

Well, this chapter is pretty wild. I don't want to say much more than that but I'm looking forward to your responses to it. Let me know if you think things went too far here but suffice to say things get pretty toxic.

Before the chapter, just a heads up that I'm almost done the Insider draft of something new, and working on the next chapter of neighborhood encounters! Also chipping away at Double Cross so I can wrap that one up for you all.

Alright, lets get into the twisted tale of Lester, Dan, and our lovely wife Sarah.

Sarah lay on the couch with her body still trembling in repeating waves. Lester's weight pressed down on her, heavy and hot, his immense gut spreading over her taut stomach. She could feel the thick load of cum he'd just emptied inside her, warm and heavy, making her feel stretched out and overly full. Some of his seed had already started to leak out around his still engorged cock, the slimy cream sliding down between her ass cheeks and onto their couch. Any miniscule movement made more of it shift inside her, threatening to spill out.

His distinct odor was thick in her nose. That sour, musky scent that clung to his skin and hair. It mixed with the animal smells of sex and sweat. She breathed through the cloud of it, too tired to turn her head away.

Dan had gone upstairs at some point. She knew that much. The knowledge sat somewhere in the back of her mind, dulling some of the panic about the girls having heard her. At least they were safe from hearing that for now. Her guilt was still there, but it felt quieter while Lester was still in her.

Lester shifted his hips. His incredible cock was still rock hard. Sarah felt it drag against her pussy walls, through the mess he'd left behind as he gave a slow, testing thrust of his hips. She let out a shaky breath. He was still really hard. The realization made her stomach seize up, readying herself for what usually followed.

He lifted his head and looked down at her. His face was flushed, sweat shining on his forehead and upper lip. His dark eyes stayed locked on hers as he started to move again, slow and deep, "You liked that a lot, didn't you?"

Sarah blinked up at him, slightly puzzled, still trying to catch her breath, "What?"

"The baby-making talk," Lester said, voice low and rough. "About me breeding you."

Her stomach twisted. The words hit her in a way that made her thighs twitch and press against his sides. She felt another thick trickle of his cum slip out of her as he kept moving.

"I... yes... no... I don't know, Lester," she said quietly. Her voice sounded exhausted and uncertain even to her own ears.

Lester's mouth curved into that shit-eating grin she knew all too well. He kept fucking her with those same slow, deliberate strokes, studying her face the whole time.

"Oh, but I do know," he said. "I can tell by the way your body responded to my words. That look on your face. Even the way your pussy's clenching around me now."

Sarah felt it then, felt him. The way her body was using all its energy to grip him without her permission. The realization made heat rush to her face. She could feel how slick everything had become between her legs, how easily he glided inside her even after he'd already finished.

"God... Lester..." Her voice came out strained. "It's so fucked up but... fuck..."

Lester's grin widened. He pushed in deeper and held himself there for a moment, grinding against her. "The idea of breeding you right in front of Dan... you fucking loved that, didn't you?"

Sarah's breath caught. She shook her head, but the movement was slight. "Fuck, don't say that... it's so fucking... God, I don't even know."

Her hands had come up to rest against his flabby sides. She could feel the damp hair on his skin under her palms, the way his obese body moved on top of her with every thrust. The mix of disgust and something much hotter twisted together in her chest until she couldn't separate the two responses.

Lester kept up his steady, dominating pace. His searching eyes never left hers, "You're, hhuuhh, you're on the pill, right?"

The question landed heavier in her mind than she'd expected. Sarah stared up at him, suddenly very aware of how full of him she still felt. Her legs shifted restlessly for a few moments before she decisively hooked them around his thick waist. Her heels wantonly pressed into the backs of his thighs.

Lester didn't wait for an answer. He immediately started fucking her harder, the slow grind shifting up into something more intense. The slick, wet sound of his huge cock sluicing through the reservoir of his own cum within her filled the space between them. Sarah's breath broke into a moan she couldn't hold back, "Ughhmmmmmm."

She pulled him down into a kiss before she could think too hard about anything of consequence. Their joined lips were sloppy and wet from the start. Their mouths slid together, tongues pushing past each other with no real coordination. Sarah could taste the acrid salt on his skin and the sour edge to his breath. She didn't pull away from it, sucking eagerly on her lover's tongue.

Lester kissed her back just as coarsely, his jolting hips never stopping. He fucked her with deep, heavy strokes that made the family couch creak ominously beneath them. Sarah's legs tightened around him, locking him firmly in place. Her hands moved up to the back of his neck, fingers sliding through his damp greasy hair as she held him close and kissed him deeply.

When she broke the kiss, her breathing was ragged. Lester's face stayed close to hers. She could see his open pores as sweat dripped from his chin onto her flushed cheek.

"Doesn't matter if you're on the pill or not," he muttered against her mouth. "Not for long."

Sarah's stomach anxiously flipped again.

What did he mean by that?

She could feel how soaked she'd gotten, how much of his cum had already leaked out and was now being pushed back deep inside her with every thrust. The idea of him knowing about her birth control made something dark stir awake within her. She told herself she hated how much it affected her.

Lester's hand slid down and grabbed one of her quivering thighs, uncaringly pushing it higher so he could drive into her at a deeper angle. Sarah moaned again. Her head leaned back against the couch cushion as he kept viciously fucking her.

"Gonna keep filling you up," Lester said, voice rough against her ear. "Gonna keep putting loads of my cum in this pussy until you can't think straight. You're already leaking all over this couch and I'm still not done with you."

Sarah's fingers tightened in his hair. Her body kept responding even as her mind spun out. The thought of flushing the pills, of letting him fuck her with nothing between them anymore kept flashing through her head in sharp, unwanted bursts of images. It made her feel slightly ill and overheated with passion at the same time.

Lester pulled back just enough to look at her again. His cruel eyes were dark and intense.

"Tell me you want it," he said. "Tell, hhh, tell me you want me to breed you for real."

Sarah's mouth opened, but no words came out at first. Another of his deep thrusts knocked a moan out of her instead. Her unblemished legs stayed locked behind him, pulling him in every time he pushed forward.

"I don't know," she breathed, voice shaking. "I don't... fuck...Lester..."

He leaned down and kissed her again, swallowing whatever else she might've said. Sarah kissed him back hard, almost desperate, their faces pressed together while he kept fucking her with those heavy, relentless thrusts. The wet smacking sounds between them grew louder. She could feel how messy everything had become, how much of him was still inside her and was now leaking out around his cock between her legs.

Her thoughts kept slipping to Dan upstairs. The girls both asleep. Her pills in the bathroom cabinet. Lester's cum already sitting heavy inside her with more on the way. The idea of getting rid of every last bit of protection and letting him do whatever he wanted.

It was too much. She pulled him closer and moaned into his mouth as he kept moving, her body giving in even while her mind stayed tangled up in everything she knew she shouldn't want. Her legs stayed locked rigidly behind Lester's back as he pulled away from the chaotic kiss.

He hovered over her ominously, breathing hard. Sweat dripped from his face onto hers in fat salty drops. His double chin trembled glutinously with every thrust. He looked bloated and flushed, like some animal that had been at a feeding trough too long. His thinning hair was plastered to his scalp and his eyes were glassy with that same intense look that always appeared when he was hard and deep inside her.

She stared up at him and felt the familiar twist in her stomach. He was objectively ugly. There was no arguing, no getting around it. His loose, blemished skin was shiny and his body was soft and heavy in all the wrong places. The thick clumps of hair on his chest and stomach were matted with sweat. And still her overstuffed pussy kept squeezing around him like it didn't care what he looked like. Milking him like it had for no other. The smell coming off him was stronger now, and it was doing something to her that made her face burn with shame.

Lester's hips snapped forward somehow even harder. The slow pace from before was gone. He started fucking her with quick, heavy strokes that made her lithe body jolt violently beneath him. The wet sound of their colliding filled the room. Sarah's breath broke into a loud moan she couldn't hold back, "MHMMHMMmmmmmmmm."

"Where are your pills?" Lester asked, voice rough and tired.

Sarah's eyes fluttered. She could barely think with the way he was energetically pounding into her. "Fuck... upstairs... why... god... mmmm..."

Lester grinned down at her, that shit-eating expression spreading across his face. He kept driving into her without slowing down. "We should flush them."

The words hit her more profoundly than she expected. Her stomach flipped again. The idea spun out in her head so fast it made her dizzy. Actually doing it. Flushing the pills. Getting rid of every last bit of protection. Letting him fuck her with nothing between them. Her body reacted before her mind could catch up. She felt herself clench around his cock again, gripping tighter this time.

"Fuck....." Her voice came out shaky. "Jesus.... I don't...."

She could feel how full she still was from the load he'd already given her. Every time he pushed in, more of it leaked out around him, hot and messy between her ass and the couch. The thought of flushing her pulls made something dark and scalding twist inside her. Part of her mind was screaming that this was insane. She'd never wanted another kid. Two was enough. They'd agreed on that years ago. But here, right now, with Lester's heavy body pressing her down and his mammoth cock still moving inside her, this new idea was doing something to her she couldn't stop.

Her hands slid slowly up his sides, feeling the damp hair and the soft give of his misshapen body. "Fuck.... Lester.... kiss me."

Lester didn't lean down. Instead his eyes narrowed and his grin sharpened. He kept fucking her intently, the couch creaking loudly under them.

"We should make Dan flush them," he said. "Flush all of them..."

Sarah's breath hitched. Her eyes widened even as another moan slipped out of her. "God Lester... that's so fucked up."

"Shut up," Lester grunted, pounding into her faster. "You know you fucking love it. It's just you and me here. Dan's upstairs. You don't have to pretend to be the good wife anymore. God knows you didn't care a second ago when he was kneeling beside us. You were asking me to breed you. Begging for it."

Sarah's head thrashed against the cushion. Her moans were coming out louder now, wholly uncontrolled. She could hear herself and it only made everything feel more intense. "That... that was just... sex talk....."

Lester let out a short, nasty bark of a laugh. He shifted his weight and drove into her even harder. "We both know it wasn't...."

Sarah's hands moved up to his shoulders, gripping hold of the sweaty skin there. Her legs stayed tight around his waist, pulling him in every time he thrust forward. "You're fixed... you..."

Lester's eyes stayed locked on hers. He didn't slow down and his tone became darker. "What if I'm not?"

The question hit her like a splash of cold water. Her mind flashed back to what Dan had said earlier, the suspicions he'd brought up after seeing Lizzie. For a second everything felt too sharp. Could Dan have been right? Was it possible Lester had lied about his vasectomy? The thought made her stomach twist hard, but her body didn't stop moving with him. If anything, the uncertainty only made the heat between her legs worse.

"Fuck Lester," she moaned, voice breaking.

Lester leaned down closer, his gut pressing heavily into her stomach. His thrusts turned rougher, almost frantic. "Think about it. Just you and me, nothing else between us. Just raw animal fucking. I really want to pump a baby into that tight little body of yours."

Sarah's back arched. A loud, broken moan tore out of her throat. She could feel every inch of him moving inside her, the large vein running down the top of his huge shaft, stirring up the mess he'd already left there. His profane words kept sinking into her, filthy and relentless. The idea of flushing the pills herself, or worse, making Dan do it, kept sparking through her head in sharp bursts. It was disgusting. It was dangerous. And her body was responding to it like she had no control left.

Lester's hand slid down and grabbed her thigh, pushing it even higher so he could fuck her even deeper. Sarah's moans turned into something closer to sobs. She could feel how wet everything was between them, how much of his cum had already leaked out and was now being pushed back inside her with every thrust. She felt the slickness of sweat and other fluids from her neck to her knees. The smell of him was all over her skin. She could taste the salt of his sweat on her lips from the kiss earlier.

Her thoughts kept fracturing. Dan upstairs. The girls asleep. The pills in the bathroom cabinet. Lester's heavy, hairy body on top of her. The possibility that he had never been fixed at all. It was too much. She pulled him down again, trying to kiss him, but he stayed just out of reach, still grinning that same ugly grin while he fucked her like he was trying to ruin her.

Sarah's legs started to shake. Her moans grew louder and more desperate. She could feel another orgasm building fast, heavier than the last one. Her hands clawed at his back as he kept pounding into her without a hint of mercy.

Lester's voice stayed right in her ear, low and taunting. "That's it. Let it happen. You're already so fucking close. Gonna fill you up again while you think about flushing those pills. While you think about what Dan would say if he knew what you were really doing down here."

"Uhhmmmm.....fucckkkkk," Sarah's eyes squeezed shut. Her whole body tightened around him as the orgasm hit her. It crashed through her hard, making her cry out loud enough that she was glad Dan had gone upstairs. Her pussy pulsed around Lester's cock in long, violent waves while he kept fucking her straight through it, his heavy body never letting up. "Mhmh...ahhh..., mhmhm."

She couldn't think anymore. There was only the weight of him, the wet mess spreading between her legs, and the low, filthy things he kept muttering against her skin while she completely came apart underneath him.

Sarah could feel it building again, faster than it should have. Her body was still shaking from the last one, but the pressure was already coiling tight in her stomach. She knew exactly what would push her over. She knew the words that would break her. And she knew Lester knew it too.

He was watching her face with that same shit-eating grin, never slowing down. His heavy body moved over hers in rough, steady strokes. Sweat dripped from his chest onto her breasts.

Lester leaned down slowly, taking his time. His gut pressed into her stomach as he brought his mouth close to her ear. His breath was hot and uneven. "Let me breed you."

The words hit her like a switch being flipped. Sarah's back arched hard off the couch. Her vision went white at the edges. A broken, strangled sound tore out of her throat as the orgasm she knew would come crashed into her. It wasn't like any of the ones before it. This one hit her like a wave that kept coming and coming. Her eyes rolled back. She held her breath without meaning to. Her whole body locked up and then shook violently underneath him. Her legs clamped down around his waist so hard it almost hurt them both. She could feel herself pulsing around his giant cock in long, violent spasms while he kept moving himself through it.

Lester groaned his lust against her ear but didn't stop. If anything, he picked up his thumping pace. He started fucking her like something had snapped loose inside him. The couch creaked and shifted under them. His heavy body slapped against hers with wet, filthy, echoing sounds. Sarah was still coming down from the first orgasm when she felt the next one already charge to life. It shouldn't have been possible. Her body felt raw and overstimulated, but it didn't matter. She was already chasing another huge wave again.

She could feel every part of him now. The way his fat gut dragged across her stomach with every thrust. The thick hair on his chest and stomach sticking to her sweaty skin. His sour, musky, primal smell was all over her, in her nose, on her tongue, and instead of turning her stomach it was doing the opposite. It was making her hotter. Hotter for him. She hated how much she liked it. She hated how her body kept opening for this man she wasn't married to like it had learned something her mind still couldn't accept.

Lester's voice came out rough and low between thrusts, "I'm not fixed, Sarah."

Sarah moaned loudly, the sound breaking on every hard stroke. Her hands gripped his sides, fingers sinking into the damp, hairy flesh there.

Lester kept going, voice tight. "Say it."

She could barely get the words out between the moans that kept spilling from her. "You... you're... you're not fixed..."

"What does that mean?" he growled, pounding into her harder.

Sarah's head thrashed against the cushion. Her voice came out half moan, half desperate breathless gasp. "It means... your cum, god there's so much...it... can...can... knock me up..."

Lester made a low, satisfied sound and seemed to find a new source of energy. His movement modulated and he improbably fucked her even faster. The wet slap of his body against hers was loud and obscene. Sarah could feel how soaked the couch was beneath her. She could feel his cum leaking and squirting out of her with every thrust, running down her supple ass cheeks in warm slow trails.

"Yup," Lester said, breathing hard. "And, fffhh, and your pills...."

Sarah's breath hitched. Her body was already tightening again. She could feel the next orgasm rushing toward her faster than she could prepare for it. "My... pills....?"

Lester's voice dropped lower, his lips right against her ear again. "You're gonna flush 'em right?"

The words hit her at the same time as the orgasm. Sarah's mouth opened but no sound came out at first. Her whole body seized up. Her mind and soul felt tied to the feeling of the cock inside her. Her vision went white again as the second supernova climax tore through her, even harder than the first. It felt like it was blowing something open inside her. Her legs shook violently around Lester's waist. Her painted nails dug into his back hard enough to leave long red marks. A broken, sobbing moan finally tore out of her open mouth as her body convulsed repeatedly underneath him. "Uuuuhmmmm."

Lester didn't slow down. He kept fucking her through it dutifully, rough and relentless, like he was trying to push her even further away from what she knew. Sarah could barely think. Her mind was a mess of white noise and the overwhelming reality challenging sensation of him moving inside her. She could feel how full of his issue she still was, how much of him was still pouring out of her while he kept going at her.

Her body kept moving with his even as she came down. She was matching his rhythm now, hips lifting to meet every brutal mind blowing thrust. There was no more hesitation left in the way she moved. She wanted it. She wanted the way he felt. She wanted the heavy, obscene weight of his disgusting body on top of her. She wanted the sour smell of his skin and the way his uniquely thick cock stretched her open wide. She wanted all of the filthy things he kept spitting into her ears.

Lester's hand slid up and grabbed her jaw, forcing her to look at him while he kept monstrously fucking her. His face was red and shiny with sweat. His eyes were dark and wild.

"Say it again," he demanded.

Sarah's voice came out hoarse and shaky. "You are not...hhh...hhh... fixed..."

Lester's hips snapped forward harder expressing his ownership. "And what are you gonna do about those pills?"

Sarah's eyes were glassy. Another broken moan slipped out of her as he bounced off something deep inside her that made her whole body quiver. She could feel the answer sitting right on the tip of her tongue, even though part of her was still terrified of exactly what it meant to say it.

"I'm gonna..." Her voice cracked. She swallowed hard, then forced the words out between gasps. "I'm gonna flush them."

Lester's grin was sharp and satisfied. He made a show of leaning down and sticking his tongue out. Sarah saw the fat grayish-pink surface of his tongue and pushed her mouth to suck on it, like she'd been denied it for weeks. Lester kissed her hard, messy and rough, while he kept driving his cock into her without mercy or pause. Sarah kissed him back just as desperately, her legs locked tight around his body like she was afraid he might stop without finishing.

She didn't know what was going to happen after this. She didn't know how she was supposed to look at her husband later, or what any of this meant for the life she used to have. But right now, with Lester's heavy, hairy body moving on top of her and his gouts of cum still leaking out of her, none of that felt as immediate as the way her body kept responding to him.

She pulled him closer and moaned into his mouth as he kept boisterously fucking her, lost in the heat and the mess and the commanding sound of his voice telling her exactly the things that he was going to do to her. He pushed himself deep into her mouth, his tongue thick and insistent as it slid against her own. She could taste the stale, artificial tang of old Cheetos on him, that sharp, cheesy bitterness mixed with the sour edge of his breath. It should've made her pull away. Instead her own tongue met his expectantly, desperate and hungry, even as her stomach turned. The revulsion and the want twisted together until she couldn't tell which was stronger. But her body knew.

Lester fucked her while they kissed hungrily, his violent thrusts deep and powerful. Sarah could feel how wet everything had become between them, how easily he moved through the excess of his own cum. Her hands slid up his back, fingers digging into the damp, hairy, mottled skin. She could feel the way his odd shaped body shifted and pressed down on her with every intense stroke, the soft give of his gut against her stomach, the thick hair on his chest sticking to the slope of her sweat-slicked breasts.

When he finally pulled back from the kiss, thin strands of spit stretched between their mouths before they broke. Sarah let out a desperate, needy whine, her hips lifting on their own to chase his. Lester stared down at her, eyes dark and focused. He didn't give her a moment of time to catch her breath. He restarted fucking her with hard, fast, powerful jabbing thrusts that made her body jolt beneath him. The couch creaked loudly with every pounding slap.

Sarah's hands clawed at his sides, gripping his flabby, sweaty flesh. She could feel how hot his skin was, how profusely he was sweating. Their bodies were slick against each other now, their sweat and fluids mixing until it was impossible to tell where one ended and the other began. His smell was all over her, the aroma thick in her nose and on her tongue, and the odor only made her pull him closer.

Lester's voice came out rough between thrusts, "Beg. Beg me for it."

Sarah's answer came out broken and immediate, "Fffuck Lester I want it so bad, g-give it to me baby."

He kept pounding into her, never looking away from her face, "Tell me you want me to cum."

Her moans were getting louder now, spilling out of her without control, "God... fuck.. mhm... mmhmmm.. Lester... fuck cum. I want your cum..."

Lester's hips snapped forward, somehow even harder. Sarah could feel the words rising up before she could stop them. They tumbled out of her mouth on their own, raw and desperate.

"Fuck Lester cum in me... give it to me... fuck me pregnant you ugly fucking bastard... god... just don't stop... mhm... Mhm... Godfuck."

Lester's eyes narrowed with satisfaction. "And my cock..."

Sarah's hands tightened on his sides, nails digging in. Her voice was hoarse. "It's not fixed... you're fucking a liar... an amazing fucking liar... I love your cock... cum in me."

"Even with the risk?"

Sarah's mind was spinning. Dan's suspicions kept flashing through her scattered thoughts, the way he'd looked at her when he brought up Lizzie, the doubt in his voice. But Lester's conquering cock was still driving into her, thick and relentless, and her body didn't care about anything else. The words came out before she could think.

"Fucking give it to me Lester. Put your goddamn bastard in me."

Lester's mouth curved into a dark grin. "That's my good girl."

Sarah's legs were wrapped tight around his waist, heels dug into the fat, hairy flesh of his ass as she tried to pull him in deeper. Her mind was a mess. This is too much. Dan

thinks he's lying. What if he's right? What if he's not fixed at all? The thought should have terrified her. Instead it made her pussy clamp down around him even harder.

"God... fuck... Lester... I want it.... please..."

Lester's voice stayed low and rough. "I know you do... Make sure Dan knows too..."

Sarah's voice rose without her meaning for it to. She knew the girls were asleep upstairs. She knew she should be quiet. But the words kept coming anyway, louder and louder as they spilled out.

"God Lester... fuck... make me pregnant you bastard.. Dan I'm sorry... I'm so, sooo sorry but god I need him to fucking cum in me again.."

Tears pricked at the corners of her eyes. She could feel another orgasm building fast, heavier and more overwhelming than any of the last ones. Her whole body was shaking frenziedly. Lester stared down at her, eyes darkly intent and focused.

"I'm going to cum," he said, voice tight but authoritative. "Get ready for it Sarah. Squeeze me. Milk it all from me. Take my seed."

Sarah's mouth opened but no sound came out at first. She felt his cock suddenly pulse and thicken inside her. The sensation of his heavy balls pressed against her ass further aroused her as they drew up. Then, as if a valve had been released, he was cumming.

Thick ropes of cum shooting deep inside her, so many and so far up inside her that it felt impossible. She could feel every hot pulse of his cum, the way it flooded her, filling her even more than ever before. Rope after rope of his hot sticky cum flooding her.

Her own orgasm hit at the same time. It tore through her like something breaking through walls. Her eyes rolled back hard to their whites. Her toned back arched off the couch as her body convulsed around him. She could feel her pussy milking him, clenching and pulsing in long, greedy waves, pulling more and more of his cum out of him. It felt endless. Every time she squeezed, another thick spurt filled her, hot and heavy and so deep she swore she could feel its warmth in her stomach.

Lester kept moving through it, grinding into her as he emptied himself. Sarah's vision had gone pearly white at the edges. Her whole body was shaking uncontrollably. She could feel how impossibly full she was now, stuffed with his cum on top of what he'd already given her earlier. It was warm and thick and absurdly wrong, and the sensation of being that full of him sent another wave of pleasure crashing through her very being. Her pussy kept fluttering around him, like it was trying to hold onto every last treasured drop.

She could feel it leaking out around his immersed cock anyway, hot and messy, running down her ass in slow, thick trails. The smell of him was everywhere. His heavy, hairy body was still pressed down on her, pinning her to the couch while he finished inside her. Sarah's mind felt scrambled. This is too much. I can feel all of it. I can feel him filling me up. God, what if he really isn't fixed? What if this is real?

Lester finally slowed, breathing hard against her neck. Sarah's legs were still locked around him, trembling. She could feel his cum continuing to leak out of her in warm pulses every time her body gave another weak clench or moved at all. She felt completely used. Completely full. And she loved it, all of it.

Lester lifted his head just enough to look at her. His face was red and shiny, his breathing still rough. He didn't say anything at first. He just stared down at her while his cock gave one last lazy twitch inside her.

Sarah stared back up at him, eyes glassy and wet. Her chest was still heaving. Lester's hand came up and brushed some of the damp hair off her forehead. The gesture was almost gentle. It made something in her chest ache.

Sarah closed her eyes and let her head fall back against the cushion. She could still feel him inside her. Could still feel how full she was. And she didn't know exactly what the fuck she was supposed to do now.

She gasped as Lester's full weight came crushing down on top of her. His body was hot and heavy, slick with sweat. His gut spread across her stomach, pinning her into the couch cushions. She could feel the thick hair on his chest and stomach sticking to her skin. Every breath she tried to take felt shallow and unfinished. His chest pressed against hers, making her lungs burn. She turned her head to the side, trying to find more air, but his face stayed buried against her neck. His breath was hot and damp against her skin.

Jesus Christ, he's so heavy.

She could feel the mess between her legs, his cum still leaking out of her in slow pulses. It was warm and thick, running down the crack of her ass and soaking into the couch. Lester didn't move. He just lay there, breathing hard, his full weight keeping her trapped beneath him. For a moment she felt strangely safe under him, like nothing could reach her while his body was pressing her down and covering her. Then a thought made her stomach twist.

Dan's upstairs. The girls are upstairs. I was so fucking loud.

Her face burned. She could still hear echoes of the way she'd sounded, the things she had said. The memory made her close her eyes. She nudged Lester's side with her hand, trying to get him to shift. He only grunted against her neck and stayed mostly where he was. The pressure of his weight was starting to make her ribs ache.

"Lester," she whispered, voice hoarse. She nudged him again, harder this time.

He let out a low groan but didn't lift himself. Sarah pushed at his shoulder with both hands now, her palms sliding over his sweaty skin. After a few more seconds he finally stirred. He pushed himself up on his arms, and the sudden relief of being able to take a full breath caused her to suddenly inhale. Cool air rushed into her lungs. She sucked in another deep breath, her chest rising sharply.

Lester stayed above her for a moment, looking down at her with half-lidded eyes, watching her sweat covered tits heave. Then he slowly pulled his hips back. Sarah felt his cock slide out of her, and immediately a thick gush of cum poured out after it. It was hot and heavy, spilling out of her in a steady stream that she couldn't stop. She could feel it running down her ass and onto the living room couch.

"Fuck," she breathed, reaching blindly for the box of Kleenex on the side table. Her hand found it and she pulled out a handful of tissues. She pressed them between her legs, trying to catch the mess before it got everywhere. The tissues were soaked through almost instantly. She grabbed more and wiped herself as best she could, excess cum covering her to the wrist, the paper sticking to her tender skin. Lester watched her without saying anything, his breathing rough but returning to normal.

When she was done, she dropped the used tissues on the floor and looked up at him. She didn't have it in her to tell him to leave. Not after everything that had just happened. Not when her body still felt shaky and open and full of him.

She reached for his hand instead. Lester let her take it. Sarah pulled herself up and tugged him to come with her. They stood there for a second, both naked and sticky with sweat and cum and everything else. She could feel more of his egregious load leaking out of her every time she moved. She didn't bother cleaning up again. She just kept hold of his hand and led him toward the stairs, a trail of him dappling on the floor.

The house was quiet. Too quiet by half. Every step they took felt loud and obvious in the silence. Sarah's heart was beating hard as they climbed the stairs together naked. She could feel Lester's cum still sliding down the inside of her thighs. When they reached the bedroom she pushed the door open and pulled him inside with her. She turned and locked the door behind them, the click of the lock sounded deafening.

Lester stood there watching her. Sarah didn't turn on the light. She just moved toward the bed and climbed onto it, pulling him with her. The sheets felt cool against her overheated skin. She lay down on her back and Lester followed.

Dan's probably still awake. He probably heard everything.

The thought sat heavy in her chest. She didn't know what she was supposed to do about it. She didn't know what she was supposed to do about any of this. The house was quiet. For now, at least, no one was coming to the door.

She let herself breathe with him, slow and careful, until the exhaustion finally started to pull her under.

Dan stirred in the chair beside Ava's bed, his neck stiff from the awkward angle. For a few seconds he didn't know what had woken him. Then a sound came again from downstairs. A low, rhythmic creaking and just above that something wetter. His stomach dropped before his brain had fully caught up.

He sat up straighter, heart already beating hard. The sound was unmistakable. Sarah's voice carried up the stairs, loud and broken, moaning things that made Dan's throat dry up and tighten painfully. He could hear the wet slap of skin on skin and the low, rough grunts that could only belong to Lester.

She's being so fucking loud.

Ava shifted in her bed and mumbled something in her sleep. Sophia stirred in the other bed across the room. Dan's chest went as tight as his throat. He leaned forward quickly and rested a hand on Ava's back, rubbing slow circles the way he used to when she was smaller.

"It's okay, baby," he whispered, voice low. "Just a dream. Go back to sleep."

Ava settled after a moment, her breathing evening out again. Sophia rolled over but didn't wake. Dan stayed perfectly still, listening. Sarah's moans were getting louder now. He could hear the couch creaking steadily beneath them. Every sound made his face burn hotter.

She doesn't even care that they're right upstairs.

His mind felt scattered. He was supposed to be focused on work, on the new job that was supposed to be their way out of this mess. Instead he kept thinking about Lester. About the way Sarah looked at him now. About how easily she went to him. Dan had tried to tell himself it was just sex, just the fantasy they had both agreed to explore months ago. But it didn't feel like that anymore. It felt like something was being taken from him piece by piece and he was just sitting here letting it happen.

He heard Sarah cry out again, sharper this time. The sound went straight through him. His hands curled into fists on his knees. He could picture it all too clearly. Lester on top of her, that heavy gut pressing her down into the couch, Sarah's legs wrapped securely around him while she begged for things Dan didn't want to hear.

She's slipping. Or maybe she's already gone.

The thought sat heavy in his chest. He didn't know how to pull her back. Every time he tried to talk to her lately the conversation felt weak and almost... noncommittal. And every time Lester showed up, she went to him without any hesitation. Dan had seen the look on her face when Lester fucked her. It wasn't just lust anymore. It was something deeper. Something he hadn't seen before. Something that scared him.

Footsteps on the stairs made him freeze.

Dan held his breath, listening. Two sets of feet moved slowly down the hallway. He could hear Sarah's lighter steps and the heavier, plodding ones that presumably belonged to Lester. They were right outside the room for a moment. Dan's heart pounded so hard he was sure the kids would hear it. He imagined Sarah pausing, maybe reaching for the doorknob to check in on the girls. He imagined Lester standing right behind her, that smug look on his face while he loomed over Dan's daughters' doorway in a state of undress.

If he comes in here I'll fucking lose it.

But the footsteps kept moving. A few seconds later Dan heard the bedroom door at the end of the hall click shut. The sound was quiet, but it landed like a punch to the gut.

She locked the door.

He sat there for a long minute, staring at the wall. His own bedroom. The bed he was supposed to sleep in. Instead Lester was in there with his wife, and Dan was stuck here in his daughter's room like some kind of stranger in his own house. The unfairness of it burned in his chest.

He checked on the girls one more time, making sure they were both still asleep, then slowly stood up. His legs felt stiff with pins and needles. He made his way over and eased the door open, stepping into the hallway, closing it gently behind him. The house was quiet again. Oppressively silent. Dan walked slowly toward the stairs, glancing at the closed bedroom door at the end of the hall. He could hear faint movement inside but nothing distinct. He told himself that he didn't want to hear anything distinct.

Downstairs, the living room smelled like sex and rancid sweat.

Dan stood in the doorway for a second, taking the scene in. The couch cushions were crooked and stained darkly. There were wadded-up tissues on the floor near the coffee table. A damp spot darkened one of the cushions. He could see where someone had tried to wipe it up but hadn't done a very good job. A trail of liquid led from the rug to the stairs. The whole room felt used.

She just left it like this.

Irritation flared hot in his chest. He wanted to leave it. Let her deal with the mess she'd made. Let her explain it to the girls if they came down in the morning and saw the state of the couch and the rest of the room. But the thought of Ava or Sophia sitting on it made his stomach turn. With a quiet sigh, he turned and walked into the kitchen. He grabbed a roll of paper towels, a spray bottle of cleaner, and a garbage bag from under the sink.

Then he went back into the living room and started cleaning. The cushions were worse than he thought. He sprayed them down and wiped them in steady circles, trying not to think too hard about what it was that he was cleaning up. The used tissues went into the garbage bag. Through the whole ordeal his jaw stayed tight.

When he was almost finished, something caught his eye near the front door.

Lester's wallet.

It was lying on the floor, it must've fallen out of his pants when they came inside. Dan stared at it for a long moment. His first instinct was to just leave it there. But something pulled him forward anyway.

He picked it up. Dan turned it over in his hands like it was a talisman. He knew he shouldn't open it. He told himself to just put it on the counter and go back upstairs.

But where? My office?

He stood stock still in the silent living room for a long moment with Lester's wallet in his hand.

He listened carefully, straining to hear anything coming from the second floor. Nothing. Just the low hum of the refrigerator in the kitchen.

He walked into the kitchen and set the wallet on the counter. His phone was still sitting there from earlier. Dan stared at the wallet for a few seconds, then glanced toward the stairs. He could feel his heartbeat in his ears. This is fucked. I shouldn't be doing this. But he didn't stop himself.

He picked up the wallet again and flipped it open. He took a photo of the wallet with all of the cards in it to ensure he put everything back in the same order. He pulled out Lester's driver's license next. Lester looked bloated and greasy even in the Illinois DMV lighting. Dan's eyes moved down to the date of birth.

He placed the license on the counter and picked up his phone. The screen lit up as he opened the camera app. He took a clear photo of the front, then flipped it over and took one of the back. The shutter sound was loud in the quiet kitchen. Dan winced and quickly turned the volume down on his phone before continuing.

Next came the credit cards. There were two. A Visa and a MasterCard. He pulled them out one at a time, photographing the front and back of each. The numbers were right there on the screen. He didn't let himself think too hard about what he was doing. He just kept going.

He found the health insurance card next. It was from the hospital's own provider. Dan turned it over in his fingers for a second before taking pictures of both sides. Then came the car insurance card. Another photo. Then a debit card from PNC Bank. He documented that one too, front and back, before setting it down with the others.

The wallet felt lighter now. Dan flipped through the remaining slots. There were a few old receipts but nothing else of real interest. He was about to slide everything back into place except for the cash.

Dan stared at the money for a long moment. His hand hovered over it. He knew it was wrong. He also knew he didn't care enough to stop. He pulled the bills out and folded them before slipping them into his own pocket.

He gathered the cards and slid them back into the wallet one by one, making sure everything was in the same order it had been before according to the first photo. When he was finished, he picked up the wallet and walked back into the living room. Dan crouched down and placed the wallet exactly where it had been.

Then he stood up and looked around the room again. The couch was clean now. The tissues were gone. The only evidence left was the faint smell that still hung in the air. Dan ran a hand over his face, pinching the bridge of his nose. His eyes felt gritty. He was tired, but he knew he wouldn't be able to sleep.

He turned off the kitchen light and made his way back upstairs, moving slowly so the steps wouldn't creak. When he reached the top, he paused in the hallway. The door to his and Sarah's bedroom was still closed. Dan stared at it for a few seconds before turning and walking quietly back into his girls' room.

He closed the door behind him and sat down in the chair again. The room was dark and still. Both girls were breathing evenly. Dan leaned back and closed his eyes, but sleep didn't come. His mind kept circling back to the wallet. To the photos on his phone. To the sound of Sarah's voice downstairs. His tired, rattled mind tried to put something together that resembled a plan.

Renee pushed the vacuum across the living room carpet with more force than necessary. The low hum filled the house, but it didn't do anything to quiet the noise in her head. She had been cleaning for almost an hour now, moving from room to room as if she could scrub the memory out of existence if she just worked hard enough.

She could still feel him. The way his heavy body had pressed her into the seat of that filthy SUV. The smell of old food wrappers and the stale stench that clung to the stained fabric. She had gone out there in nothing but her thin satin pajamas because he told her to. Just walked out of her own house like some desperate woman and let him... fuck her while James was at the golf course.

And she had cum. Hard. Harder than she had with James in years. Maybe harder than ever.

Renee's stomach twisted at the memory. She gripped the vacuum handle tighter and shoved it forward again, trying to focus on the pattern she was making in the carpet. It didn't

help. Every time she blinked she could see Lester's flushed face above her, that ugly, satisfied grin while he pumped his thing into her. She could still hear the wet sounds their bodies made in that cramped space. She could still feel how thick he had felt inside her. How full she'd felt.

God, what the heck is wrong with me?

The vacuum suddenly sounded too loud. Renee turned it off and stood there in the silence, breathing harder than she should've. She wiped her forehead with the back of her hand and glanced toward the kitchen window. James was still outside in the garage with his friend, their voices drifting in every now and then. He hadn't even noticed she was cleaning like a madwoman. He hadn't noticed much of anything lately.

Her phone buzzed on the kitchen counter.

Renee froze. For a few seconds she just stared at it from across the room, her heart already climbing into her throat. She didn't want to look. She already knew who it was texting her. She walked over slowly, like she was approaching something dangerous. When she picked up the phone, her fingers were already trembling.

The message was short and direct.

L: I want to fuck you again.

Renee's breath caught. A sharp shiver ran straight down her spine. She stared at the words like they might change if she focused long enough. Then she dropped the phone onto the counter like it had burned her hand.

No. Absolutely not.

She turned away from it and went back to the vacuum, yanking it across the floor with quick, angry strokes. Twenty minutes passed. She cleaned the already clean kitchen counters. She wiped down the already spotless stove. She reorganized the junk drawer that didn't need reorganizing. None of it seemed to help. Every few minutes her eyes would drift back toward the phone sitting on the counter like it was watching her. Judging her.

She hated how fast her body had reacted to those meager few words. Hated that some part of her had immediately pictured what they said. Lester pulling her into his disgusting SUV again, or maybe somewhere even worse next time. Loathing that she could already feel the low, shameful throb between her legs just from reading a single sentence.

Renee stopped moving and braced both her hands on the counter. She stared down at the flecks in the granite, breathing through her nose. You're not going to answer him. You're just not. She repeated it like a mantra, but even as she thought the words repeatedly, she knew they weren't true.

She was going to respond.

The message wasn't asking if she wanted to see him again. It was telling her what he wanted.

Renee closed her eyes and pressed her palms harder into the counter. She could still feel the memory of Lester's hands on her hips from the last time. Could still hear the low, rough way he had talked to her while he fucked her. Things James had never said. Things no one had ever said to her before.

She hated how much she wanted to hear more.

Dan pulled into the drop off line and put the car in park. Ava and Sophia were already unbuckling in the backseat. He forced a smile onto his face, the same one he'd used at work when Gordon asked how things were going at home. Ava looked at him through the rearview mirror.

"Dad, what's wrong?"

"Nothing, baby. Don't worry about it." His voice came out flatter than he'd intended. He cleared his throat and tried again. "Have a good day at school, okay? Both of you."

"Are you sure Dad?" Ava pressed.

"Yeah, I just didn't get a lot of sleep last night. Don't worry about it. Okay?" Dan put a reassuring smile on his face that he didn't feel. Ava stared at him for a moment, not believing him.

Sophia leaned forward and kissed his cheek. Ava followed a second later. They climbed out with their backpacks and joined the stream of kids walking toward the building. Ava looked back a couple of times and Dan just waved. He watched until they disappeared through the double doors. Only then did he let the air out of his lungs. The smile fell from his face.

The lost father pulled away from the curb and drove without thinking about the direction. His mind went straight back to last night. The locked bedroom door. The silence after the noises downstairs finally stopped. He had gotten the girls up and dressed and fed on his own while Sarah stayed behind that door. She never once came out. Not even to say good morning or goodbye to the girls.

When Ava asked where Mom was, Dan had said she wasn't feeling well. The lie sat in his mouth the whole time they were getting ready. He kept waiting for the sound of her voice upstairs, or worse, the sound of her moaning again. It never came, thankfully.

She didn't even try to hide it this time.

Dan's hands tightened on the steering wheel. He didn't want to go home quite yet. The thought of walking through the front door and seeing Lester, or Sarah's hair still messy from the night before, made his stomach turn. He took the next left and swung into a Starbucks drive-thru. When the total came up he pulled out some of the money he had taken from Lester's wallet and paid.

He parked in the far corner of the lot with his coffee. The first sip was exactly the wake up shot to his system he needed. He held the scalding hot liquid in his mouth for a second before swallowing, letting the warmth settle in his chest. His phone sat on the passenger seat, already lighting up with emails from Sentinel Securities. He ignored most of them and opened a message from Tricia. She needed an urgent reply on the project they were working on together. He typed a short reply and hit send.

A minute later her response came in: Why aren't you in the office today?

Dan stared at the screen. He absolutely should be there. He knew that. Gordon had already given him the side-eye when he'd left early the last time he'd been in DC. Every day he stayed away made it worse. He put the phone face-down on the seat and rubbed his eyes.

I'm needed here. To protect them.

The thought sounded hollow even inside his own head. Protect them from what? He hadn't protected Sarah last night. Hell, he'd cleaned up after her. He'd sat in his daughter's room while Lester repeatedly filled his wife and talked about putting a baby inside her. Sarah hadn't looked like she needed protecting. Even after hearing what Dan had to say she'd looked like she was exactly where she wanted to be.

Down was up. Up was down. Nothing made sense anymore.

But if he hadn't been here, the girls would be knocking on the door to the bedroom asking for breakfast. They'd have found a sticky mess on the couch and a trashed living room. Or maybe Sarah would have been more of a mother and wouldn't have had Lester over. That didn't ring true either. But maybe she would've gotten up and actually taken care of them.

Dan picked the phone back up and ignored Tricia's message and the rest of the emails. He opened his photo gallery instead. The pictures he'd taken last night were still there.

Lester's cards. He scrolled through them slowly, zooming in on the name and the date of birth and the address. His thumb hovered over the license photo for a long time.

He opened google maps and spent a few minutes finding the location where he thought he'd dropped Lester off for his vasectomy appointment all those months ago. Sure enough, he found a urology clinic close to where that was. He was almost positive this was the one. Urology Partners. The number came up right away. Dan's heart was already beating harder when he pressed call and put the phone to his ear.

"Good morning, Urology Partners, this is Melissa speaking. How can I help you?"

Dan cleared his throat and forced his voice lower. "Hi, this is Lester Marshall. I had my vasectomy a few months ago and I've been having some swelling on, uh, the right... side. I wanted to check in with someone about it."

There was the sound of typing on the other end. "Okay, let me pull up your chart. What was your name again? Can you verify your date of birth for me?"

Dan gave the date from the license. He said the name again, careful and clear. Lester Marshall.

"Thank you. Hmmm. Okay...do you have the address on file and phone number?"

He rattled both of them off. There was a short pause while she searched. Dan stared through the windshield at a woman blithely walking her dog across the parking lot. His free hand was clenched tight on his thigh.

"Hmm... I'm not finding anyone by that name in our system. Are you sure you had your procedure with us? Do you remember which doctor you saw?"

Dan's mouth went dry. "Yeah, I'm pretty sure. Maybe my name is misspelled in the system."

"Let me try a couple variations..." More typing. A longer silence. "Still nothing coming up. We don't have any record of a Lester Marshall having a procedure here. Are you certain this is the right clinic? Sometimes people get us mixed up with a clinic across town."

"Really? Can you check again for me please?"

"Sure, one second."

Dan waited. The cooling coffee in the cup holder forgotten for now. He could hear his own pulse thrumming in his ears. When the receptionist came back her voice was polite but firm, "I'm sorry, but I don't have any record of you as a patient. If you had the procedure somewhere else, you'd need to contact that office. Would you like the number for the clinic across town just in case?"

"No... that's okay. Thanks anyway."

"No problem. Have a good day."

Dan hung up and let the phone sit in his lap. He sat there staring out at the parking lot without seeing any of it. The pieces were starting to line up in a way that made his stomach feel hollow. He opened his browser again and searched for another clinic. Then another. He started making a list. One by one he began dialing.

Dan's phone lit up again on the passenger seat. More emails from Sentinel. Subject lines about deadlines and client updates and a meeting he was already late for. He scanned them quickly and felt the pressure climb in his chest. How the hell was he supposed to balance any of this? Work. Home. Lester. Sarah. The girls. It was all piling up and he couldn't see a way through it.

His mind drifted back to his old job at Walt's place. That contract with the Lincoln Group. Byron had been such a bastard about everything. Always looking down his nose at

Dan. Dan remembered the way the guy talked to people like they were only a means to an end. And then there were the copious amounts of alcohol. He remembered the one time someone had even approached him about spying on Byron. Offered him a little device. Said it was simple. Just plug it into Byron's computer and leave it there. It was supposed to record his keystrokes. But Byron's office hadn't had a desktop or laptop to plug it into. Not like the one in Lester's room...

I still have that thing. Don't I?

It was in his old work bag at home. The USB keylogger... Martin, that was his name, had given him. If he could get it onto Lester's computer somehow. Without the cameras catching him. That might be something. A way to fight back for once instead of just sitting there while everything fell apart around him.

Dan started the car and pulled out of the Starbucks lot with a new kind of focus. The drive home felt shorter than usual. When he pulled into the driveway the house looked quiet from the outside. He went inside and set his phone on the kitchen counter. For a second there was only silence. Then he heard stirring from upstairs. Footsteps. The bedroom door opening.

Sarah came down the stairs looking exhausted. Her hair was a mess, stuck to one side of her head. She had on one of his old t-shirts and nothing else that he could see. Her eyes were still half closed.

"Where are the girls?"

"At school. It's almost noon Sarah."

She stopped halfway down the steps. "Shit...god...I didn't..I wouldn't...fuck."

Dan stayed quiet. He watched her face as the realization hit. She looked genuinely upset.

"I'm sorry...I didn't mean to sleep in. I'm sorry. And last night...things got kind of out of hand."

"Again."

"Again. Yeah. Maybe after Lester leaves we can just talk for a bit. Try to figure out...us...I guess. I mean, I know it's us and that we're going to be okay but...I don't know, we - we just need to get back in each other's orbit better. We keep getting interrupted."

Before Dan could say anything Lester trudged down the stairs behind her. He was in his usual outfit of dirty sweatpants and stained shirt. He put his arm around Sarah's shoulders like he owned her. Sarah's body went stiff under it. She was clearly uncomfortable with the display right in front of Dan yet she didn't pull away.

"Where'd you scamper off to last night?" Lester asked, grinning. "Was it too much for ya?"

Dan looked at him. "More importantly, when are you going to scamper off and get the fuck out of my house?"

Lester looked around the living room like he was considering the question. "Isn't it me who's paying your mortgage? This is my house as much as it is yours."

"Not anymore. That's done now."

"Why? Because you got a new little job? Question, why aren't you there right now?"

Sarah stepped between them a little. "Okay boys let's dial down the testosterone a bit, okay? Let's all just calm..."

"I'm not interested," Dan cut her off. "I'll be back in a few minutes. By then, Lester, I expect you out."

Lester's grin faded into something much colder. "You should be a little more respectful to the guy who can tank your career and ruin your life with what I have."

"Yeah maybe I should," Dan waved back dismissively. He didn't feel as confident as he sounded. But he was tired of looking weak in front of Lester.

Dan turned and walked out of the room before either of them could say anything else. He took the stairs two at a time. The bedroom door was still open. Inside it smelled like old sweat and sex.

The sheets were twisted. One of the pillows was on the floor. His stomach turned but he kept moving.

He went straight to the closet and pulled his old work bag out from the back. The zipper stuck for a second. He yanked it open and dug through the mess of old notebooks and orphaned chargers. Near the bottom his fingers closed around the shape of the small black USB stick. The keylogger. Martin had handed it to him in a parking garage months ago and told him it was simple... leave it and come back later.

Dan slipped it into his pocket and stood there for a second in the closet, listening. No footsteps on the stairs yet. He thought about the cameras Lester had installed in the apartment. The outlets, wherever else. There had to be a way to get the device onto Lester's computer without being recorded. He didn't know yet. But for the first time in weeks he had something solid in his pocket and a plan that didn't involve sitting around and watching his life get taken from him piece by piece.

He closed the bag and pushed it back into the corner of the closet. Then he turned and faced the messy bed again. He could almost hear Sarah's voice from last night still hanging in the air. Begging. Dan's jaw tightened. He left the room and started back down the hall, the little USB stick pressing against his leg with every step.

Sarah stood at the kitchen counter, her hands gripping the edge a little too tightly as she stared out the window at the empty driveway. She couldn't believe she'd forgotten to get the girls up and drive them to school. She always did that. This was just as bad as the time she'd forgotten to pick them up.

The guilt sat heavily in her chest, mixing with the lingering ache from last night and the way her body still felt sore and used in the best worst way. She glanced over at Lester leaning against the fridge, his short frame and that gut of his making him look even more out of place in her otherwise tidy kitchen. It was all because of him. This short creepy little disgusting man that had wrapped her around his finger.

Her eyes flicked down to the bulge in his sweatpants without her meaning to and the memory hit her hard. The breeding talk from last night, the way he had growled about flushing her pills down the toilet, about not being fixed at all. How amazing it had felt when he said those things, how the idea of him pumping her full and knocking her up had sent her over the edge harder than anything else ever had. It was like the culmination of everything the two of them had been building toward, that ultimate conclusion where Dan just... watches and she gives in completely. God it was so wrong but it had felt so right in the moment.

She was still lost in that thought when Lester moved in behind her without warning. His heavy body pressed close, that thick cock of his grinding right against her now presented ass through her thin pajama shorts. She could feel the heat of it, the way it twitched as he rubbed agonizingly slowly and deliberately. His hot breath, still smelling like last night's cheetos, nuzzled into the side of her neck. He hadn't brushed his teeth yet. She could tell. Neither had she, but it didn't matter. He knew exactly what he was doing, working her up again just like he always did. He wants another round. she could feel it. He wants to be especially cruel now that Dan is back in the house, wants to make sure she remembered who she belonged to while her husband was right upstairs.

Lester's hands slid around her waist, one slipping under her shirt to cup her breast roughly while the other pressed her hips back harder against him. She bit her lip, trying

not to moan out loud as the friction built. The granite counter was cool under her palms but everything else felt hot.

The sudden ring of a phone cut through the moment. Dan's phone on the counter started vibrating.. Lester pulled back just enough to grab it, holding it up dismissively like it was nothing. His eyes scanned the screen.

"Tricia? Who's that?"

The name didn't register to her at first. An unknown spike of jealousy hit Sarah right in the chest.

Who the hell is Tricia?

Before she could even open her mouth to say anything, Lester answered the call with that smug tone of his.

"Mhmm Tricia huh? That's a sexy name."

A woman's voice came through, clear enough that Sarah could hear it faintly. "Who's this? I'm calling for Dan Williams."

Lester chuckled low. "Well, little Danny's not available at the moment. I'd be happy to keep you company, though."

Another pang of jealousy washed over Sarah, stronger this time because of the way Lester said it.

What the fuck is he doing? She felt a whiff of betrayal but shoved it down fast. He's just fucking with Dan. That's all it is. He likes getting under my husband's skin and I know that. Lester's fucking with her too. It's not like he actually wants her or anything.

The woman on the other end sounded pissed now, "Who the fuck is this?"

"I'm Lester. Say, Tricia, what are you wearing right now?"

There was a beat of silence before she said, "You sound like a pig. Where's Dan?"

"You dense? He's not here. Now what kind of panties do you have on? Are they wet yet?"

"Fuck you."

The line immediately went dead. Lester chuckled and dropped the phone back onto the counter like it was all just a game. Sarah didn't know how to feel. Part of her was still stinging from the jealousy, another part was oddly relieved it was over, but the grinding had never stopped. Lester was still pressed against her from behind the whole time, his cock rubbing unhurried and insistent against her ass, his greedy hands still roaming under her shirt. She could feel herself getting wet again despite everything, her body responding to him like it always did now.

Footsteps sounded on the stairs. Dan stepped into the kitchen and froze when he saw them. Lester still had his arm around Sarah, one hand blatantly groping her breast while the other rested low on her hip. Something looked off about Dan, like he was carrying some extra weight or tension she couldn't quite place, but she chalked it up to him walking in on this scene.

He must be pissed. Or hurt. Probably both.

"Dan...who's..."

Lester cut in before she could finish, his voice dripping with that fake casual tone. "...Tricia. She sounded sexy. You keeping a little side piece and didn't tell us? Good for you. I honestly didn't think you had it in you. She blonde too? Sexy..."

Dan just stared for a second, like a deer caught in headlights. He quickly righted himself, straightening up and trying to look composed, but Sarah had already seen the telltale flash of panic.

"She's a coworker. Did you answer my phone?"

Lester's hands kept moving lecherously, possessive and slow, squeezing one of her breasts and then sliding down to grab a handful of her asscheek while he ran his tongue lovingly up the side of her neck. That was his only response at first. Sarah felt her face heat up but she didn't pull away.

"Why didn't you tell me about her before?" Sarah asked.

Dan looked frazzled now, gulping but tried not let it show. "We haven't exactly had any privacy to talk about anything. And you've been... preoccupied. This isn't a big deal. She probably just had a question about work, she was already emailing me this morning. Some of us do need to do some work, y'know."

Lester chuckled against the skin. "Probably the same reason he hasn't told you about Jesse suing him."

Sarah's heart dropped straight into her stomach. Her eyes went wide as her stunned face turned to Dan. "What?"

Dan's face tightened, his jaw clenching hard, "Lester, you were supposed to be leaving."

Lester just shrugged, his gut pressing firmer into her side as he shifted his weight. "Was I? I don't remember agreeing to that. Besides..." He ground himself harder against her backside, achingly slow and deliberate, his thick cock dragging along the curves of her ass. She bit the inside of her cheek to keep from making a sound. "I'm, ah, preoccupied, isn't that right Sarah?"

She tried to ignore the way his hips rolled expertly, the way his unbelievable cock felt so big and insistent even through the layers of clothing. Her mind was spinning too fast. Tricia? Who the fuck is Tricia? And now Jessie's suing him? "Jessie's suing you? Why? What happened?"

Before Dan could get a word out Lester cut in, his voice low and amused right against her ear. "Because Dan hit him and embarrassed him. It's actually pretty funny." He nuzzled closer, his hot breath fanning over her neck, and she could feel exactly how fully hard he was now, that overheated thick length throbbing against her. She remembered Dan saying all that had happened. Back when he worked for Walt. Jesse had come in trying to confront him. And Walt was old friends with Jessie's dad.

Dan's eyes narrowed, "How in the fuck do you know that?"

Lester shrugged again but didn't answer. Instead he started actively dry humping her backside, short insistent thrusts that made her breath catch. She could feel every inch of him, the way his heavy balls pressed against her ass too.

She swallowed hard, trying to focus. "What are we going to do?"

Dan was seething, his glare locked on Lester like he wanted to rip the other man apart. "I don't know. I'll figure something out."

"When Dan? We can't afford a lawyer."

"I'm working on it. I just found out he sued us. I've been a little preoccupied."

Lester's voice dropped to a whisper right in her ear, his lips brushing the lobe of it, "I can help."

Dan's head snapped toward him, "What?"

Lester said it louder this time, still consistently grinding against her like he had all the time in the world. "I bet I can help."

Sarah's stomach twisted, "Help? Help how?"

Dan's voice was sharp. "No. We don't need your help. Right Sarah?"

Lester didn't even look at him. His hands slid lower on her hips, pulling her back harder against his growing cock. "How long have you been fucking Tricia, Dan?"

Dan's eyes burned like steel. Sarah saw something behind them she didn't like. Guilt, maybe, and anger. The jealousy hit her, even though she knew she had no right. Not after everything she'd done with Lester. But still, it did.

"Mind your own fucking business Lester. Let go of my wife," Dan snapped.

Lester's lips brushed her ear again, voice low enough only she could hear., That wasn't a no, was it?"

Sarah's chest felt tight. She turned her head just enough to look at Dan. "Dan? Are you sleeping with her?"

Dan's face went through about five different expressions in two seconds. He looked like he was at war with himself, words fighting to get out. Lester was still grinding on her more urgently now, his cock a thick insistent pressure against her ass, and she could feel herself getting wet despite the tension in the room, despite everything.

Dan finally blurted it out, voice rough. "I slept in our daughter's room last night because you were screaming about being impregnated by this ugly fucking creep behind you."

Sarah felt the words like a slap. He heard that. Of course he heard that. She was loud. She'd wanted to be loud. But she pushed past it, "Answer the question Dan."

He wavered, eyes flicking between her and Lester's. Lester's grinding got faster, more deliberate, the heat of him seeping through her shorts. Dan's mouth opened and closed once before the words tumbled out. "None of the urologists in Chicago have heard of you Lester. You're not in any of their systems."

Lester paused. His grinding stopped completely. He went still behind her, and for a second the only sounds were the faint hum of the fridge and the blood rushing in his ears. Dan pressed on, voice gaining strength. "You never got a vasectomy did you?"

Lester backed up from her a step, his face twisting into something angry and bewildered. "Are you dense? You drove me to the fucking appointment."

Dan didn't back down. "Yeah, sure. But I called the office of that place. You're not in their system. They've never even heard of you."

Lester's hands dropped away from her awaiting hips. He looked genuinely shocked now, eyes wide. "What kind of psycho would call my, my doctor? And other doctors, as, what, posing as me?" His expression shifted, shock mixing with something darker. "I didn't make a stink when you started creeping around my ex-girlfriend but this is crossing the line. Are you just making this shit up because I talked to your mistress?"

Sarah's mind raced. Was Dan cheating with Tricia? Did Lester lie about the vasectomy? Dan really crossed a line calling those doctors, didn't he? But Lester's been recording them for months. Recording everything. A quiet part of her tried to remind herself of that, but the louder part was the jealousy and the hurt twisting in her gut. She settled on the one question that felt like it might break her either way. "Dan, did you sleep with Tricia?"

He didn't answer. She could see it written all over his face. The guilty conflicted expression, the way his shoulders hunched like he wanted to entirely disappear. He did it. He'd actually done it. She knew she was a hypocrite, knew she had no grounds to stand on after everything she'd begged Lester to do to her last night, but the tears still welled up hot in her eyes anyway. How could he?

Her voice came out small and shaky. "Lester, I want to leave."

She pushed past Dan before he could reach for her, ignoring the way his hand brushed her arm. She rushed upstairs, heart pounding, and slammed the bedroom door behind her.

Tears blurred her vision as she pulled on her clothes. Downstairs she could hear voices still going but she didn't care. She just needed space. I'm such a mess. I don't even know who I am anymore.

Back downstairs Dan tried to talk to her, touch but she pulled away. Lester was waiting for her in his SUV and she got in and they drove off.

Lester stood outside his SUV in the fading light of dusk, the parking lot half-empty and quiet except for the distant hum of traffic. He held the phone to his ear, but his mind was elsewhere, turning over the last twenty-four hours like a man who'd just been handed a winning lottery ticket he hadn't even bought. God must love me. Really fucking love me. All these pieces falling into place without me even trying. Tricia wasn't part of any plan.

He hadn't seen Dan's little detective act coming. Lester had figured just getting dropped off at the appointment would be enough. Let Dan see him walk in, maybe even wait in the car like a good little cuck. That should've sealed it. But apparently the man had more brains than Lester gave him credit for. Annoying, sure. But impressive too, in a pathetic sort of way.

It didn't matter now though. Not with how Sarah was looking at Dan like he was the one who'd fucked everything up. She wasn't even asking about the vasectomy. She was flailing about over Tricia, whoever she was. Lester imagined that maybe someday he'd turn that slut too.

Lester glanced over his shoulder at the SUV. Sarah was in the passenger seat, the half full bottle of whisky cradled in her lap like it was the only thing keeping her together. She took a swig, winced hard at the burn, then tipped it back again for another hearty gulp. Her blonde hair was still messy from earlier, and even from here he could see the way her hands shook just a little.

She was drinking like she was trying to drown the whole mess. Good girl. Let it sink in. Let her focus on Dan and that little coworker of his instead of wondering whether or not Lester actually got snipped. He touched his pants pocket where the empty baggy sat. She was in for quite the night.

He turned his back to the car again, grinning to himself as he scrolled to Jesse's number and hit call. The line rang twice before the other man picked up, "Hello?"

"Jesse, it worked completely. Thank you for your assistance."

Jesse's voice came through low and rough. "He fucking d-deserved it. Does Sarah know? What did she say? Is she pissed at--"

Lester cut the rambling lovesick idiot off, "Yes, she does."

There was a pause, then Jesse's breathing got heavier on the other end. "So do I get to see her now?"

Lester let the silence stretch just long enough to make the other man squirm a little. Love made people so willingly pliable "Perhaps. Though you understand she's mine, correct?"

Jesse didn't answer right away. Just breathed into the phone, slow and deliberate. Lester pressed, his voice deep, "Jesse."

"I understand," Jesse said. It sounded like someone was pulling out his teeth as he said it.

"If I let you see her, you can't touch her like last time," Lester warned. He didn't want anyone else knocking her up before he could.

"You're a fucking monster, you know that?" Jesse said, a strain in his voice like he was holding back tears.

Lester chuckled, low and warm. "Yeah whatever. How long until you can get to Middleton?"

"What the fuck is Middelton?"

"It's a town you idiot. Google it. I'll drop you an address and details. Leave now," Lester hung up without waiting for a reply, then opened his messages. A new one from Renee sat at the top.

R: Okay. When?

Lester smirked knowing this was his day and then glanced back at Sarah through the window. She was still drinking, her head tipping back against the seat. When she turned her face toward him he let the smirk vanish, replacing it with something softer, to almost seem concerned. His thumbs moved over the screen, typing out a short reply before he hit send and then slipped the phone into his pocket.

The sun was almost set now, the sky streaked with orange and purple. Lester turned and headed back to the SUV.

He climbed back into the driver's seat, the door shutting with a solid thud that echoed in the quiet lot. Sarah turned her head toward him, her eyes glassy from the whisky she'd been sipping. She looked smaller somehow in the passenger seat, curled up with the bottle resting against her thigh.

"Was that Jesse?" she asked, her voice soft and a little rough.

Lester glanced at her as he shifted the car into drive. "Yeah. I took care of the lawsuit. He's going to drop it."

A weak smile flickered across Sarah's face, barely there before it faded into something tired. She took another slow drink from the bottle, wincing again at the burn but swallowing it down anyway. "I don't know how I can thank you. What did you say to him?"

"It doesn't matter. It's done. You don't need to thank me." he said, reaching over with one hand while the other stayed on the wheel. His palm slid up her thigh, fingers pressing into the soft skin just under the hem of her shorts. He squeezed once, feeling the warmth of her leg through the thin fabric.

"I have an idea for tonight. Something I've wanted to try for a long time," Lester said, letting the words hang in the air.

Sarah didn't pull away. She just took another drink, her throat working as she swallowed. The phone on the center console started ringing, Dan's name lighting up the screen. She stared at it for a second, then reached over and silenced it without answering.

She turned back to Lester, her eyes meeting his in the dim light. There was something sultry there now, a growing heat that hadn't been there a minute ago before Dan called, "I'll do whatever you want."

Lester felt a slow grin spread across his face. His fingers tightened on her thigh, digging in just enough to make her shift anxiously in the seat.

Sarah was already leaning into it, the whisky loosening her up, the mess with Dan pushing her further toward him. He reached back with one hand, fumbling for a second before his fingers closed around the soft fabric part of what he'd left in the backseat. He pulled it forward and held it out to her without giving her his attention.

Sarah took the blindfold. It was bigger than a normal one, soft black material with padded cups on the inside that looked almost like headphones. She turned it over in her hands, her fingers brushing along the inner lining. "it has cups over the ears."

"That's so you can focus on how your body feels," Lester said, glancing over at her before he turned on the engine and began to drive. "You can still hear but it'll be harder to make out. Everything gets quieter to help you focus."

Sarah kept running her thumb along the edge of one cup. "okay....that's....I'm intrigued."

Lester smiled, "I knew you would be."

Sarah didn't respond right away. She was still turning the blindfold over, studying it. Then her eyes flicked to the backseat, where the second identical one was still sitting on the floor mat, half-hidden under a jacket. She stared at it for a second before looking back at him. She couldn't help but notice that the bulge in Lester's pants had doubled in size since he'd handed it to her.

"Wait. Why is there another one?"

Renee pulled her car into the dirty motel lot on the wrong side of town, the "T" on the neon sign flickering like it was about to give out for good. She looked at the place and felt her stomach turn. The building wasn't far from the hospital where her daughter worked and she'd driven past it plenty of times before always thinking the same quiet things about the kind of people who came here.

It disgusted her. She parked in the furthest spot from the road and closed her eyes for a second saying a silent prayer of forgiveness. James was out with his friends again. She'd made some half assed excuse about meeting an old coworker for a drink and he'd just nodded along without really listening to her lie.

She checked her phone again and stared at Lester's message. The address and room number staring back at her from the screen. A shudder ran through her whole body and a wave of shame washed over her so fiercely it made her cheeks burn.

She knew this was wrong on every level but she couldn't stop herself from being here. What in the hell am I doing?

She took one last look at the room number then breathed out slowly and pulled her coat tighter around herself before getting out of the car.

She scurried across the parking lot keeping her head down not wanting to talk to any of the lowlifes hanging around or let anyone get a good look at her face. The air smelled like cigarettes and old grease from the Chinese takeout place nearby. Her heels clicked too loudly for her comfort on the cracked pavement. When she reached the door she knocked and waited for what felt like forever before Lester finally answered. He cracked it open just enough to look her up and down with that same smirk he always seemed to have.

"Why the heck are we meeting here?" she demanded.

Lester looked amused, "Show me some skin."

Renee tried to push the door open but he kept it from moving more than a few inches. "Lester please. Let me in."

"Skin first. Let me see it."

She glanced left and right. There were a couple people standing outside their rooms in the distance smoking. Her heart pounded as she opened her jacket while blushing hard and let him see what she thought of as her sexiest dress underneath and her long exposed legs. That shit eating grin spread across Lester's face right away.

"Come in," He opened the door wider and she rushed inside fast. Lester closed it behind her with a click.

The room smelled exactly like she had imagined; musty and cheap with the stale cigarette odor from outside clinging to everything within. She noticed right away there was a closed door that led to an adjoining room. On the crappy little table sat a bottle of wine and some other booze bottles. Lester poured her a glass without asking and handed it over.

The room was just as disgusting as she had pictured in her head. She took the glass and downed the whole thing in one go. It tasted a little funny but she didn't think too much of it and motioned for another as she already felt the warmth starting to spread. She wasn't even concerned with how she was going to drive home later. He handed her a second glass.

Lester then walked over to his bag propped against the wall and started rummaging through it. The alcohol hit her fast but it felt different this time. Warmer and heavier like it was moving through her whole body at once. It felt good. Almost too good - like the best buzz she had ever experienced and it made her skin tingle in a way that was completely unlike anything she'd felt before.

Her thoughts were getting fuzzy around the edges but not in a bad way. Everything felt softer and lighter yet more intense at the same time.

Lester pulled a blindfold out of his bag and moved toward her. She bit her lip when she saw what he was holding.

"What's that for?" Renee said. She felt her heart beating faster and a thrill of fear ran through her. But she felt it pulse between her legs.

"For tonight. I'm going to fuck you with this on. You're gonna love it." Lester said.

Renee looked around the disgusting room. Maybe if she didn't have to look at where she actually was, she could pretend she was somewhere else. She gave a small nod without saying anything. He stepped close and tied it over her eyes. The fabric was soft against her skin and the cups over her ears made every sound muffled right away. She could still hear him moving around but it was distantly faint and hard to make out. Her heart was racing now, she could hear the blood pulsing in her ears, and she felt exposed standing there in the middle of this awful room with her coat still half open and that strange warmth spreading lower down in her body.

Her breath caught in her throat as Lester's hands came up to her jacket and peeled it off of her. His hot breath was on the back of her neck. She felt him press his hard cock against her ass and his thumbs looped under the straps of her dress. Then he peeled that off too.

Jesse sat in the chair handcuffed to the radiator in this dirty motel room in some shitty small town. He'd been an idiot letting Lester handcuff him but they both knew he would do anything to be close to Sarah. Even so, now he was regretting going along with the weird man's plan. This was how horror movies started. The metal cuffs dug into his wrists every time he moved.

Anxiety sat heavy in his chest right next to a ball of anger that never really went away these days. He couldn't look away from Sarah on the bed. She was already stark naked aside from the blindfold still covering her eyes and she was touching herself like she was starving for contact. Her hands had moved slowly at first over her breasts then faster pinching her nipples until she let out this soft broken sound that made his cock twitch hard in his jeans.

Sarah's hands slid down her stomach and stopped between her legs. She spread her thighs wider on the sheets and started rubbing herself in these steady purposeful circles. Her breathing got heavier right away, little pants escaping her mouth as her hips started rocking up into the feeling of her own touch. Jesse could see how wet she was already, her fingers glistening every time they caught the light. He was rock hard and straining against his tented jeans, the sight of her like this making everything about his predicament worse. The cuffs rattled when he shifted in his seat, trying to get any kind of relief but there was none to be had.

Her free hand kept moving too, squeezing one breast then the other while her fingers worked faster between her legs. Sarah was moaning louder now her back arching off the bed as she fucked herself on her own hand. The wet sounds filled the quiet room and Jesse felt his cock leak steadily, a wet spot on the front of his jeans getting darker.

The door to the adjoining room opened. Lester walked in naked. His dick already out; hard and glistening at the tip. Jesse felt that same flash of intimidation he always got when he saw the older man's cock. It was cartoonishly thick and heavy hanging there like it belonged to someone twice Lesters size.

Lester didn't say anything at first, just stood there getting even harder looking at Sarah on the bed with that same grin he always wore when he knew he had all the power.

A nude woman walked in right behind him. She had long blonde hair that fell past her shoulders and she looked enough like Sarah that Jesse thought she might be her sister. But she was wearing a blindfold too, the same kind with the ear cups that Sarah had on. The new woman's breathing was heavy. Jesse could see a light sheen of sweat on her skin. Jesse realized that Lester had already fucked her in the other room. She stood close to Lester and her knees looked shaky and weak. Her head moved about as if she were waiting for instructions in this new place.

Who's that? She looks so much like Sarah that it's fucking with my head. Why is she fucking blindfolded too? What the hell is Lester playing at now?

Jesse cleared his throat the sound loud in the quiet room, "Who's that?"

Lester didn't answer. He just kept looking down at Sarah on the bed, his hand moving to stroke himself slow and lazily like he had all the time in the world. The woman beside him shifted her weight and her breathing got a little louder but she stayed quiet too; her hands flexing at her sides like she wanted to touch something. Jesse felt his anger spike even hotter. He hated being ignored like this especially when he'd been chained up and forced to watch.

Sarah was still lost in what she was doing - her fingers moving faster now, sliding in and out of herself with the distinct wet sounds that made Jesse grit his teeth. Her free hand roamed over her body squeezing her breasts then sliding down to rub at her clit in tight circles. She was panting harder now, little moans breaking out every few seconds and her hips were rolling up off the bed chasing after her own touch. Jesse could see how close she was getting. Her thighs now trembling and her stomach tightening with every stroke.

Lester finally moved closer to the bed reaching down to run his hand along Sarah's toned inner thigh. She arched up hard into his touch with a desperate little whine, her own fingers never slowing at all. Jesse pulled at the cuffs again, the metal biting into his skin, clinking against the armrests. His anger and arousal were all tangled up together until he couldn't tell which one was greater.

Sarah's breathing was getting ragged now, her moans coming faster as she worked herself closer to the edge of ecstasy. The hand she'd placed between her legs moved in these quickly desperate strokes while her other hand pinched at her nipple hard enough to make her cry out in lust. Jesse couldn't look away even though every second of it was driving him animal crazy.

Lester glanced over at Jesse for just a second with that same smug grin on his face but he still didn't say a word about the other woman. He turned his attention back to Sarah instead running his fingers higher up her thigh until they were brushing against her own moving hand. Sarah gasped at the new contact, her whole body jerking sharply like the extra touch was too much and yet not enough all at once. Jesse felt his cock twitch hard again watching it happen, the frustration building until it was almost unhelpfully painful.

Lester took the other blindfolded woman by the hand and led her over to the bed. She moved carefully but willingly, letting Lester guide her until she was climbing onto the mattress beside Sarah.

Lester climbed up on the bed between them, his heavy body settling right in the middle. He was still completely naked, his thick cock resting against his thigh glistening with slickness from his earlier fun. Jesse felt that same shameful flash of intimidation hit him again at the sight of it so much bigger than his own organ. He'd always considered himself above average at the very least. Lester's size always made him doubt that. The two women both shuddered identically the second Lester touched them. Sarah's hand left her own body to run over his chest leisurely and almost reverently while the other woman did the same from his other side. Their fingers traced over his skin like every little brush they made was sending waves of pleasure straight through their entire bodies.

Lester reached up and pulled Sarah closer to him by the back of her neck. He did the same to the other woman with his free hand guiding them toward each other until their mouths met. The kiss started messily right away. Tongues sliding sloppily against each other while wet sounds filled the otherwise quiet room. Sarah moaned into the contact, her hand still roaming over Lester's chest while the other woman's fingers traced down his distended stomach. The two lookalike women kept kissing. Hungry hands moving over each other's bodies like they couldn't get enough. Jesse could see Sarah's nipples harden and noted the way the other woman's back arched when Sarah's hand slid down to cup her impressively large breast.

Lester let them kiss and tongue each other a little longer before he gently pushed their heads lower down his body. Sarah went first without hesitation, her mouth opening as she took the oversized head of his cock between her lips. The other woman followed right after her tongue sliding along the massive shaft while Sarah sucked on the bulbous head. They worked together without using any words. Their mouths moving in sync up and down his substantial length in a slow but messy rhythm. Streams of saliva dripped down Lester's cock as they took turns sucking and licking at him, sometimes both of them in the same spot at once, their tongues brushing against each other around him.

Jesse shifted uncomfortably in the chair and the cuffs pulled tight again. He could hear every single wet sound of their activities. The way Sarah moaned around Lester's cock and the soft eager sighing noises coming from the other woman too. Lester leaned back against the pillows, one hand resting languidly on each of their heads guiding them but not forcing anything. His thick shaft glistened even more now covered in their combined spit as they kept their cock worship going. Sarah took him deeper, her open throat working while the other woman licked along the thick base and went down to address his hairy balls, sucking one into her mouth with a passionate soft hum that made Jesse's dick throb in his jeans.

The three of them kept at it for what felt like forever switching positions back and forth on the pale man's steel hard pole. Sarah would suck him deep while the other woman licked and kissed along the shaft then they would trade places, their eager lips brushing against each other sometimes in these accidental messy kisses around the head of his leaking cock. Lester groaned low in his throat, his hips lifting off the bed just a little to push deeper into one or the other of their mouths. The sounds were obscenely wet and filthy. The women's saliva mixed and dripped down onto the off-white sheets. Jesse could see every detail from where he was confined; the way Sarah's cheeks hollowed when she sucked him. The taste buds on the other woman's tongue as it flicked out to taste him between strokes.

Sarah pulled off for a second lustily gasping for air, her perfect lips shiny and swollen. The other woman took over immediately, jealously sucking him down her throat with this eager pleading sound. Sarah leaned in to lick along the exposed side of his shaft, her hand reaching down to stroke what couldn't fit in her mouth. They moved together like they had done this before even though Jesse was reasonably sure they hadn't. Their hands kept roaming over Lester's body too. Touching his beach ball like stomach, his oddly misshapen thighs, anywhere they could reach as if they both needed the connection.

Lester let them keep going, his breathing getting heavier. He still didn't say a word. The two women kept enthusiastically working his cock together. Tongues and lips and hands moving in this filthy perfect rhythm. Sarah moaned willingly around his hardness again, the vibration making Lester's slovenly hips twitch. The other woman sucked even harder, taking him as deep as she could while Sarah licked and kissed the expanse of what was left exposed. Spit ran down his voluminous balls and onto the sheets, the whole scene

messy and raw and so hot Jesse felt like he was going to lose his mind if he kept watching it.

He sat there chained up, forced to see every second of this bizarre pornographic performance. Sarah and the other woman completely focused on Lester like nothing else in the world existed. Their bodies moved together, hands sliding over skin and each other's bodies while their mouths stayed busy at his ridiculously huge cock. Jesse could feel his pulse pounding in his ears, his own cock so hard it was almost painful, aroused, trapped and ignored. The anger was still there burning low in his chest but the arousal was a raging fire right now.

Lester finally let out a low groan, his hand tightening in Sarah's hair for a second before relaxing again. The two women didn't stop. They just kept going about their thorough work. Sloppy tongues sliding over each other and over him like they were lost in the taste and the feel of his pleasure. The room was filled with the wet sounds of their mouths and the soft eager noises they made and Jesse felt like he was burning up from the inside watching it all happen.

Sarah and the woman had their mouths on Lester's cock now, both of them focused on the apple-sized head. They were making out around it tongues sliding against each other with the swollen head of his dick caught right between both sets of their lips. It was messy, wet gushes of saliva dripping down the expanding shaft while they kissed together sloppily over him. Jesse could hear every sound, the soft wet smacks of their mouths working together and the low groans coming from Lester.

They kept at it for a long time, not rushing, just worshipping him. Sarah would suck the head into her mouth and the other woman licked along the shaft and then they switched places. Their tongues brushing against each other every time they traded positions. Their hands were stroking him furiously now, both of them gripping his thick cock in different places and pumping it in these fast desperate motions. Lester's dick glistened more with every stroke covered in their spit and his flowing precum. Jesse could see how hard he was the way it twitched between their mouths every time one of them sucked a little deeper.

The woman with the long blonde hair moaned around the head of his cock, the sound vibrating through the column of flesh while Sarah kept stroking the broad base with both hands. They were completely lost in it. Their bodies pressed close together on the bed, hands roaming possessively over each other even while they both focused on Lester. Sarah's fingers slid over the other woman's breast squeezing softly before moving lower to touch her between her legs. The other woman did the same, reaching over to rub slow circles over Sarah's exposed swollen clit while they kept eagerly kissing and licking around Lester's giant cock. Their bodies both grinding against him desperately.

Jesse shifted in the chair, his own cock throbbing painfully in his jeans. He was so hard it hurt, badly. The cuffs kept him from doing anything about it. He couldn't stop watching the way their tongues worked together over the swollen head and the way their hands moved faster on the older man's shaft, stroking him in these urgently deft strokes that made Lester's hips involuntarily lift off the bed.

It went on for a very long time. Sarah and her look alike trading off sucking him deep while the other licked and kissed whatever couldn't fit in their mouths. Their hands never stopped moving, stroking him furiously from base to tip sometimes both gripping him at once and pumping in this filthy sustained rhythm. Jesse felt his own breathing getting rougher the longer he watched, his cock leaking steadily and trapped with no relief.

Eventually Lester let out a low groan and managed to sit up. He gently pushed both women back just enough to slide out from between them. Sarah and the other woman stayed on the bed still touching each other even without him there. Their mouths found each other again kissing deep and hungrily, hands sliding over unclothed skin like they couldn't stop. Sarah's fingers were between the other woman's legs now rubbing slowly then faster while the blonde woman did the same back to her. They were moaning into each other's mouths, their bodies moving together on the sheets completely focused on each other now that Lester's cock had moved away.

Lester stood up and walked over to Jesse, his heavy cock still unwaveringly hard and wet, swinging dramatically with every step. Jesse felt that same submissive intimidation hit

him again at how big the thing looked up close. Lester didn't say anything, just reached down and unlocked the cuffs with a quiet clicking sound. The metal fell away from Jesse's wrists leaving red marks on his skin. He flexed his hands feeling the blood rush back into his fingers but he didn't move right away still staring at the two women writhing on the bed.

Sarah and the woman were still going at it, kissing sloppily. Their hands wandering all over each other's bodies. Sarah had two fingers inside the other woman now pumping them slowly and deep while the blonde woman rubbed tight calculated circles over Sarah's soaked, swelling clit. Their bodies moved together in this slow grinding rhythm, both women breathing hard and making these soft desperate murmuring sounds. Jesse sat there, free now but still frozen in the chair. His cock ached and his mind spun from the scene he couldn't quite process as he watched.

"Follow my lead," Lester grunted, "Don't do anything without my permission. Got it?"

Lester stepped back toward the bed without a word leaving Jesse sitting there unchained but unsure of what was to come next. The two women were too wrapped up in each other kissing and touching like nothing else mattered for him to easily jump in. Jesse could still see Lester's cock glistening from their mouths as he stood over them watching with that same satisfied look on his fugly face.

Sarah lay on the bed with the blindfold still tight over her eyes, the world reduced to touch and sound and that warm heavy buzz moving through her veins. Whatever had been upsetting her earlier felt so far away now, like it was a problem that belonged to someone else. The fight with Dan, the things Lester had said about Tricia, all of it was drifting off somewhere distant while this thick sweet feeling took her over instead. Her skin felt too sensitive, every little brush of air making her shiver, and she could feel the other woman right there beside her, her hands on Sarah's body.

God this feels so good, so great. I don't even care about anything else right now. Just this. Just how warm everything is and how badly I need touch.

The woman's hand was on her stomach, sliding slowly and carefully; she was learning the shape of her. Sarah let out a soft sound and reached over without thinking, her own fingers finding smooth skin and the curve of an ample breast. The woman was warm and soft in all the same places she was, and it made something low in Sarah's belly tighten. She traced her fingers over the woman's nipple and felt it harden under her touch, could feel the quiet intake of breath that followed. It was strange and hot at the same time, not knowing who this was but feeling how much she wanted this too. It felt so right.

Their mouths found each other a moment later, the kiss starting slowly before turning deeper and more chaotic. Sarah could taste the wine on the woman's tongue and something sweeter underneath it. The woman kissed like she was starving for it, one hand sliding up to cup Sarah's breast while the other stayed between her legs, fingers brushing lightly over her clit in these teasing strokes that made Sarah's hips lift anxiously off the bed. She moaned into the kiss and kissed her back harder, her own hand moving between the woman's thighs to begin to return the favor. They touched each other like that for an unmeasured amount of time, fingers exploring and stroking between their legs while their mouths stayed locked together, soft wet sounds filling the space between them.

This is so wrong but it feels too good to stop. I don't even know who she is but I want her to keep touching me. I want more.

She felt the mattress dip and then Lester's weight settle on top of her. His heavy body pressed her down into the sheets, the thick heat of his unmistakable cock sliding against her inner thigh. Sarah gasped into the woman's mouth when she felt him there, already hard and ready, the massive head of him nudging against her slick folds. The woman didn't pull away from them. She kept kissing Sarah, slower now, almost soothing, while Lester pushed forward and started to sink himself inside her welcoming folds.

The stretch of him made Sarah's back arch. He filled her in that familiar thick way that always made her feel completely taken over, and the warm buzz in her body only made the fill even better. Every slow thrust sent sparks shooting through her entire being, and

she moaned louder against the woman's lips, her hands gripping the sheets and then finding the woman's waist again like she needed something to hold onto. Lester fucked her steadily and deep, his breathing rough above her, one hand braced beside her head while the other pinned her hip down.

The woman kept kissing her through it all, her tongue sliding against Sarah's in these lazy hungry movements. Sarah could feel the woman's body shifting closer, her breasts brushing against Sarah's extended arm, and then she felt the woman's hand move down between them again, fingers finding Sarah's clit while Lester kept thrusting into her. The added touch made Sarah cry out, her whole body tightening around Lester's cock as the pleasurable fluttering was quickly working up inside of her.

He feels so good. They both feel so good. I don't want this to stop. Not ever. I don't want to think about anything else.

She was vaguely aware of the woman reacting beside her, the way her breathing changed and her body moved in these little jerks that didn't match what Sarah was doing. The woman's mouth left Sarah's for a second, a soft broken sound escaping her before she came back to kiss her again, deeper this time. Sarah could feel the woman's hips rocking now, like something was moving inside her too, someone else taking her at the same time Lester was taking Sarah. The realization hit through the ecstatic haze in slow pieces. Someone was fucking the woman. She could tell by the way the woman's body kept jolting forward, by the way her moans changed pitch every few seconds.

Lester himself kept expertly fucking her through it all, his thrusts getting a little rougher, the sound of skin meeting skin mixing with the wet sounds coming from between her legs and those of the other woman. The custom blindfold muffled the sound so Sarah assumed it must have been really loud. Sarah reached up blindly, one hand finding Lester's thick arm and the other sliding over the woman's side, needing to touch both of them while this was happening. The woman kissed her harder, almost frantic now, and Sarah kissed back just as passionately, lost in the feeling of being filled and touched and kissed all at once.

Lesters' hand moved into the back of Sarah's hair, pulling her from the kiss with the other woman. His fat disgusting tongue melded with hers, exchanging copious amounts of saliva. The woman's tongue joined with them and they all sloppily kissed each other all at once. Tongues, wet lips all crashing together as the woman panted hard while she was fucked by someone else.

The buzz was still moving through Sarah, making everything feel bigger and slower and hotter. She could feel the familiar shape of Lester's heavy body pressing her down, the way his unchecked gut brushed against her stomach with every rigid thrust, the way his oversized cock dragged against that perfect spot inside her over and over. Every time the woman made one of those sharp little sounds Sarah knew someone else was fucking her and that the woman was enjoying every second of it.

Sarah felt her body getting close. She couldn't hold it back.

It's all too much but I don't want it to end. I want to stay right here like this forever.

Sarah's orgasm crashed over her all at once, her body locking up around Lester's driving cock as she came hard. She moaned into the woman's mouth, her hands clutching at whatever she could reach while the pleasure rolled through her in long heavy impossible waves. The woman was right there with her, shaking and gasping against Sarah's lips as whoever was behind her kept moving, the rhythm of it making the woman's body press harder into Sarah's with every thrust. Sarah sucked on the woman's tongue as her body quivered and shook. Pleasure rolling through Sarah in obscene waves.

Lester didn't slow down. He fucked her straight through it, his breathing rough and his cock still thick and hard inside her, drawing it out until Sarah was trembling and oversensitive and still somehow wanting more. The woman's mouth stayed on hers the whole time, kissing her through the aftershocks, their bodies pressed together while the two men kept taking them. Sarah could feel everything so clearly even with the blindfold on. The heat of Lester's skin, the way the woman's nipples brushed against her own, the wet

slide of Lester's cock moving in and out of her, the soft desperate sounds the woman kept making every time she herself was filled with cock again.

She didn't know how long this foursome went on. Time felt strange and stretched out under the deafening blindfold and the heavy warmth still moved through her. All she knew was the feeling of being repeatedly touched and fucked and kissed, the way her body kept responding even when she thought she couldn't take anymore stimulation. Lester's hand found her breast and squeezed, his thumb brushing over her pebble hard nipple in time with his thrusts, and the woman's thumb on her other breast, rubbing her through every wave until Sarah was whimpering into her mouth and coming again, smaller this time but just as intense as the last one.

The woman was incredibly close to cumming too. Sarah could feel it in the way her body tensed up and shook wildly, in the way her kisses became more filled with tongue and turned sloppy and desperate. Whoever was fucking her must have been hitting some amazing place because the woman kept making these soft broken gasps against Sarah's lips, her hips rolling back to meet every wonderful thrust. Sarah reached between them and found the woman's engorged clit with her own fingers, rubbing her in these quick tight circles while Lester kept fucking her from above. The woman came with a sharp cry muffled against Sarah's mouth, her whole body going tight and then shaking hard as the orgasm raged through her.

Sarah felt the woman collapse beside her, breathing hard and trembling through the delicious aftershocks. Something shifted on the bed next to her, the mattress dipping as Lester pulled out of her with a wet sound that made her whimper at the sudden emptiness. Before she could catch her breath his hands were on her hips, strong and rough as he flipped her over onto her stomach and then pulled her up onto her hands and knees. She barely had time to process the change before he was behind her again, gripping her waist and sliding his thick cock back into her ready opening in one smooth practiced thrust.

The new angle made her gasp in shock. He felt even deeper like this, stretching her open in that thick familiar way while his heavy body pressed up against her ass. Lester started fucking her in steady, deep strokes, his hips slapping against her with every intense thrust. The globes of his giant hairy balls, swinging between his legs. Sarah's arms shook as she tried to hold herself up, the blindfold keeping everything dark and her body hyper aware of every titillating sensation. The warm buzz was still rolling through her, making the pleasure sharper and heavier at the same time.

God yes. Just like this. I need it like this. Hard and deep so I don't have to think about anything else.

She felt movement in front of her. Someone sat down on the bed, their thighs brushing against her arms as they settled close. A hand came to rest on the back of her head, fingers threading into her hair before gently but firmly pushing her down. Her lips met the head of a cock, already slick and warm, and she opened her mouth without thinking. The hand guided her lower until she took it all in, the length sliding over her tongue as whoever it was let out a low sound above her.

Lester kept fucking her from behind, his pace never slowing even as she started to suck the cock in front of her. There was a second man here. But who? The question drifted from her mind as the hand on her head stayed there, not forcing but controlling the rhythm as she bobbed up and down on the cock in front of her. She could taste the salt of precum and something else underneath it, something sweet that made her moan around the length in her mouth. Did she know this cock? The shape and size told her it wasn't her husband, but the feel and smell wasn't completely new. Her body rocked between the two of them, Lester's thrusts pushing her forward onto the cock while the hand in her hair pulled her back just enough to keep her moving fluidly.

It's so much. Both of them at once. I don't even know who this is but I can't stop. I don't want to stop.

The woman was still somewhere on the bed beside her, breathing hard but quiet now. Sarah could feel the occasional brush of skin when the woman shifted, but most of her focus was split between the thick cock stretching her from behind and the one sliding in and out of

her sucking mouth. Lester's grip on her hips tightened as he fucked her even harder. She could hear the muffled, wet noises she was making around the cock in front of her. Whoever was in front of her was breathing heavier now too, their thighs tensing under her hands every time she took the man deeper. She tried to grip the shaft of his cock but there wasn't as much to grab as Lester's.

She lost track of time like that, caught between the two of them. Lester's thrusts were deep and relentless, his heavysset balls slapping against her thighs with every stroke while his hands held her steady for his penetration. The person in front of her let her set some of the pace but carefully kept that guiding hand on the back of her head, fingers tightening in her hair whenever she tried to pull off too far. She sucked harder without meaning to, her tongue working along the underside of his cock as she took them as deep as she could. Spit ran down her chin and dripped onto the sheets, mixing with everything else that had pooled there.

Lester leaned over her suddenly, his chest pressing tightly against her back as he reached around to rub her clit in tight circles. The added masterful touches made her moan loudly around the cock in her mouth, her whole body jerking between them. The person in front of her groaned and pushed her head down a little further, hips lifting to meet her. Sarah took it, eyes watering behind the blindfold as she tried to focus on both amazing sensations at once.

This is what I needed. To be used like this. To not have to think or choose or feel guilty. Just this.

They kept going like that for a while, time blurred and Lester fucking her from behind while she sucked the other person in front of her. Every time Lester thrust deep it pushed her forward, forcing more of the cock into her mouth, and every time she pulled back the hand in her hair guided her right back down on the stiff rod. The woman beside them had gone quiet but Sarah could still feel her presence, the occasional shift of the mattress when she moved. It only made everything feel more intense, knowing someone else was right there listening while she was being taken from both ends.

Lester's breathing was getting rougher behind her, his thrusts losing some of their rhythm as he got closer. He kept rubbing her clit the whole time, fingers moving fast until Sarah felt another orgasm building within her.

Sarah's orgasm rose up from the depths inside of her and rushed out, rippling through her body like a massive out of control tsunami. She quaked dangerously under the massive pleasure swelling inside of her. Her body clamped down forcefully on Lester's constrained cock, steadily milking him in place. Her bared toes curling in the dirty sheets.

She tried to pull off the cock in front of her to breathe but the man's hand held her there, not letting her go far enough. She moaned around it instead, as the explosive orgasm washed through her repeatedly. The sound vibrated through her as Lester fucked her to the edge of consciousness and straight into another smaller burst of an orgasm that left her shaking and clenching her pussy around him.

The person in front of her pulled her head back just enough for her to gasp in air before pushing her down on his driving cock again. Sarah sucked him eagerly now, her body still twitching from the aftershocks while Lester kept moving himself behind her. Her fist stroked the cock's exposed length of shaft as she zealously devoured him. She could feel how close he was by the way his rough grip tightened and his thrusts got shorter and harder. The cock in her mouth was throbbing too, whoever it belonged to was getting close as well from the way their hips were pistoning and the uninhibited sounds they were making.

The idea spun through her brain. Having two men at once with an audience of some kind. Two unknown people were seeing this. Had used her. It was too much. Her body was on fire like it never had been before, the dark warmth burning through every inch of her. It was too much.

Sarah felt it building fast and unstoppable, the pressure coiling tight in her belly as Lester fucked her harder than ever from behind. His thick cock dragged against every sensitive spot inside her with each pointed thrust, and the man in front of her was still pushing all of himself into her mouth, his hand tight in her hair. She was shaking all

over, her arms barely holding her body up when the singular orgasm of her life hit her like a wave crashing through her entire body. Her pussy clamped down hard around Lester's titanic cock, pulsing and squeezing him tight as the unbelievable pleasure tore through her. It was explosive, mind shattering, her whole body locking up and then shaking uncontrollably while she moaned loudly and thoroughly broken around the plunging cock in her mouth. Her eyes rolled back into her skull.

Oh fuck its too much its too good I cant stop cumming

The man in front of her tensed suddenly, his thighs going rigid under her splayed hands. She felt him swell against her tongue right before he came, thick spurts hitting the back of her throat in hot pulses. The taste of him flooded her mouth and it pushed her straight into another orgasm, even stronger than the first. It felt like fireworks exploding inside her, bright and overwhelming, her mind going white as her body convulsed between the two men. She swallowed without thinking, her throat working around him while her pussy kept fluttering and clenching on Lester's cock like it was trying to pull him even deeper. She kept swallowing, spurt after warm bitter spurt of an unknown man's cum.

Lester's grip on her hips tightened to the point of bruising. She heard him let out a deep, guttural grunt above her, his heavy body pressing down ever harder against her back. His gut was hot against her skin, the weight of him pinning her in place as he buried himself to the hilt and started to release another flood of his cum. Thick ropes of it pumped into her, one after another, filling her up with that familiar wet heat. She could feel every bulging pulse of his cock inside her, the way it twitched and throbbed as he emptied himself of his seed. Load after load of cum shot into her. She swallowed more of Jesse's load as Lester unleashed a multiple torrents of cum into her pussy.

He's filling me up again. All of it. God what if he actually knocks me up...

The thought sent her spiraling into another chain lightning orgasm, these hitting even harder than the last. Her pussy squeezed down around him again, milking every last drop as she came again and again with broken sobs. Her whole body was shaking, her thighs trembling so hard she almost collapsed forward. Lester's weight kept her pinned, his heavy frame draped over her back while he finished inside her, his breathing rough and ragged against her shoulder. She could feel the mess of it already starting to jet and leak out around his cock, hot and thick as it dripped down her thighs.

The man who she now thought was Jesse in front of her finally pulled out of her mouth, his cock slipping free with a wet sound. Sarah gasped for air, her lips swollen and slick, strings of spit and cum still connecting her to him for a second before they broke. She stayed there on her hands and knees, Lester's cock still buried deep inside her as the aftershocks rolled through her in decreasing smaller waves. Her body felt used and full and completely wrecked in the best way, the warm buzz from earlier still humming through her veins and making everything feel soft around the edges. She fell forward, face resting against the cock in front of her. It pressed against her cheek and she unconsciously gave it little soft, murmuring kisses.

Lester didn't pull out right away. He stayed pressed against her, his heavy gut resting on her lower back and his thick thighs bracketing her own. She could feel the sweat on his skin where it touched hers. The woman was still somewhere on the bed beside them, but Sarah barely registered her. All she could focus on was the feeling of Lester still inside her.

She stayed there, trembling and panting, as Lester finally started to ease out of her. His cock dragged slowly and felt thick against her sensitive walls. Sarah's arms gave out and she lowered herself onto her elbows, her face pressed into the unclean sheets while she tried to catch her breath. The blindfold was still on, keeping her in the dark, but she could feel everything so clearly. The ache between her legs, the sticky mess on her skin, the way her body still pulsed with aftershocks. Lester said something, she didn't know what. The man in front of her moved away.

Lester's hand stayed on her hip for a moment, squeezing once before he finally moved back. She heard him shifting on the bed behind her, but she didn't have the energy to turn and look even if she could've seen through the blindfold. Her mind was still floating somewhere soft and hazy, the orgasms having wiped away every last bit of tension

she'd carried into the room. All she could think about was how full she felt and how good it had been to have both of them using her like that.

The woman beside her shifted too, her breathing still uneven. Sarah could feel the warmth of her body close by, but she didn't reach for her. She was too wrung out, too satisfied in that deep, aching way that made her want to stay exactly where she was. Lester's deposit of cum was still leaking out of her in slow pulses, and she clenched without meaning to, trying to keep as much of it inside as she could. The thought of it taking root sent another small shiver through her.

Lester stood naked at the foot of the bed, looking down at the mess he'd made. Sarah and Renee were laid out together, both of them still trembling, their bodies shiny with sweat and cum leaking slowly from between both their legs. Sarah's blindfold was still on, her blonde hair a tangled mess splayed across the pillow. Renee was breathing hard beside her, one arm thrown over her stomach. The room stank of sex and sour sweat. Lester felt a slow, satisfied grin pull at his mouth.

Look at them. Perfect. I've done it.

Over in the chair by the radiator, Jesse was sitting there naked and panting like a dog that had been run too hard. His spent cock was soft and pathetic between his legs, his wrists red from where the cuffs had been. He looked small and broken, all that angry energy from before drained right out of him. Lester felt a flicker of disgust curl in his gut just looking at him. Pathetic.

"Leave now," Lester said, his voice low and calm. "And drop the lawsuit like we discussed."

Jesse lifted his head, his face still flushed and dazed. "I didn't get Sarah. You said..."

"Fuck off," Lester cut him off, taking a slow step closer. "You went along with the plan. Now leave. If I hear you haven't dropped the suit, well..." He gestured around the room with one hand, at the rumpled sheets and the two women still catching their breaths on the bed. "I got footage of you now."

Jesse looked around the room, eyes going wide looking for a camera. He wouldn't find any of them. His throat bobbed as he swallowed hard. Without another word he started pulling his clothes back on with shaky hands, fumbling with his jeans and shirt like he couldn't get them on fast enough. Lester watched him carefully the whole time, arms crossed over his chest, his thick bat of a cock still hanging heavily between his legs. He didn't move an inch until Jesse was dressed and heading for the door. Then he followed.

"You're a bastard you know..." Jesse started to say before Lester shut the door right in the younger man's face.

The click of the lock echoed in the quiet room. Lester turned back to the bed and let his eyes drag over the two women again.

My two sleeping beauties. Sarah all fucked out and full of me, and Renee right there beside her doing the same. Couldn't have planned it better if I tried.

His cock gave a lazy twitch against his thigh at the sight. He could still see the mess he had left in both of them, the way it was starting to drip down their thighs and onto the sheets.

He strolled over to the bed without a hint of hurry, his heavy steps making the floor creak. Renee was still lying on her side, breathing slow and deep like she was half asleep. Lester reached down and grabbed her hips, pulling her up onto her knees without any warning. She made a soft, sleepy sound but didn't fight him, her body his possession under his proficient hands. He lined himself up behind her and pushed his entire length back inside in one smooth thrust, her pussy still slick and warm from before. Renee moaned, low and drawn out, her back arching as she pushed back against him without thinking.

Lester gripped her hips tight, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh there as he started to fuck her again in slow, deep strokes. The wet sound of their coupling filled the room, mixing with her quiet moans. He could feel his own cum from earlier being pushed out around his cock with every thrust.

He glanced over at Sarah still lying beside them, blindfold in place, her body twitching every now and then like she could still feel him moving inside her even though he had pulled out. The sight of both of them like this, wrecked and leaking and completely under his control, sent another slow pulse of satisfaction through him. His cock thickened inside Sarah's mother in response.

He kept fucking Renee steadily and deep, his heavy gut pressing against her ass with every thrust, his balls slapping against her with wet sounds. She was moaning louder now, pushing back to meet him like she couldn't help herself. Lester let one hand slide up her back and into her hair, gripping tight as he picked up the pace just a little. The bed creaked under them. Sarah stirred beside them but didn't wake, her breathing still soft and even. Lester grinned down at the mess he'd made of both of them and kept his hips moving, his cock sliding in and out of Renee's slick heat while the room filled with the sound of their skin meeting and her quiet, desperate moans.