jesse said with gritted teeth.

“Jesse,” Dan said holding his hands in a placating manner. His eyes looked around at his coworkers for answers. “What are you doing her?”

“I know what you’re doing Dan. I didn’t think you were such a bastard,” Jesse said loud enough for everyone to hear him. Dan didn’t like this. Didn’t like Jesse’s tone and making a spectacle in front of everyone. Maybe it was the remaining tension from his call with Sarah but Dan felt his hands form fists at his sides.

“Jesse,” Dan said trough gritted teeth, trying to keep his voice calm, “Lets go talk in my office.”

“No way,” Jesse said looking around at everyone, “I’m not going anywhere with you. You’re a gaslighting, controlling bastard. Keeping you’re wife locked up when she wants to leave you. Making her fuck other men because of your sick fantasies. Thats done.”

Dan saw the confused expressions appear on his coworkers faces as they digested Jesse's words. Dan felt a rising heat of anger in his stomach as those confused expressions turned into ones of horrified concern.

"I have no idea what he's talking about," Dan said looking at his coworkers, "Jesse are you off your meds or something? What are you doing here?"

"I told you. You need to let her go," Jesse said, his hands coming up quickly and pushing Dan back. Murmors spread through the assembled coworkers.

"Dan, Jesse. Lets go talk in my office," Walt said trying to deescalate the situation.

"No fucking way," Jesse murmured, "I'm not going. He needs to let his wife leave him so she can be with me like she wants. We're in love."

"What the fuck are you talking about? You're delusional. Get out of here," Dan squared his shoulders and stepped back to where he had been. His anger was boiling. First Lester's manipulations and now Jesse here, talking about private matters in front of his coworkers. Dan had always been careful to keep his personal and work life separate and now this little shit was fucking it up in the worst way possible.

"You can't keep her locked up and away from everyone anymore Dan. She loves me. And I love her and will do anything for her. I knew for sure that night in the hotel room when I made love to her." Jesse spat and pushed Dan again, trying to corner him. Where at his massive set of balls developed from? Jesse never acted like this before.

"Jesse," Dan said firmly. Anger seething. "Shut the fuck up, you need to leave."

"I'm not going anywhere until you let her go," Jesse barked back, "The way she looked at me while I was inside of her. The way she touched me. She didn't need to say anything Dan. She loves me and –"

Dan's right fist connected with Jesse eye socket. Jesse stumbled back, his jaw limp looking. He looked confused, not understanding what had happened. His brain not processing the sudden jolt of pain while he was talking.

Then his eyes fluttered and his body slumped to the floor.

Dan winced at the pain in his knuckles and wrist. For a second he worried he killed Jesse but thankfully he saw him breathing. A few people quickly knelt beside Jesse to check on him.

"Dan!" Walt pleaded with a horrified expression, "What the hell is going on?"

Dan just stood there silently as he felt his life unravelling.

The TV was on but Sarah was only partially paying attention to it. Her mind kept going back to the events of the day. Between her call with Dan and her rendezvous with Lester in his hotel room. The two men in her life.

She shook her head disbelieving her last thought and took a long sip of her red wine. She looked at the TV, eyes unfocused as the conversation with Dan played back in her head. It still felt unresolved, like her and Dan were dancing around the different issues they had.

Dan brought up stopping this, all of this. This fantasy of theirs. Originally his but now hers as well, though it was intertwined now with other things Sarah hadn't realized she needed. The need to be seen, to be told what to do. To submit to someone. Those triggers were always there but now it felt like they had been uncovered for the first time, like a live wire just waiting for someone to touch them. Use them.

Could she really stop? Now when she was just learning about this side of her? Yes. She could. She could if that is what Dan and her decided. At least, that's what she told herself.

Was she really slipping like Dan had said? She downed the last gulp of wine and walked to the kitchen to refill her glass. Thankfully her parents had surprised her and offered to take the kids tonight. If it was a Friday she might have driven up to Chicago to see Dan. To smooth things over. But tonight, she could put her role as mom down and just focus on Sarah.

As she refilled her glass she decided she wasn't slipping. She was just experimenting. Experimenting with Dan's fantasies while embracing some of her own. She could stop. She could stop this when she wanted to. When things got to that point?

But what was that point? Where was that line that she shouldn't cross? She didn't know. And she hadn't ever talked with Dan about it. Not really. Was it blowing a janitor in the basement of the hospital? Apparently not.

While she didn't think Dan was right about Lester being a master manipulator. The idea was appealing. If he was, then all of this wasn't her fault. She could absolve herself of what had happened. She wasn't slipping. At least, that is what she clung to. If she was honest with herself, deep down she knew the truth. Knew that....

Sarah clicked a button on the remote to change the show. She needed to find something better at distracting her. With a deep breath, she thumbed her phone and dialled Dan's number. They needed to talk again. To talk through everything. She needed to talk to him about what she was feeling. How all of this was impacting her. So they could find a path forward together. Even if it meant stopping all of this. She didn't know how Lester would react but Dan was the one that mattered to her. Right?

The call rang and rang until she heard his familiar voicemail message. This wasn't a conversation she wanted to have with an answering machine. Sarah hung up the phone and took another sip of wine before she noticed there was an unread text. It was from Lester.

L: What are you wearing

Sarah rolled her eyes and put her phone face down on the couch next to her. For the next half an hour she tried to focus on the trashy reality show on the screen. Her mind kept drifting back to the message from Lester then to the way the way he fucked her today. So deep, and hard while making her watch the video of herself sucking off Otis.

As a beautiful couple fought on screen, Sarah felt herself getting wet at the memory of that afternoon in the hotel room. All of that stimulation. At seeing herself from another's point of view. At being on display like that.

Sarah's mind was at war with itself. Trying to focus on the show while the other part of her. The darker part of her kept trying to pull her focus back to those memories and back to that phone with the unanswered text message. It felt like it was burning a hole in her subconscious, just waiting for a response from her.

Sarah moved her hand to grab her glass of wine off the table and was surprised to find her phone already in it. When had she grabbed it? As if on auto-pilot Sarah slide her phone open and stared at Lester's message.

L: What are you wearing

She vowed to herself that no matter what, she couldn't meet Lester. She wouldn't let him into her home. Not again. Though, with the girls gone it wouldn't be as bad as last time. They could be as loud as they wanted, not needing to use the old futon in the basement. Lester could fuck her on her bed, maybe even tomorrow before work in the morning...No. No. No. She couldn't do that. Wouldn't do that. Was she slipping? No, Sarah was in control like she always had been. So, maybe she could just indulge herself – just a little bit.

S: Just some frumpy pajamas

Sarah felt a light sense of self-condemnation at responding to Lester. At the same time, a sharp thrill ran through her. Maybe it was just the idea of being bad, of doing the wrong thing that made her feel so wet...

L: I bet you make those frumpy pajamas sexy. Nothing can change how fucking hot you are.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. As she tried to figure out a response. Denial? No that would just open herself up to more flattery. Maybe something quick and then cut off the exchange.

S: Thank you. Heading to bed. See you at the hospital in the morning.

There. That was good. She made sure to include 'hospital' in the message so he wouldn't show up on her door when the sun rose.

Just then Sarah's phone rang. It was Lester. She put the phone face down on the couch and ignored the call. The phone went silent before ringing again shortly after. Sarah waited until this one went quiet too. The episode on the TV ended and another began playing.

Sarah stared at the screen, forcing herself to think of nothing else but the show. Fifteen minutes later, she sighed and grabbed her phone. A message from Lester waited for her.

L: Do you always ignore your boss's call?

Sarah's thumb hovered over the screen. She knew it was just him playing a game. She knew though that she shouldn't ignore a call from her boss, even though it was Lester. There could be an emergency at the hospital. Something she was needed for.

But was that true anymore? Now that she was cast out of that role? What kind of emergency would require her any longer? She decided the best thing she could do was send a quick message back to him saying she was tired and was going to sleep.

She started typing out the message when her phone began to ring and Lester's name appeared on it. Shit he must have seen her typing a reply. With some reluctance, Sarah swiped to answer the call.

"Hello?" Sarah said softly into the phone.

"Hey there beautiful," Lester's lecherous voice whispered into her ear.

"You know," Sarah breathed, "That is not an appropriate way to speak to your subordinates."

"If you don't think that's appropriate, just wait until you hear the dirty shit I'm going to say to you when I come over," Lester chuckled.

"Don't," Sarah mustered the determination to say, "You can't come over tonight."

"Get those girls to bed. Tell them Uncle Lester needs some time alone with mommy," Lester said. A shiver ran up Sarah's back at his words. Those dangerous, disgusting and arousing words.

"Lester. Tonight isn't going to happen." Sarah said firmly.

"Oh? You got enough of me earlier and now you're cutting me off?" Lester asked in with a tone of mock hurt.

"Something like that," Sarah wasn't paying attention to the TV anymore. She was fully engrossed in the phone call.

"So," Lester's tone turned more jovial, "Tell me about these pajamas."

Sarah chuckled softly to herself, "They aren't sexy. Like I said. Just a plain black pajamas. Pants go to my ankles and the top goes down to my wrists."

"How tight are they?" Lester whispered into the phone.

“Baggy,” Sarah said flatly.

“Come on, don’t be like that,” Lester grumbled.

“I’m about to go to bed. I’m tired. We’ll talk tomorrow,” Sarah steeled herself, knowing this was the right choice. Some time away from Lester might be good. It would let her get her head on straight again.

“You’re no fun. You must have been talking to Dan.” Lester said.

“What the hell did that mean?” Sarah immediately said. She could almost hear Lester smile at her outburst, finally making her break from her script.

“Oh you know. Just how he makes you feel bad about doing things you enjoy. Like your making a mistake. Judging you. He doesn’t like not being able to control you. Possessive husband stuff,” Lester said non-chalantly.

“That’s not how he is at all,” Sarah said. “He’s my husband and he cares about me. He wants to make sure I’m okay. We talked earlier and we are good.”

“Oh? And how did he react today when you told him all the things we’ve been doing?” Lester asked. “Did you tell him how much you enjoyed moaning my name today? Screaming for me on my bed while watching yourself suck the janitor’s cock?”

“It’s honestly none of your business,” Sarah felt herself heating up as Lester recounted today’s events. She wondered what it would be like to watch a video of herself and Lester together while getting fucked.

“So you didn’t tell him, did you?” Lester challenged.

“Like I said, it’s none of your business. But he knows about all of it,” Sarah snapped back.

“Even about when I fucked you while your daughters slept upstairs?” Lester said seriously.

Sarah opened her mouth to respond but no words came out. She had held back on telling Dan that, knowing he wouldn't react well.

“It's okay,” Lester said quietly, “We can have our secrets too.”

“You're such a bastard sometimes, you know that?” Sarah said.

“I never said otherwise,” Lester chuckled, “Now are you going to show me those pajamas or what?”

“No, I'm going to bed Lester. Goodnight. Don't call me again,” Sarah said and she hung up the phone. Lester immediately tried calling back but she ignored it. Her phone rang again and Sarah set it face down on the couch. It rang several more times before going silent.

A few minutes, later she finally opened her phone up again and found an message from Lester.

L: Just one pic, then I'll let you go to bed. Show me those PJs.

Sarah rolled her eyes then held out the phone in front of her and snapped a quick pic and sent it to him.

L: I told you it was sexy. I can even see your nips through it.

Sarah looked down at herself and cursed. She wasn't wearing a bra underneath her pajamas and totally forgot about that when she took the picture.

L: I'm so hard right now. Just looking at this pic. Take another one for me.

S: No

L: Please. You have me all worked up over here. It hurts.

Sarah chewed her lip, picturing Lester staring at his phone looking at her. Watching her. The same phone she had watched herself on earlier in the day. The he had been fine with letting her delete the video from. Touching himself. Touching his....

L: Are you playing with yourself too?

S: No Lester I'm trying to go to bed. Stop texting me.

L: Fuck I got blue balls. I need something more to finish.

The image of Lester's face painted with lust staring down at her face in the palm of his hand while he furiously stroked himself.

S: My face in that pic isn't enough?

L: Are you thinking about me jerking off to your pic?

She was. The stupid show on the TV was just background noise to her now.

S: Obviously, thats all you keep texting me about

L: I wish I still had that video to use right now.

Sarahs thumb hovered over the keyboard, unsure how to answer his message. How should she respond to him? What did she want to happen? Did she really want him to stop so she could go to bed?

Before she could think up a response, Lester called her again. Without thinking she answered her, determined to tell him off one more time.

"Lester, I'm seriously leave me alone so I can go to bed –"

It hadn't been a phone call.

Lester's thick, veiny, juicy, hard cock was on her screen. His hairy knuckles gripped it and he was stroking it. Up and down. Up and down. Sarah gulped. It had caught her off guard. She was too shocked to formulate a cohesive thought. Lester's ugly face could be seen in the corner of the screen, past where his giant cock took up most of the screen.

"Please," Lester's hoarse voice said. Pleasure and desperate laced his words, "Don't hang up. I need this. Let me keep looking at you. I'm so close."

"No. Lester, I can't...."

Sarah's chest felt flush as she watched Lester pleasure himself, staring at her live while he did. Before all this had started, Sarah would have found this abhorrent. Some disgusting troll of a man jerking off to her, watching her over a video call. The ugly look on his face as he did so. But now she couldn't take her eyes off the screen. Horrified and fascinated by it. And its control over her.

Sarah didn't hang up. She just watched. marvelled at Lester's rough treatment of his cock. Her mouth began to water and her thighs rubbed together. She should hang up. Dan wanted her to stay away from Lester....but technically she wasn't with him. This was just her....taking a work call....

Sarah didn't respond to Lester but let him keep watching. Let him pleasure himself to her. The sounds of Lester's fist stroking his cock filled the room. Sarah eyes went wide as she saw a dribble of precum leak out of the tip of Lester's cock.

"I need to go to bed..." Sarah trailed off.

Her eyes darted to her own picture in the corner of the screen, surprised to find her mouth hanging open and her face painted with desire. This was only the second time she had seen herself so aroused. Just like she had been in the video with Otis....

"Just say my name," Lester groaned, "I want to hear you say my name."

Sarah hesitated, her bare breasts rising and falling with her breath. Nipples brushing against the thin fabric of her pajama top.

“Lester,” she whispered staring into the phone.

“Again.”

“Lester,” Sarah said louder. She could hear the sex dripping off her own voice.

“Fuck, you’re so sexy,” Lester grumbled as he beat his cock faster. Sarah breath hitched in her throat.

“Tell me what you’re looking at,” Lester said again.

“You’re cock,” Sarah breathed.

“Show me those pajamas again,” Lester said.

Sarah breathed deep and extended her arm, letting Lester see her form, from her head down to her waist.

“I can see how hard your nipples are for me,” Lester grunted again, “Open up one button.”

“Lester...” Sarah questioned.

“Just one. Please. I need it,” Lester said.

Hearing him beg like that pushed buttons inside of her. Knowing how desperate he was for relief. Sarah bit her bottom lip softly and with one hand, deftly undid the top button on her pajama top.

“Just for a second, I need to go,” Sarah said softly.

“Ugh, yeah,” Lester licked his lips, “That’s it. Show me that skin.”

Sarah hesitated before undoing another button. Part of her protested, knowing this wasn't what she had wanted a few minutes ago. Knowing that it was part of a pattern that she was helplessly falling into.

Her fingers trembled on the third button before an overwhelming desire to expose herself for Lester drowned out any dissenting voices in her mind.

"That's it," Lester breathed, "Show em to me. I want to stroke to you. Come on Sarah, give me what I want."

Sarah undid the rest of the buttons on her top, letting the material hang limply from her shoulders. She stared into the phone, seeing Lester squeeze himself while looking at her. It was too fucking hot.

She teased Lester, playing with her open shirt. Slowly and deliberately, she finally pulled both sides of her shirt apart, letting Lester's beady eyes feast on her naked chest.

"Jesus Christ," Lester groaned staring at her, "I want to gobble those up."

"Its too bad you can't," Sarah breathed, "I think we need some time apart. Dan does too."

"Fuck him," Lester growled, "I think we need more time together. Me and my cock, connected to you. Fuck apart, I need to be inside you."

Sarah shuddered at his words.

"If I can't touch em tonight, you need to." Lester commanded, "Play with them. I want to stroke to it."

It was such a bad idea. Up until now she could consider herself just a participant in this. Half-heartedly invested in the call. But if she touched herself, well...she'd be

putting on a performance for Lester. Kind of like the performance she watched herself give earlier.

Tentatively, one of her hands came up to the breasts. Sarah moaned at her own touch, closing her eyes. Her fingertips danced around her sensitive skin, before touching the sides of her nipples. She heard Lester groan in appreciation as her took her nipple between her finger and thumb and gently played with it.

“Mmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned at her own touch. She hadn’t realized how on fire her body had been until she gave it the slightest bit of relief. Her legs shifted together, enjoying the subtle touch of her panties pressing against her sex.

“Fuck,” Lester grunted, “My cock is so hard for you Sarah. So fucking hard it hurts.”

Sarah’s eyes fluttered opened, looking at the bright screen in front of her. Lester’s throbbing member staring back at her, “Then we need to do something about that big boy.”

“I want to watch you cum for me,” Lester growled. “I want to explode while I watch your face when you cum.”

“I thought you were the one who was supposed to cum? Thats what this call is for.” Sarah said slowly.

“When have I ever let that happen? I’m not that selfish. I always make sure you finish,” Lester said, licking his lips again, “Because its so much better when you do.”

“What do you want me to do?” Sarah said breathlessly.

“Lay down on your side,” Lester said.

Sarah slowly lowered herself down onto the couch, holding the phone in front of her. Her hand was still slowly, teasingly massaging her breasts, causing her bottom lip to hang open.

“Take your hand off your tit and lower it. Touch yourself,” Lester said. Sarah’s body responded to his words. It was heating up and she was craving her own release. She didn’t need much convincing.

“I shouldn’t,” Sarah breathed, her eyes darting to Lester’s face. From the angle with his cock taking up so much of the screen, all of his chins were pushed together making him look like an obese frog. He glared down at her, not saying anything, watching to see what she would do.

Sarah let go of her breast and her hand slowly trailed down her stomach. Goosebumps ran under her fingertips as her hand ran over her sensitive skin. She saw her hand disappear off camera. She doubted Lester would ask to see where she touched, wanting instead to see her face. She could have just played along, but as her fingertips grazed the waistband of her pants, the sensation was too hard to resist.

Sarah’s hand disappeared beneath the fabric of her pajama pants. Slowly, savoring the sensations her fingers travelled further down until she found her clit and the lips of her pussy.

“Uhhmm,” Sarah moaned as her fingertips gently explored herself. She closed her eyes, focusing on the feelings of her fingers dancing over herself.

“Open your eyes,” Lester said over the sound of his hand jerking his cock off. She opened her eyes and saw him squeezing lotion into his palm before gripping his cock again and stroking it slowly. “I want to see your eyes staring at me.”

“Fuck. Lester,” Sarah moaned his name. Each syllable tasting delicious and forbidden on her tongue. She had never done this with Dan. Touching each themselves, getting each other off over a video call. After all the time he spent in Chicago alone, they’d never done it. Yet here she was doing it with Lester, even though he was in the same city.

Sarah stared into Lester's beady eyes. His intense gaze and the mask of arousal on his face, spurred her on, moving her fingers faster over her clit. Maybe that was what had turned her on all this time. It wasn't just that look both Dan and Lester got when they saw her in these situations. It wasn't just the act of being watched. It was the desperate, hungry look of desire when she was exposing herself. Affecting someone on that level, prompting them to do something about it. Do something to her.

"That's it Sarah," Lester nodded, "Keep doing that. Put on a show for me. Don't fucking stop. I love watching you while you get off. So fucking sexy."

"I love it that you're watching," Sarah purred. The words were out of her mouth faster than her brain could comprehend if she really meant them. But she did love being watched. And...and she loved being bad. Doing something taboo like this,...it just....felt so fucking good. Like eating the forbidden fruit. Doing something she wasn't supposed to. Skinny dipping at night.

"I know," Lester said with a gleam in his eyes, "Speaking of the show....what do you think of this one?" Lester slapped his cock against the camera and kept stroking it.

"It's....." Sarah tried and failed to find the right words to describe how she felt. She was mesmerized watching Lester's thick, meaty shaft on her screen. How hard it was for her. She knew how fucking good it could feel. She also felt pangs of disappointment that she had to settle for watching it over a screen. The size of her phone screen didn't do the real thing justice.

"It's fucking hot," Sarah finally breathed. "Seeing how hard you are for me. Stroking yourself while looking at me. Knowing how much you want me. It's wild."

"My cock only has eyes for you Sarah," Lester said, "I could watch you all day. But I'm starting to think that you'd enjoy anyone watching you like this. Stroking themselves to you."

"What do you mean?" Sarah said breathlessly.

“Watching you with Otis. Seeing how you reacted watching yourself today. I think you’d get off on any guy stroking it for you. Hell, I bet half the guys at the hospital jerk off thinking about you,” Lester said.

“I don’t think so, that’s a bit –”

“I know it. Close your eyes,” Lester said. Sarah licked her lips and closed them.

“I want you to picture all the men you see at work. From the moment you walk in to the building until you leave. Think of all their faces and bodies.”

“Okay.” Sarah said as her mind started to run through all the men. From the family of patients to the doctors, nurses and other staff.

“Now picture yourself lying on your bed, with all these men standing around stroking themselves for you. All of them eager to see your naked body.”

Sarah’s breathing grew more erratic as she pictured it. Naked men standing around her. All of them staring at her with that intense, semi-crazed look while stroking their cocks. She knew it should scare her. Or she should find it comical. But in that moment, just the simple idea of it made her soaking wet.

Sarah’s thighs clenched around her hand, her hips slowly pushing into it.

“Picture Otis there, right next to you, stroking his cock. Leering at you like he does.”

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned as her fingers started working herself up faster than expected. The mental image Lester was painting for her was adding fuel to her already burning fire.

“I’m not there. And neither is your husband,” Lester whispered, “And you don’t stop do you?”

“No,” Sarah whispered, “No, I don’t.”

“Because you love it, don’t you? You love being exposed and for men to see you. To want you. To want to fuck you and bury themselves inside of you. You love the attention.”

“Mhmmm fuck,” Sarah moaned, “I do. I love it. Fuck Lester. I never knew how much I fucking loved it until you. Until you pushed me to it.”

“We’re just getting started,” Lester said, furiously stroking his cock.

“But you know what I love more?” Sarah opened her eyes. Her expression darkened, her eyes mirroring Lester’s. Filled with lust.

“What?” Lester said.

“That big fucking cock of yours.” Sarah said, her voice dripping with sex. “The way it fills me. Fills me up so fucking good.”

“You like how deep I can get?” Lester snarled.

“God. Lester, you go so deep. So fucking deep. At first I didn’t think it could actually fit inside me. You fill me completely,” Sarah moaned, her lips forming a small ‘O’ as the words escaped her lips. Her fingers started picking up in speed and intensity as she spoke.

“You gonna cum for me Sarah?” Lester asked.

“Soon,” Sarah breathed, “God Lester I love watching that cock of yours.”

“It loves you too,” Lester chuckled, “But you know what it really wants?”

“What?” Sarah breathed, desperate to know the answer.

“It was jealous of the video of you and Otis. It wants to make a new video with you.” Lester said.

“Oh fuck. Mhmmhmmmm,” Sarah bit her lip, her face blush. Breasts rising and falling alongside her shallow breaths. The idea of watching herself on video with Lester. Fucking him. Fucking him knowing she was being recorded. That the moment could be seen by her in the future. Or Lester. Or even someone else. She licked her lips, her dark streak putting a hand on the steering wheel inside of her.

“Fuck. Thats such a bad, fucking hot idea Lester,” Sarah moaned.

“Mhmmmmmfuck.”

A sinister smile spread across Lester’s fat face, “Thats it then. We’re going to do it. We’ll film ourselves. Me fucking you until you forget your own name, begging for my cum. Then you can watch it back anytime so you can touch yourself to it. Got it?”

Sarah’s mouth went dry. Her brain screaming what a bad idea it was. The screams were just whimpers in her mind, her impending climax dosing them like a blanket over a smoldering fire. She just nodded to Lester, intensifying his lecherous smile.

“Yeah, Sarah. I’m going to record you. Film you. Capture every fucking second of you,” Lester’s hands beating off his cock, faster and faster. “I’m getting close baby.”

“Uhhhhh cum for me. Cum for me Lester,” Sarah’s own hand frantically moving, touching herself, playing with her own sex. Exploring the depths of herself while always, always making sure her clit wasn’t neglected. “Mhmmmm I’m close too Lester. So fucking close.”

“Then cum for me Sarah. Keep staring at my cock. I want you to see how much cum I have stored up for you.”

“Mhmmmfucck Lester,” Sarah moaned, eyes wide staring as Lester’s fist clenched around his cock, pumping it for all it was worth. “Cum for me baby, show me. Show me all of it. I want it Lester. I want you’re cum. Give it to me. Give to me baby.”

Lester smirked at her comments, “Fuck. It’s coming. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue. Show me where you want me to shoot it.”

Sarah's body felt like it was on fire. Her thighs clenched around her hand, hips bucking against herself. She did her best to hold the phone steady with her other hand but her back arched and her heavy breasts swayed, making the phone shake. Her orgasm was about to descend onto her.

"Oh. Ahmmmm...Lester...Fuck. FUCK. LESTER," Sarah moaned closing her eyes as her climax started to rip through her.

"Open your eyes Sarah! Look at my cock. Stick that tongue out," Lester grunted, hunched over like a bridge troll.

"FUCK," Sarah screamed as her body shuddered, "GIVE IT TO ME LESTER. SHOOT IT ALL OVER ME. I WANT IT EVERYWHERE." Then she stuck her tongue out as her body began to convulse.

"UGHH," Lester grunted. Sarah's eyes went wide as she saw a geyser of cum blast out of Lester's cock. She watched it shoot straight up into the air before gravity took hold and brought it back down, streaming over his cock's shaft and encircled fist. Seeing that much, hot sticky cum made Sarah's body shudder as her climax ripped through her, all her nerves bursting like fireworks. She clenched her legs around her hand and through sheer force of will kept her tongue out stretched, even though her body wanted to grit its teeth.

Rope after sticky rope of Lester's overwhelming viscous cum shot out of his cock, Sarah's eyes trained on it until her orgasm was too much. Her tongue disappeared into her mouth and her eyes snapped shut as fields of stars exploded behind her eyelids, her body and mind rocking from her powerful orgasm. The mental image of all of Lester's illicit cum shooting out of his cock was seared into her memory.

Finally, her orgasm began to wane. All the tight muscles in her body went limp, including the hand that was holding the phone. It clattered to the floor as Sarah turned on her side, catching her breath and letting her mind make its way back to her body.

It was a few minutes before Sarah remembered about the phone. Reluctantly she rolled onto her side and reached around blindly on the floor until she grasped the device. Her mind and body were exhausted and she could feel sleep ready to claim her.

She pulled the phone up to her face and saw Lester wiping his crotch down with kleenex. Cleaning all the cum from himself. What a waste Sarah thought. All that cum just going into kleenex that would be thrown in the trash. She lightly chuckled internally to herself, her own thoughts surprising her.

“Lester...” Sarah said softly, “There’s no way I can stay awake. I’m going to fall asleep.”

“I gotta clean this shit up anyways,” Lester said, still cleaning off the massive amount of cum covering his crotch, “Go sleep. I’ll see you in the office tomorrow.”

“Okay,” Sarah said her thumb hovering over the hang up button, “Goodnight.”

“Night,” Lester said absently, “I love you.”

“Love you too,” Sarah said automatically before hitting the red hang up button. Her furrowed as she realized what she said. Love you too? It was such a knee-jerk respond. Probably conditioned into her by her relationship with Dan. She hadn’t actually meant to say that to Lester. She didn’t actually love him. Not like that...

Her phone clattered to the floor as she rolled back over. Her mind drifting to sleep as she thought about the last few minutes. Surely Lester hadn’t meant that he loved her. She wasn’t sure he actually knew what love was. And she....obviously didn’t mean that. Hopefully he didn’t take that the wrong way. Still....she had just said it. Blurted it out like it had been natural.

The wild torrent of cum spewing out of his cock flashed back into her mind. Her dreamy brain focusing on it and seemingly playing it. Her thoughts and dreams began to fuse as she drifted off. Thoughts of all of that cum. Cum that she loved and

was disappointed she didn't get that night. Thoughts of her and Lester making a video together....

