Hope your Friday is going well and the upcoming weekend is even better. I'm here to drop the alpha draft of chapter 48 of Toxic Attraction, picking up right where the last one left off. Things are taking an interesting turn for both Sarah and Dan, and Lester- well, I think he has taken his eye off the bigger picture here, and things are conspiring around him.

Anyways, I got some things cooking that you're gonna like apart from this latest chapter. Keep an eye out next week for some announcements by me.

Lets get to the story though, shall we? Remember, this is fresh off the press alpha draft so its full of errors and grammer issues and likely repeats that I'll fix up in the final draft. I'm trying to mitigate this with some new editing software that I'm using while writing but I'm still learning its quirks.

Anyways, here we go!

Lester's foot stayed down to the lfor. The SUV jumped the next curb hard enough that Sarah's head cracked against the window. She swore and shoved at the door, "Waht the fuck Lester!"

"Pull the fuck over," she rubbed the side of her head. Her voice was loud in the small space. "Right now. Pull over What the fuck did you do to my mom?"

Lester didn't even look at her. The wheel jerked under his hands and the right tire clipped anorther curb but he didn't stop. Dark houses blurred past. Lester's shirt was stuck to the underside of his gut and he could still smell Renee on his fingers, her perfume and the sex, mixed with the Cheeto dust.

Lester sseethed. Sarah had sent him a fucking video with her mouth on that soft old fuck. The little wave she made.and allt those fucking teasing texts. And now she was sitting here in her robe, her little nightie stuck to her tits with sweat, demanding answers from him.

"You fucked my mother," Sarah said sounding hysterical. Women. She was fully turned toward him now, one hand braced on the dashnoard, the other still shoving at his arm. "I fucking heard you on the phone Lester! I saw you throgh the window on my couch. While my kids were upstairs. I heard her…I fucking..ugh god…I saw you. How the fuck could you do that?"

"You weren't there," he seethed. He cut the wheel late for the next turn and the tires squealed. "What the fuck did you think was gonna happen?"

"That's not what I fucking asked!" Her voice cracked. She hit his arm again, this time harder. "How could you put your dick in my mother? What is wrong with you? Why'....fuck why did she let you?"

Lester's jaw locked. He ran the stop sign at the corner without looking. His pulse hammered in his neck. She had climbed on that neighbor and filmed it on purpose. The textaand video were still playing through his head. *He's eating me right now.</i>* Like Lester was supposed to sit in the car and take it while some other man got what he'd spent months lining up. All his fucking work and this bitch was gonna let someone else take it all away. And she had the fucking balls to ftease him with it.

"We were never exclusive," Lester offered, knowing full well it would just piss her off. "You know that."

"That's not what...FUCK!" She was half out of the seatbelt now, leaning across the console. Her robe had fallen open, the nightie was twisted high on her thigh and he could see the shine where his cum had leaked down her skin. "You fucked my mom LEster! How big of a piece of shit are you? How

could you just do that? Not exlucsive? What about fucking decency you fucking ashsole?Are you fucking serious?”

He could still feel Renee under him, the way she’d stopped saying no and started lifting her hips, the way she’d cried when she came. He hadn’t wanted her. He’d wanted Sarah. On her back. Full of his cum. Reminding her whose cock she was supposed to be full. Instead he’d walked in and found the mother.

“You fucked him,” Lester shrugged. His voice was low laced with the grage he felt. “You let some randon fuck you and you sent it What the fuck did you think I was going to do?”

“NOT FUCK MY MOTHER!” Sarah’s voice was raw. She grabbed his arm with both hands and shook it. “I didn’t tell you to walk into my house at all. What the fuck Lester? What were you thinking? My girls were upstairs and you just didn’t give a fuck and god what the fuck did you force my mom Lester? What the fuck is wrong with you?”

“Are you fucking kidding me? She wanted it just as badly as her daughter. You wanted me pissed.” He took the next curve too fast. The back end slid. Gravel spat against the undercarriage before the tires caught again. “You got it. Don’t sit there and act like you didn’t know what you were doing.”

“I wanted you to come for me!” Sarah cried. “Not for her. Not in my living room. Not while my kids were sleeping just upf fucking stairs. You don’t get to punish me by fucking my mother. You don’t get to…”

“Play stupid games. Win stupid prizes Sarah. You weren’t there. And she wanted it. Bad.” he cut in. The words came out between his teeth. He didn’t slow. “And because you sent me that fucking video. You don’t get to climb on him and then ask me why I’m angry. You don’t get to…”

“Are you fucking kidding me!!” Her voice filled the cab. She was still gripping his arm, nails digging in. “Thats your fucking justification? Are you serious? How fucking retarded are you?I swear to fucking god that you–”

“You don’t get to tell me what the fuck to do,” Lester spat, “You don’t get to decide who I fuck Sarah.”

Sarah’s breathseemed to seize in her thaot. “What the fuck are you even saying right now?”

“I’m saing this isn’t the first time I’ve fucked her. I’ve fucked her more than once. Your mom begs for my cock same as you. ”

Sarah went still for a second. Then her whole body jerked. “What?”

“You heard me.” Lester shrugged.. He didcn’t look at her. “She was wet for it. Kept saying she shouldn’t and then she was pulling me in. clenching on me real good. Same as every other time.”

Sarah’s hand came up fast. She hit his shoulder, open palm, hard enough that the wheel jerked under his grip. The SUV swerved toward the curb. He corrected it with a sharp pull. Tires scraped concrete. “You’re lying,” she credit “You’re fucking lying.”

“Waht the fuck? I’m driving you fucking idoit. You want to get us both fucking killed?I’m not lying.” He straightened the wheel, his gut pressed into it. “Your moms been crying on my cock for moths.”

She hit him again. This time her fist caught the side of his arm. The impact was solid and actually fucking hurt. She was stronger than she looked. “You fat fuck.”

Lester hadn't planned on telling her any of this but she'd pulled it out of him. She wasn't supposed to hve seen. She wasn't suppsoed to know. Lester had acted…impulsively. And that complicated things.

"How many times?" she shook. She hit his arm again, weaker. "How many times did you fuck her?"

Lestyer didn't answer. He shouldn't give her any more infomration. Information was power and he didn't ant to lose the balance in theirrelationship. This was already spinning further out of control than he liked. He hadn't accounted for all the variables.

"IT was you….," Sarah trailed off as she seemed to be mullingthings over in her mind.. "The one who wrecked them. My Mom and Dad. That was you. You broke up their marriage."

Lester's hands tightened on the wheel. He didn't answer.

Sarah's voice climbed, fulled by her obvious revelation. "She wouldn't say who it was. She just kept saying it was a mistake and then she stopped talking about it at all. And you were there the whole time. You were fucking her. Holy shit…."

"You fucked my mother and you broke up my parents…." Sarah swallowed "Oh…no….fuck… that night at the ditty motel…. That night. When you blindfolded me…with that woman and the other man…LEster was my mom in that room? Lester I sweart ro fucking god…

Lester's foot slammed down on the brake. The SUV skidded hard, itst ires screamed. Sarah's body jerked forward against the seatbelt. The whole vehicle rocked and stopped dead in the middle of the empty street.

Lester turned his head and looked at her. He felt a smirk at the corner of his mouth.

"Yup," he said, not matching sarah's intensivey.

Sarah's face went white under the dash light. Her mouth opened. Then closed, working and stopping. A raw sound tore out of her. "You fucking piece of shit," She screamed reahcing out for hinm raking the side of his face with her nails. "You had her there… I was blindfolded and you were…ugh oh god." Sarah gagged, tears welling up in here eyes. "Oh god…you sick fuck. Oh god what the fuck is wrong with you?"

Lester didn't flinch when he saw her hand coming for him again.He caught her wrist on the next swing and squeezed. "She begged for it," he said. "Same as you. On her back. Telling me not to stop. Your dad never stood a chance once I had her. She was done with him the second I started fucking her."

Sarah yanked at her wrist. It didn't come free. Tears cut down her face. "Get off me." Her voice cracked high. "Get the fuck off me. Your so fucking sick..I can't…."

He let her wrist go. She jerked back against the door. Her hands came up again, hitting his shoulder, his arm, anywhere she could reach. The blows were messy and frantic. "How could you?" her voice kept breaking. "How could you do that? Fuck your disgusting…"

"Oh shut the fuck up you fucked that random guy tonight. Your moms alowed to fuck who she wants. I didn't do shit you fucking hypcotire." Lester seethed, thinking about all his hard work potentially down the fucking drain.

Sarah's hands dropped for a second. She was shaking. Her breath came in short, uneven gasps. "Thats not the fucking same at al!l" she sma[[ed.

“You wanted me pissed. You got it. And now you’re shocked I fucked her. “Lester threw up his hands, mocking her. “I’ve been fucking her. She loves it. She came on my cock just as hard as she always does. Same as she did in that hotel. She was dripping for it. Just like you were…just like when I both of you in that bed all tangled up together, kissing and–”

“Stop,” She hit the door with the side of her fist. “Stop fucking talking.”

Lester’s smirk widened. He didn’t look away. “You were both soaking those sheets for me.”

Sarah’s hands covered her face ash rer shoulders jerked. The sobs came out ugly, as she kept throwing hits at Lester;s arm. She stayed pressed against the door, her robe open and her nightie twisted. Her body shook. Lester’s eeys watched her. He just sat there with his hands on the wheel and the smirk still pulling at his mouth while the headlights cut across the empty street.

Lester’s smirk vanished from his face, “You fucked everything up. You fucking teased me with those videos and that fthose fucking photos. You let that soft old fuck finish in you. You fucking baited meto your hourse. You wanted me there. And now you’re sitting here crying like I’m the one who ruined something.”

Sarah’s hands stayed over her face. Her shoulders jerked with the sobs. She didn’t answer.

“Look at me,” he growled. “You don’t get to act all fucking innocent and do that and then act like you didn’t know what you were doing. You wanted me pissed. You got it. And now you’re—”

The passenger door flung open amdc cold air rushed in. Sarah shoved the door the rest of the way and stepped out onto the cracked asphalt. The robe slipped off one shoulder. She didn’t fix it. Bare feet hit the pavement as she started walking, away from the headlights, toward the dark stretch of empty lots and boarded buildings.

Lester stared at the open door as hiis pulse hammered in his neck. She was just walking away, no fucking look back, no yelling .. Just walking off in her nightie and that thin robe like he wasn’t even there. Like none of it mattered. Like he didn’t have her. His hold wasn’t as tight as he’d thought. She could still just leave. Part ofh im was tempted to just fucking leave her inthis shitty part of town but that felt like he was fucking losing and he had planned and fought so hard to just fucking lose her like that.

He shoved his door open. It slammed hard enough that the whole SUV rocked. He climbed out, gut swinging, and the door shut behind him with another heavy thud. Gravel crunched under his shoes. The night air was cold on his sweaty shirt. He could see her already twenty feet ahead, her blonde hair catching the last of the headlights, her robe flapping open around her legs.

“Sarah,” he snapped, his voice was rought. She didn’t stop. He started after her, heavy steps loud on the asphalt. “Get back in the fucking car.”

She kept walking ,ehr pace quickening..The street was empty. No cars. No lights except the ones still cutting across the ground behind them. Boarded windows on both sides of the road. Lester’s hands curled into fists. She was just leaving. After everything.

“Sarah,” he said louder. He closed the distance as fast as he could.. “Get the fuck back here.”

His hand shot out and caught her upper arm, his flabby fingers digging into the soft skin. Sarah spun hard and his grip broke. She stumbled two steps sideways on the cracked pavement, then turned on him. The robe hung open.

“Fuck off,” she said. “Get the fuck away from me. Stay out of my fucking life Lester.”

Lester didn’t stop. His gut swung with each step, “You’re walking around out here with nothing on,” he said, mocking her. He deplyed this straegy befor with other conquests. “No shoes. Just afucking nightie. In this part of town. You don’t even know what you’re doing.”

“I know exactly what I’m doing.” She backed up another step. Her hands were in fists at her sides. “I’m getting away from you. You fucked my mother. My fucking mother Lester. You broke up my parents. You had her in that dirty fucking motel room….with me…” she almost choked on the words. “and you’re standing here like I’m supposed to just—”

“You’re so fucking naive,” he cut in.

Headlights swept across the empty street ahead. A car slowed at the far corner. Voices carried from somewhere behind one of the boarded buildings. Sarah’s head turned toward the sound. Lester’s hand shot out again. He caught her wrist and yanked her hard. She stumbled with ehr bare feet. He pulled her sideways, off the open pavement and into the narrow gap between two dark buildings. The alley was black.

Sarah shoved at his chest with her free hand. “Get off me.”

She pushed again. He didn’t move. His weight had her pinned against the brick wall, one hand still locked on her wrist, the other braced beside her head. His gut pressed into her stomach, pinng her in place. She was breathing hard. So was he. The cold brick was at her back. His shirt was damp against her chest through the thin nightie.

“Let go,” she said. The words came out between her teeth. She twisted her wrist. It didn’t come free. “I said get the fuck off me.”

Lester’s face was close. He could smell the sex on her, his and the neighbor’s, mixed with the night air and whatever polluted this alleyway. His pulse hammered in his neck. Her eyes stayed locked on his. Green and furious. Tears had dried on her cheeks. Her mouth was open, breath coming fast and uneven.

“You don’t get to walk away from me,” he said. “Not after what you did. Not after you let him finish in you.”

Sarah’s hand shoved harder. Her nails dug into his shirt. “Fuck you,” she said.. “Fuck you and fuck everything you about you, yo don’t own me. Get off me.”

His cock was already hard against his sweats. The decision settled .He was going to fuck her again. Right here. Add another load. Make sure something took. She didn’t get to ruin the plan. She didn’t get to let that soft old fuck finish in her. He was still pissed. So was she. He could see it in the way her chest rose and fell against him, in the way her eyes stayed locked on his.

Lester’s eyes moved over her. The robe had slipped off both shoulders and hung open from the elbows down. The nightie underneath was thin and stuck to her skin in places, twisted high enough that he could see the full curve of one hip and the top of her thigh. Her breasts were heavy under the fabric, nipples hard and visible through it. Her bare feet were dirty from the pavement. Blonde hair stuck to her neck and cheek. She looked wrecked. Used. And she was still the most perfect thing he’d ever had under him.

Sarah’s breath caught. She saw where he was looking. Her hand pushed harder against his chest. “No,” she said. “Don’t.”

He pressed in. His gut met her stomach. His cock was hard against the front of his sweats and he ground it against her, slow and heavy, right between her thighs. The nightie rode up further. He felt the heat of her through the thin fabric. His mouth came down on hers. She turned her head. He followed her lips. His tongue pushed past her lips, and forced them open. He licked into her mouth, swirling deep, tasting her. She made a short sound against his probign tongue and shoved at his chest with both hands. He didn't move. His weight kept her pinned to the brick. He kept grinding, the thick length of him dragging against her through the sweats and the nightie.

Sarah's hands stayed on his chest. She pushed. He was heavier. The shove didn't create any space. His tongue kept moving in her mouth, slow and messy. She twisted her head hard and broke the kiss. Her slap came fast, hard across his cheek. The sound cracked in the alley. His head turned with it. Heat bloomed under his skin. He looked back at her, his cheek stung. The smirk pulled at the corner of his mouth anyway.

"Fucking pervert," she said hoasry, She was breathing hard. Her chest rose and fell against him. "Get off me."

Lester didn't answer but he leaned in again, his mouth covered hers. This time she didn't turn away fast enough. His tongue pushed back in, thick and insistent, and he felt the moment her lips parted under it. A low sound left her throat. It vibrated against his mouth. Her hands were still on his chest. One of them pushed. The other curled into his shirt instead of shoving. Her hips shifted under the grind of his cock. Not away. Just a small roll, like her body hadn't decided what if wanted.

He kept kissing her. His tongue slid against hers. She made another sound, shorter this time, and her nails dug into his shirt. Then she shoved again, harder, and turned her facebreaing the kiss. He could feel the way her thighs had tightened around the pressure.

Sarah's hand came up. She hit his shoulder, open palm, not as hard as the slap. Then her fingers stayed there. Gripping him. Her other hand was still fisted in his shirt. She wasn't pushing him off anymore.. She was breathing like she'd just gone for a run.

He ground against her again, slower this time, and watched her face. Her breath caught. Her hips jerked once, small and involuntary, then stopped. She bit her lip. Her hand on his shoulder tightened. The other one pushed at his chest again, weaker. She was shaking. Not from cold. He could feel the heat coming off her skin. The anger was still there in her eyes but then she closed them as if trying to gain control of herself. He could see it in the way her body kept answering him even while her hands tried to shove him back.

Lester shoved his sweats down. His thick veiny monster cock sprang free He grabbed the hem of Sarah's nightie and yanked it up over her hips. She was still bare underneath and wet. He could feel it when he lined himself up. Without waiting he pushed his hips forward, his massive cock spreading her open as he pushed in.

Sarah gasped. He sank deep in one thrust, gut flush against her stomach, and started fucking her. He didn't pause. Short, angry strokes that drove her back against the brick. Her perfect ass hit the wall on every one. Their wet sounds slapping in the alley.

"Ah…Fuck," she said. Her hands were still on his chest. One shoved. The other gripped his shirt. "You're such a fucking pervert."

He thrust harder. The head of his cock dragged deep inside of her. Herp ussy clenched around him. A low moan slipped out of her. "Ah…god…"

Her hips jerked. Just a small roll that took him deeper. “Creep. You’ve always been a creep.”

Lester grabbed her thigh and hiked it up, opening her more, and drove in again. The angle let him sink in to his balls. His gut pressed against her. Sweat dripped from his forehead onto her collarbone. “You let him finish in you,” he growled. “You sent me that fucking shit and now you’re calling me a creep.”

Sarah’s head tipped back against the brick. Another moan tore out of her, “Mhmm…fuck…” Her nails dug into his shirt. She shoved at his chest again, weaker than before. “You’re pathetic. Couldn’t even knock me up. That’s why I went to him. You couldn’t do it.”

Lester’s thrusts turned meaner. He fucked her harder, hsi hips snapping forward. Just rough, angrythruss that slammed her against the wall. The wet slap of skin filled the alley. Her breasts bounced under the nightie with every impact. She was still pushing at him with her hands while her pussy held him in place..

“Ah…god…yes…” The sound left her on the next thrust. Her thigh tightened around his hip. “You’re so fucking pathetic. Couldn’t get it done Coudn’tk now me up. Dan did it easily both times. Now I had to go find someone else to replace you. A real man.”

He grunted and drove in deeper. His cock was thick enough that she felt stretched around every veiny inch of him. He could feel how wet she was. And she was still talking shit while her pussy clenched around him.

“Shut up,” he grunted. rabbed her other thigh and lifted her. Her back scraped the brick. Both legs locked around his waist. He fucked up into her, hard and deep, the head of his cock hitting the same spot over and over. “Yshut the fuck up Sarah.”

Her mouth hung open and a raw sound tore out of her. “Uhh…mhmmm…Fuck….Lester…” Her hands were on his shoulders now. One pushed. The other gripped. Her hips rolled down to meet the next thrust even while she kept talking. “You’re a creep. A fucking pervert. You fucked my mother. You broke them up. And you still couldn’t—”

He slammed into her. Her words cut off. Her head hit the brick. Another moan left her,. “Ah…god….don’t…” Her nails dug into his shoulders. She was shaking. Her pussy fluttered around him. She was close. He could feel it. And she was still trying to shove him off with one hand while the other pulled him closer. “...don’t…stop…”

Lester’s breath came hard against her neck. Her words kept circling in his head. Pathetic. Couldn’t knock her up. Went to someone else. THe fucked her harder. Meaner. Short, brutal strokes that drove her up the wall and back down onto his cock. THer breasts pressed against his chest through the nightie. She was dripping. She was moaning. And she was still calling him a creep between the sounds.

“Mhmm…fuck…you’re so…” Her voice cracked. She bit her lip. Her hips kept meeting him. “Pathetic. Fucking pathetic.”

He didn’t answer. He just kept thrusting. His hands stayed locked under her thighs, holding her up against the brick while he fucked her like he was trying to drive the words back down her throat. She was still pushing at his chest. Still gripping his shirt. Still moaning every time he bottomed out. The conflict sat right there in the way her body answered him even while her mouth kept cutting at him. He could feel it. And it only made him fuck her harder.

He drove up into her again, hard enough that her back scraped the brick. Sarah's heel dug into the soft flesh above his hip. She used it. Her hips rolled off the wall in grind that took him deeper and then pulled back just enough to steal the rhythm. For a second she was the one setting the pace.

"Ah…fuck…mhmm" The sound left her on the next roll of her hips. Her nails stayed dug into his shoulder. "That all you got?"

He thrust harder. The head of his cock slammed deep. Her control broke. She gasped and her heel slipped. He fucked up into her in short, mean thrusts that pinned her back against the wall. "Arghfuck" he said. His voice was rough against her neck. "Your such a fuckign slut Sarah."

Sarah's other heel found purchase on his thigh. She pushed. Her hips lifted off the brick and she rolled down onto him, hard, taking the full thick length in one drop. A broken moan tore out of her. "Mhmm..,god…" She did it again. "You couldn't even get me pregnant. Had to go find someone else who could actually—"

Lester slammed into her. Her words cut off. His gut pressed flush against her stomach. He held her there, buried to the hilt, and trhust up hard enough that her head knocked the brick. "I fucked your mother tonight," he growled. T. He pulled back and drove in again, "On your couch. While your kids were upstairs. She came on my cock just like you do. Same fucking needy sounds."

Sarah's breath caught but her heels dug in harder. She used them to push her hips forward, meeting the next thrust instead of taking it. The wet slap got louder. She was fighting him for it now. One hand shoved at his chest. The other stayed fisted in his shirt, pulling him closer even while she talked. "You're disgusting," she cired but aother moan slipped out right after it. "Ah…fuck…you fucked my mother. You're a creep. A fucking pervert who couldn't knock me up so you went after her."

Every mean word made his hips snap forward harder. Short, brutal strokes that drove her up the wall and back down onto his cock. Her breasts bounced under the nightie. Sweat ran down his face and dripped onto her ches She kept rolling her hips Kept using her heels for leverage. Kept trying to take the rhythm back even while he pinned her.

"Mhmm…Lester…" Her voice cracked. She bit her lip and ground down harder. "You think fucking both of us makes you something? You think that fixes how pathetic you are?"

He drove in deeper. His hands tightened under her thighs and he held her open while he thrust. The brick scraped her back. She didn't stop. Her heels stayed dug into him. Her hips kept meeting him.

"I had her in that hotel too," he snapped. He slammed into her on the last word. "She loved being blindfolded. She begged for it, even begged while a stranger fucked her. Same as you. Mother and daughter. Both of you full of my cum."

Sarah made a broken sound. Her heel dug in harder. She rolled her hips off the wall again, fighting for the angle. "Ah…god…you're so…" The rest tore into a moan. "Mhmm…god…Ffcking pervert, you fucked her…us,...and now you're—"

Lester slammed into her. Hard enough that the words broke. He stayed deep and ground against her, gut flush to her stomach, and watched her face. Her eyes were half-shut. Furious. Her mouth stuck open.

Lester pulled out. Sarah's feet hit the pavement hard. She shoved at his chest, still breathing fast, nightie twisted high aorund her waist. He didn't let her catch her breath. One hand caught her wrist. The other grabbed her hip and spun her. She stumbled forward, her pussy feeling empty, desperate

for more of him while her mind flared in anger. He walked her two steps deeper into the alley and bent her forward over a stack of wooden pallets against the wall. Her hands braced on it. The nightie rode up over her perfet bubbble butt.

He lined up his monsterous cock and drove back in. The thick length of him sank deep in one thrust. Sarahgasped. Her fingers curled into the rough wood. He started fucking her fast, his hips snapping forward, no pause between brutal thrusts. The wet slap of skin filled the quiet alley again. His gut pressed against her ass on every one. Sweat ran down his face and dripped onto her back.

“Ah…fuck….harder…” The sound tore out of her on hisnext thrust. She pushed back anyway. Her hips slamming back to meet his cock. She panted “You’re…stil…a,,,fucking…creep.”

Lester’s hands tightened on her hips. He pulled her back onto him and drove in deeper. “You let some pathetic fuck finish in you,” he grunted. He didn’t slow. “And now you’re bent over tand about to taking another fucking load. What a slut..”

Sarah’s head dropped andnother moan tore out of her, “mhmmfuuuu”

Her ass pushed back harder. “Mhmm…godlester,...don’t stop…”

She was fighting him for the pace even like this. One hand stayed braced on the pallet. The other reached back and shoved at his thigh. It didn’t stop him. “You fucked my mother. You broke them up. And you still…ah…fuck…harder….creep”

He slammed into her. The pallets creaked. Her arms shook. He fucked her faster, l, the head of his cock hitting deep on every stroke. “I had both of you,” he said. The words came out between his labored breathing. He pulled her back onto the next thrust. “Both of you at once. Both of you full of my cum..”

Sarah’s breath caught again as she rolled her hips back harder, taking him. A raw sound left her throat. “Ah…Lester…please….fuck…more…” Her nails scraped the wood. She was still shoving at his thigh with one hand. Still pushing back with her ass. “You’re pathetic. Fucking pathetic. Couldn’t even…mhmm…god…don’t stop….”

Lester kept thrusting. The pallets creaked under Sarah’s hands. The wet slap of his hips against her ass was loud in the alley. He didn’t slow. His hands stayed locked on her hips

Voices drifted in from the street. Boots scuffed on the broken concrete. Lester’s head turned his head and saw them. Three of them stood at the mouth of the alley, swaying under the thin streetlight. Three young men, A tall one had a buzz cut and a stained gray hoodie, lean and sharp-faced, beer can loose in one hand. Next to him a shorter guy with a thick neck and a faded ball cap, gut prtruding under his T-shirt, swaying harder than the others. The third was broader with dark messy hair, jacket open over a plain shirt, eyes half-lidded and fixed on them.

“Holy shit,” the tall one said. He laughed once.

Sarah’s breath caughtbut she didn’t stop. Her ass pushed back harder. The nightie was twisted around hr hups and her bare skin was right there. She could hear them, thye could see her. Lester felt the way her pussy clenched when the stranger spoke.

The one in the ball cap shifted his weight. His free hand dropped to the front of his jeans. He rubbed himself through the denim, slowly, watching where Lester’s cock was slamming into Sarah. “Look at her,” he said. “She’s taking it.”

Sarah's head dropped again, her blode hiar cascading over the wodden pallet. "Ah…Lester…don't stop…fcuck me" Her nails scraped the wood. She was shaking. Her hips kept meeting him. Faster. The men were watching. She knew it. And she was still pushing back, still taking every thick inch of Lester..

The broader one stepped closer. His hand was already on himself, stroking through his pants, eyes locked on her ass. "Damn phat ass white girl. Look at the ass. Keep going girl," he said. "She loves this fat fucks cock."

Lester's jaw locked at the commebt but he drove in deeper. Sarah's arms shook. She was loud now. Moaning on every thrust. "Mhmm…fuck…you're pathetic…." She rolled her hips back harder. "Couldn't even knock me up. That's why…ah…god…harder…Lester"

The tall one with the buzz cut had his hand down his jeans now too, moving under the fabric, staring. Sarah's breath was coming in short pulls. The exhibition of it was driving her. Lester could feel it in the way she clenched. In the way her moans got sharper. She was still calling him a creep between thembut she was still fucking back onto him while all three of them touched themselves and watched.

"Jesus," the one in the cap said. His hand kept moving. "She's a smokeshow."

"You're still fucking for them," Lester said. His voice was rough and low against her back. "Look at you. Pushing that ass back. Moaning for me. You can call me a creep all you want. You're still taking it while they watch. You're still mine."

Sarah didn't answer right away. Her hands stayed braced on the rough wood. Her hips kept meeting him, but the sharp comments had thinned out. A low sound left her on the next thrust, shorter than before. She was quieter now. Still pushing back. Still clenching around him every time the men shifted closer.

The one in the ball cap had his jeans open. His hand moved fast on his cock, eyes fixed on where Lester was slamming into her. He swayed, breath heavy. "Fuck," he muttered. His hips jerked. He came quick, thick spurts hitting the pavement between his shoes. He didn't look away. Just kept stroking through it, watching her ass take every thrust as he slumped against the oppostie brick wall.

Sarah's head stayed downbut another moan slipped out of her, "Mhmm…."

The broader one stepped closer. He had his cock out now too, ti was thick in his fist, stroking slow while he watched her face. He moved until he was right beside the pallets, close enough that Sarah could see him if she turned her head. Their eyes locked. He didn't speak. Just kept stroking, gaze fixed on hers while Lester fucked her from behind.

Lester felt her clench around his cock. She clenched hard. Her breath caught for a second. She was still quiet. No more talking shit. But her hips pushed back when the guy's eyes stayed on her. Lester drove in deeper. "See?" he said. The words came out between thrusts. "You love it. You canan't get enough. Doesn't matter what you say. You're still mine My slut who loves putting a on show for strangers. "

Sarah's fingers curled tighter into the wood. A shaky sound left her throat. She didn't look away from the broader one. Didn't tell him to fuck off. Her ass kept meeting Lester's hips. The wet slap filled the alley. The tall one with the buzz cut was still stroking himself through his open jeans a few steps back, watching both of them.

Lester's hands pulled her back onto the next stroke p and ground against her, gut flush to her ass, "You're dripping for it. For me. For them watching. You can hate me all you want. You're still taking every inch while they get off on you."

Lester's hand left her hip and fisted in her hair. He yanked her head up and turned it toward the broader guy. "Look at him," he said, voice rough, his hips didn't stop thrusting. "You're putting on a show. Watch him while you take it."

Sarah's eyes met the guy's. Hshe panted and a depserate sound left her. She pushed back harder onto the next thrust and clenched around Lester, tight and sudden.

The broader guy reached under the nightie and closed his hand over her ample breast. He squeezed, his thumb dragging across the nipple. "Fuck, she's into it," he muttered. Sarah's back arched into his hand. "Ah…god…" Her pussy clenched again, harder. She didn't pull away.

"See that?" Lester said, driving in deeper. "She'll call me a creep and still squeeze me while you play with her tits."

The guy in the ball cap laughed drunkly. "She likes being watched."

Sarah's head jerked. "Shut up," she said. Another moan broke out of her when Lester slammed in. "Mhmm….fuckkkk…you're all fucking perverts." She clenched around his cock again.

The broader guy brought two fingers to her lips. She turned her head just a fraction. He pushed them in. Her mouth opened and on insctint she sucked. The sound was wet under the slap of skin. Her eyes stayed half-lidded on his face while Lester fucked her.

"Jesus," the broader guy said, stroking faster. "She's sucking them."

The tall one with the buzz cut stepped closer, hand moving in his jeans. Lester growled, "Keep talking to her. She tightens up every time you do."

Lester's grip tightened in her hair. He pulled her back onto a hard thrust. "You hate me. You hate that I fucked your mother. And you're still clenching around my cock while you suck some stranger's his fingers."

Sarah moaned around the dirty fingers that had just been wrapped around the man's cock.Sarah's mind tried to think of a comeback to counter him but her mind fizzed. "Ah…Lester…you're pathetic…" The words muffled. She clenched hard again, fluttering. "Couldn't even…mhmm…"

"Pathetic?" Lester slammed in and stayed deep, grinding into the young mother. "I had your mother on your couch tonight. Had her in that hotel. And now I've got you bent over sucking a stranger's fingers while these guys watch you take it. You're dripping for all of it.I'd say I'm a fucking stud."

The broader guy's hand rolled her nipple harder. "She's shaking," he said. His hips jerked. "Fuck, she's close."

Sarah's whole body tightened. The fingers stayed in her mouth as she sucked them with abadon. Lester felt her clamp down suddenly, pulsing around him in tight waves. A raw sound tore out of her around the guy's fingers. Her arms shook on the pallets. Her hips jerked back in helpless jerks while she came, clenching for Lester.

"Goddamn," the ball-cap guy said. "She's cumming."

Lester groaned. His thrusts turned ragged. He drove in deep and held. The first thick rope blasted into her. Then another. He kept grinding, emptying himself in hot pulses while she milked him through it, still spasming around his cock.

The broader guy's breath went sharp. He pulled his fingers free and came across her cheek and neck, thick spurts landing while he stared at her face and stroked through it. "Fuck…yeah…"

Sarah's whole body shook. Her body pulsed,l braced on the wood with Lester buried in her and cum on her skin. The tall one muttered something, stroking, watching the mess in front of him.

They were all breathing hard. The alley smelled like sweat and sex. Lester stayed buried for another few seconds, gut pressed to her ass, then pulled out. Cum leaked down the inside of her thigh in a thick line. Sarah's arms shook on the pallets. Her legs were unsteady when she straightened. The nightie was twisted over her hips and stuck to her perfect bubble butt. Cum streaked her cheek and neck. Her hair was a mess. She looked wrecked.

The broader guy was still close, cock in his hand, breathing uneven. His voice was rough. "We're not done."

Sarah's hand came up. She wiped at her cheek with the back of her wrist. It smeared more than it cleaned. "Fuck off," she said. Her legs wobbled. She caught herself on the pallet.

The tall one with the buzz cut stepped closer too. "Come on. You were into it. Don't be shy."

Lester grabbed her wrist. His grip was tight. She yanked once. It didn't come free. "We're leaving," he said.

Sarah looked at the guys. Then at Lester. Her mouth opened but nothing came out for a second. She was still defiant. He could see it in her eyes. But her legs were weak and she was a mess and she didn't pull away when he started walking her toward the mouth of the alley.

"Seriously," the one in the ball cap said. He was further back,his dick already softening. "You don't have to go with him."

She didn't answer them. Her bare feet slapped the pavement. Lester kept his hand on her wrist and walked her out of the alley, past the three of them. They didn't follow. Just watched her go. Sarah's robe had fallen somewhere. She didn't go back for it. The nightie barely covered her. Cum kept leaking down her thigh as they moved.

The SUV was still sitting in the middle of the empty street. Lester opened the passenger side and put a hand on her lower back. She hesitated for one second, then she got in. Her legs were shaky. She sat hard on the seat. More cum smeared on the leather under her. She pulled the nightie down with one hand. It didn't do much.

Lester shut the door. He walked around the front, his gut swinging, and dropped into the driver's seat. The whole vehicle shifted under his weight. He pulled his door closed. Sarah was staring straight ahead, breathing uneven, cum on her face and neck, thighs pressed together. She didn't look at him.

He fired up the engine and put the SUV in drive. Neither of them spoke. He pulled away from the curb and left the three guys standing at the mouth of the alley, watching the taillights disappear down the dark street.

***

Renee's eyes opened slowly. Morning light sat on the couch. Her body felt heavy and loose. Warmth still pulsed between her legs. She shifted and felt the stickiness bewteen her legs. Her robe was open. One breast bare. The fabric twisted under her. Her panties gone.

Ava's voice came from the kitchen. "Grandma?"

Renee sat up too fast. The room tilted. She yanked the robe closed with both hands. It stuck to her skin. Lester's cum had dried but globs of it were still wet inside her and made its presence known when she moved. Heat climbed to her face.

Sophia appeared first, then Ava. Both in their pajamas. They stopped when they saw her.

"Are you okay?" Ava asked. "You look weird whath appened grandma?"

"I'm fine," Renee said. She cleared her throat. "Just slept funny. Go get cereal."

Sophia didn't move. She looked at the pushed-around cushions. At Renee's bare feet. "Where's Mom?"

Renee's stomach tightened. She didn't know. "I don't know," she said.

Renee stood and the robe gaped at the bottom. She held it shut with one hand, the other across her chest. Her legs were unsteady. "She must've stepped out. You two need to eat."

Ava's brow furrowed. "You were crying last night. We heard you."

Renee's face went hotter. She forced a smile that felt wrong. "Bad dream. That's all. Really. Go on. Bowls are in the cabinet. Milk's in the fridge."

Neither of them moved. Sophia shifted her weight. "It didn't sound like a dream. You kept saying stuff. And then you were quiet."

"I was asleep," Renee said. She could still smell Lester's dank musk on her skin. Sweat and sex. Her thighs were sticky. She needed the bathroom before one of them noticed the robe or the way she was standing. "I'm going to clean up. Pour the cereal, Okay? Your big gils.. I'll be right out."

She didn't wait. She crossed the living room with the robe clutched tight and stepped into the small bathroom off the hall. She caught her reflection and stopped.

Hair flattened on one side of her head, tangled on the other. Makeup smeared under her eyes. Cheeks flushed. Faint red mark on her neck where his mouth had been.She could see the top of one breast. She looked exhausted.

She turned the faucet on and cupped cold water. It hit her face and ran down her neck. She did it again. But it didn't seem to wash any of last night away. She stayed bent over the sink, hands braced on the edge, and looked at herself. The afterglow was still there under the horror her body remembered. Her face in the mirror looked like someone the girls had heard crying in the dark.

Between her legs she could still feel him. his thick stretch. The weight of his gut on her. The way her hips had lifted even while she told herself this was a mistake. Her thighs were sticky. She pressed them together and the warmth flared. Last night came back to her. His mouth on hers. The couch creaking under their combined efforts Her own voice breaking when she came. The girls had heard her. She shut her eyes and breathed through her nose.

She straightened. Wiped her face. And cluthced her borrowed robe closed. She unlocked the door and listened. Cereal boxes rustled from the ktichen. She slipped out and moved fast down the hall, bare feet quiet. At the stairs she took them two at a time, one hand on the railing, the other keeping the robe shut.

Upstairs she went straight to the office. Her carry-on sat open on the floor. She crouched and pulled out clean underwear, jeans, and a sweater. She stepped into the panties. The fabric felt stiff against the mess still between her legs. She tugged the jeans up and zipped them. The sweater went over her head. She ran her fingers through her hair once and left it.

The girls' voices drifted up from the kitchen. In hushed tones they asked about their mother. '*Where was she?*' Renee stood in the office doorway. She didn't know where Sarah was so she moved down the hall to Sarah's room and pushed the door open. The bed was made. No clothes on the floor.

Her stomach tightened. *Where was she? Still out? With someone? Had she meant for Renee to handle the morning?</i>* The questions sat there. She pushed them down for later. The girls needed to get to school.

She went back downstairs. Ava and Sophia were at the counter, bowls in front of them. Both looked up when she came in.

"Where's Mom?" Sophia asked again.

"I don't know yet," Renee said. She kept her voice even. "She must've stepped out. Eat your cereal."

Ava watched her. "Are you okay? You still look weird. And you were crying last night."

"I'm fine," Renee said. She waved a hand, already moving toward the couch. "Bad dream. Really. Finish eating."

Her phone was on the floor beside the couch where it had fallen. She picked it up and unlocked it and tapped Sarah's name. It rang twice against her ear and went to voicemail. Renee lowered the phone. The girls were still watching her. She forced a small smile and nodded toward their bowls. "Eat. We'll figure it out after." Her thighs were still sticky under the clean jeans. She didn't know where her daughter was but all she knew was that she'dmade another grave mistake and it had followed her into the moring with her grandaughters.

***

The train rocked under Dan's feet. He stood near the doors with one hand on the pole and the other holding his phone. The screen showed Sarah's thread. His last text sat there unanswered.

Are you okay?</i>

He'd sent it hours ago. She hadn't replied back. He still had that bad feeeling, heavier than the usual worry. He tapped her name and held the phone to his ear. It rang once and went straight to voicemail. He lowered it and stared at the screen. Tried again. Same thing.

The car was half full. People in coats, bags between their feet, most of them looking at their own phones. Dan shifted his weight when the train slowed for the next stop. His shoulder bag dug into his side.

Intrusive imagesflooded his mind Sarah on her back. Lester's heavy body over her. The way her face looked while she came. Mouth open. Eyes half-shut. His stomach churned. His dick stirred against his

zipper at the same time. He shifted his stance and tried to shove both feelings down. They didn't go away.

He tried the call a third time. Voicemail again. He typed a short message with his thumb.

Call me when you get this.</i>

He stared at it. Deleted the last three words. Sent just Call me. The train lurched forward. His stomach rolled with it.

Work was waiting at the other end of the train line. He was supposed to look grateful. Supposed to act like this job was the thing that fixed everything. Instead he kept picturing Lester. Lester's hands on her. He hated the man. Hated the way Sarah's face changed when his name came up.

The train slowed again. IT was his stop. People shifted toward the doors. Dan looked at the phone one more time. No new messages. His cock was still half-hard. His stomach still tight. He slid the phone into his pocket. The dread didn't move from his stomach. He stepped off onto the platform with the rest of the passengers,hi s bag heavy on his shoulder, and started toward the escalator that would take him up into the station and then out onto the street where the office waited.

***

Ted stood in the living room with his hand down the front of his sweats. The couch still smelled like her. He could see the dent in the cushions where she'd been on her knees. Where he'd bent her over and finished inside her the second time. His cock was hard in his fist. He stroked slowly while he looked at it. Last night kept replaying in his mind. The way she'd pushed back on him. The wet sound of it. He squeezed himself and kept stroking.

Movement outside pulled his eyes to the window. Sarah's mom was in the driveway with the two girls. She had them moving toward the car, with thier backpacks on, one of them still chewing. She was closer to his age than Sarah was, but she didn't look it. Blonde hair pulled back messy. Fitted jeans that showed the shape of her ass when she bent to open the back door. Sweater tight enough across her chest that he could see the full weight of her tits. She moved like Sarah. Same hips. Same long legs. He watched her lean into the car to buckle something and the jeans pulled tight. His hand moved faster on his cock. She was fine. He'd fuck her. Bend her over the same couch if he got the chance. She looked like she could take it.

Sarah's phone rang on the side table. Ted glanced down. Dan's name was on the screen, calling again. The mother had called earlier too. He watched the screen light up and let it ring.

Outside, Sarah's mom shut the car doors and got in the driver's seat. The engine started. She backed out of the driveway and turned up the street. Ted kept stroking until the car was gone. Then he let go of himself and grabbed up the phone.

He carried it upstairs. His computer was already on. He sat down, cock still hard against his sweats, and opened Facebook and found Dan's profile first. Then Sarah's. He scrolled until he found the anniversary post from a few years back. There was a photo of the two of them with the date listed clear. He picked up her phone and tried it. The screen shook. The code was wrong He went back to the profiles and found the girls birthdays in old posts. He tried both. Neither worked. The phone stayed locked.

Ted's hand drifted back to his cock. He rubbed himself through the fabric while he stared at the screen. He wanted in. Wanted the videos she'd taken last night. The pictures. Anything else she had

on there. Spicy ones. He tried the anniversary date again. Then the older girl's birthday with the year. Nothing. His jaw tightened. He kept stroking, frustrated, eyes on the locked screen, and couldn't get past it.

Ted tried another code. This time random numbers. The screen shook and stayed locked. He didn't put the phone down. The lock screen photo was still there. Sarah in the middle of her family. Dan on one side, the two girls on the other. She was in a sundresswith thin straps, the top of her tits showing. Blonde hair down on her shoulder wtih a wide smile.

She looked fine. Better than fine. The dress clung to her waist and hips. He could see the shape of her under it. His cock was already out. He wrapped his hand around it and started stroking while he stared at her face on the screen.

He kept his eyes on her. On the way the dress clung on her chest. On her legs in the picture. His hand moved faster. He spit into his palm and kept going. Precum leaked over his fingers. He didn't wipe it. Just stroked harder, eyes locked on Sarah's smile. His belly pressed against the desk.. The phone stayed propped where he could see her. He pictured her on the couch last night. Ass pushed back. His hand flew onhimself. The wet sound filled the room. His balls drew up. He stared at her face and came hard. Thick ropes shot across his knuckles and onto the desk. Some hit the edge of the phone. He kept stroking through it, shaking, until the last weak pulses dribbled out.

He sat there breathing hard. Cum cooling on his hand and the desk. The lock screen was still lit. Sarah's picture right there. He leaned forward, still catching his breath, and pressed his mouth to the screen. He licked across her face in the photo, then kissed her with his lips on the glass while his cock softened in his sticky hand.

***

Marcus closed the office door, cutting off his assistant mid-sentence. The latch settled into place and the room went quiet. He crossed to the sideboard, poured three fingers of whisky into a heavy glass, and took a slow sip. The liquor was warm going down, with a sharp edge that lingered on his tongue. He turned toward the windows and looked out over the city. Traffic moved far below in the mid-morning light. The hostile takeover had closed less than an hour ago. The home security company was theirs now, and its new AI platform was already being folded into Lincoln Group's systems. Once the integration was finished, the software would start flagging soft targets: people with money, secrets, and networks that could be opened. Exploitation would be straightforward after that. Blackmail even cleaner. It was shaping up to be a strong quarter.

He swirled the whisky and drank again, longer this time. The heat settled in his chest while his eyes stayed on the skyline. Most of the items on his list were already handled. One lower-priority name still remained: Lester Marshall in Chicago. The man was skilled. He had located three separate entry points into their older networks before the patches went in. Those holes were closed now. In a narrow sense Marcus owed him a measure of thanks; the intrusion had shown exactly where the weaknesses were. But that kind of talent did not belong to a freelancer who thought he could probe Lincoln Group and simply walk away. Marcus wanted the skills under contract. He also wanted the man himself under control. Lester was a small-time operator living in a cheap apartment, poking at systems he had no business touching. Once the right leverage was in place, he would be easy to break.

Marcus finished what was left in the glass and set it down. He had already decided on the the offer. Enough money and enough interesting work that Lester would have trouble refusing, with the real

constraints buried inside the same documents. After he signed, the leash would be short. Marcus moved to the desk. The chair rolled quietly beneath him. He opened the laptop, pulled up a blank document, and began the letter. The language was formal and direct. Compensation was listed clearly. The scope of work looked standard. The signing clause and the remote-access terms did not. He typed carefully, placing the trap where it would be easy to miss and difficult to escape once accepted. Lester would see the money and the technical challenge. He would not see the noose it had already closed around him.

Marcus leaned back in the chair. A small, satisfied grin pulled at the corner of Marcus's mouth as he watched the cursor blink at the end of the document and lifted the glass again. He'd send it off to legal in a moment to make it ironclad but for now he enjoyed the taste of victory on his lips.

***

Renee eased the car into the kiss-and-ride lane. The line moved slowly ahead of them. Ava had her backpack on her lap. Sophia was still finishing a piece of toast she'd carried out of the house.

"Is Mom picking us up?" Ava asked.

"I don't know yet," Renee said. She kept her eyes on the cars in front of them. "I'll figure it out. You two just go in and have a good day at school okay?"

Sophia turned in her seat. "She didn't even say goodbye. Did something happen?"

"Nothing happened." Renee glanced at her in the rearview mirror and tried to sound steady. "She had to leave early. That's all. Everything's fine."

Ava wasn't convinced. "You were on the couch when we came down. And you looked upset. Why were you crying again?"

Renee's hands tightened on the wheel. She could still feel the sticky warmth between her legs under the jeans. "I got hot in the night and kicked the blanket off. Then I fell asleep again and had a weird dream. Grandma's just silly sometimes. Don't worry about it. Okay? "

Sophia made a small face. "You don't usually sleep on the couch."

"I do when I'm visiting." The lie came out easier than she expected. The car ahead of them pulled forward. Renee followed and stopped at the curb. "Alright. Out you go. I'll text the school if anything changes about pickup."

Both girls hesitated. Ava opened her door first. "Tell Mom we were worried when you talk to her."

"I will." Renee watched them climb out, backpacks shifting on their shoulders. They joined the stream of kids heading toward the entrance. She waited until they were inside the doors, then pulled away from the curb and back into traffic.

The drive back automatic. Her hands stayed on the wheel. Her eyes tracked the lights and the lanes, but her mind kept sliding back to the couch. Lester's weight on her. The way he'd pushed inside and kept going even after she said they shouldn't. She had come so hard her vision had gone white. The pulses had kept rolling through her while he finished, and she had lain there afterward with his cum leaking out of her and her legs too weak to move. She still didn't understand why he had shown up at Sarah's house in the middle of the night. He had wanted her badly enough to drive there and take her on the couch while the girls slept upstairs. The thought sat strangely warm under the confusion. Part of her liked that he had come looking for her.

She blinked and realized the street outside the windshield was her own. James's car sat in the driveway. The garage door was closed. He was home. Renee's foot eased off the gas. She rolled past the house without turning in. Shame moved through her in a slow wave. Lester's cum was still inside her, still seeping into the clean panties she'd put on an hour ago. She could feel it every time she shifted in the seat. Her husband was inside that house and she was driving past it with another man's cum leaking out of her.

She kept going until she found a half-empty parking lot beside a closed coffee shop. She pulled in, put the car in park, and picked up her phone. Sarah's name was still at the top of the recent calls. Renee tapped it. The line rang twice and clicked over to voicemail.

She waited for the beep. "Sarah, it's me. The girls are at school. I don't know where you are and you're not answering. Call me when you get this. I'm worried." She paused. Her thumb hovered. "Just call me back." She ended the message and set the phone on the passenger seat. The car was quiet. Outside, a few cars passed on the road. Renee sat with her hands in her lap and felt the slow leak between her legs while she waited for a call that didn't come.

***

Dan checked the time on his monitor. Just after nine. The girls would already be at school. He picked up his phone and tried Sarah again. It rang twice and went to voicemail. He waited for the tone.

"Hey. It's me. Just checking in. Call me when you get a chance." He ended it and set the phone face-down on the desk. The wrongness sat in his chest the same way it had on the train. Nothing specific. Just the steady sense that something was off and he wasn't there to see it.

His inbox had three new messages from Gordon. A calendar reminder for a ten-thirty sync. He opened the first email and stared at the words without reading them. He had pushed hard for this job. Flown out, sat through the interviews, and landed it just when he needed the income most. Now he was in a glass-walled office in Washington and his wife wasn't answering her phone. He felt trapped. He needed to be in Middleton. He also needed to stay here and look like the hire had been worth it. Every hour he spent refreshing his email was another hour he wasn't home.

He tried to focus on the attachment Gordon had sent. The numbers blurred. His mind kept sliding to the house. Lester's heavy body over her. Her legs around him. Dan's stomach tightened. His cock stirred at the same time and he shifted in the chair, annoyed at himself. He didn't want to picture it but he couldn't help it.. He wondered what she was doing right now. Why she wasn't picking up? Whether Lester was with her?

He stood and his chair rolled back. He grabbed his water bottle and walked out of the office into the hallway. The carpet muffled his steps. A few people passed him carrying laptops. He nodded without really seeing them. The wrongness followed him down the corridor. He kept picturing Lester's hands on Sarah. Kept feeling the distance between Washington and Middleton like a physical weight. He had worked for months to get here. Now the job felt like the thing keeping him from the only place he actually needed to be.

The water cooler was at the end of the hall near the windows. Dan set his bottle under the spout and held the lever. Cold water hissed in. He watched the level rise. When it was full he lifted the bottle and drank. The water was sharp and cold going down. He kept drinking until his chest eased a fraction and the worst of the heat behind his eyes settled. He lowered the bottle, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and stood there for a moment with the city visible through the glass, breathing slower than he had all morning.

Dan one last sip, lowered the bottle and turned. Tricia was already there, a few feet away, watching him. He hadn't heard her come down the hall. She had the same look she'd worn the last time they were alone. Steady, a little knowing, like she was waiting to see what he would do withher. He kept his eyes on her face and tried not to tlook at the rest. Her fitted blouse. The way the skirt sat on her hips. The line of her legs in the heels. It didn't work.

"You look like you're somewhere else," she said. Her voice was low enough that it stayed between them. "Everything alright?"

"Yeah." He capped the bottle. "Just a long morning. Gordon's got me buried."

Tricia tilted her head. "You sure? You've been off since you got in. I sent you something on Instagram last night and you never opened it. Figured maybe you were swamped."

Dan blinked. He didn't remember any message. He also didn't want to stand here sorting through it while the wrongness about Sarah was still sitting in his chest. "Must've missed it. I'll check later." He stepped past her, aiming for the turn that would take him back toward his office. "I should get to that sync."

She followed. Her hand closed around his forearm before he made it three steps. The contact was light, but it stopped him. Heat moved up his arm and straight into the memory of his hotel room. Her knees on the mattress, the sound she made when he pushed in, the way she'd looked at him after. Guilt arrived in his mind right after. Sarah had found out. It had gutted her. He could still see her face the night she confronted him. Now she wasn't answering her phone and he had no idea where she was or who she was with. The pictures of Lester kept sliding in. He wondered if she was already doing it again. Wondered, meanly, whether that meant he should stop pretending he didn't want Tricia under him one more time.

Tricia didn't let go of his arm. "I'm flying to Chicago Thursday for a client meeting. Overnight. I know you've got the trip back around then. If the timing lines up, maybe you show me a couple places. We could see what happens."

Dan looked at her hand on his sleeve. Then at her face. His cock stirred again, unwanted and immediate. He needed to say something.

Dan kept his voice low. "Thursday's tight. I've got the girls' schedules and a couple things at the house I still need to sort before I fly back. Timing's probably going to be rough."

Tricia didn't move her hand from his arm. She stepped in half a pace so the space between them stayed small. Her voice dropped to match his. "I've been thinking about you. A lot. That night you took over…pushed me down and just… decided. It scared me a little while it was happening. The more I sit with it, the more I want it again."

Dan's pulse kicked up. He tried to keep his eyes on her face and failed. The blouse was fitted enough that he could see the shape of her breasts and the narrow line of her waist. The skirt hugged her hips and stopped just above the knee; when she shifted her weight the fabric pulled across her ass. Her legs looked long in the heels. He tracked the curve from her calf up to the hem and felt his cock thicken against his zipper. She caught him looking. A small smile touched her mouth. She didn't call him on it. Just let him see that she'd noticed.

He swallowed. He had no idea what his wife was doing or who she was with. Part of him thought he shouldn't feel guilty. If Sarah was already stepping out again, what did one more night with Tricia change?

“I wish the timing worked,” he said. “Family stuff’s piled up. If I’d known earlier maybe I could’ve moved things around. Right now it’s just… not clean.”

Tricia’s thumb moved once against his sleeve. She studied his face for a second, then nodded like she was filing the answer away instead of arguing with it. “Alright. If anything opens up, you know where to find me.” She let go of his arm. T “I should get back before someone comes looking.”

They started down the hall together. The carpet muted their steps. A man from accounting passed them nodded without slowing. Tricia kept a polite distance now, office-appropriate. When they reached the split where her corridor branched off, she glanced over. “Have a good rest of the morning, Dan. Try not to look so haunted in the sync.” The smile was small and professional.

Dan managed a short nod. “You too.”

He turned toward his own office. He was three steps from his door when Gordon’s voice caught him.

“Dan. Got a minute?”

Gordon stood at the entrance to his own office, one hand on the frame. Dan turned. “Sure.” He followed him inside. The door clicked shut behind them. Gordon’s office was larger, the windows wider. Dan set the water bottle on the small table by the guest chair and stayed on his feet for a second, unsure.

“How’s the morning treating you?” Gordon asked. He moved behind the desk but didn’t sit yet. “Settling in alright?”

“Yeah. Busy. The usual ramp-up.” Dan managed a short nod. “Appreciate you pulling me into things so fast.”

Gordon gestured at the chair. Dan sat. The leather was cool through his shirt. Gordon lowered himself into his own seat, rested his elbows on the desk, and steepled his fingers. His eyes stayed on Dan. The look was steady enough that Dan shifted, one knee bouncing once before he stopped it.

“I was thinking about that night in Chicago,” Gordon said. “The dinner. You, Sarah, my wife and me. The food was excellent. The wine was better. Nice night right up until that drunk decided to make it everyone’s problem.”

Dan’s stomach tightened. He kept his face even. “Yeah. I remember.”

“Thought something ugly was about to happen,” Gordon went on. “Glad it didn’t. You remember the man?”

“Not really.” Dan’s mouth was dry. “He was loud. That’s about it.”

Gordon’s fingers stayed steepled. “Did you know who it was?”

“No.” The word came out level. Dan’s pulse had started to climb. He could feel it in his neck.

Gordon watched him for another second. Then he said, “I did some digging after. It was Richard Thornhill. Your wife’s old boss at the hospital.”

Dan swallowed. The sound was small in the quiet office. Heat moved up the back of his neck. Gordon’s eyes didn’t move.

Dan’s shirt was sticking to his back. The office felt smaller than it had a minute ago. Gordon’s eyes stayed on him, steady and unblinking. Dan could hear the low hum of the building through the glass. He kept his hands on his knees so they wouldn’t move.

“Did you know it was someone connected to your wife?” Gordon asked.

Dan’s mind raced. He had walked straight into it. If he kept playing dumb, Gordon already knew more than he was letting on and a lie would look worse. He could feel sweat at his hairline. His mouth was dry. He picked the version that felt least immediately fatal.

“I didn’t know at the time,” he said. His voice stayed even. “Later, when I asked Sarah about it, she told me who he was. I didn’t know that night.”

Gordon didn’t nod. He didn’t write anything down. He just watched Dan for a long second. “Was your wife involved with him? With Thornhill?”

The air in the room felt thin. Dan shifted in the chair. The leather creaked. He could feel Gordon measuring every small movement.

“I don’t know the full story,” Dan said carefully. He had to swallow before the next words. “There might have been something. She never laid it all out. I didn’t push.”

Gordon’s eyes narrowed a fraction. He leaned back, but the scrutiny didn’t ease. “You sat across from me at that dinner and watched the man come at your wife. You didn’t say a word about knowing him. Not then. Not after.”

“I didn’t know that night,” Dan repeated feeling like he was being interrogate. His pulse was loud in his ears. He wanted water. “Once I found out, the job stuff was already moving. I didn’t think it was relevant.”

Gordon was quiet. He steepled his fingers again, then let them drop. The look he gave Dan was flat and assessing. Dan could feel sweat cooling on his neck. He kept his posture still and tried not to fill the silence.

“Relevant,” Gordon said at last. He didn’t raise his voice. “A man with a public intoxication arrest, tied to your wife’s former workplace, shows up at a dinner with a new hire and his spouse. And you decided it wasn’t relevant.”

Dan kept his voice level. “Yes. It wasn’t relevant. If anything it’s personal. Between my wife and me. It has nothing to do with the work we do here.”

Gordon raised an eyebrow. He didn’t look convinced. “What about the hospital? Your wife’s old workplace was breached. Thornhill came in right after. From what I pulled, he was brought on to clean house. He didn’t last long either.”

Dan blinked. The hack. He knew Sarah’s hospital had been hit. His mouth was dry again. “What about the hack?”

Gordon was quiet for a moment. He reached for a folder on the side of his desk but didn’t open it. Just rested his hand on it. “Sentinel has an anonymous tip line. We log everything. A report came in recently. It referenced the hospital breach. Called it suspicious. The same report named an individual in Chicago. Lester Marshall. Listed an address.” Gordon’s eyes stayed on Dan. “Same address you used on your application. The apartment you had not your house in Middleton.”

Dan’s stomach dropped. The room felt smaller. He could hear the air system cycling. He had never told Gordon about Lester.

“I don’t know anything about a tip,” Dan wvered. “Lester’s… someone from back home. I rented a room in that apartment for a while. That’s it.”

Gordon didn’t move the folder. “The report flagged possible unauthorized access. Hospital systems. Other activity. All unverified. But the name and the address are in the file. And now I’m sitting across from the man who lived at that address, whose wife worked at the hospital that was breached, and who didn’t mention any of it.”

He could feel Gordon measuring the silence. Every answer he’d given so far had opened another door.

Dan’s hands were damp on his knees. He could feel Gordon waiting. The folder sat between them like evidence. “I filed the tip,” he said. The words came out low. “I suspected my old roommate was into something. I didn’t have proof. I just… sent it. Sent the tip.”

Gordon’s expression didn’t change. “Details.”

“I don’t have many.” Dan’s mouth was dry. He reached for the water bottle, took a short drink, and set it back down. His hand shook once. “Lester Marshall. He rented me a room after I lost my job. I had just moved to Chicago. I thought it was temporary.”

Gordon leaned forward a fraction. “Did your wife arrange the hospital breach?”

“No.” The answer was immediate. Dan heard how defensive it sounded. “Sarah didn’t do that.”

“Is she compromised?” Gordon’s voice stayed even. “Are you running something similar here? Against us?”

Dan’s stomach turned. The room felt close. He could see the accusation and how cleanly it fit the gaps he’d left. “No…thats not it…nothing is happening here…It’s not us,” he said. The sentence cracked. He slumped back in the chair. “It’s Lester. He’s blackmailing us.”

Gordon didn’t speak. He just watched Dan. The words tumbled out of dan like a damn bursting. “I lost my job. And managed to get something in chicago bu beeded a place. Lester had the room and it was too good to be true.. What I didn’t realize is he had cameras set up through the whole apartment. Recorded everything. Recorded me and Sarah.” His throat tightened. He had to swallow before the next part. “Recorded him and Sarah. We didn’t know he was pushing things. Moving pieces. I’m pretty sure he hacked the hospital so he could get closer to her. Stay in our lives. I think he even got into one of my old clients. The Lincoln Group.”

Gordon’s eyes flicked. Just once. He knew the name. Dan saw it and kept talking anyway. “When we tried to leave…cut him out…he showed us the footage. All of it. Said he’d blow up our lives if we walked. So we stayed quiet. I put the tip in because I didn’t know what else to do. I still don’t.”

Gordon’s eyes stayed on him. “Has he asked you to get him into our systems? Anything here at Sentinel?”

Dan shook his head. \ “No. He barely knows what I do. He hasn’t asked for access. Hasn’t asked for anything from this job.” His voice came out rough. He had to stop and clear his throat. “I think he thinks he already won. I’m an afterthought. I…”

The words sat there before silence reclaimed the office..

Gordon exhaled through his nose. “This is troubling. Very troubling. You were compromised before you ever walked in the door. Background checks exist to catch exactly this kind of exposure and remove the candidate. We liked your freelance work. We fast-tracked you…”

He sounded angry at himself more than at Dan. Dan kept his eyes on the desk. The tears had receded but the pressure behind them hadn’t.

“Tell me everything,” Gordon said. “Start from the beginning. Don’t editorialize.”

Dan did. He kept his voice low and receipted for the first time how he’dl ost the job. Took the room in Lester’s apartment because it was cheap and immediate. Didn’t know about the cameras until much later. Lester inserted himself into their lives…first as a landlord, then as something harder to name. Dan described the slow shift without the explicit details: Lester present during sex, directing. He left out the graphic stretches and the worst of the humiliation, but the shape of it was clear enough. Lester had taken over their bedroom and then their decisions. When they tried to leave, he produced the recordings and made the threat plain. Dan planted the tip because he had nothing else.

He paused, then added the part about the keylogger. A man he didn’t know had approached him months earlier with a small device and instructions to get it onto a machine inside Lincoln Group’s offices. Later, after the blackmail started, he had installed the same device on Lester’s personal computer instead. It was still there. Gordon’s hand stopped moving on the desk when the company name came up the second time. His jaw set.

Dan finished. The office was quiet. Gordon stared at him for a long moment, then shook his head once, slow.

“You should add corporate espionage to your resume,” he said. The disbelief was plain in his voice. “I can’t believe what I’m hearing.” He leaned back, eyes still on Dan, and didn’t speak again right away. The weight of everything Dan had just laid out sat between them.

Dan’s shirt was plastered to his back. He watched Gordon’s face and waited for the hammer. The man looked like he’d bitten into something bitter. No sympathy. No quick reassurance. Just the sour set of his mouth and the steady, unhappy focus of his eyes.

“What now?” Dan asked. His voice came out smaller than he wanted. He expected the job to be gone. Maybe worse. He had put every card on the table in front of someone he barely knew and still respected, and the exposure felt worse because of that respect. Dan had nothing left to hide behind.

Gordon didn’t answer right away. He stared at Dan, hard, the way he had at the start of the meeting. Dan could see him turning pieces over. The silence stretched. Dan’s knee wanted to bounce; he kept it still. His hands stayed on his thighs, damp against the fabric. He had never felt this open in an office.

“I don’t like this. I don’t like any of it. And I don’t like people who try to extort and blackmail others. That’s the kind of thing we spend our time on here. We help our friends in government put people like that behind bars. That, and work that carries heavier consequences. So when you tell me your old roommate operates that way, it raises questions.”

Dan kept his hands on his knees. The sweat on his back had gone cold. He didn’t interrupt.

“You have a lot of conjecture,” Gordon said. “Not much proof. You think he breached the hospital network. You don’t know it. You think he used that access to get closer to your wife. You don’t have

the logs. Just because the pieces look like they should fit doesn't mean they do. A story can feel true and still be wrong."

He paused.

"That keylogger might be the silver bullet," Gordon went on. "If it's still running and if it captured anything useful. Tell you what. I'll run a background check on your roommate. A thorough one. You get me that device. I'll have our people pull whatever is on it. Then we lay everything out and we decide what we actually have. Might be nothing. Might be something we can use."

A small opening had appeared. Dan felt it and leaned into it before it could close. "We?" he said. His voice was still rough. "Are you… will you help me with this?"

Gordon didn't smile. He rested his forearms on the desk and looked at Dan the way he looked at a risk assessment. "I don't like bullies. If your roommate is what you say he is, I'm fine with taking him down. But only if the facts support it. This job requires due diligence. I don't move on stories."

He let that sit, then shifted. "Which brings us back to you. This isn't a good look. Blackmail. A keylogger you planted. A hospital breach you can't prove. It's messy. It's complicated. We don't do messy and complicated here. We remove it."

Dan cut in before the sentence could finish turning into a termination. He sat straighter. The words came out clearer than anything he'd said in the last twenty minutes. "I found myself in a bad spot. One I don't want to be in. I took this job so I could focus on the work and on my family. I don't like messy either. If you help me get clear of him, I'll owe you. I'll pay that back. Once this is done I won't be in this position anymore. There won't be anything left hanging. I've laid every card on the table. You know all of it. You can trust me."

Gordon studied him. The silence stretched long enough that Dan's pulse started climbing again.. After a full minute he extended his hand across the desk.

"We'll see how it shakes out," he said. "Could be you don't work here in a month. But if this guy is as bad as you claim, let's nail the bastard."

Dan reached forward and took the hand. Gordon's grip was firm and dry. The contact lasted only a second, but when Dan let go the knot in his chest had shifted. It wasn't gone. It was aimed. He sat back in the chair with his palms damp and his breathing steadier, already thinking about the flight home, the apartment, and the machine that still had the keylogger running inside it. For the first time in months the path in front of him had a direction that wasn't just survival.

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Sarah's eyes opened to daylight and the low ceiling of the SUV. She was lying across Lester's chest. His skin was warm and damp under her cheek. The smell of him, sweat, musk, last night's sex, filled the small space. She pushed herself up on one arm and the full shape of him came into view. His soft body, his heavy gut rising and falling. Pale skin with dark hair across the chest and stomach. Thick thighs spread on the seat. His girthy large cock rested soft and thick against his leg, still shiny in places. The sight made her stomach turn even while the ache between her legs reminded her what they'd done.

The light through the windows was bright. Too bright. She sat up fast. Outside the windows all she could see was cracked asphalt, ac hain-link fence and the back side of a long, empty building with boarded doors. It was mid-morning.

The girls.</i>

“Oh fuck.” Her voice came out hoarse. She scrambled off Lester, knees hitting the floor mat. “Oh fuck, oh fuck.”

What time is it? They have school. Did they go in my room? Did they see I wasn’t there?</i>

She grabbed for her bra on the seat and yanked one strap up her arm while her other hand swept under the front seats. Nothing. She checked the cup holders, the door pockets, the narrow space behind Lester’s calf. Her fingers came back empty.

“Where’s my phone?” She was half in the bra, half out, still searching. “Lester, where’s my fuckin phone?”

He made a low sound and shifted. One eye opened. A smirk pulled at his mouth. “Morn’n.”

“It’s not morning, it’s…” She twisted to look out the window again. The sun was high enough to throw hard shadows. “It’s late. Oh god so fucking late LEster. The girls need to be at school. My mom…she’s going to wake up and I’m not there. She’s going to know…fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!”

Mom was on the couch. And now I’m gone and the girls are alone with her.</i>

Sarah dropped lower, cheek almost to the floor, checking under his side of the seat. Still nothing. Her hands were shaking. She got the second bra strap on and reached for the nightie that had ended up in a ball near the door. “Did you take it? Lester. Where is it?”

He stretched, unconcerned, one arm behind his head. The movement made his gut shift. “Didn’t touch your phone settle down.”

“Then where is it?” Her voice cracked. She sat back on her heels, nightie clutched in one fist, eyes scanning the seats again. Nothing. She could already picture Ava and Sophia standing in her empty bedroom. “I have to call. I have to…fuck.”

Lester watched her with the same lazy amusement. He didn’t sit up yet. Just lay there naked, breathing slowly, while she kept searching the floor and the seats with increasing desperation.

Sarah spun toward him. “This isn’t funny. I need my phone. The girls are going to be late and my mom is going to lose her mind. Where the fuck is it?”

Lester’s smirk widened. He didn’t answer. His hand drifted down his stomach, past the soft roll of his gut, and closed around his cock. It was already thickening. He stroked once, slow, eyes on her face while she glared at him.

“Are you serious right now?” Her voice rose. She was standing in the second row, one hand braced on the seatback. “You’re getting off while I’m…” She cut herself off and dropped forward, bending over the center console to check the front passenger floor. The angle put her ass toward him. “Lester. Stop. I need to find it.”

They’re going to walk into my room. They’re going to ask Mom where I am. She’s going to have to lie or tell them the truth that she doens’t know, that I’m missing. and either way it’s bad.</i>

He made a low sound of amusement. She could hear the sound him touching himself. “You look good like that.”

“Fuck you.” She shoved her hand under the front seat, fingers sweeping through old receipts and a crushed Cheeto bag. Nothing. She stretched farther, cheek almost against the passenger headrest, and checked the narrow gap beside the console. Nothing just full of garbage. Her pulse was loud in her ears. “It’s not here. It’s not anywhere up front.”

Lester stroked himself harder. She caught the motion in the corner of her eye when she straightened a fraction and glanced back. His cock was fully hard now, thick in his fist, the head sugly and purple.. Heat climbed her neck, anger, not arousal. She dropped down again, knees on the second-row cushion, and reached across to the driver’s side floor. Her fingers found only grit and a single french fry. No phone.

“Lester.” Her voice cracked. She stayed bent, one arm extended under the wheel, the other braced on the console. “I’m not kidding. Where is it?”

He didn’t stop stroking. The sound filled the quiet SUV. Sarah pulled her arm back empty. She checked the cup holders one more time, the door pocket, the thin space between the seat and the center console. Nothing.

I didn’t hear it ring. Not once. Maybe it’s earlier than it looks. Maybe there’s still time.</i>

The thought died the second she registered the sharp shadows on the cracked asphalt. It was late.

Mom called. She had to. Why didn’t I hear it? Where the fuck is my phone?</i>

She twisted enough to glare back at him. “Did you mute it? Turn the ringer off? I would have heard her. I would have…”

Lester sat up. The shift made his gut roll and hang, pale and heavy, over the thick spread of his thighs. His cock stood hard in his fist. He wasn’t looking at her face. His eyes were on her ass. “In Didn’t touch your phone.”

“Then why didn’t it ring?” Her voice cracked. “My mom is going to wake up and I’m not there. The girls are going to walk into my room and find it empty. Lester, this isn’t…”

His hands landed on her. One palm slid slow over the curve of her ass, squeezing, the other stroking up the back of her thigh until his fingers brushed the wet mess between her legs. She jerked hard. “Stop. Not now. It’s not the time. Lester, stop.”

He didn’t. Two thick fingers pushed into her without warning. She was still slick from the night before, open enough that they sank deep on the first stroke. The stretch burned sweet. He held them there for a second, then started to fuck her with them, slow, steady thrusts, curling on the way out so the pads dragged across the front wall. Sarah’s breath left her in a sharp, broken sound. “Ohfuck.”

No. Mom. He fucked my mom. The girls. They’re going to be traumatized. They need to get to school. Do I call them in absent? What do I even tell the office?</i>

“Lester.” She tried to push up. His free hand stayed heavy on her lower back and kept her bent. His fingers kept moving, precise, brushing the swollen spot inside her on every inward stroke. “My mom…she’s going to know something’s wrong…the girls are going to ask where I am. I have to…hah…I have to get them there. I can’t just…”

He pressed deeper and crooked his fingers hard. Pleasure spiked so fast her thighs clamped. A traitorous moan slipped out before she could stop it. “Mhmm…god…”

Her grip on the console turned white-knuckled. She realized, distantly, that she hadn't searched for the phone in over a minute. Her breathing had gone ragged, short in uneven pulls that shook as she exhaled. The reasons they couldn't rushed through her head, loud and urgent, but her hips had started a small, helpless rock back onto his hand.

Stop. You have to make him stop. They're waiting. She's waiting. This is the worst possible….</i>

Another slow thrust. His fingers spread slightly on the way in, stretching her, then curled and stroked that same deep spot with filthy accuracy. Wet sounds filled the SUV. Sarah's forehead dropped toward the seat. Her legs trembled. "Ah…Lester…don't…uh…ah…fuck, that's…."

The sentence broke into another moan. He kept the pace deliberate, fucking her with his fat subbt fingers like he had all the time in the world, thumb brushing her clit on every few strokes just enough to make her clench. Heat coiled low and heavy in her stomach. Her pussy fluttered around the thick intrusion. She could feel how soaked she was, how easily he moved inside her, how her body kept answering even while her mind screamed at her.

"Please," she managed, voice wrecked. It wasn't clear what she was asking for. "The girls…my mom…I have to…ahh…"

He curled his fingers again, firmer, and held the pressure. Sarah's whole body tightened. The orgasm was rising fast now, dangerous and close, rolling up from where he touched her. Every reason she had to shove him off was still right there, and her hips kept pushing back onto his hand anyway, chasing the next stroke while her breath came in broken, needy sounds she couldn't swallow.

Sarah's fingers dug into the console.

"No…Lester…stop." The words came out broken. She tried to shift forward. His other hand clamped on her hip, fingers digging in, and hauled her back onto his hand. The force sank him deeper. "Ah…fuck…I said…H…Ahah…my mom. She's going to…she's going to know. The girls…"

They're going to walk into an empty room. They're going to ask her where I am. He fucked her. On my couch. And I'm here letting him…</i>

Another curl. Pleasure spiked sharp enough to cut off her train of thought. Heat flooded her belly and spread down her thighs. Her breath had gone short and ragged, little gasps she couldn't control. "I have to…get them to school…ahh…mark them absent…I can't just…fuck Lester…."

He ignored her. The fingers worked her with expert focus, stroking that swollen spot over and over, thumb brushing her clit on every third thrust just enough to make her hips jerk. Sarah's body betrayed her. She pushed back, seeking the pressure, ass lifting higher. Her pussy clenched hard around the thick intrusion, slick and greedy. Sweat gathered at the small of her back. The reasons kept circling in her mind, her Mom's face, the girls' voices, the bright morning outside, but they were getting harder to hold onto.

Stop. You have to stop. This is wrong. They're waiting. She's waiting. You can't—</i>

"Lester…please…don't…please….uhmmm" Her voice cracked into a moan she didn't mean to let out. "Ah…uhh…..god…my daughters…they need…ah…."

Just as the heat coiled tight and the orgasm started its fast climb, his face surged forward. His tongue dragged wet and hot across her asshole. Sarah's whole body locked. A raw sound tore out of her. He licked again, swirling the tip around her tight ring, then flattening his tongue and pressing in while his

fingers kept fucking her. The dual sensation short-circuited everything. Her eyes rolled back. She rose onto the balls of her feet, thighs shaking, and the orgasm crashed through her so hard she screamed.

“Ahh…fuck…Lester…oh god! Uhhh!”

It ripped out of her, loud and broken, filling the SUV. Her pussy clamped down on his fingers in violent pulses, milking them, while his tongue kept swirling and licking at her ass. Heat flooded every nerve. Her legs trembled violently. She gripped the console so hard her knuckles ached, hips jerking helplessly back onto his hand and mouth. Wave after wave tore through her. Stars burst behind her eyes. She couldn’t breathe, couldn’t think, could only feel the relentless stroke of his fingers and the wet, filthy press of his tongue while she came and came.

The pulses finally began to slow. Sarah’s scream broke into ragged, open-mouthed panting. Her arms shook. She stayed bent over the console, ass still raised, Lester’s fingers still buried inside her, his tongue still lazily tracing her asshole as the aftershocks twitched through her body. Sweat cooled on her skin. Her mind was white and empty for a few seconds, nothing in it but the heavy, satisfied throb between her legs and the sound of her own wrecked breathing.

Everything outside the SUV, the bright lot, the time, the empty bedroom at home, sat farther away than it had a minute ago. Lester’s tongue kept swirling over her asshole, wet and insistent, while his fingers stayed buried inside her, thrusting in a steady rhythm and curling to stroke that deep, swollen spot. She didn’t want it to stop. She was breathing too hard to catch a full breath, short gasps that shook on every exhale.

Mom… the girls… school…</i>

The reasons to stop tried to surface and slipped. Like sand through her fingers. His fingers drove deeper, spreading her, then dragged out slow so she felt every ridge. Sarah’s hips pushed back on their own. Her ass shifted toward his face, seeking the tongue. She bit her lip hard. A low, broken sound left her anyway. “Ahh…Lester…fuck…”

He licked harder, tongue flattening and pressing, then circling the tight ring while his fingers fucked her faster. Wet sounds filled the space between her ragged breaths. Her pussy clenched around this cock, greedy, pulling at him. Heat built again inside her, faster this time. She braced both hands on the console, and rocked back onto his mouth and hand. All of it blurred together into one rising wave.

“Mhmm...god..don’t stop…ah…please…” The plea slipped out. Her thighs trembled. Sweat ran down her spine. She could feel how soaked she was, how easily his fingers moved, how her body kept offering itself.Lest’ers fingers sot in with anotre prcise curl. Pleasure spiked making her clech. She was right on the edge, pussy fluttering, when Lester chuckled behind her.

It sound was low and amused, and wrong.. Then everything disappeared. His tongue left her. His fingers pulled out. Before she could process the loss he yanked her hips backward. She stumbled, one foot catching on the seat edge, and dropped onto his lap. His cock, thick, hot, impossibly hard, slid into her in one long, easy thrust. Her eyes flew wide. The stretch was immediate and overwhelming. He filled her completely, the heavy curve of him pressing deep, stretching her open around his thick girth until she felt split and perfect at the same time.

“Oh….fuck…” she shuddered.

Her body moved before her mind caught up. She planted her hands on his thick thighs and started to bounce, reverse, taking him in short, desperate drops. Every downward roll sank him to the hilt of his

cock The fullness was obscene. She was so fucking wet. She chased the second orgasm without thinking, hips rolling, ass slapping against his gut. His oversized hairy balls slapping against her pussy. Lester's hands came up, grabbed the front of her bra, and ripped it. The cups tore. Her breasts spilled free. He palmed them roughly, hsi thumbs dragging over her nipples while she rode him. He pinched and tweaked them eliciting a gutteral moan from the young mothers thougat.

Sarah's head tipped back. Her pussy clenched hard around tLeste'rs massive cock, her pussy fluttering, trying to pull him deeper as the second orgasm rushed up fast and unstoppable. She was so full. So close. Her breath broke into sharp, needy sounds and she kept bouncing, desperately , whiel she felt the rushing warmth of her orgasm inside of her.

The reasons she shouldn't be doing this still flickered in herminud but they were thin now. Easy to push aside. Sarah's hands stayed braced on Lester's knees as she rode him, hips rolling in short, greedy drops that took his thick cock all the way into her every time.. His fat gut pressed warm and heavy against her ass.

"Knew you couldn't resist," he said against her shoulder. One hand mauled her breast, squeezing hard, thumb dragging over the nipple. The other gripped her hip and pulled her down harder. "Gonna fucking breed you. Fill you up. Right here."

Sarah's breath caught. She bounced faster, the wet slap of her ass against his gut loud in the SUV. "Ahh….do it….godufkc uhmhmmu…then do it." She panted the words out between thrusts. "You've been trying...Maybe you can't."

Lester growled. His hips snapped up to meet her. The pace turned brutal. He fucked her harder, faster, driving the heavy curve of his monsterous cock deep on every stroke. The stretch burned perfectly for her. Sarah let our a bokrene moan and kept riding. Her pussy clenched around him, slick and tight, taking the punishment.

"Shut up," he snapped. His mouth dragged across her upper back, tongue licking a wet stripe up her spine. "You're gonna take it. Every fucking drop."

"Mhmm…god…harder…" She rolled her hips back onto him. "You've said that before. Still not….ah…fuck…pregnant. Maybe this cock isn't…ah…uhh…god…"

He slammed up into her. The force knocked a raw sound out of her throat. His hand left her breast and gripped her ass, spreading her, fingers digging in as he poundedher. His gut slapped against her with every thrust. Sarah's head tipped forward. Sweat ran down her neck. She could feel every thick inch of his wonderful cockstretching her, the head dragging deep, the way her body kept opening for him.

"Ahh….Lester….yes…fuck me…" The words came out wrecked. "Breed me. If you can. Come on. Do it."

He answered by fucking her faster. Short, angry strokes that buried him to the balls. His tongue licked across her shoulder blade. His hands roamed, squeezing her tits, gripping her waist, pulling her down onto his cock like he owned her. Sarah's thighs shook. T She kept her hands locked on his knees and rode him, moaning, panting.

Sarah swallowed hard. The orgasm rushed up and swallowed her whole, warm and enormous. For one fractured second her mind snagged on the thing he'd been saying.Lester getting her pregnant, his cum taking, her body keeping it, and then the wave hit.

It detonated low and deep and tore outward. Fireworks burst behind her eyes, white and gold and blinding. Every nerve ending lit at once, a tsunami of pleasure that wiped her thoughts clean. Her eyes rolled back. Her mouth opened on a raw, shattered cry. “Ahh….fuck…Lester..oh god…”

Her pussy clamped down on him in violent, rhythmic pulses, squeezing the thick length of his cock so hard he grunted. The force of her climax knocked her forward. Her hands slipped off his knees and slammed onto the center console. She bent over it, ass raised, breasts swaying, while the orgasm kept ripping through her. Her thighs shook. Her toes curled against the dirty floor mat. Heat flooded her stomach, her chest, the tips of her fingers. She couldn’t breathe. Couldn’t see. Could only feel the relentless clench of her pussy milking him and the heavy stretch of his cock still buried inside her.

Lester reared up behind her. His fat gut pressed against her ass. He didn’t slow. He fucked her through it, hard, deep thrusts that drove her forward against the console with every stroke. “Fuck, yeah, take it,” he grunted. His voice was rough and close. “Squeeze me. Just like that. Gonna breed this pussy. Fill you up Sarah. Take my cum.”

Sarah’s cry broke into wrecked, open-mouthed moans. She stayed bent over the console, arms shaking, while another wave crashed through her. Her pussy fluttered and gripped, pulsing around him in tight, wet spasms that wouldn’t stop. Every time he slammed in, the pleasure spiked sharper. She could feel the head of his cock dragging deep against her most snesitive spots, the way her body kept seizing around him, the wet slap of his gut against her ass. Sweat ran down her spine. HShe was still cumming, still clenching, still lost in it.

“Ahh…god…Lester..don’t stop…hah…uhh…ohh…god.. The words tore out of her between gasps. Her hips jerked back helplessly to meet him even while the orgasmfiipled throgh er.

“Knew you’d break. Knew you’d take it. Gonna pump you full. Watch you swell.” His hips snapped forward, burying himself all the way in. Sarah’s whole body locked again. A second, sharper pulse ripped through her, her eyes rolled back, her mouth hung open on a silent scream as her pussy squeezed him even tighter. She rode the crest bent over the console, clenching and shaking, while Lester grunted and fucked her through every last wave, his fat body heavy against hers and his cock driving deep into the mess of her orgasm.

Sarah’s mind was a wreck. The orgasm still throbbed through her in heavy aftershocks, but the conflict wouldn’t settle. Shame and need twisted together until she couldn’t tell them apart. She needed more. Needed him deeper. Her hands stayed braced on the console, ass raised, while Lester fucked her hard and fast from behind. His thrusts felt desperate. He was chasing his own end, trying to drive another load into the cum already swirling deep inside her.

“You’res upposed to be the good mommy,” he grunted against her back. His fat gut slapped her ass with every thrust. “But here you are. My little slut. While your girls wait for you at home. Needing you. But you need my cock more, don’t you?” He laughed. “Hahaha.”

Sarah’s breath broke. She thrust back onto him, meeting the brutal pace, chasing the next orgasm even while the current one still washed over her

“Ahh…fuck…Lester…you….fucking…ahfuck…bastard.” Her pussy clenched around his thick cock. Another wave was already building inside ofher,. She could feel it “Mhmm…god…harder…please”

He gave it to her. His jips snapping, cock driving deep, stretching her open on every thrust. The ruder he got, the harder she clenched. “Few hours ago I was balls deep in your mom,” he said, voice rough. “On your couch as she clenched on me just like this milking out every drop of my cum. Now I’m back

in you. Both of you full of me today. Mother and daughter. Taking my load. Both fucking desperate for it."

The degradation hit and her body answered. Heat flooded her. Her orgasm swelled, powerfully, threatening to drown her. She panted, barely able to form words, hips rolling back desperately. "Ahh…fuck….you…yes…fuck…don't stop…"

Lester's hands gripped her ass cheeks hard, fingers digging in until it bordered on pain. He spread her and fucked her like he meant to break her open. "Gonna breed you," he growled. He soudnes derious now. "Fuck a baby into you. Fuck your whole life. Watch you swell with it. You're gonna take every drop and keep it."

Sarah's eyes fluttered. She was panting, half-gone, chasing another orgasmic wave she knew would overwhelm her. Her pussy fluttered and gripped him, pulling him deeper. The thought of it, his cum, a child, everything ruined, should have stopped her. It didn't. It drove her higher.

"Ahh…Uhh…mhmmm…Lester…please…" Her voice cracked into a moan. She pushed back harder, ass slapping against his fat gut. "Do it…fuck…breed me…"

He slammed in, balls deep slapping against her, and held himself there. Sarah's whole body tightened. The orgasm was right there, massive, and the words tore out of her like she meant them. "I want your child…ahh…fuck…give it to me…"

Lester's voice was filthy against her ear while he fucked her. "Gonna knock you up. Pump you full. Make you carry it. You want that, don't you? Want my kid in you."

His sweat dripped onto her back. He was panting like an animal behind her, heavy breaths that shook his gut against her ass. His cock was so deep it felt like he was rearranging her, stretching her open around his girth until she couldn't tell where she ended.

"Yes…ahh…fuck…breed me," she gasped. The plea came out raw. "Knock me up. Make me pregnant. I want it. Give me your cum…ahfuck…ah….fuck..hah…fill me…"

Her pussy clenched hard around him, fluttering, trying to pull him deeper. She was right on the edge and refused to tip over. Not yet. She could feel the change in his thrusts, shorter, urgent, losing rhythm. He was close.

"Gonna cum," he grunted. "Gonna flood this pussy. Breed you right now."

"Do it," she snarled back, her voice wrecked. She slammed her ass onto him. "You bastard…you fucking pervert…cum in me. Give it to me. I want your fucking child…"

Lester buried himself to the hilt, his balls slapped against her and he came. The first thick rope blasted deep, hot and heavy drenching her insides. Then another. And another, filling everh crevice and hidden spot deep inisde of her. Sarah felt every pulse. Overwhelmed by the volume. It flooded her, warm and thick, coating her insides, so much of it she could feel the pressure building. She was full of this perverts illlcit cum. He kept grunting, hips jerking, pumping more into her while his fat gut pressed flush against her ass.

The sensation tipped her over. Her orgasm detonated inside of her like a bomb. Her eyes rolled back in their sockets and a raw, shattered scream tore out of her as every nerve lit up at once. Her pussy clamped down in violent, milking spasms, squeezing his cock, pulling the cum deeper while wave after wave crashed through her. Heat flooded her belly, her chest, running over her ksin. She shook against the console, taking every drop as the pleasure drowned her. Stars burst behind her eyes. She

couldn’t breathe. Could only feel the hot flood of his cum and the relentless clench of her own body as she came and came around him, ruined and full.

Sarah stayed bent over the console, arms shaking, while the aftershocks of her orgasm exhausted what was left of her body. Small, broken moans kept slipping out her, involuntary sounds she couldn’t stop. Lester’s weight sagged forward. His fat gut and chest pressed down on her back, sweaty and heavy, almost collapsing onto her. His cock was still inside her, cum leaking around it in thick, warm trails that ran down her thighs. Both of them were panting. His breath was hot and ragged against her shoulder. Hers came in short, little gasps that shook her whole body.

The pleasure ebbed slowly. With it, the fog started to lift. The reasons she should’nt have done this rushed back in.

The girls. Mom. School. He fucked her. I’m late. They’re going to know. What the fuck Sarah?</i>

Shame flooded her chest so fast it made her nauseous. She could still feel his cum inside her, so much of it. Her pussy twitched around him with another aftershock and she hated how good it still felt.

“Get off me.” Her voice was hoarse. She shoved backward at his hip. “Lester. Get off. Take me home.”

He chuckled, amused and he pulled out. The sudden emptiness made more cum spill. It ran down her leg in a thick line. “Look at you,” he said. “Begging for my kid five minutes ago. Now you want to go home and play mommy.”

Sarah didn’t answer. She straightened on unsteady legs, nightie twisted, bra ruined somewhere on the floor. Cum leaked steadily down her. She grabbed a crumpled fast-food napkin from the floor and wiped between her legs, furious at the mess, at herself, at the way her thighs were still trembling. It didn’t help. There was too much. She could feel it shifting inside her every time she moved.

Lester watched her, still naked his gut hanging wuth a smirk on his face. She ignored him. She found her panties. They were ruined and sticky but she stepped into them anyway. The fabric immediately soaked through. She pulled the nightie down as far as it would go and climbed awkwardly into the front passenger seat, her legs weak, refusing to look at him.

Lester took his time, pulleiing his sweats on. He dropped into the driver’s seat with a heavy shift of the SUV. The engine turned over. Sarah stared straight ahead at the cracked asphalt and the chain-link fence, hands tight in her lap while lesters illicit cum still leaked into her panties. The fat man put the vehicle in drive and pulled out of the empty lot. Neither of them spoke. The morning light was bright and unforgiving through the windshield.

Sarah kept her eyes on the road while Lester drove. Her hands moved restlessly, checking the cup holders again, the door pocket, the narrow gap beside the seat. Still nothing besides the garabge littering it. Her phone wasn’t anywhere to be seen.

“Where is it?” she asked. Her voice was tight. “I need my phone.”

Lester didn’t look at her. One hand rested on the wheel, the other on his gut. “I told you, I got no idea.”

“I don’t believe you” She twisted to check the floor behind her seat one more time. It wasn’t there. “If you muted it or threw it out, just say it. I have to know what I’m walking into.”

He smirked at her. “You’re walking into your house full of my cum. That’s what you’re walking into.”

Sarah's jaw locked. She sat back, and felt her wet panites clinging to her pussy.. Every bump in the road shifted the mess inside her. "Just get me home."

They turned onto her street. The SUV rolled into the driveway and stopped behind her car. Morning light sat over the lawn. Sarah's eyes went straight to Ted's house. He was in the front window, blinds cracked, watching them. Always fucking watching. His face was clear enough. He was leering.

Lester put the vehicle in park. "Kiss goodbye?"

"Fuck off." She didn't look at him. She grabbed the robe from the floor where it had ended up, yanked it around her shoulders, and tied it tight. The nightie still showed at the hem. Her feet were bare. Cum was already seeping through the panties again. She opened the door and stepped out fast, clotching her robe close. She kept her eyes eyes down.

Don't let anyone else see. Just get inside. Don't look at Ted. Don't look.</i>

She shut the door harder than she needed to and started up the walk. her bare feet warm on the concrete. She prayed the rest of the street stayed empty.

The front door opened before Sarah reached the top step. Sarah froze like a deer in the headlights, her mind and mouth both trying to work to say something to save herself.

Her mom stood in the door frame, one hand braced on the edge, worry written acrss her face. The second she registered it was Sarah standing ehre the worry fractured. Relief came first,, then confusion as her eyes dropped and took in the full picture her daughter. Sarah's robe yanked tight over her twisted nightie. Sarah's bare feet on the concrete, her hair stuck to her neck and cheek, the unsteady way Sarah was holding herself.

Sarah stopped. Cum shifted inside her, warm and thick. She could feel it sliding. The robe didn't cover enough of her thighs. Across the yard Ted's blinds were still cracked. She pulled the fabric closer and fto her dismay wel the wetness.

"Mom, I…" The words died in her throat. Her voice cracked and nothing followed. She stood there with her mouth half-open, empty. She needed to say something but nothing came out.

Her mom's gaze moved past her to Lester's SUV backing out of the driveway. Backing out way slower than was necessary. Through the windshield his shape was unmistakable. His heavy shoulders, gut pressed to the wheel, one hand lifted in a lazy wave. Recognition passed over her mother's face followed by a sick, horirfied jolt at seeing the man who had been inside her on that couch hours ago, who had made her cum and then left her passed out and leaking. Shock, anger, and a flash of raw shame moved across her features in quick succession. Her eyes stayed locked on the SUV until it turned onto the street and the taillights disappeared.

When Renee looked back at Sarah the confusion and anger had hardened into something colder and more personal. Sarah felt twelve again under that stare. Dhe felt small. Caught coming home iafter staying out late drinking. The urge to scream and run hit her so hard her knees nearly buckled. Sarah stayed planted, robe clutched in her white-knuckls, bare feet sticky, cum still seeping, and still couldn't force a second word out. Her brain couldn't even begins to figure out what to do in this moritfying and humiliating situation.

Her mom's voice ccame out almost shaking, "Sarah. What. The. Fuck!?"