

[Insider] Toxic Attraction: Chapter 30 Alpha Draft

Hey folks, this one has been a long time coming and I'm excited to bring it to you. It's a little wild and I'm pretty sure I had an fever dream while I wrote the last scene and didn't get out of my chair for a couple of hours straight.

Look for me on discord or on here tomorrow to chat with you all about it. Also Neighbor Encounter CH4 is dropping before the end of the month - I promise.

Now as always with these insider releases, plenty of typos and other grammatical errors in here that will be fixed upon final release. I have a couple ideas for another scene at the end with Dan but let me know what you think.

I really appreciate all of you that enjoy this series and keep coming back for more.

Anyways, here it is:

-----

The plane vibrated around him as it taxied on the runway. Dan had his eyes closed and was focusing on keeping his breathing under control. He gripped the arms of the seat like someone with a fear of flying. But the plane and everyone on board weren't even on his mind.

He was vaguely aware that the plane was getting ready to take off and of the lady sititng next to him. But it was all background noise to the war waging in his head. Dan stomach was in knots as he tried to process what had happened last night and the scene burned into his head from this morning.

He had finally manned up and stepped into the abyss of Lester's room. He'd done it. He had pushed past that constant immboilization he felt so often when Sarah was with Lester. And it had all been for nothing.

Dan had managed to get Lester out of the way, to put himself inside his wife and feel her around him. But then – then he'd lost it. Maybe it was Lester's constant pestering or maybe it was the fucked up situation but he'd lost his erection. While inside his wife.

She'd been sweet and supportive and disappointed in the moment. All of it was like a wrecking ball to his ego and a knife to his heart. And Lester capitulated and took his wife from him. Took her right in front of him, making her moan and thrash on the bed like a demon possessed woman.

And somehow, after all of that. After all of that embarrassment Dan managed to get hard. Staring down at Sarah's sleeping form he almost stroked himself to completion again. Despite Sarah's words that he usually could only get off once in a night, he had been ready to go again.

Would he have lost it again? Or was he only hard because he was standing there watching? What the fuck was he turning into? And then later at the peephole....

Dan mentally pushed that memory aside, his face burning with shame. He knew the deck was stacked against him. He'd been hard as a rock and unable to sleep and then the noises started.

His nostrils flared as he breathed out hard. Dan opened his eyes and looked around the plane, hoping to see the stewardess pushing the cart so he could get something with alcohol in it. It was still early by most people's standards but Dan still felt like he was riding last night. And he needed things to quiet down.

But the plane was still just there, on the runway waiting for its turn to takeoff. A kid was crying from somewhere behind him and Dan could already feel the annoyed tension from the other passengers.

When he'd woken up this morning, the door to Lester's room was closed. He hadn't been able to see anything from the peephole. It was just darkness on the other side. He'd hoped to have woken up to Sarah in his bed but she spent the night with Lester. Probably tired and exhausted from the marathon sessions his obese roommate had given to her.

Dan had tried to clean the cum from the wall. During the night had just passed out. In the morning he was greeted to the stained white and yellow streaking running down the wall. He'd gotten some of it off but the evidence was there to anyone who looked for it.

Evidence of his shame. Evidence of giving his wife to Lester and enjoying it.

He'd made noise on purpose as he got ready. Between the shower, flushing the toilet, brushing his teeth and closing the door loudly as he got dressed. He'd hoped something would wake Sarah up but his mind buzzed with her being otherwise occupied.

When he couldn't deliberately waste anymore time, Dan found himself in the hallway. The handle of his carry on suitcase held tightly in his hand as he stared at Lester's closed door. He wanted to say goodbye. As much as it pained him to leave Sarah alone in the apartment, he needed to go.

Would she even miss him? She couldn't even see him off. Did she even care? He knew these were the thoughts of a weak man. Perhaps a broken man. He knew deep down that the reason was that she was exhausted and had no sense of the time but his brain was throwing every other possibility at him. Intrusive thoughts had become a constant companion to him.

But then she had come out. Not when he was standing there alone in the hallway. When he had one foot out the apartment door and his Uber was just around the corner – she came out. His stunning wife hurried into the living room with nothing but a formerly white, now beige bed sheet draped around her body. The skin of her exposed, naked shoulders sent a shiver down his spine. Her hair was a mess and she looked tired but still radiated that overwhelming natural beauty only a few women possessed.

Before he could even react to her presence, she had closed the distance between them and her lips were on his, kissing him goodbye. The same lips that had been wrapped around Lester's cock the night before as she went wild for it. She had stared up at him with those piercing green eyes and told him not to worry and that she loved him. To have a safe trip and to return to her soon.

His heart felt like it was going to jump out of his chest. He wanted nothing more than to stay there with her. She had come to him. She hadn't forgotten about him. Despite everything she was still his wife and she loved him.

As Dan reluctantly stepped into the hallway, he looked back at Sarah one last time to capture the memory of her. Something to keep him going while he was gone. But then the fat form of Lester slide up behind her and wrapped his arms around her, bis big head with the thinning greasy hair nuzzed into her neck and his wife's lips parted involuntarily.

She gave Dan one last look before her eyes closed as Lester's lips danced across her neck. A soft moan escaped her lips and echoed into the hallway. Dan felt the familiar paralysis spread across his body as Lester groped his wife through the bedsheet. Any other tenant could have heard that moan. Hell, they probably heard all the moans from the previous night. But here they were on full display with the door completely open.

Sarah moaned again and that was when Dan realized that Lester was completely naked. His intimidingly large cock was probably pressing into Sarah's perfect backside. Dan's throat went dry as Sarah's grip on the bedsheet loosed and it inched down, exposing the tops of her heaving breasts. His wife moaned again, sounding like she was ready for more of the disgusting man.

And without even looking at Dan, the door closed and he heard the lock click. He knew it had been Lester but part of him whispered traitorous doubts that it had been Sarah. Dan just stood there, alone in the hallway. His mind raced but no coherent thoughts formulated. His body was still, waiting for some kind of command from the brain telling it what it should do in this situation.

He heard shuffling on the otherside of the door and the familiar plooding of Lester's fat feet on the other side, moving away. Dan had taken a stepped towards the door, reaching out towards the knob when his pants vibrated.

He grabbed his phone and read the notification. The Uber waiting to take him to the airport had arrived and was waiting downstairs. Dan tried, desperaetly to push the thoughts of Sarah and Lester out of his mind as he turned and walked towards the eleventor, dragging his carry one behind him.

When they were in the air and the stewardess finally stopped the drink cart at his aisle, Dan ordered a double rye and coke. The stewardess and the women next to him shared a look but Dan pretended not to notice. No one knew what was going through on with him and they had no right to judge him.

He downed his drink and tried to focus on the upcoming days in D.C with his client Sentinel Securities. There was going to be a lot to do and he desperately needed to focus. He needed to nail this and try to expand his business with them. His family needed it. His marriage needed it.

\*\*\*

Lester was awake but he didn't open his eyes. Dan was being obviously loud, like a toddler trying to get the mother's attention. But Sarah was still sound asleep next to Lester in the bed, sleeping softly with her face nuzzled into his flabby chest.

The night had almost been perfect. Sarah had tried to fulfill her fantasy, not yet fucking understanding that she was past that moronic fantasy of a threesome. Now that she had Lester, she needed to grow up and put these childish fantasies to bed. Maybe she had believe she wanted it, back with she just had Dan and his pathetic cock to satisfy her.

She had known deep down she always needed more, craved more. But now she had him. And Lester should be enough to fulfill all her fantasies.

He felt the anger boil inside of him again. The same anger that rippled across his body when she told him she had fucked Otis in the hospital. His lip twitched as he looked down at Sarah. She was his. Yet for some reason she still was going off the script and doing things on her own. Some idiotic notion that all of this between them was still something for her and Dan. Some vomit inducing fantasy fulfillment. Maybe she was delusional. But she needed to stop.

He couldn't have her doing things behind his back. Not when he went through all this effort to condition her into his perfect little wanton slut. Not when he was so close to getting his products from the dark web and completing his goal. She was ripe and ready for plucking. That good two shoes wife of yesterday was gone, replaced by a woman molded by Lester's desires. He sure as hell wouldn't let anyone else ruin that.

But he needed to teach them a lesson. If she wanted to fuck around, so be it. He'd force her into something overwhelming. She needed to be punished. Then he would put the final parts of his plan into action.

Lester carefully slid himself out of bed, careful not to disturb Sarah. His naked body rolled off the bed until he pushed himself up into a sitting position. His gut spilling out across his thighs. He itched his hairy ass cheek and looked over his shoulders at the angelic face laying in his bed.

Soon.

Lester stepped defly through the piles of crap all over his floor until he hefted himself down into his command chair. The pistons squealing as his weight settled down into it. He moved the mouse to turn on the computer. It fired up quickly, the fans on the PC tower coming to life.

Lester looked back at Sarah again, making sure she hadn't stirred. She continued to breath softly, naked covered only by the thin bedsheet. Lester couldn't remember the last time he'd washed it.

He strategically positioned the window on the monitor between himself and Sarah. If she opened her eyes she wouldn't be able to see what he was looking at. He opened World of Warcraft but kept it silent. He could quickly use a keyboard shortcut to minimize the other window so Sarah would never see it. She'd just think he was playing some WoW.

Lester pulled up the camera feeds from last night. He quickly cut and spliced all of the ones from both of their sessions last night. Starting from Sarah in the living room to being on her knees in front of Lester, Dan's soft dick all the way to end of the night.

He cocked his head as he watched Dan stroking himself on screen, staring down at Sarah as she slept. That's creepy. Lester smiled realizing how far he had wormed himself into Dan's head.

He moved onto the next clipping, with Sarah in the middle of the night. He made sure the audio on this one was crisp based on the levels on the screen. He wanted to hear all the things she said to him last night. As the scene played on he saw Dan at the peephole, stroking himself again. So he couldn't get it up for Sarah in the moment but it was easy to stroke it after? Interesting. That'd be something to plant in Sarah's ear, the complete demasculization of her husband in her eyes. She was still trying to fulfill fantasies with him. She needed to view Dan in a completely non-sexual way.

The door from the other side of the wall slammed shut. Lester quickly switched to the live camera feed and saw Dan standing in the hallway, facing Lester's door. He just stood there, staring at it. Lester held his breath, wondering what his roommate was going to do. Had he finally grown his balls back and was about to come in and say something. Sarah stirred behind Lester and he gritted his teeth.

With a few quick mouse movements he quickly closed out the surveillance screens and waited for the door to open. But it never did.

He heard the familiar sound of suitcase wheels rolling away.

"Ugh," Sarah said sitting up with her hand over her face. She held the sheets around her chest., "What time is it?"

Lester snorted and kept his attention on the screen, "Morning."

He eyed the corner of his screen where he knew the surveillance cameras were minimized. World of Warcraft was still in full screen mode but he'd never had someone in his room while those windows were open. She was so very close to knowing the depths of his future control over her. To close to discovering his illicit business practices.

She didn't respond. They both sat in silence as the server fired up and Lester's avatar appeared on screen.

The unmistakable sound of the front door opening came from behind the door.

“Dan,” Sarah breathed, “Shit, Dan.”

She pulled the bedsheet free and draped it around herself as she rushed out of the room. Lester kicked himself. He should have had made the bed and tucked that sheet in. And once Dan rolled his suitcase away he should have turned the sound on his computer to muffle out that door opening. He’d wanted Sarah to keep sleeping, to miss her husband’s departure but that man child was slamming doors and making a ruckus.

Oh well. Lester heaved himself up out of his chair and plodded towards the open door. Already this day wasn’t going his way. Sure, Dan was leaving and Sarah was staying but her parents wanted to see her later. Lester didn’t need that distraction. He needed her focused on him. Submitting to him fully.

Lester felt his jewels jiggle as he marched down the hallway, his cock dangling free and proud.

“Don’t worry about me baby,” Sarah said in a low voice from the living room. Lester paused for a at the threshold for a second listening. “I love you. You’re going to do great. I’ll be fine. In a few hours I’ll be with my parents. Get there safe and come back to me soon.”

Disgusting. Lester didn’t wait any longer. It was time for Dan to leave. Lester walked across the living room and slid up behind Sarah, ignoring Dan completely. He knew the open door, the potential exposure to the rest of the building’s residents would already be on her mind. He wrapped his arms around her slim form and nuzzled his unshaven face into her neck.

Lester suppressed a smile as he heard a small, unexpected gasp escape Sarah’s lips. He knew Dan was just standing there, watching them. His tongue snaked out of his mouth and lick her neck making her moan, louder this time.

He pushed his naked cock against her bare ass and wedged it between her cheeks. He felt the bedsheet slip from her, just as her control over the situation slipped as well. Her love for Dan fleeting into the background as her lust for Lester took over. It was time.

Lester put one fat hand on the door and pushed it close, eliminating Dan from the equation entirely. He quickly engaged the lock and pushed Sarah flat up against the door. Her breasts smashed against it as Lester's gut pressed into her back.

Sarah's ass arched off the door and grinded itself back against Lester's cock. He grunted in her ear, running his hands down her arms until he gripped her hands and pinned them against the door. She moaned and her body shuddered.

Lester pushed Sarah hard into the door, slamming his cock against her. She pushed her head to the side and squinted looking through the door's peephole. Dan was just standing there, frozen in place with that dumb look on his face. Just like the previous night, Lester had managed to short circuit the idiot's brain. This was too easy. Now it was time for Lester to reap the rewards of his hard work.

Lester backed off Sarah, a soft moan of disappointment whined from her throat. He tugged on her arm, pulling her away from the door. Her other hand still fruitlessly clutched the bedsheet to his chest. Lester's lip snarled and he yanked the bedsheet from her, tearing it away from her body.

Sarah's hands instinctively went up to cover her large, heavy breasts. Lester grabbed her wrists and pulled them apart, revealing her rising and falling breasts to him. He took his time, running his eyes over every inch of them, making sure Sarah knew she belonged to him. He felt the resistance in her arms weakened as the rising and falling of her breasts increased. Her arousal growing as she stared at her.

Lester felt his cock growing. He continued to stare at her breasts until Sarah made a sound.

"Ohh," Sarah softly moaned. Lester smirked and looked up at her. She was staring down at his cock. Its head was poking into her bare thigh.

"See something you like?" Lester asked.

"Jesus," Sarah said, "I haven't even had a coffee yet."

“A slut like you needs cock in the morning to wake her up,” Lester growled dropping her hands and grabbing both sides of her head. He pulled her face towards him and kissed her hard. Her body tensed against him. He could feel it. But she could feel his fat cock pressing hard against her.

“Mhnmmm,” Sarah softly protested the kiss. Lester turned her face to the side and stuck his tongue out. It pryed open her lips. She squealed as he held her face in place, pushing his tongue past her lips until it emerged into her mouth. As his tongue ran over hers he felt her resolve weaken – her knees bend and her soft hands fall onto his biceps.

Lester’s hands mauled Sarah’s body while his tongue invaded her mouth. He grabbed handfuls of her ass, breasts, anything he could grab. He needed to be unreleting and overwhelm her senses.

With a growl, Lester broke their kiss – happy to see Sarah’s eyes still closed and she was breathing hard.

“Come on,” He grumbled and pulled her back down the hallway towards his lair.

“Lester,” Sarah started as she followed. He held her wrist and pulled her into his bedroom, “I just said goodbye to Dan, I need a second to wake up and check my phone.”

Lester didn’t answer. He pulled her to his desk and sat down with a plop. His naked gut squishing between the arms of his chair. He didn’t let go of her wrist as he stared up at her.

“What you need to do is get on those knees, pucker up those sweet little lips and clean up my cock,” Lester said.

He could see the conflict on Sarah’s face. He knew she loved sucking his cock. Her phone was still out in the living room from last night. She hadn’t checked it. Her parents were supposed to be in the city today.

“On your knees,” Lester said. He pulled her wrist forward until her hand landed on his cock. She took in a deep breath, her eyes glued to his cock as her fingers wrapped around it. A

grin spread across Lester's face as he watched the once proud young wife and mother slowly, sink to her knees in front of him, her eyes never straying from his cock.

He'd trained her well. She knew her place. It was right here. Sarah's knees sank into the filth of Lester's floor, brushing against dirty clothes and other garbage Lester had long forgotten.

"That's a good girl," Lester chuckled lightly with Sarah kneeling in front of him.

"Time for you to get to work," Lester said as he scooted forward. Sarah shuffled back until her head touched Lester's desk.

"What, what are you doing?" Sarah asked, finally breaking her eyes from Lester's cock to look up at him.

"I'm going to game a little bit," Lester said.

"Really?" Sarah asked as her hand slid up and down his shaft, "Right now?"

"Why shouldn't I enjoy all the things I like at once?" Lester looked down at her, feeling the rolls of fat on his neck push against his chin. He tapped her on the back of the head as he returned to his character on Warcraft.

"Fucking asshole," Sarah said shaking her head. But Lester didn't need to give her any further prompting. The young mother obediently leaned forward and ran her tongue up the length of Lester's shaft. Lester shuddered with delight at the sensation. He'd never had one of his conquests on their knees at his command centre but he quickly decided it should be a permanent fixture.

Sarah's saliva coated his shaft as her hand began stroking him. She used her fist expertly, twisting it as she stroked his large cock up and down. Her warm mouth finally descended onto the head of his cock. She instantly moaned, "Mhmmhmmmm."

Lester patted her on the head, "Good girl."

Sarah moaned in response as she took more of Lester's cock into her mouth. Her tongue ran against the underside of his cock, her mouth so wet and soft.

Lester groaned and tried to focus on the screen in front of him. He pressed some keys and his avatar Darkspire was running across the town to meet with his guildmates. The other guys were all in voicechat on Discord but Lester didn't want to reach out and grab his headphones. Sarah's blonde locks tickled his thighs as they bobbed up and down with her head.

She was going to town on his cock. Lester suppressed a chuckle, wondering if Dan was still standing out there in like a lost puppy dog in the hallway. Hoping that its master would open the door and let him back into the warm apartment. But Dan better get used to being left out in the cold.

Lester followed his guild mates towards a dungeon. On the chat interface, Ned was asking him why he wasn't on mic. Lester ignored it, not giving a shit what Ned or Eugene or any of the others thought.

"Mhmmffff," Sarah moaned as she pulled herself free from Lester's cock. She dived back down, lips and tongue on his shaft, one hand pumping him while the other steadied herself on his thigh.

"F-fuck," Sarah moaned at the base of Lester's cock as she rested her head against him. Her hand stroking the shaft above her face. Lester pulled her hair back so he could see her face. Her soft little tongue was darting out, gently and lovingly lapping at the base of his cock.

His matted pubic hair threatened to envelope her angelic face. Lester never got tired of looking at her. Those stunning eyes, that beautiful face lapping at his cock. Worshipping him. She'd fallen so far, now he barely had to apply pressure for her to do whatever he wanted. His cock controlled her, whether she wanted to admit it or not. She wasn't Dan's wife anymore, she wasn't a mother – she was his wanton, eager slut who would do whatever her master desired.

It was exhilarating.

She softly moaned as her tongue continued to dart out and lick the base of his cock, dancing between his dirty pubic hair. Her hand kept pumping his shaft, slick with her saliva and still coated with her dried juices from the night before.

“Mhmmhm,” Sarah moaned softly, getting lost in what she was doing. Lester took his hand off the keyboard and ran it through her hair. She moaned again, enjoying the way he petted her. His fingers dug into the back of her head, pulling her closer to his cock. Her lips pressed against his shaft in a pucker. Soft moans continued to escape her lips as Lester held her head and directed her. He moved her head back and forth making her tongue look like it was licking a popsicle. He pulled her head down to his nutsack and buried her face in it.

Lester wasn't sure if she'd be able to breath but her moans only grew more desperate. His balls tingled as her moans vibrated from the back of her throat to her lips. Her face was completely covered by his cock and bushy pubic hair. Her tongue continued to lick and slather his nuts as she moaned. It pushed through the matted hair and found the skin of his ballsack, sucking and licking it. Bringing it into her mouth as her hand continued to stroke his shaft, up and down, up and down.

Lester let out a groan and closed his eyes. Sarah was way too good at this. She'd really missed her calling. Soon she'd be unemployed and could do this full time for him. He revelled in the sensation of his balls on Sarah's tongue, her fist continued to pump his cock, her second hand joining the first.

On screen, the chat was going crazy as Lester's avatar just stood there. His guild mates being beaten back by a group of high level orcs. Ned was calling for Lester's help as they tried in vein to defend him. Lester peered at the screen through squinted eyes. He suddenly didn't give a shit anymore.

With a grunt he sat forward, the weight of his gut pressing down on Sarah's head. His cock wedged between his gut and her face. He exited out of WoW and opened his Sarah folder. His heart beat in his chest and he felt a thrill run through his body. Putting her in a position where she was so close to knowing the truth. To discovering the web of lies of deception she was at the center of.

He made sure his computer was muted and sat back. Sarah took in a large deep breath as Lester's gut left her face. She sat up on her knees and looked up at Lester, then down to his cock. She was stroking it with both hands. Sarah licked her lips as she stared down at it.

Behind her the screen showed a scene from months ago. When Sarah timidly walked up to Lester's door in the middle of the night to have sex with him for the first time. It was one of Lester's most played videos, especially because she came to him – stepped into his lair with the intent of sleeping with him. If it was a VHS tape, it would have been well worn out by now.

Lester couldn't help but smirk as Sarah lowered her head back down onto his cock. Her wet mouth enveloping him again. As Sarah sucked his cock, he watched the Sarah on screen being penetrated by him for the first time. Watching, as he had dozens of times as her face contorted in pleasure and pain as he pushed his cock into her pussy. The way her body reacted to him for the first time. The storm raging outside as the first barrier of Sarah's reticence fell and her retraining could begin.

"Mhmmm fuck, your cock Jesus," Sarah muttered as she took a breath before descending back onto his cock.

"God its just everything," Sarah moaned as she licked up his shaft and twirled her tongue around the head of his cock. She didn't even look up at him, her entire attention was focused on his cock. Lester put his forearms on the arms of his chair and let Sarah worship his cock as he watched the secret porn of her. Watched as under false circumstances she finally gave into him, changing her life forever. Knowing what his cock felt like inside of her.

Sarah moaned around his cock as the Sarah on screen's mouth opened, wailing as she came. Lester licked his lips watching his favorite conquest on screen as the future her knelt before him, taking his cock into the back of her throat.

She hummed around his cock. He felt it, the moment the head of his cock disappeared into her throat. The reflexive gag that Sarah had learned to push past. She'd become a pro at cock sucking. Her head bobbed up and down on his fat cock as he hands worked his shaft. It was glorious, watching her secret porn tape, unknowingly performing for him while she stroked and sucked his cock. One of her hands dropped down and began softly messaging his balls.

The Sarah kneeling before him had her eyes closed, focused on his cock. Lester wanted to take her, throw her on the bed and make her watch herself get fucked on screen while he slid into her from behind. He wanted her to see all the vile videos he had secretly collected since her husband moved in.

But not yet. No, he needed her aching for it. To make sure she didn't go back with her parents tonight. That she was so worked up she was desperate for him.

Lester balled Sarah's hair into a fist and thrust his cock up. It hit the back of her throat. Sarah squeezed Lester's cock reflexively as she steadied herself. Lester didn't give her a second to compose herself. With her hair gripped in his hand, he tugged it up then pushed her head back down onto his cock.

"Ummffff," Sarah sputtered around his cock but Lester didn't let up. He used her mouth as a fuck hole. He thrust up as he pulled her head down. Sarah's hands left his shaft and went to his thigh, bracing herself, trying to slow his pace. But Lester didn't relent. He grabbed her head and brought it up and down his cock.

Sarah grabbed onto Lester's shaft with one hand, squeezing it tight. Lester slammed her mouth down again, this time it hit her hand. She was trying to control the pace by putting a roadblock in Lester's way. He held her hair tight with one hand, and with the other grabbed her wrist and turned it, making her wince and release his cock.

Lester held her wrist to the side while he held her hair in a pony tail and fucked her face again. Sarah kept moaning and her throat noises filled the room.

"Gllllluck. Gllaack, Glllaack," the saliva in the back of Sarah's throat splashed against Lester's cock as he fucked her mouth.

"I'm gonna cum right down your throat," Lester grunted, lifting his sweaty, hairy ass off his chair. His skin stuck to the leather seat before peeling away as he shoved his cock into Sarah's pretty mouth.

On screen, Sarah was in the throes of ecstasy, cumming all over Lester's cock again. Lester watched as the dam of resistance broke inside of her. He held Sarah's head and hair in a death grip as he fucked the young mother's pretty little mouth. Spit and saliva ran uncontrollably out of Sarah's mouth, dripping down Lester's shaft and covering her hand

Lester heaved his body up into a standing position. His fat gut pressing into Sarah's forehead, forcing her to change positions. Sarah didn't miss a beat. Her hand still pumped Lester's shaft as best she could while he held her hair into a ponytail and fucked her mouth. His entire length of his cock disappeared between her sweet lips and down the back of her throat. She was having difficulty breathing but he could hear the sharp intakes of breath through her nose when he pulled his cock back.

She was too busy with her mouth and throat full of Lester's cock that she couldn't see the monitor behind her. The way the Sarah on the screen's body tensed and gripped Lester hard as he continued to fuck her and bring her yet another orgasm.

Lester let go of Sarah's hair and grabbed her other wrist, pulling her stroking hand off his cock. He held both of them in his hands as his hips continued thrusting forward into Sarah's waiting mouth. Without the grip on the back of her head, she had more control. He couldn't slam his cock into her mouth like before but it didn't stop the young mother from taking almost his entire length into her mouth and just down the back of her throat.

He roughly pinned her wristed over her head, against the desk with one hand. She whimpered as he used his weight to pin them there. Her blonde hair flowed back and forth over her shoulders as her head bobbed. Sarah's hands were just inches away from the computer. Inches away from the unmute button on the keyboard that would fill the room with the sounds of her experiencing orgasmic bliss.

Sarah kept bobbing her head forward onto his cock. She had to back up and reposition herself but now her head was between the edge of the desk and Lester's hefty gut. Lester groaned as his massive hips bucked back and forward again, sliding his cock in and out of Sarah's waiting mouth.

She tried to stop. To talk to him. To take back control of what was happening but Lester wasn't interested. Not this time. He was too far past that point. He needed to cum. He wanted to blow his load and fill her stomach. And she was going to take all of it.

He held her wrists firmly against the desk with one hand. The other grabbed the back of her head as he stood there. He roughly grabbed her hair and balled it into a fist and force fed her his cock.

He grinned as he felt the head of his cock push down into her throat. Sarah tried to twist her shoulders, to free herself from his grip on her wrists but it was useless. Lester held her in place as he fucked her mouth like a cheap common slut.

“Mhmhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned around his cock. She liked it rough like this, Lester knew that. She loved aggression.

“Fuck Sarah,” Lester chuckled, “I have so much pent up cum ready for you. I’m going to flood your throat with it.”

“Ughmphmm,” Sarah continued to moan as she struggled to breathe. Lester couldn’t help but smirk as he stared down. He rammed his cock into her mouth and down her throat making her gag. Tears welled in the corners of her eyes. Lester’s face felt beet red as his hairy balls slammed against her chin over and over.

“Mhmhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned followed by the wet squelching sounds of her deep throating Lester’s fat cock. He was still impressed she managed to take so much of him into her.

“Look at me,” Lester barked down at Sarah.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him. He pushed thrust his cock forward, causing her eyes to shut involuntarily for a split second but she obediently opened them up again. He could feel his jewels pressing against his jaw. He knew she didn’t have the best view of him but he didn’t care. All he wanted was those sexy eyes, staring up at him beginning for me.

“Do you want it? Do you want my cum Sarah? I can’t wait any longer. You’re going to get it all.” Lester murmured.

“Mhmm-hmmhmmm,” Sarah said from around his cock. That’s all Lester needed to hear to be sent over the edge.

Lester’s balls tightened.

“Get ready,” Lester gritted his yellow teeth. His grip tightened on Sarah’s wrists and knotted her hair. Sarah yelped around his cock as he pulled her hair tight.

“Fucking take it Sarah,” Lester bellowed as his balls released his pent up cum. It rushed down his expanding, throbbing cock sending a shiver up his spine. Lester licked his lips and looked down at Sarah’s whose eyes were closed tight, bracing for it. His cock swelled as he rammed it into the back of Sarah’s throat and the first blast of hot, sticky cum blasted out of his cock. Sarah somehow gulped, even with Lester’s cock embedded in her throat – taking his load into her.

Lester’s cock didn’t let up. It spurted load after load of his hot sticky cum deep into Sarah’s stomach. Sarah struggled against Lester’s grip on her wrists, wanting to be free. Lester didn’t relent. He held her firm and in place, pinned to the desk as he buried his cock into her throat and unleashed the torrent of cum from his balls.

“Ugh,” Lester wheezed, half bent over as the last ropes of cum dribbled out of his cock. His fat gut was sitting on Sarah’s face, obscuring her. He let go of her wrists and pushed off the desk to stand up right. Then he collapsed back in his chair, dragging his cock out of Sarah’s mouth.

She took a deep breath and started coughing, her throat lined with his sticky substance. As her coughing fit subsided she held her hand to her throat and gave Lester an annoyed look, “What the hell Lester?”

Lester’s fat legs spun him side to side in the chair. He had an amused smirk on his face, “Shut up, I know you liked that.”

Sarah just sighed and stood up on unsteady feet, “I’m going to go shower. I need to get ready to meet my parents.”

She didn't even bother getting dressed. Her hair was a mess and you skin coated with dried sweat and other bodily fluids from the night before. Sarah turned to leave the room, giving Lester a great look at her naked ass, causing him to stare and hold his breath for a split second. It was fucking perfect.

As Sarah got to the door, Lester said, "Want a coffee?"

She looked back at him with tired eyes. Despite that, the framing of her naked body in the doorway could have been on the cover of penthouse.

"Sure. That would be nice Lester," Sarah disappeared from sight and a few moments later he heard the shower start. An idea formed in his head. Perhaps a regression to simpler times but was the cleanest solution to achieve his goal today.

He went to the peephole in his closet to make sure Sarah was truly in the shower. He closed one eye as he watched Sarah just standing there, naked, letting the warm water hit her body. Satisfied that he had a small window of opportunity, Lester left the closet and opened the locked drawer in his desk.

The drawer was filled with his most prized possessions. Rows of harddrives, each meticulously labelled with a different woman's name. There was even a few VHS tapes from when he was younger. It had been sometime since he had watched those. Most of them were filled with his amateur filming of voyeuristic opportunities but there were a couple of gems in there.

It was a mistake to horde all of this in his room. If he ever made a mistake, these files could put him away for a long time. That is why he didn't make mistakes. Lester reached into the back of the drawer. He ran his fingers along several small tincture bottles. He settled on one and pulled it out. He held it up to the light and saw it was still half full. More than enough.

He tightened his grip around the bottle, closed and locked the drawer and plodded to the kitchen. He quickly made Sarah a coffee with the Kreuig. He knew from his notes she only took it with a bit of milk, which he added. Lester untwisted the top of the bottle and used the attached dropper to withdraw one milliliter of the liquid within.

He put it into Sarah's coffee and stirred it around with a spoon. The heat of the coffee wouldn't break the liquid down. It was completely tasteless. The milk should cover texture issues. Lester put the bottle back into his locked drawer before joining Sarah in the bathroom.

She opened the shower to look at him. He just smiled back and put the coffee down on the counter and let her enjoy the rest of her shower.

Back in front of his command centre, he dismissed the discord notifications of Ned and the others asking what he was doing or if he was okay. He'd have to answer eventually or mother hen Ned would be at his door. But for now, he pulled up the camera feeds and watched Sarah finish her shower. As she dried herself off, she took her first sip of the coffee. Lester started a timer on his phone and waited.

\*\*\*

"Have you seen my clothes?" Sarah asked as she peered around Lester's room. She was wearing just a white towel, her naked shoulders and legs on full display.

Lester didn't even look up from his computer, "Nope."

Sarah sighed and rolled her eyes at him. He could be such a dick for no reason sometimes. She still had trouble reading him when he was like this. There were times when she genuinely felt affection for him in some kind of fucked up way. But not right now. It's like he got what he wanted and was more interested in his computer games than her. At least he made her that coffee though, that was nice.

Sarah stepped further into the room, eyes scanning the floor looking for her bra and panties from the night before. She blinked, forcing her eyes open. They were feeling so heavy. The shower was supposed to have helped wake her up. Her late session with Lester and the middle of the night one meant she hadn't gotten much sleep.

She continued battling against her eyelids as she neared Lester's bed. Her bra and panties seemed like a distant thought. They were here, somewhere in the mess that was Lester's floor. Maybe she did need just a bit more sleep.

With a quiet yawn she let the towel drop to the floor and laid down in Lester bed. She pulled the covers over herself and wanted to tell Lester to only let her sleep for another hour but the words never left her lips as she drifted off to sleep.

\*\*\*

The screen read 'Unlocked by Face.'

He was surprised that worked while she was sleeping. Lester stared down at Sarah's sleeping form before turning his attention to her phone in his hand. It was kind of funny he hadn't done this before now.

There were a few missed messages from Sarah's parents, checking in and asking to meet her. He didn't open the messaging app but read the notifications without dismissing them. The next thing he did was silence all calls and notifications before opening her gallery and flipping through her latest photos. He frowned at all the pictures of her children doing idiotic things. He'd been hoping for something a little more racy.

He could go through her phone, app by app and see what he could exploit. Look through all of her emails and messages – but that seemed like such a waste of his time. Besides, he was already setting his snare he doubted there would be much on the phone that he could leverage beyond what he was already planning.

Still, being thorough had paid off for him in the past. He plopped back down at his command centre and quickly found a phone cloning utility tool and downloaded it. He plugged her phone in and within minutes downloaded the entire contents of the device. It wasn't perfect by any means but every photo, file and message on it were now his. He'd search through them later.

Lester tossed the phone on the bed and turned back to the bag of Cheetos next to him as he fired up Steam and found something to play.

\*\*\*

“Uhhmhmhhh,” Sarah moaned. Her head was still groggy as he turned from side to side. All she knew was that she was feeling good. Really good. Her hands ran over the soft sheets and she balled them up in her fists. Her back arched off the bed, her naked breasts exposed to the room. Her hips rose to meet something wet, her thighs were clamped around what felt like a watermelon.

Something growled from between her legs, vibrating her clit.

“Mhmmmfucck,” Sarah groaned forcing her head up and her eyes open. She was in Lester’s room. A familiar, fat bulbous head was nested between her long toned legs. The greasy, thinning hair looking out of place between the smooth skin of her legs.

“Ughhhfucck Lester?” Sarah dropped her head to the pillow and put her hand on the back of his hand. His hair felt slick with grease but she ran her fingers through it anyways – her nails digging into his scalp.

“Mhmmm-hmmm?” His lips vibrated against her clit.

“Uhgod,” Sarah moaned, “Whats...ah...time....isit? Fuckkk.”

She felt his shoulders shrug against her thighs. She felt around for her phone but it wasn’t anywhere nearby. If it was late her parents would have called already. She let herself relax as Lester’s fat tongue swirled inside of her. She didn’t know how long he had been down there but she already felt so fucking wet.

So fucking wet.

Lester’s tongue did a slow twirl inside of her, grazing all of her walls. One of her legs kicked up at the sensation. His fat tongue felt so large inside of her. She suppressed a soft moan.

His thumb found her clit and began gently massaging it as his the entire length of his tongue plunged into her.

“Ugh fuck,” Sarah groaned again, “Jesus Lester. I’m so fucking wet.”

“Mhm-Hmm,” Lester nodded his head as the vibrations from his lips made her groan again.

Lester lapped at Sarah’s pussy. His fat tongue pushing deeper and deeper into her. Her body roiling on the bed as he expertly flicked his tongue up over her G-Spot. Again and Again. His thumb gently caressesing her clit, drawing circles on it.

Lester stopped twirling his tongue inside of her. He slowly licked around her pussy lips before shoving his entire tongue inside of her. Sarah gasped. Lester withdrew his tongue and then pushed it back in. Out and In. Out and in. He was fucking her with his tongue.

“Oh fuck Lester,” Sarah moaned, “I need you. I need your cock inside of me. Please. Please. Just fuck me.”

“Nnnn-uhhhh,” Lester grunted from between her thighs. Sarah needed him inside of her. She needed to feel that big cock stretch her out. Touch her in places only he could reach. She wanted her body connected to his. To feel him inside of her.

“Please,” Sarah whined, “Lester please fuck me.”

Lester just shook his head and sunk his forearms into the bed, planting himself between her legs. His tongue darting in and out of her, fucking her at rapid speed.

Sarah dug her nails into the back of her head. Her other hand pulling the sheets free from the bed. She was loving every second of it but this was all just a tease. She needed his cock. She needed him inside of her.

“Lester,” Sarah whined, “Give it to me. I need your cock. Fuck me!”

His fat head just shook between her thighs. His thumb increasng the pace of the circles it was drawing on her clit. His fat tongue pushed deep into her and flicked up, dragging itself across the top of her pussy.

Sarah shuddered. She was going to cum. It had come out of no where.

“Ohhhgodfuckk Lester,” Sarah shouted, “Don’t stop I’m...I’m....”

Lester’s tongue darted in and out of her at rapid speed. His tongue swirling as it bottomed out and dragged back across the roof of her pussy, her G-Spot throbbing as his rough tongue passed over it.

Her thighs clamped down around Lester’s watermelon shapped head. Her nails dug into the bed and into the back of his head as she pulled him against her pussy. His tongue and finger never stopped moving, stimulating, pleasing her.

“FFFFFFFuuuucccccckkkkk,” Sarah threw her head back and arched her back off the bed. Her naked breasts thrusting up towards the ceiling. Her body shuddered and she gritted her teeth, holding her breath as her orgasm ripped through her like a wildfire. But everything this fire touched burned with an intense, deep, pounding pleasure like a shot fo cocaine right to her brain. Everything was warm. So fucking hot. She could feel the heat burning within her, scorching her body, threatening to consume all of her.

“Mhmmuhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as Lester’s tongue continued to push deep inside of her. Even with her pussy cleneching around it, it still managed to slither into her. Like a worm or some kind of parasite. But jesus christ it felt amazing.

Sarah’s legs involuntary kicked out as she came. Lester’s tongue slowed but he still gave her powerful licks. Her organ was slowly disaparting, her body still warm and extra sensitive to the touch.

Sarah whined as Lester pulled his tongue out of her. He whipped his mouth on the back of his forearm and knelt in front of her. Sarah pushed her hips up in search of his cock. He held it in one hand and stroked it.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah whined, hips moving on the bed, desperate for his cock. “Fuck me baby.”

Lester just stared at her, stroking his cock. He moved away from her and got off the bed.

“Please,” Sarah said. Lester didn’t say a word. He moved close to her face as he stood next to her. Sarah stuck out her tongue to take him into her mouth but Lester didn’t lean forward. She looked up at him confused and saw an angry, intense lust filled gaze on his face. She couldn’t read it. The only thing she could make out was that he was going to do whatever he wanted to her. She bit her lip and ran her thighs against each other.

“Close your eyes and take it,” Lester said.

Sarah did as Lester commanded. The last thing Sarah saw before she did was his balls pull up and the slit on the end of his ugly cock expand. Sarah licked her lips in anticipation. She didn’t have to wait long.

Warm, hot, sticky, gluey cum blasted onto her face. The first rope landed across the bridge of her nose, clamping one of her eyes shut. Another hit her cheek. There her chin. She licked her lips as Lester’s cum ran across her face. She tasted his bitter, salty load and swallowed it before licking up more.

She couldn’t help herself. Her hands ran across her face, dripping with his cum as more and more cum landed on her, covering her face.

“Massage it in, lick it clean,” Lester growled from beside her.

Sarah barely heard him. Her hands ran over her face. Lester’s warm cum felt so fucking good on her skin. She still needed his cock inside of her. Her fingers tips massaged the cum into the pores of her face. But there was so much of it. Her fingers dragged more of his illicit

cum into her mouth. Sarah licked her fingers clean and went back for more. Cum ran down her face, onto her neck. She ran her hands over it, not wanting to waste a single drop of it.

Her thighs pressed together tighly, her pussy burning with desire. She still needed for Lester's cock.

"Fuck Lester how much cum do you have in those balls," Sarah said as she reached out trying to find Lester's cock. Her eyelids was still caked shut from his cum. She couldn't find his cock. Something landed beside her, hitting the bed. She reached for it, her hands finding a kleenex box. She pulled one out and wiped her eyes clean of Lester's cum.

When she opened her eyes and looked around the room, she saw her phone just out of reach near the foot of the bed. Lester was back in his computer chair, still naked his fat girthy stomach sitting on his thighs.

"You know, you really shouldn't sit so much Lester. Sitting is the new smoking," Sarah said as she reached out for her phone.

"What else am I supposed to do?" Lester said without turning to look at her. She hated when he did that. Like he was so dismissive of her. Like what had just happened meant nothing to him.

"I just think that you need to take care of yourself a bit more. Maybe get up and go for a walk...SHIT," Sarah panicked as she saw the time on her phone. She unlocked it and there were several missed calls and messages from her parents and Dan.

"Why didn't you tell me my phone went off!?" Sarah said jumping out of bed clutching her phone. She looked frantically through the room for her bra and panties but couldn't find anything in the mess.

"I'm not your babysitter," Lester scoffed without turning to look at her, "And I didn't hear it."

Sarah checked her settings and everything was muted. Fuck.

It was almost dinner time. How the hell had she slept all day? She hadn't been that tired in the shower. She needed to get ready. The last message from her parents said they would be there to pick her up shortly.

Crap. Crap. Crap. She sent back a quick message apologizing and that she would meet them downstairs. Sarah rushed into Dan's bedroom and threw open her suitcase to find something to wear.

\*\*\*

The knock at the door seemed to startled Sarah as she finished applying her makeup. Lester watched from the monitor as she cursed under her breath and stood up looking over herself in the mirror.

Once Sarah realized how late it was, she had completely forgotten about him and hurried to get ready. So Lester did the same. He'd looked through his closet earlier for something nice to put on to meet Sarah's parents. There was a whole section of the closet full of clothes he had purchased to soften up his image for Sarah. Back before he'd stop giving a shit. He realized he didn't need to play dress up for her, she liked him how he was. Otherwise she wouldn't keep spreading her legs for him.

Still, sat at his command centre in his unworn dark blue jeans with a crisp white polo. He kept it untucked so he didn't emphasize his gut or show off the belt holding his pants up. He put on a watch and sprayed a bit of cologne on. He watched the monitor as Sarah nervously opened the door.

As always she looked incredible, wearing a tight hip hugging black dress with a tasteful v-neck that said 'I'm sophisticated and sexy but not a slut.' The dress ran tightly down her arms to her mid-forearm and the skirt went down to her knees.

She smiled at her parents who were waiting on the other side of the door. Lester felt his cock twitch as Sarah hugged her mother, pressing her cheek next to her mom's face. In her haste, she hadn't washed her face. Lester's cum was still embedded the pores that just brushed against her mother.

“Huh,” Lester muttered as he took in Sarah’s mom. For a woman in her late fifties or early sixties she was well put together. She looked more like Sarah’s older sister. Her loose white shirt and tight jeans did little to hide the curves of her body. It was very evident where Sarah had gained her perfect proportions from. Her blonde hair was just as striking as Sarah’s.

“My, my, my...” Lester licked his lips. This was an unexpected development. Sarah greeted her father but Lester’s eyes never left the mother. Lester had always been attracted to younger women but here was a specimen he wouldn’t mind sampling.

He tore his eyes away from the screen and hefted himself out of his chair. He didn’t want to miss his window of opportunity. He plodded out of his room and revelled in the wide eyes staring in his direction as he entered the living room.

“Hello,” Lester his practice smile on his face as he walked across the floor with his hand extended. He shook Sarah’s father’s hand.

“Lester, Dan’s roommate,” Lester said.

“James,” Sarah’s father said with a smile, “And this is my wife Renee.”

“Wife?” Lester’s smile widened as she shook Sarah’s mom’s hand. “I thought you were the sister.”

“Oh,” Renee wagged a finger at him, “You’re good.”

She turned to Sarah, “You didn’t tell us Dan’s roommate was such a charmer.”

“Actually you haven’t told us much about him at all,” James said looking between Sarah and Lester.

“Oh well, Lester is usually quite busy with work so we don’t see a lot of him,” Sarah said. She was giving Lester a confused, pleading looking. She clearly hadn’t expected him to come out and talk to her parents.

“She’s right,” Lester said holding up his hands, “I’m usually not home. My clients are pretty demanding. I actually just got off a long call right now and was going to step out and see if I could grab dinner somewhere.”

“That’s what we’re doing,” Renee said with a smile. She looked at Sarah and her husband before turning her attention back to Lester.

“You should join us. We have a table for four but Dan had to leave for work,” Renee said in that insincere way. The way that people just do to be polite in social situation. The expectation was that you would politely decline and they weren’t feel bad about not inviting you. A perfect opening for some social engineering.

“I heard, that’s awful. On a weekend no less.” Lester smiled, “Are you sure? I wouldn’t want to impose.”

“No, not at all,” Renee said, the smile on her face momentarily faltered before she turned to her daughter., “Right Sarah?”

“Yeah,” Sarah said flatly giving Lester a sharp look, “Why not.”

“Great. Where are we going?” Lester said clasping his hands. He pretended not to notice the look of annoyance that passed between James and Renee or the glare from Sarah.

The drive to the Italian restaurant didn’t take long. It was just on the other side of the city. James drove them and he insisted on Lester riding in the passenger seat. Lester had hoped to get Sarah alone in the backseat but he was already pressing his luck, forcing his way into their dinner plans. There was a little small talk in the car but it was clear Sarah’s father was annoyed by Lester’s presence. Sarah and her mom spoke quietly in the backseat.

The restaurant was dimly lit inside. The ceiling were low and candles on tables provided the most illumination. Sarah's mom had wanted to try this place for months. It had a reputation for great food and a romantic ambience. The hostess sat them at a half circle booth tucked back in the corner. Lester was last in, sitting in Dan's place next to Sarah.

They all sat in silence as they looked over the menu. Lester pretended to be reviewing the entrees while his hand crept to Sarah's knee. She quickly batted it away under the tablecloth.

"What's so funny Lester?" James eyes peered over his menu. Lester had been amused by Sarah's rejection given what he planned for her later that evening. The additional discerning eyes of Sarah's parents were a variable he would need to quickly adapt to.

"Ah, its nothing," Lester said meeting the man's eye. He pointed to a the linguini alfredo on the menu, "Just the last time Dan and I got take out from an italian place. He got the linguini alfredo. It didn't sit right with him. He was in the bathroom all night."

"Well, thats quite the image," Renee muttered as she took a large sip of wine while keeping her eyes on the menu. Lester couldn't help but widen his smile as the woman drank. A similiar reaction to how Sarah coped with uncomfortable situations. Even at her age, Sarah's mom was quite the specimen. Her face had some minor wrinkles around the eyes but otherwise still looked youthful. Not a strand of grey hair and her body was still nice and tight. That white blouse really hung to her big breasts, it was clear where Sarah had gotten her proporations from.

Lester felt James glare as he looked over his wife. Maybe he was being to obvious about it but sometimes he lost himself drinking in a woman's shape. Besides, since Dan and Sarah, Lester had learned that he really, really enjoyed taking women from another man. It was his primal nature to conquer. He wouldn't apologize for that. Without looking at James, Lester innocently returned his eyes to the menu to select his dinner.

After the waiter had taken their orders, Lester ordered a bottle of wine for the table, earning him another glare from James. Sarah just shook her head.

"So tell me, Lester. What is it you do for a living?" James held the bottom of his glass of beer on the table.

“I work in IT,” Lester said, mirroring James but holding his plastic cup of Coke.

James sighed, “What exactly in IT. It’s a broad field.”

“My Dad used to be a management consultant Lester,” Sarah chimed in next to him, “He knows his stuff pretty well.”

“Used to be? I assume you’re retired now?” Lester said letting it hang there. The implication of James being old. Clearly he was young enough that he could still be working.

James scoffed and gave Sarah a look before taking a drink of his beer. “Not retired, no. I still work and keep busy. But back to you. What field of IT do you work in?”

“Penetration,” Lester said without elaborating.

Renee coughed on her wine, her eyes going wide.

“What he means,” Sarah interjected, “Is doing things like penetration testing of a company’s network. He does IT security. Making sure that bad actors can’t get into and exploit computer system.”

“That’s what I meant” Lester said. Sarah gave him a sharp look.

“That’s important work,” James said, “It must be hard. Keeping up with all the new changes in the field. Especially the emerging threat of AI and how that will impact things.”

“It’s always hard,” Lester said putting his hand back on Sarah’s thigh and squeezing it beneath the table. “We’ll see how AI impacts it. The only thing we can do is to keep up with what the latest the industry and try to safely adapt it to our systems.”

“Aren’t you worried about some new artificial intelligence that can exploit your networks without you noticing?” James asked. “It seems like everyone is worried about the potential of AI.”

“Sure, I can see that. But at the same time, we’ll probably have our own AI by that point that can monitor our network for attacks.” Lester said trailing off. AI was something he hadn’t played with too much. But the idea of training his own AI model on his hacking and network exploits could be an interesting tool that would allow him to scale up the number of companies he went after. There were other possibilities he would need to ruminare over when it came to AI and his true passion.

“AI is just the latest in a constant stream of new innovations,” Lester waved his hand, tiring of James line of questioning. “We’ll figure out the best way to use it as a tool and move on to the next thing. I’d be more worried about those in consulting roles. When the AI have the entire knowledge of the internet at their disposal there won’t be much need for consultants. Companies can just ask AI for the answers they need.”

“Huh,” James said contemplatively.

“What about you Renee?” Lester turned his predatory gaze to Sarah’s mother. “What do you do?”

“I teach the first grade,” Renee said with a warm smile. “I know its not as glamerous as James’ job or even yours or Sarah’s but I just love seeing their little faces and –”

Lester wasn’t listening. A schoolteacher. Lester’s cock stirred awake and his hand subtly trailed up Sarah’s bare thigh. She softly held his hand under the table stopping his advance. He’d never had a school teacher before. There was some, immature, juvenile part of him that needed to claim one.

Renee was still talking. Lester took a long drink of his coke, his hands trying to push past Sarah’s grip on them. She shot him a look that her parents seemed to miss. A warning. Who cared. She was his to do what he wanted with.

Her hand tried to pry his fingers off but he dug them into her thigh.

“It’s too bad Dan isn’t here,” Renee said, snapping Lester back to the conversation. “I don’t like how much his work makes him travel so much. Its not fair to do that to someone with a family.”

“It’s part of the job,” James said, “When you have clients around the country you have to take care of them.”

“Well he has a family to take care of too,” Renee added.

“We’re doing fine mom,” Sarah chimed in, her hand still tight on Lester’s fingers.

The waiter came by, carrying plates of food. He put plates of pasta down in front of Sarah and Renee first and another server behind him brough James and Lester’s food.

“I know dear,” Renee said, “It’s just. I know how hard its been. With him in Chicago and all. All I’m saying is he needs to get his priorities straight.”

“Thats what he is doing mom,” Sarah said.

“He’s doing what he needs to do to put food on the table,” James said.

“Yeah,” Lester said with a moutful of spagetti, “He works so hard. Always working. Nothing can stop the guy. Look at him now, even though he just got laid off again he’s still burying himself in work with one of his clients.”

“What?” James said putting his fork down on the plate. “Laid off, again?”

Sarah shot Lester a pissed off look.

“Sarah?” Renee said, “Dan got laid off again?”

“It’s not like that mom,” Sarah said tearing her eyes from Lester, “His company lost a few big clients and they had to reduce staff.”

“That’s twice in just a short time Sarah,” James said sitting back in the booth. “Are you sure its not just a Dan problem?”

“No,” Sarah said, “No, its not. He’s great at what he does. That’s why he has all these clients wanting to work with him. Its just how his last company was run. Dad you’ve always said Dan should go off on his own and now he’s doing that.”

“Still,” James said, “When you have a wife and kids at home. Thats risky to just bet everything on it.”

“I don’t know Sarah. I don’t like it. Maybe Dan should do something else. I might be able to get him into the schoolboard. In administration. They have to build and update schools sometimes.” Renee added.

Lester just sat there. Splurping his pasta, minding his own business as Sarah and her parents argued about what was best for her famiy’s future and talked at length about Dan’s short comings.

“Can we just eat?” Sarah finally said.

“Alright. Alright,” James said, “But we aren’t done with this conversation. When Dan gets back I’m going to talk to him about all of this.”

“Okay Dad,” Sarah sighed. James and Renee started eating their pasta. Renee’s wine was in need of a refill. Lester continued to absently slurp his pasta.

“Is everything okay dear?” Renee asked looking at Sarah.

“Yeah mom, everything is fine,” Sarah said.

“Then why aren’t you eating?” Renee asked.

Sarah’s right hand was firmly in place, holding Lester’s left hand from progressing up her thigh.

“Are you feeling okay?” James asked his daughter.

“I’m fine Dad,” Sarah said.

James’ eyes widened, “Look I know we came on a little strong about Dan’s situation but we’re just worried about you and the kids.”

“I said I was fine Dad, don’t worry about it,” Sarah said.

“Then let’s eat,” James said holding his fork up waiting for Sarah to dig into her food. She dug her nails into the back of Lester’s hand and then, reluctantly let go of his hand and grabbed her fork.

Lester didn’t waste any time. His fingertips began drawing light circles on Sarah’s inner thigh. He was a great multitasker. Slurping his spaghetti with one hand, while the other fondled Sarah in front of her parents. He saw Renee and James exchange a look, clearing about the way he was sloppily eating.

Sarah pretended nothing was wrong and began neatly twirling her fork into her pasta the same way her parents did. Her face went deadly still as Lester inched his hand up her thigh, under the hem of her dress.

“Are you sure everything is okay dear?” Renee asked Sarah.

“Yes mom,” Sarah said quickly, “Everything is fine.”

“You know,” James said as Lester’s fingers found Sarah’s panty covered pussy. His index and middle finger began tracing up and down her slit. “When your mom says she is fine,” James continued, “She never really is.”

Sarah sighed but Lester could hear the subtle, almost impossible to hear whine of desire in her throat.

“Dad, everything is good.” Sarah finally said, shovelling another forkfull of pasta in her mouth like a period on a sentence. She clearly wanted the conversation to move on and for Lester to stop what he was going.

Lester wasn’t going to miss an opportunity like this. He’s never been on a double date before. Much less one with the in laws. With this two fingers he pulled Sarah’s panties to the side and ran his middle finger up her naked slit, quickly finding her clit.

Sarah closed her eyes and let out a long breath.

“Dear, you can talk to us,” Renee said. “I know its hard. You’re basically a single parent these past few months. And there’s other factors at play too.”

“What other factors? James said looking at his wife.

Lester’s finger played with Sarah’s clit. It was an awkward angle for Lester but he was determined to make it work. His fat finger held her pussy lips open as he continued to massage one of Sarah’s most sensitive spots.

“Intimacy,” Renee said in a hushed voice to her husband who just rolled his eyes and went back to eating his pasta.

“I know it’s not really something we’ve ever talked about,” Renee put down her fork, “But its really important for a healthy relationship.”

“Mom. Please. Don’t,” Sarah said staring down at her plate. Lester pushed one finger inside of Sarah, making her bit her lip.

Renee nudged her husband and gestured to Sarah. From their perspective it looked like Renee had hit on a sensitive topic. Lester curled his finger into Sarah Sarah running against the inside roof of her pussy. She was trying to keep her breathing under control. Lester pretended to be completely oblivious to their conversation, opting to look like he was focusing entirely on his plate of food.

He slurped up a noodle while he moved his hand back and forth inside Sarah’s panties. His palm running over her clit while his fingertip pulled across her G-Spot. Sarah’s thighs clamped down around his hand, trying to stop him from touching her further. But his finger was already inside of her. There was no stopping him. No denying him.

“Renne. I don’t want to talk about this. Especially while we are eating,” James said.

“I know you don’t,” Renee said, “But look at her. She’s obviously having a hard time right now. Dan lives in a different city and then when they are together he just leaves her for a business trip?”

With a shaky hand, Sarah drank her wine, “It’s a wonder she hasn’t found a paramour.”

Sarah coughed on her wine and spit some back into the glass.

“Okay, thats enough. Lets just leave her alone. You can talk to her about this later. Not at dinner.” James said emphazizing the last sentance and gesturing towards Lester.

“Oh, right,” Renee gave Sarah an apologetic smile. Sarah twirled pasta onto her fork. As she raised it to her mouth, Lester stuck a second finger into her. Sarah surpressed a moan and just stared down at her plate while she chewed her food. Lester’s fingers slide in and out of Sarah as far as they could as she tried to immobilize him with her clenched thighs.

Both fingertips pushed and dragged across her G-Spot. Sarah was subtly shaking, trying to hold herself back from exploding at the table. Her breasts were rising and falling as she breathed hard, no longer concerned with the pasta on her plate.

“Sarah,” Renee said again, “Are you sure your okay?”

“I’m fine,” Sarah said.

“What happened to your wrists Sarah? They are all bruised up.” Renee said noticing the bruises from Lester pinning her to the desk earlier in the day.

“It’s nothing,” Sarah breathed.

Renee and James exchanged a concerned look. James put his hand on Sarah’s shoulder, “You sure honey?”

“Just,” Sarah breathed pushing his hand off her shoulder, “Don’t touch me right now. I’m okay.”

“Actually,” Sarah said looking at Lester, “I need to use the washroom. Could you move please.”

Lester gave her a levelled look of annoyance and reluctantly pulled his fingers from her before getting out the booth. Sarah slide across and got out.

“I need to use the ladies’ room too,” Renee said, following behind Sarah as they disappeared into the back of the restaurant.

James stared after them as Lester sat back down. He took the two fingers that had been inside of Sarah and sucked off her juices. James looked at him in disgust. Lester indicated to the sauce on his plate.

“What? It’s delicious,” Lester chuckled to himself.

James crossed his arms and stared at the ceiling, shaking his head.

When the women returned to the table, Renee politely asked the waiter for takeout boxes to put their food in. She whispered something to her husband who just nodded back.

“May I ask, is it one bill or will you be splitting?” The waiter asked. As James was about to speak, Lester made a show of opening his wallet and handing the waiter three hundred dollar bills.

“That should be enough,” Lester said. He noticed James’ take notice of all the bills left in his wallet.

“I’ll be right back with your change sir,” The waiter said, bowing slightly.

“No need, thank you for tonight,” Lester said.

“Thank you sir,” The waiter beamed before smiling to everyone at the table and then departing.

“You didn’t have to do that Lester,” James said, “But thank you for dinner.”

“Yes thank you,” Renee said to him, something having changed in her eyes.

“Thanks Lester,” Sarah said with a fake smile as she stared at him.

“Its the least I could do for crashing your family dinner. Besides work is going well, and I like to treat my friends,” Lester said. Renee gave James a look while finishing the rest of her wine. Soon they were all outside the restaurant heading back to the car.

“You know, its late,” Lester said as they crossed the parking lot. “I can call and Uber to take Sarah and I back to the apartment so you can head back to your hotel.”

“It’s fine,” James said not breaking his stride. “I’ll drive you.”

“It’s no trouble. There is an Uber around the corner,” Lester said holding up his phone to show James the open app.

“I’m going to drive my daughter back so I know she is safe and sound. I don’t trust Ubers and I want to make sure my little girl is safe. Chicago isn’t the safest town after dark.” James clicked the ignition button on his keys and the car turned on.

“Dad,” Sarah said, “It’s not that bad. But I’d love for you to drive me back.”

She looked at Lester, telling him to drop it. Lester just shrugged his shoulders and followed the group to the car. The drive back to the apartment was quiet. Lester could feel the tension in the car. He kenw Sarah’s parents wanted to talk to their daughter about Dan, his job and their relationship but weren’t going to do that in front of him.

When the car pulled up in front of the apartment building, everyone got out.

“Lester,” James said nodding to him. That wasn’t going to do.

Lester extended his hand to shake, “I’m a lefty. Great to meet you.”

Come on, shake it. This hand has been all over and inside of Sarah today.

James, awkwardly used his own left hand to shake Lester’s. A shit eating grin spread across Lester’s face as they pumped hands. James had a strong grip, trying, subtly to intimate Lester. He didn’t let it bother him, instead as they pull apart Lester made sure to slide his index and middle fingers across Jame’s palm.

“Renee,” Lester said turning to Lester’s mom, “I look forward to seeing you again.”

“Oh well you too,” Renee said surprised as Lester went in for a hug. He didn’t do the polite, ass out hug that was expected. Instead he pressed his entire torso and crotch against Sarah’s mother. She patted him on the back awkwardly, “Thank you for dinner, again. You didn’t have to do that.”

“It was my pleasure. Next time I’ll make sure we get dessert,” Lester held the hug for a few seconds too long before pulling back.

“Lester, give us a minute with Sarah alone would you?” James said staring at him, clearly not impressed by the overly familiar hug with his wife.

“Sure thing,” Lester said waving over his head as he walked into the building. He stood around the corner in the lobby. He was waiting to intercept Sarah before she headed upstairs, but he could still see the animated discussion from outside from his vantage point. He stood there impatiently, waiting for Sarah. After everything that happened with Otis, she needed to be brought down a peg. Especially before his package arrived.

\*\*\*

Despite not wanting to have left Chicago, Dan had a pretty great day in Washington. He’d been in several meetings with important figures at Sentient Securities. When the meetings had started, Dan hadn’t known many of their names but an interesting thing kept happening. At some point during the course of the meeting, Dan’s subject matter expertise had a chance to shine and many pointed questions were directed at him.

He’d been able to answer them with ease, giving plenty of additional context and even going a step further by highlighting what the company would need to do down the road. He gave them a lot to think about. Those important figures left the meetings knowing Dan’s name and thanking him for his time. It felt great. Especially after all the shit he’d been through recently, just being able to be that guy again. The one everyone respected and sought out for advice.

He had even managed to land himself an invitation for after work drinks with some of team. Dan sipped his beer while the guy across from him, Carlos went on and on about his job.

“It’s like finding a needle in the haystack sometimes. I’m like the digital Sherlock Holmes. If the company needs extra resources they outsource to us. We’re better equipped than their internal teams, have more resources and aren’t constrained by their bureaucracy,” Carlos said.

“What do you mean? And which company?” Dan said.

Carlos started to explain before another of his coworkers, Tricia cut in.

“The company,” she said, making air quotes with her fingers. She was an attractive brunette with pale skin, probably ten years younger than Dan. Despite his best efforts, he had noticed how gorgeous her curves were and the attention she received from her male colleagues. “That’s what we call them,” Tricia said, “We’re not supposed to talk about them, especially in public places like this. So we call them the ‘company’. They are one of the three letter agencies you probably know from movies. Not the one that handles international stuff. The other main one.”

“Yeah them,” Carlos cut in, “Anyways they have all this red tape they need to follow. It can take weeks just for to get permission to look into something. Everything they do online is tracked so they need to account for it. Say they want to look into some darkweb edgelord, they need to fill out a form and run a request up the flagpole. Someone higher up needs to approve it, but with the current administration everyone is afraid of making the wrong move so they handle these by committee. And those committees take weeks to convene sometimes, when the people aren’t playing golf or doing whatever else it is they do.”

“And we are very supportive of however they want to spend their time, because it means they outsource more work to us.” Tricia said.

“Exactly,” Carlos said, “It’s faster for them to outsource some of their intel gathering to us. Things that aren’t top secret or critical. We package up all the information we can dig up on organization or individuals and prepare a docket for them to review.”

“I don’t remember Sherlock Holmes making docket,” Dan smiled.

Tricia laughed and took a sip of her whiskey, staring at Dan over the rim of her glass. Dan knew that look and what it meant. He focused his attention Carlos.

“Maybe not,” the man said, “But I’m not in the field arresting criminal either. What I’m saying is that I follow the clues. I gather the information and draw conclusions. I finish the puzzle and put a bow on it for the company to do what it will.”

“So how exactly do you track down a bad guy online? How do you even know who the bad guys are?” Dan asked as he felt someone leg brush against his under the table.

“Depends,” Carlos said, “Sometimes we gets tips and investigate. Other times we are asked to monitor and watch certain groups or individuals. Other times someone in the company wants to look good and hit a certain quota on a certain type of criminal and has us monitoring the darkweb, illicit message boards and other places where we these criminals lurk and do the degenerate shit they do.”

“Huh,” Dan nodded thoughtfully. Was there a way to get this guy to help him dig into Lester? “Does the company ever give you a real life individual and ask you to dig into their online activities?”

“It happens on occassion,” Tricia said, “We dig up what we can and prepare the docket on them.”

“That is really interesting,” Dan sat back in his chair, thinking. He wasn’t sure where his head was at. His gut told him to keep looking into Lester. But after his talk with Sarah, he’d put it on the back burner. But it still itched at him. There wouldn’t be any harm in this guy looking into Lester for him, but ethically it would be a strange ask. Especially from an outside contractor like Dan. He didn’t know the political climate well inisde Sentiel, or what how this guy would take the request.

“I’m going to hit the head,” Carlos said standing up. The other people at the table just nodded and went back to their discussions. The leg brushed against his under the table again. Tricia was staring sitting across from him, her eyes on his glass.

“You know what else is interesting,” she said in a low enough voice that none of her colleagues could hear. “Sentient Securities has a very strict no fraternization policy. I checked it again today. The interesting part is that there is nothing in there about not fraternizing with our subcontractors like yourself. That’s interesting, don’t you think?”

Dan pretended to play it cool and took a sip of his beer. She was giving him subtle bedroom eyes and her finger danced around the rim of her whiskey glass. Dan leaned back in his chair, smiled, and held up his left hand and pointed to his wedding ring.

“You’re no fun,” Tricia faked pouted.

“Oh actually I’m a lot of fun,” Dan finished his beer and stood up. He made eye contact with the other people at the table, “I’m going to turn and head back to my hotel. See you guys.”

Tricia continued to eye up Dan as he settled up his tab at the bar. He half expected her to follow him out onto the street but thankfully she stayed at the table with her colleagues. He was dying to get back to his room and check in with Sarah.

\*\*\*

Sarah put on a relaxed face as her parent’s car pulled away from the building. When they were out of sight she sighed and walked into the building. She quickly crossed the lobby towards the bank of elevators around the corner, only to find Lester waiting for her.

“You’re such an asshole,” Sarah said walking past him.

“What did I do?” Lester said innocently.

“Oh I don’t know just put your fingers inside me at dinner making my parents think I was on the verge of crying. Oh and telling them all about Dan’s job.” Sarah said, “Now they want to stick their nose in my family life. You know that my mom is probably going to be asking all

about my sex life now? Or that my Dad is probably going to have some kind of awkward sitdown conversation with Dan? You didn't have to do that."

"I'm sorry," Lester said as Sarah pressed the up button on the elevator. She sighed and turned to look at Dan's obese roommate.

"For not making you cum at the table," Lester sneered.

"Unbelievable," Sarah said, "That's what you took from that? Do you think I wanted you to do that in front of my parents? God that was so fucking awkward Lester. Why the hell did you invite yourself to dinner like that?"

"You're mom invited me," Lester said.

"No. She didn't. It was just her being polite, you weren't supposed to accept!" Sarah said, exhasuperated.

"Well in this day and age when everyone is on the spectrum she should know better than to assume people pick up on every social cue. Some school teacher she is," Lester said leaning back against the wall.

"You are a real piece of work sometimes, you know that?" Sarah said, "Tonight was too much. Fucking with Dan and I is one thing, thats our own thing. But my parents? My family? No, Lester. That's too far."

"Look," Lester said stepping up to her as the elevator doors opened, "I'm sorry okay. I've never met a girlfriends parents before."

He put his hands on her arms and gently rubbed them, "I have no idea what I'm doing. I'm sorry. Let me make it up to you."

"It's going to take years of therapy and a lot of wine to get past this," Sarah shook her head, standing there as Lester cotinued to rub her arms.

“Then lets go up and get you a glass or two. And then we’re going out,” Lester let go of her arms and walked past her into the elevator.

“Out? Out now? Where?” Sarah asked following him into the elevator.

“Well I was going to surprise you but your Dad shot down my Uber idea,” Lester chuckled, “We’re going to go see a movie.”

\*\*\*

Half an hour later, with more wine in her system, Lester drove Sarah to a seedier part of Chicago she hadn’t been to before. Sarah looked out the window of Lester’s SUV at the run down buildings and empty storefronts.

“Uh, the movie theatre is around here?” Sarah asked.

“Yup, we’re close,” Lester said.

“And you’re not going to tell me what movie we’re seeing?” Sarah looked at Lester. Despite sitting back from the wheel, his portly gut still pressed against it. Part of her still couldn’t reconcile how she found herself in these position, being driven somewhere by a man like that. His shabby apperance and lack of hygeine. Before all of this, just being alone in a car with another man besides her husband would make her feel guilty. And now here she was, just a normal Saturday night being fingered at the dinner table and letting this troglodyte take her where he pleased.

“It better not be a Star Wars movie. I’ve never gotten into those,” Sarah said.

“How can you not like Star Wars?” Lester asked, “It has everything. Action, good versus evil, romance, space battles. Come on.”

“I don’t know. It’s just not my thing. Dan and I watched one of the new ones and I guess it was okay.” Sarah said.

“Which one?” Lester asked, peering at her while he drove.

“I don’t know the name of it. But the girl fought some kind of zombie guy who shot lightning bolts at the end.” Sarah said.

“Really? Really? That one you like? That one sucks.” Lester scoffed.

“I thought you liked Star Wars?” Sarah asked.

“That’s not Star Wars.” Lester complained.

“Really? I could have sworn it was a Star Wars movie.” Sarah said. She honestly couldn’t remember. And the wine probably didn’t help. Not that she really cared either way.

“It’s corporate facism,” Lester muttered under his breath as he pulled the car into a dark parking lot.

Sarah looked around for the AMC theatre but didn’t see anything even resembling a movie theatre. The street was dark, but there were a few illuminated signs. A Pawn shop, cash and loan, a run down pizza shop but no movie theatre.

“Come on, lets go,” Lester said getting out of the vehicle. Sarah suddenly felt very overdressed in her black dress with its v-neck. In this kind of neighborhood, she wouldn’t feel comfortable in jeans and a sweater.

Sarah hestiatently got out of the car and followed Lester onto the dimly lit street. She didn’t see another soul in sight.

“Lester,” Sarah said wrapping her arms around herself, “Are you sure about this? Where’s the theatre?”

Even if she was fine following Lester’s plans, this area was really sketchy. If something happened, she doubted Lester would be able to protect her.

“Right here,” Lester said with a big grin on his face. He stopped in front of non-descript door that was painted black. It was just there, in the brick wall. She would have walked past it without even noticing it. She looked up above the door and there was some kind of sign there but it wasn’t illuminated. Lester grabbed the door and pulled it open revealing some kind of store inside. Sarah gave Lester a levelled look and stepped inside.

This was not a movie theatre. The hair on the back of Sarah’s neck stood on end. This was, some kind of adult toy store. There were rows and rows of adult mechandize from books to dildos, sex swings, something called a cock cage to other strange objects whose purposes eluded Sarah.

She stood there at the entrance, transfixed, taking it all in. But it wasn’t like one of those sex shops that you see in strip malls in the suburban neighborhoods back home. This one looked like it was from some bygone era. Like one of those hardcore ones you’d only hear about in theninties.

“Lester,” A man behind the counter barked. Sarah looked up, the voice was from an older man with greying hair pulled back into a ponytail behind the counter. He nodded at Lester in that stupid way men do. The guy was old, like Sarah’s dad’s age, he was white with one of those soul patches under his chin. He looked over his dark eye glasses at Sarah. His mouth made some kind of weird wet sound as his eyes ran up her body.

“Dale,” Lester nodded back, stepping up beside Sarah and taking her hand in his. She felt her heartbeat slow just a tick as Lester held her, steadying her. She realized she had unconsciously leaned into him.

“What’s your pleasure tonight?” The man almost chuckled, both hand planted on the glass counter in front of him. His eyes still glued to Sarah’s body.

“We’re here to watch a movie,” Lester said leading Sarah towards the back of the store.

“It’s a good one tonight,” Dale said as they walked away from him around the corner.

“I haven’t had a chance to mop up yet,” he shouted after them.

They past by a few rows of adult movies that were apparently for rent. Sarah even saw a few VHS tapes tucked against a far wall. There was a sign about some kind of loyalty punch card but her attention turned to Lester who lead her through a black curtain on the wall. On the other side was a dark hallway illuminated only by black lights. The walls were covered in some kind of abstract expressionist art that Sarah thought was out of place. Along both sides of the hallways were a series of doors. Soft light and muffled moans and music emanating from some of the closed doors. Sarah’s flats stuck to the ground with each step she took.

Sarah’s mind was racing with the possibilities. Just where had Lester taken her. As they walked down the hallway one of the door’s behind them opened. Sarah turned to look behind her. The hallway was now bathed in light, loud pumping music. An middle-aged black man with a thick gut stepped out while pulling his pants up. Sarah’s eyes widened at the sight of his semi-hard cock.

The man’s eyes quickly met Sarah’s and he gave her a lecerhous smile. Sarah turned around and renewed her grip on Lester’s hand as she felt the piercing gaze of the black man on her ass in the tight dress.

“We really shouldn’t be here,” Sarah said in a low voice, “Besides we said we wouldn’t do anything without Dan.”

“We did plenty last night without Dan,” Lester said, “And today. But I know. That’s why I think you should call him.”

“Call him? Here?” Sarah asked incrediously.

“Yes. Facetime him. Show him whats about to happen.” Lester said.

“What’s about to happen Lester?” Sarah said.

Lester smirked. The hallway turned and a pair of black double doors were abruptly right in front of them. Lester let go of her hand and grabbed a handful of Sarah’s ass. “We’re going to watch a movie, just like I promised.”

He squeezed her ass hard and pushed open the door, propelling Sarah inside. The room was dark with a bright light illuminating one way. Sarah squinted as he eyes adjusted to the bright light. She stood at the doorway for a second before Lester grabbed her hand and lead her into the room.

Sarah stifled a gasp as she realized that the bright light was an projector screen on the fall wall.

“I told you I was taking you to a movie,” Lester smirked as he looked back at her. On the screen was a woman with a ball gag in her mouth, hands strapped behind her back as a large, hulking man fucked her from behind.

Sarah had heard of places like this but never expected one to exist so close to her home. Lester tugged on her hand and pulled her forward, further into the room. The floors here were sticky, just like the hallway before. Sarah could only imagine why. It wasn’t a large room. Much smaller than a typical movie theatre. Lester was leading them down a central aisle way, with seven or so seats in rows on either side of them.

They weren’t alone in the room. There were several sillotes of people, men, sitting alone watching the movie. Sarah’s mouth dropped open as they passed a row and a man was openly stroking his cock while staring at the screen. His hungry eyes shift to Sarah as she walked by. She was sure that the man’s eyes never went back to the screen.

Lester led them to an empty row, thankfully away from anyone else. Someone coughed in the back of the theatre as Lester and Sarah took their seats. Sarah cringed as she sat down in hard plastic seat. It wasn’t comfortable but it was probaly easy to clean off for the staff. The thought revoluted her.

“Lester,” Sarah hissed low enough so no one would hear, “What the hell are we doing here?”

“I told you, seeing a movie,” Lester said.

She squeezed his hand, “You didn’t say this kind of movie! And this place? What the fuck?”

“You didn’t ask. All you wanted to talk about was the mickey mousification of one of the greatest franchises of all time.” Lester smirked. The muffled moans of the woman on screen filled the room.

“Besides,” Lester let go of her hand and squeezed her thigh, making her dress ride up, “I know how you like being the center of attention. Everyone in here is looking at you, not the screen.”

Sarah tentatively looked over her shoulder and immediately made eye contact with someone sitting a few rows back. A rough looking older man who seemed to have lived a hard life. She immediately snapped her head back to the screen in front of her.

“See?” Lester asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes, “Not hard to be the center of attention in a place like this. Women don’t come in here.”

“You’d be surprised,” Lester said, “This place might not be the Ritz but it has a certain appeal.”

“Oh? And what is that? Used VHS tapes that other guys have exploded on? Suspiciously sticky everything? Let me guess, they do a good brunch buffet?” Sarah crossed her arms, “We should go, now.”

“Anonymity. The freedom to let go,” Lester’s hand continued up Sarah’s now bare thigh.

“Stop,” Sarah said putting her hand on his.

“This again? It didn’t work at the restaurant,” Lester chuckled under his breath as he dug his fingers into Sarah’s flesh.

“Lester...” Sarah said.

“Admit it, you liked what I did in front of your parents,” Lester said.

“No, I didn’t. It was fucked up and –”

“You love fucked up. The only way it would have been better is if Dan and his parents were at the table too,” Lester chuckled.

“Fuck,” Sarah said as she imagined it. At the same time Lester’s hand wrestled free of hers and travelled up her dress until it found her panty covered pussy.

“This is so wrong Lester. All of this. I shouldn’t be here,” Sarah stifled a moan as Lester’s finger slid up and down her pussy lips.

“I know how much you want to be bad. Just let go. Embrace it.” Lester whispered in her ear. He was looking over her shoulder at something behind them.

“Lester...”

“Just call Dan. Now.” Lester said quickly. He softened a bit and said, “That’s what you want right, to include him? To surprise him? How wild will it drive him to see you in a place like this?”

Sarah fumbled with her small purse and grabbed her cell phone. There was a message from Dan, saying he was out having drinks with some new colleagues at his client. Sarah would be mortified if they saw her like this. Mortified and insanely turned on that strangers in Dan's life would see her in such a position.

She stared at the phone, debating what to do. She knew that if she called Dan and saw that look on his face there was a chance she would completely lose control. And that wasn't good in a public setting like this with so many eyes on her. Eyes on her body. Watching her. Wanting her, desiring to be with her. Wanting to –

Lester's fat thumb pressed the video call option. It left a grease imprint on her phone. Sarah's eyes widened like saucers as she looked at Lester in disbelief.

\*\*\*

"So what are you going to do with the new administration comes in and scraps all these environmental initiatives with our buildings? Don't you worry that Sentient will just cancel your contract?" Tricia asked as she twirled her fingers around her necklace, drawing attention to the plunging neckline of her shirt.

Dan's gaze snapped down to the tops of her breasts for a second before making eye contact with her. She smiled knowingly, a self satisfied smile on her face.

"It's not all save the trees here," Dan said looking around the table at Carlos and the other people out with them from Sentient Securities. "Sure, I can help you build and operate buildings that reduce your environmental footprint but we're also talking about being self-sustaining, still running when the power grid goes down, reducing operating costs for the life of the building, there are lots of other impacts to the bottom line other than just flash powerpoint slides touting how environmentally friendly a building is."

That seemed to shut her up for a second. Maybe she would back off and stop trying to rub her leg against his now. But from the look on her face, it only seemed to have emboldened her.

Thankfully, his phone rang just at that moment. Sarah's beautiful face appeared on the screen, catching Tricia and few other's attention.

"Sorry, it's the wife, I need to take this," Dan said grabbing his phone and stepping away from the table. Sarah must be done dinner with her folks and checking in back at the apartment.

He answered the video call and cocked his head. Sarah's face was on the screen but it was super dark all around her. Like she had the lights off and was watching something on TV. She had a weird expression on her face. She said something but Dan couldn't hear over the noise as the bar. He held up a finger and fished his airpods out of his pocket and slipped them in.

His ears were immediately filled by the a weird slapping sound and muffled noises from a woman.

"Sarah?" What's going on? Are you still at dinner with your parents?" Dan asked.

"No?" Sarah said biting her lip. It was still hard to hear her. The TV was turned up too loud but he could at least make it out. She typed something on the screen and his chat notification opened.

S: I can't hear you. Too loud here

He typed back.

D: Where are you? Where's your parents.

S: They dropped us off a while ago. Lester took us to a movie.

D: Us? Lester went to dinner? A movie?

S: Lester invited himself. It was awkward and everyone hated it except Lester. And yes a movie.

D: I don't like that he met your parents. That's too far. I wish I had been there.

S: Dan. Lester took me to a porn movie.

D: What!!?

Sarah turned the camera. Dan saw a screen in some shitty looking room where a woman was bound and getting double teamed by two ugly men. How the fuck had she just happened to get to a porn theatre?

D: What the fuck?

S: I know. I'm sorry. I didn't know we were going here

S: ....

S: ....

S: ....

Dan waited in frustrating agony as he waited for Sarah to finish typing. Her camera slanted and he couldn't see the screen anymore. Just the back of some ugly, old school looking red theatre chair.

She was still typing.

D: Sarah? What the fuck? The the hell is going on!?

\*\*\*

Lester had managed to get two fingers inside of her. Sarah was partially aware that Dan was still on the video call but her phone hung limply in her hand. Her head was resting on the back of the gross red plastic seat, breasts rising and falling rapidly as Lester's fat fingers resumed what they had started at the dinner table, plunging into the depths of her sex and tantalizing her sensitive nerves.

Lester's breath was warm on her neck making her body tingle. His fingers pumped in and out of her, making a come her motion, finger tips dragging past her G-Spot before doing the same thing over and over. This wasn't awkward like at the dinner table when he was trying to be covert in front of her parents. Now, here in this porn theatre in front of all these degenerates, his entire body was turned towards her, his hand fully turned making it obvious what he was doing.

Wet, squelching sounds of her juices around Lester's fingers seemed to echo into the room, battling against the moans of the women on screen for supremacy. She knew that couldn't be that loud. Couldn't beat whatever sound system was rigged up in this room. But she still let herself believe it. Let herself believe that everyone could hear what was happening.

She heard shuffling behind her and pants unzipping. Someone was sitting right behind them.

Lester's fingers slowed down, pulling and dragging and pushing back in in some sort of twisted, ecstasy inducing torture. Part of her brain was telling her this was going too far, that she shouldn't lose herself in a place like this but her body quickly slammed the door shut on that voice and just gave in to the deep seated pleasure Lester was giving to her.

She'd been so horny all day. She had been craving a cock inside of her. Lester's cock. But he hadn't given it to her. All fucking day she just wanted to fuck and feel some of what she felt from last night. His fingers felt amazing but she needed the real thing soon. She'd drag Lester out of this place by his ankles and fuck him in the parking lot if she had to.

The phone in her hand vibrated and her ringtone filled the room, ensuring all eyes turned to her. Sarah snapped up turning the phone towards her. Lester never stopped fingering her.

Dan was calling. The video call was still open but now he was calling her. She quickly dismissed the call and look back at the video chat, concern and something else written on Dan's face.

> S: Sorry. It's Lester he is touching me.

> D: Touching you? Like touching you?

> S: Yess, his fingers as inside me.

> D: Jesus Christ Sarah. In public like that?

> D: Fuck there is someone behind you watching us

Sarah wanted to turn her head and look but couldn't bring herself to do it. She knew a look in a place like this might be seen as an invitation. She closed her eyes and imagined what he looked like, stroking his cock staring at the back of her head. Staring at her blonde hair.

> S: Fuck baby, I'm so wet.

> D: Jesus Sarah you shouldn't be there

> S: I know. I want to leave soon. Need to get back to the apartment

> D: Need to?

> S: So I can have Lester. Fuck Dan I need it. Bad. Don't be mad, okay? I'll make sure to video call you so you can watch.

> D: Fuck I'm at dinner. I'll have to leave soon then.

> S: I want you to. I want you to stroke your dick while you watch.

> D: You really are worked up

> S: you hae no idea

> D: Tell Lester to bring you home now

"Lester," Sarah breathed turning to look at the ugly face that was right next to hers. "We need to leave now. I want to fuck you," Sarah was amazed by how slutty her voice sounded.

"We're not going anywhere," Lester whispered in her ear, 'I'm going to fuck you right here in front of everyone."

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned as Lester's fingers dragged across her G-Spot again. His words. The idea of fucking here in this dirty place in front of all these people. Putting on a real life porn show for them. All while Dan was on the phone. It was too fucking much.

"Uhhhhmhmhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah came on Lester's hand, her thighs clenching around his wrist. Stars exploded behind her eyes as a wave of pleasure washed over her body. Everything felt super sensitive. Her hard nipples straining against the lacy material of her bra. The feeling of the plastic under her nails as she gripped the seat. The way Lester's fingers filled and felt inside of her. The burning in her chest as she held her breath.

A shadow crossed over her vision and Sarah opened her lust filled eyes to see a stranger towering over her. It was the older black man from the hallway who had been stuffing his dick back in his pants. He must have followed them in here. He gave her a toothy grin, exposing a single gold tooth.

He took the seat right next to Sarah and didn't for a second even pretend to look at the screen. Lester's fat fingers slid out of Sarah and he took the phone that once again hung limply in her hand.

> S: Enjoy the show

\*\*\*

Dan read the words over again. Enjoy the show. He doubted it was the porn movie on the screen.

Dan's felt his eyes bulge out of his head as the phone turned and some random older black man was kissing Sarah's neck, his hands out of sight but he was clearly fingering her. Who the hell was that and where had they come from?

The guy had a gut similiar to Lester but he was older. Maybe. It was hard to tell. His arm took up a lot of the screen as it moved back and forth. Sarah's head was resting back on the seat as the man kissed and licked her neck. Black men were a staple of any of the cuckold porn videos he watched and now one was right here with his fingers inside of his wife.

Tricia was watching him from her seat across the bar. He needed to get out of here and go back to his hotel room. He hated blowing off new connections like this, ones he desperately wanted to win over and network with but jesus fucking christ.

He looked back down at the screen. Someone else was standing behind Sarah, his fist was jerking back and forth as he masturbated looking down Sarah's top. His other hand gently grabebd some of Sarah's hair and he bent over and sniffed it while he pumped his cock.

Okay. Okay. What. The. Fuck.

Dan hurried back over to his group.

"Hey, sorry I have to go. It was really great meeting all of you tonight," Dan said.

“Is everything okay?” Tricia asked sweetly while staring at Dan with intent, “Trouble with your wife?”

“Nothing I can’t handle,” Dan said.

“Well, let me know if you need any help handling it,” Tricia raised her eyebrows at him.

“Damn Tricia,” Carlos laughed, “Workplace harrassment much?”

“What?” Tricia smiled knowingly at the rest of the group and tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear.

“I’ll see you all tomorrow,” Dan said as the moans of the movie and wet sounds of the black man’s fingers inside of Sarah filled the single airpod in his ear. He towards the bar to settle up and get the fuck out of there.

\*\*\*

Sarah’s mind was racing. Too much was happening too fast. Some strangers’ fingers were inside of her. She didn’t know him, didn’t know where he came from or who he was but his large black fingers were inside of her. His lips and tongue danced across her deck. She was pretty sure someone was standing behind her too but she didn’t care. She was aware that Lester was watching her intently from the side. She could feel his eyes on her, judging her, judging every breath she took.

“Mhmm,” Sarah moaned. The black man pulled back his face from her as his fingers continued to explore her depths. She weakly opened her eyes and saw his ugly face staring down at her with a grotesque smirk on it. With his other hand he grabbed her chin and turned her fully towards him and leaned forward pressing his fat lips against hers.

“Mhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned, her lips parting as the stranger’s tongue tasted her. His fat tongue slid into her mouth, gliding over her own. They intertwined as they tasted one another. He didn’t taste good but Sarah didn’t care. In that moment she craved him.

His long fingers weren’t as skilled as Lester but she was still soaking through her panties for him. His digits rapidly thrust in and out of her, finger fucking without finesse but with raw intensity.

He shuffled out of his pants and took Sarah’s hands and placed it on his hard cock. Sarah was taken aback by how girthy it was. She wanted to look but her mouth was held in place by the man’s hand. Sarah broke the kiss. She had to see it. She twisted her head out of the man’s hand and yelped as it felt like she caught her hair on something. She turned around and saw the rough looking man who she had made eye contact with standing behind her, a few strands of her blonde hair still clutched in his hand as he stroking his cock. His cock, that was just behind her head.

It was all happening too fast. Too much all at once. She didn’t know where her phone was or what Dan had seen. She looked around and then her eyes landed on it. Not her phone. The big black cock jutting up from the seat next to her. It shot up from the messy pubic hair, standing at full attention. It wasn’t as long as Lester’s but it was really girthy. Sarah froze for a second as she stared at it.

The man chuckled and pulled his fingers out of her. Sarah gasped as he did. The black man reached back behind Sarah and swatted the other man away. He grabbed Sarah’s hair himself and pulled her face over to his cock.

Sarah instinctively opened her lips and took her first black cock of her life into her mouth.

“Uh fuck,” the man groaned as Sarah’s wet mouth engulfed him. His cock tasted unlike any Sarah had ever tasted before. She couldn’t quite place it but she didn’t hate it. The taste was almost secondary to how big it felt in her mouth.

Sarah tried and failed to wrap her hand around the girthy cock. Her saliva already coated it as he pumped her fist up and down the shaft. “Mhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned. Lester was there, so was that other man. Watching her. She was their porn star. She was putting on the show for them. Her thighs squeezed together at the thought.

She pulled back and swirled her tongue around the man's cock head, pumping his shaft with her hands. He apply pressure to the back of her head and she let his cock slick all the way back into her mouth. His fist grabed her hair roughly and he started thrusting his hips off the seat into her mouth. His cock slapped the back of her throat eliciting more muffled moans from her throat.

"Mhmmhgmmm," Sarah moaned around the cock in her mouth as someone pushed a finger inside of her. It wasn't the black man, he couldn't from where he was, his hand was wrapped in her air. She wanted to look over and see if it was Lester.

But it didn't feel like Lester's fat fingers.

"Ummhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she pumped the cock in her mouth while another finger slid into her. Holy fuck. This was all too much for her.

She pulled off the cock, a thick strand of saliva connecting her mouth to the stranger's dick. Sarah was breathing hard, her tight black dress had ridden up to her waist, exposing her pink juicy panties to the entire room. She looked over her shoulder and saw Lester sitting there with an amused look on his face as the rough looking man was bent over the back of her seat, one hand disappearing between the back of her thighs while he jerked himself off with the other.

"Ohfuck," Sarah groaned at the sight. Two degenerates touching her at once, all under the watchful eye of Lester. She thrust her ass back onto the man's hand, taking more of his fingers into her.

"Suck my balls," the old black man croaked as he pulled Sarah's hair down to hit nutsack. Her tongue lashed out and stuck into the wild, untamed, busy pubic hair. He pulled her face down roughly, his matted jungle of hair pressing into her face. She had to close her eyes and stifle and sneeze as it pushed into her nostrils. Her face was buried in his public hair, her tongue lashing out until it found skin and swirled around. She coated this stranger's balls in her saliva, leaving a part of herself on him.

The man was humping up, his hairy balls pressing further into her face. Her manicured hand never left his cock as she pumped his shaft. Up and down, over and over with

increasing frenzy. Sarah was soaking wet. She felt her sense of control rapidly slipping away.

“Off,” Lester barked. She heard a slapping down and the fingers inside of her disappeared, much to her disappointment

“What the fuck?” The black man said, reluctantly letting go of her hair.

“She’s my toy,” Lester said, “If you want to play, its by my rules.”

“Sarah sit up,” Lester said.

Sarah slowly twirled her tongue around the black man’s nutsack, reluctant to stop. But she listened to Lester. She sat up and adjusted her dress, looking around. There was more than just the rough looking man watching her. Others still seated in their chairs had seemed to completely forget about the movie playing behind her.

“Stand up and take your dress off,” Lester said.

Sarah wanted to object. But she was too horny and worked up to say anything. She wouldn’t deny him. She needed him. Sarah pulled up her panties that were down to her mid thigh somehow and stood up, straitning out her wrinkled dress.

“Look at the audience,” Lester said.

Sarah looked around and met several hungry gazes. She looked down and saw Lester still holding her phone. Dan’s face was there, eyes wide as he looked to be in the back of an Uber or something.

“Take off your dress,” Lester said. Sarah gave him a hard look, a momentary challenge to his authority. He held her gaze and felt her chest growing warm from his piercing gaze. He really was going to make her do this. And she was going to go along with whatever he said.

With a deep breath and trembling hands, Sarah reached behind her and unzipped the back of the dress. If she was going to do this, she was going to do it right. She looked around at the darkened faces, meeting each of their eyes and she slowly took off the dress.

The rough looking man was standing just in front of her, like she was putting on a private show for him as he jerked his cock. The black man was still sitting next to her, slowly stroking himself as his eyes roamed over her body.

Sarah took one arm out of the dress. Then slowly the other, letting the garment fall to her waist, exposing her pink lacy bra to the full theatre. She heard a sharp intake of breath as her heavy breasts came on display. Then she pushed the rest of the dress down, wriggling out of it until she was standing in just her bra and panties, in this room full of strangers.

Lester smiled, "Good girl."

He pulled down his jeans and let his long, throbbing hard cock free, "Take off those panties and get on. I know you've been craving this all day."

Sarah stared down at Lester's hard cock, just in front of her. He was right. She had wanted to ride his cock all day long and she wasn't about to let something like public exposure stop her. Sarah liked her lips and quickly dropped her panties to the sticky floor below and climbed on top of Lester's lap. She took his hard cock in one hand and directed it to her entrance before sliding down on top of it.

"Ahhohhhfuuuckkk," Sarah moaned as she felt his massive appendage disappear inside of her. He felt so fucking big. She loved how full he made her feel. Like he took up every square inch of space inside of her.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah breathed, hands on Lester's fat shoulders as she looked down into his ugly face, "You're always taking me to the nicest places."

"Heh," Lester chuckled as he grabbed both of her ass cheeks and pulled her down on top of him, "That's what your boyfriend is for."

“Not just my Chicago boyfriend anymore?” Sarah stared hard at him.

“No, we’re engaged now remember? Drop the Chicago,” Lester grunted as his hips rose off the plastic chair and thrust up into Sarah.

“Mhmhmmmmgod,” Sarah whined, “Fuck. Fuck me boyfriend. Fuck me in front of this whole room of perverts.”

“With pleasure,” Lester grinned. There was something more. Something else behind that smile than just fucking her here but she didn’t devote any mental resources to dwelling on it. She pulled up and pushed back down onto Lester’s cock.

“Ohfuck,” the head of his cock seemed to hit against her cervix, feeling impossibly large inside her. Her entire pussy seemed to stretch around his cock. His balls slapping against her asshole each time she came down onto him.

“Here,” Lester grunted shoving the phone with Dan’s increasingly aroused and concerned face into her hand. “If you want him to watch you have to hold the camera.”

Sarah had forgotten all about the phone once Lester’s cock was inside of her. She stared hard into it, making eye contact with Dan as her breasts bounced in the corner of the screen where it showed her camera feed. A shadow passed behind her in the small window. Dan said something but she couldn’t hear what it was. She looked over her shoulder and raw the black man was now standing up beside her, his hard black cock jutting out towards her. Precum dripped from its angry slit.

“Jesus,” Sarah muttered as she stared at it. She was vaguely aware the rough looking guy was still in the next row storking himself.

The black man reached one hand out and quickly unclasped Sarah’s pink bra, shocking her. She used the hand not holding the camera to try to hold the bra to her breasts but he quickly pulled one strap off. Lester pulled the other down.

“Let it go,” Lester commanded.

Sarah looked at Lester. Then at the phone she was holding in front of her. She winked at Dan and let her bra fall. The black man grabbed it and roughly pulled it the rest of the way off and chucked it into the next aisle. The back of her mind cringed and decided it would need to be dry cleaned after landing on any surface in this place.

The rough looking guy quickly grabbed it off the ground and put his face into the cups and sniffed. He threw his head back as if in ecstasy and kept stroking his cock while sniffing her bra. The black man gave Lester a look and Lester nodded to him.

The man bit his bottom lip and flicked it out at Sarah as he stepped up onto the seat next to them. He held his big black cock in his hand and pointed it at her face. Sarah bounced up and down on Lester’s cock while staring at it. It was right in her face. He nudged it into her cheek. Sarah looked at Lester. She knew how possessive he had been in the past, with Vernon and others. But this time it was like he was encouraging this for some reason.

Lester looked up at her and licked his lips. Sarah shuddered feeling the mental control he had over her. He didn’t need to nod or anything to her to indict what he wanted. Sarah held the phone in her hand so Dan would see properly and she leaned forward and took the black man’s cock in her mouth again.

“Fuck’n A,” the man grunted as he ran his hand through Sarah’s hair before cupping her cheek tenderly while he fucked her face. Sarah’s hand left Lester’s shoulder and wrapped around the black man’s thick shaft as much as possible. It was still wet with her saliva but she quickly added to it.

This had been what she wanted the other night with Dan. To feel completely full, with one cock inside her pussy and another filling her mouth. It was good that he was kind of her in spirit, at least. But now his spot was taken by some stranger. A big black stranger.

“Mhmhmmhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned around the cock in her mouth. Her hand left his shaft and cradle his massive hairy balls, teasing them while she sucked him off. She wished she could let go of the phone and use both of her hands but there wouldn’t be anywhere clean to set it down.

“I told you I’ll give you what you want,” Lester growled, his hands still grabbing her perfect bubble butt as it bounced up and down on his lap. “You wanted more than one cock. Dan couldn’t deliver but Lester does.”

“What’s that Dan? We can’t hear you, you’re going to have to speak up,” Lester chuckled in the direction of her phone.

Lester’s cock pounded into her, thrusting up off the sticky plastic seat as Sarah’s mouth took as much of the black cock as she could handle. She couldn’t hold back her moans, even when muffled with the cock. The girl on the screen didn’t hold a candle to her, the entire porn theatre’s rapt attention was on the illicit scene unfolding in front of them.

Sarah pulled herself off the cock in her mouth and took a sharp breath. She opened her eyes and the guy jerking off while sniffing her bra was now seated right behind Lester, staring at Sarah’s breasts bouncing as he stroked himself. Her bra was dangling around his neck. Other men were also closer now. Most of them had their pants down, openly stroking themselves.

She was literally putting on a show for a crowd of men. A thrill ran through her and she felt her pussy clenched around Lester’s cock.

“That’s it. Let it out for me Sarah,” Lester groaned. “Cum for me. Cum for all these dirty men watching you.”

“Ahfuck close,” Sarah moaned, throwing her head back and closing her eyes, picturing all their faces rapt with desire.

“You know she’s married right? She’s somebody’s wife. And a mom,” Lester said out loud for everyone to hear, “instead of being with her husband or with her kids she is here putting on a show for all of you.”

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned, drowning out the pornstar on the screen behind her. The cock in her hand pulsed, his heartbeat in the palm of her hand. Lester kept thrusting up and she slammed down onto him. She rocked her hips back and forward, using his cock like a personal play thing.

“Ahfuck. Mmmgodlester,” Sarah whined. The phone in her hand slipped out of her gripe but she grabbed back onto it. Forgetting it was there again.

“Let it out baby. Cum for them,” Lester growled.

“Ahfuck. Mhmmhmmgodyes. Pleasdon’t stop,” Sarah groaned. She turned her head and opened her mouth pulling the fat black cock into her mouth. She couldn’t even remember what this man’s face looked like. Feeling two hard cocks inside of her, ridgid with their deisre for her, full of potent cum was too much.

“Mhmhmgaaamhmm,” Sarah moaned around the fat cock in her mouth as she came. Her body tensed and the room felt a million degreees warmer as her thighs slammed down onto Lesters, taking as much of his cock into her as she could. Her pussy clenched around his cock like a vice and she held him still, her fist tight around the cock in her hand. She same hard, breasts rising and falling rapdily as she thrust them forward. Her body thrashed and she saw stars from the lack of oxygen.

She let the cock fall out of her mouth as she took a deep breath, but she never let go of it.

“Uhhhhh,” Sarah whined, opening her eyes. There were two more older men in the row behind Lester, one was sitting the other was standing stroking their cocks. There was another in the row behind that. Sarah felt something touch her back. She looked over her shoulder and sure enough there was another older, sad looking bald man in the row behind her, reaching over and touching her bare skin.

“Holyshit,” Sarah breathed as she gripped the cock tightly in her hand. She looked down at Lester and saw him smiling with a sinister look in his eyes. The man siting behind him was still sniffing her bra, it should have upset her but it only made her body begin rocking on Lester’s cock again.

Something wrenched the phone out of her hand. Sarah looked up and saw the guy from the front counter....Dale, standing there. He looked down at the phone, likely seeing Dan’s face there before putting it on the arm rest of the chair. The grey haired man dropped his pants and took out a skinny long cock. Without asking for permission he stepped up on her other side, grabbed her fingers and wrapped them around his cock.

Sarah couldn't believe it. Lester's big cock was filling her up and she had two more in her hands.

"Oh my god," Sarah breathed, eyes wild as she looked down at Lester.

\*\*\*

"Oh what the fuck," Dan said in disgust as he got into his hotel room. The video feed on the phone had shifted from Sarah to the ceiling. Now it was looking up at a pair of old hairy balls and some guys taint.

"Sarah!" Dan said trying to get her to focus back on him. He could see her hand, wrapped around this new guy's cock. His mind was going a million miles a minute. His wife was riding Lester while she sucked off a black guy and was stroking another. Just how many guys were in this place and what the fuck was going to happen next.

The new guy shifted his feet and the video spun until it was entirely black. He could still hear the moans and wet slurping noises but didn't know whether that was from Sarah or the movie on the screen.

He couldn't take not being able to see what was happening. He called her again.

\*\*\*

Sarah heard something that sounded like ringing but her brain put it on the backburner as she stroked two cocks at once while her hips pumped back and forth as she rode Lester. Dale's hand was on one of her heavy breasts as he roughly fondled her. She could feel his wrinkled palm across her flawless skin.

Dale's other hand grabbed her head and pulled her towards his cock. Sarah opened her mouth and eagerly let his elderly cock slide across her warm tongue.

“Mhmhmhmhm,” Sarah moaned as she tightened her grip around both cocks in her hand. Lester pumped his hips up into her, his cock making her bounce and groan around the cock in her mouth.

The black man’s cock pumped desperately in her other hand. Sarah pulled her mouth off Dale and turned and took the big black cock in her mouth, moaning again as she sucked him off. His cock was thrusting into her and Sarah pumped his cock at the same time.

She pulled her mouth off him and gasped for breath.

“Jeeess,” Sarah moaned.

“Look at all of them,” Lester groaned from below her, “Tell them you want to watch them cum.”

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah moaned and squeezed his cock with her pussy. Her eyes levelled with his before she bit her lip and looked up at her crowd of onlookers, “Cum for me. I want to watch all of you cum. Give me what I want. Cum for me boys.”

“Are you really a mother?” the rough guy sniffing her bra croaked.

“Fuck,” Sarah groaned, “Yes.”

“Fuckinghot,” the guy groaned and renewed stroking himself with a fervor.

“Stop talking and get that pretty mouth back on my cock,” Dale urged and pulled her head back towards him. Sarah greedily opened her mouth and took him in.

Sarah rode Lester and pumped and sucked both cocks for what felt like forever. A couple of other guys in the crowd couldn’t take much more and busted right there, adding their spunk to the sticky floor of the theatre.

Lester starting pumping his cock up faster and faster, getting more urgent. His hands dug into her ass as she rode him. Dale and the black guy were mauling her breasts and tweaking her nipples as she she stroked and alternated sucking both of them.

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned taking her mouth off Dale. She looked at Lester.

“Going to cum for me big boy?” Sarah moaned.

“Going to fucking fill you up,” Lester licked lips, “Squeeze me. Milk it out Sarah. Be a good girl.”

“Ohgawd Lester. I want it. I fill me. Give it to me. I want all of it.” Sarah moaned not breaking eye contact with him.

“What about me?” The black guy said, “You want my black cum too?”

“Fuck yes,” Sarah cried, “I want it.”

“I’m gonna fuck you after he does and fill you up,” he sneered.

“No, she’s mine. You don’t get to fuck her,” Lester growled.

“Fuck come on I can fuck you better than this fat piece of shit,” the black guy said.

“He’s my boyfriend,” Sarah said, “It’s his pussy.”

“Then I’m gonna bust in that pretty white mouth of yours,” the black man said and pulled Sarah over to his cock. She opened her mouth and twirled her tongue around the black head of his cock.

“Tell me you want it. Tell me you want this BBC I wanna hear it,” the growled down at her.

“Fuck,” Sarah pulled her lips off the man’s cock and looked up into his ugly face, “I want it. I want your big black cock. I want it to cum int my mouth. I want to swallow your big black load,” Sarah cried and pumped his cock quickly.

“Ah shit take it,” the man growled and pulled her head back down onto his cock. Sarah just wrapped her mouth around it as it exploded inside of her. A hot torrent of cum pumped out of his cock and into her waiting mouth. Her pussy clenched around Lester’s cock and she felt herself about to have another orgasm. Her fist tightend around Dale’s dick.

Sarah swallowed. Each hot, sticky warm load flooded into her stomach adding more fuel to the fire that was building inside of her. When she pulled back cup dribbled off her lip. The black man slunk back into the seat, spent.

“Fuck I’m going to cum. Fuck me. Please. Please don’t fucking stop. Fuck,” Sarah cried. Her body was on autopilot, ready to explode again.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lester croaked under her. He was pumping his cock up into and slamming his ass back down onto the hard plastic seat, “Fucking cum for me Sarah.”

Sarah opened her eyes and looked at the men around her, “Cum for me boys. Cum for me.”

A couple of the men came right there at her urging.

“Fuck,” Lester growled slamming his ass off the seat, thrusting his cock into her. She knew how close he was. It was only second away. She couldn’t hold back any longer and felt the crescendo buiod up inside of her about to explode.

“Fuck here I cum,” Dale thrust his cock into Sarah’s face, hitting her nose. She snapped her head to the side and opened her mouth wide as the first blast of his bitter cum shot onto her tongue. Sarah quickly swallowed and closed her mouth around Dale’s elderly cock.

“Ugh,” Lester grunted and she felt his balls tighten near her asshole, his cock pulsed and his cum blasted up and out of his cock into her. Feeling two men cum at the same time inside of her destroyed the dam inside of her. Sarah’s pussy clenched and her fist tightened around the cocks as she came. Every nerve ending in her body lit up like a Christmas tree as pure unadulterated pleasure was pumped directly into them, coursing through them, overloading them. For a few seconds Sarah forgot where she was or what her name was as the love chemicals flooded her brain, making everything go haywire.

“Fuck,” Dale grunted as the last of his seed buried into Sarah’s mouth and slid down her throat as she swallowed. His body convulsed and he staggered back, bracing himself against some of the chairs for support.

Lester’s nails dug into her ass as she emptied his balls inside of her. He roared as he came and then fell back into the seat with a self-satisfied smile on his face. Sarah slowed her riding of Lester’s cock, feeling insanely full with both his cock and his illicit cum leaking into every crevice inside of her.

She slowed, trying to catch her breath, coming down from one of the most intense and powerful orgasms of her life.

“Agh fuck my turn,” came a voice. Sarah opened her eyes and saw the rough-looking man standing right behind Lester. His face contorted as he stroked his cock and cum shot out, blasted across Sarah’s chest coating them. Load after load blasted out, covered her naked breasts like glaze on a gingerbread house.

He finished emptying his batter onto her and sat back in the chair, holding her bra to his face. Sarah touched the sticky coating all over herself as she slowly came back to reality.

Holy shit, what did I just do?

She licked her teeth, tasting the varying different mix of cum in her mouth. She had taken two loads into her stomach, one in her pussy and another all over her. Then she remembered the other men in the theatre. She opened her eyes and saw several hungry men staring at her. One was even tentatively making his way down the row towards them.

“Lester, I think we need to go now,” Sarah said stepping off Lester, his cum plopping out of her and onto the floor between her legs. The rest of it ran in a bead down her thigh.

Lester chuckled looking around, “Good idea. Let’s go.”

Sarah looked around for her panties but couldn’t find them. Her dress was bunched up on the floor. She went to ask for her bra back but the rough looking man was gone, stealing her bra. Sarah sighed and quickly pulled her dress on while Lester pulled his pants up.

“Show’s over folks,” Dale said putting a hand up blocking the man from coming down the row.

“Come back anytime,” Dale grinned at her and grabbed a handful of her ass, “Next time maybe we can go in one of the private booths.”

“Lester let’s go,” Sarah said pulled the fat man’s hand and urging him down the aisle way, past several men who had stepped up and were still openly stroking for her. They left the theatre, down the dark hallway and out into the shop out front. The door was locked but Sarah quickly unlatched it and stepped bra and pantyless into the cool night air.