

[Insider] Toxic Attraction: Chapter 46 Alpha Draft

An hour ago

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Hello everyone, this one is coming in a little later than planned due to me writing the next chapter of Neighborhood Encounters at the same time. It should be out soon here to Insiders as well.

Speaking of...I want to get back to writing it so lets get to the latest installment with Sarah shall we? I like this one and I hope you do too. Lester may actually reap what he has sown....

Anyways this is Alpha draft so plenty of grammatical and spelling issues to resolve here. Lets get to it!

Ted sat in the dark end of the lot with both hands on the wheel and tried to breathe.

It was not working. The air kept snagging in his chest. The windshield was already starting to fog from the inside. He wiped it with his sleeve and made it worse.

Sarah's car was three spaces over, empty now. He had watched her kill the engine. Watched her sit there looking at her phone. Watched her get out in that black jacket and walk toward the row of dirty doors before the fat man opened on up.

Ted knew him. He had seen him in before.

Now she shrugged the jacket off right there on the threshold. The dress underneath was tight enough that the lot lights caught the line of her ass and the heavy hang of her tits. The men by the ice machine yelled something. She did not look at them. She said something to the fat man and he pulled her inside and the door shut.

Ted's cock was already hard. It had been hard since her taillights turned off their street. It hurt against his zipper.

The motel looked like every bad place he had ever driven past and pretended not to notice. Cracked asphalt. A buzzing sign. Rooms that smelled like smoke even from here. He kept the car running for a minute and then killed it because the exhaust felt loud. The sudden quiet made his pulse worse.

He watched the window.

A lamp came on behind the blinds. Ted adjusted himself through his pants and hissed through his teeth.

He had told himself he was only going to watch. Follow her. See where she went. He sat there until the windows fogged again. He cracked his side window an inch. Cool night air drifted in but he still felt hot.

Then he got out.

His knee barked when he stood. Old and slow. He eased the door shut instead of slamming it and walked like a man heading for the soda machine. His heart was going so hard he could feel it in his throat.

He stopped in front of their door and listened.

He heard her first.

A moan, muffled by the thin wood. Not a fake one. The kind that came up from the stomach. Then the bed. Then a man's voice, low and pleased, words Ted could not quite catch.

Ted's mouth went dry.

He stepped away from the door and moved under the window and put his face close to the blinds.

He could not see anything clear. The slats were bent in places. Little gaps. A slice of lamp. A flash of skin. Pale and moving. The fat man's gut, white and hairy, rolling. Then her. A breast. The curve of her waist.

Ted's hand was on his cock through his pants.

He looked both ways down the row. The ice machine men were gone. A truck sat dark two rooms over. No faces in other windows that he could see.

He got his phone out. The screen was too bright. He dimmed it with his thumb shaking and lifted it to the gap.

The camera would not focus. It caught yellow light and a smear of movement. A shoulder. The bounce of her. Ted tried to hold it steady. He could not. He recorded anyway. Ted's cock throbbed so hard it hurt.

Another door opened further down. A man and woman's voice drifted out from it.

Ted jerked the phone down so fast he almost dropped it. He stepped back from the window, nearly tripped on the concrete lip, and walked toward the dark end of the lot with his head down and his hard-on obvious in his pants. He did not look at the other door. He did not look at anyone.

His car was still there. He got in, shut himself inside, and sat shaking.

The windows were worse now. He started the engine just long enough to crack them and then killed it again. The lot light did not reach this corner well. He unlocked the phone.

The video was shit but it was enough.

He played it. The picture jumped. Skin. Her ass. The fat shape under her. Ted fumbled his belt open and shoved his pants down his thighs. His cock sprang up. He spit in his palm and wrapped his fist around it.

He watched her bounce or what he thought was her bouncing

He had seen her carry groceries. He had seen her in yoga pants at the mailbox. He had seen playing in the yard with her kinds. Now he had this. Ted stroked faster.

The video ended. He started it over. That broken little sound. He could almost make out words this time. Please. Don't stop. Something filthy he wanted to believe.

His gut hung over his fist. He did not care. He worked himself in short hard pulls, thumb sliding over the head on every upstroke, the wet sound of it filling the car under her imaginwd moans.

He thought about knocking. He thought about standing in that doorway and making her look at him while the fat man was still inside her. He thought about her seeing him and not stopping. The thought made his balls pull tight.

"Fuck," he whispered at the phone. "Look at you."

The picture smeared again. A flash of her tit. The fat man's mouth on it maybe. Ted could not tell and it did not matter. He was close already.

He hunched over the wheel, phone in one hand, cock in the other, and jerked himself in a mess. His breath fogged the glass in bursts. Ted came hard, thick ropes spilling over his fist and onto his shirt and the lower curve of his belly. He kept stroking through it, hips kicking up off the seat, a low ugly sound coming out of him that he tried to swallow.

It kept coming. More than he expected. It ran down his knuckles and dripped onto his pants.

He sat there after, panting, phone still playing the last two seconds on a loop. His cock twitched in his sloppy hand. The car smelled like sex and old upholstery.

Ted wiped his hand on his shirt and pulled his pants up enough to sit without sticking to the seat. He cracked the window and watched.

Hours went like that.

He played the video until the battery warning popped. He plugged the phone into the charger in the console and played it anyway, volume down to a hiss. Every time it ended he told himself one more and hit it again.

The lot emptied and filled in pieces. A truck left. A woman in heels went into a room two doors down and did not come out. The ice machine kicked on and off. Ted's knee stiffened. His shirt dried stiff where he had cum on it. He dozed without meaning to, chin dropping, then jerked awake with his heart going because a car door had slammed.

It was not hers.

Sometime after midnight the lamp behind the blinds finally went out.

Ted stared at the dark window until his eyes burned. He pictured her asleep in that bed. Hair wrecked. Legs open. The fat man still on her or already snoring beside her.

He got hard again in the cold and did not do anything about it for a long time. Then he did, slower, watching the black window instead of the phone, finishing into a napkin from the glove box with his teeth clenched so he would not make a sound.

Then later, Sarah came out first.

She had the black jacket on again. The dress underneath looked slept in. Her hair was tied up in a sloppy knot that did not hide how wrecked she was. She walked like something between her legs was still open. She did not look at the lot. She went straight to her car with her head down, the same walk of shame he had seen before.

The fat man did not come out with her. The door shut behind her.

Ted slid down in his seat even though she was not looking.

She sat behind the wheel of her car for a long few seconds.. Then the engine turned over and the reverse lights came on.

Ted waited until she cleared the lot entrance before he started his own car. The engine coughed. He swore at it under his breath and pulled out the same exit she had used.

He followed far back with so little traffic on the road.

Ted kept the phone face down on the passenger seat with the video still sitting in it. His mess from the night was a patch on his shirt. He did not care. When she turned onto their street he hung back at the corner.

He watched her pull into the driveway. Watched her sit there again. Watched her get out and walk up the path toward the house. Ted pulled into his own driveway a minute later and killed the engine. He sat behind the wheel looking at her front door until it closed.

Then he went inside, locked it, and stood at the living room window with the phone in his hand, already pulling the video up again, already hard, watching her house praying to catch a glimpse of her at the window.

Dan sat in the glass conference room and tried to look like he was listening.

The table was long and pale filled with open laptops, notebooks and water glasses sweating rings into the wood. The slide on the screen that kept changing but Dan had stopped paying attention several slides ago. Tricia was standing at the far end with a clicker in her hand, walking the group through next week's calendar.

He felt uneasy, trying not to think about what may have happened the night before with his wife and Lester. Dan was also deliberately not looking at Tricia, trying to put their time together behind him.

His phone sat face down on his thigh.

He had checked it in the cab from the airport. He'd fallen asleep with it on his chest. He checked it again in the lobby bathroom and against the wall outside this room before he took his seat. Nothing from Sarah. The last thing she sent was last night. One word.

S: Yes.

That was he'd heard from his wife. She felt like a different person now. One he barely recognized. There was glimpses, moments of who she was before. When they were alone or with their kids but she had gone off the rails lately. He still loved her, but it hurt.

His mind kept drifting to what might have happened last night. t. Lester's weight on her. Sarah's hair stuck to her cheek. The noise she'd make as Lester pushed inside of her to claim her. Tricia paused between slides.

He hunched over his notepad and wrote some word that had nothing to do with what she was saying. His pen moved so it would look like he was paying attention. The page was already a mess of half sentences that did not match anything on the screen. Dan may be present but his mind was back in Middletown.

Tricia's voice stayed even, the cool professional. She must have noticed his lack of eye contact or attention by now but he just couldn't bring himself to care. She pointed at a bullet on the slide and the men around the table nodded. Dan did not look at her face. He looked at the table, sniffed the wedding ring on his finger.

He could make out the shape of her without even fully looking at her. Her dark blouse with her hair pulled back. The same calm she used in every meeting, like nothing had happened between them. The gentle curve of her body and the way the other guy's heads turned ever so slightly when she faced towards the screen.

He still found her attractive. That was the part that made his stomach turn. The line of her throat when she swallowed. The way she stood with her weight on one hip. He kept his eyes down and felt the heat climb the back of his neck anyway. She was sexy and she'd wanted him since the moment he'd gotten here. He shouldn't feel bad about what happened, not after what Sarah had done over and over. But he still did. Her face and reaction when she learned about him and Tricia had hurt to see but that had soured in his stomach when she left with Lester right after. Dan's mind was all over the place. Everything felt like such a fucking mess. He hoped his keylogger would be his lifeline.

Someone asked a question about a report. Tricia answered without looking at him. Dan continued to write on his pad and then underlined the text for no reason.

His knee bounced under the table. He tried to get a hold of himself. He pressed it against the table leg until it stopped.

Lester found was smart. A lot fucking smarter than Dan originally thought. He'd underestimated him a ton back then. Lester would figure out what they were doing. Hell, he'd probably get Sarah to admit it in the throes of orgasmic bliss. That was what he did. Dan had spent the flight seeing it play out. Power coming back on in the apartment. Lester standing in his own doorway, sniffing the air like a dog. A chair not quite where it had been. Or worse. Sarah in that motel, too far gone, telling him everything because it felt good to give it away. Lester laughing. Both of them laughing. Dan pictured it so clearly he almost heard it over Tricia's voice.

His mouth went dry. He reached for the water and almost knocked over the glass. A little water hit the table. He wiped it with the side of his hand and kept his eyes on the notepad.

The meeting dragged and the same slides kept changing. A man two seats down asked about a vendor. Tricia handled it. Dan wrote the vendor's name and then stared at it like it might mean something.

Under the table he unlocked the phone. Screen tilted away from the glass wall.

Still nothing.

He typed with his thumb.

D: Are you okay?

He sent it and set the phone face down again.

The room felt smaller. The air coming out of the vent was too cold.. He thought he could smell sweat on himself and tried to resist the urge to sniff his pits. He hunched lower over the pad and pretended to follow the next slide.

He kept picturing the sounds Sarah might have made the previous night.

His cock thickened against his zipper, followed by the rush of shame. He shifted in the chair and hoped no one was watching his face.

He pictured Lester's beady eyes. His stupid fucking smirking grin. Sarah telling him in that wrecked voice that Dan was in Chicago, that Dan was planting something, that Dan thought he was being smart. He pictured Lester kissing her after she said it. Pictured him thanking her. Pictured the two of them in that bed laughing at the man sitting in a glass room in Washington taking fake notes. The pure fucking betrayl.

Dan's pen dug into the paper hard enough to tear it.

Tricia asked if there were any questions before they moved on.

The table stayed quiet. Dan shook his head at the wood grain and did not lift his eyes.

They moved on.

His phone buzzed once against his leg.

He waited a second so it would not look like he had been sitting there waiting for it. Then he slid it into his lap.

A bubble.

S: Yes. Sorry got in late...

Dan stared at the line, waiting for something more. For her to say anything else to give him something more. He typed under the table, thumb careful and the screen low.

D: what happened?

The bubble came faster this time.

S: exactly what you think happened

The air went out of him. He sat there with the phone in both hands under the edge of the table and felt the room tilt half a degree.

Exactly what you think happened.

There were way too many ucking conflciting things he was thinking about. Lester's thick cock. Sarah begging. The way she got when the fight left her body and something else took over. Sore. Full. THem laughing at him, betraying his trust. Losing her. He thought about all of it.

His stomach turned. Lower down he felt something else that subbornly wouldn't go away. It made him sick.

He typed.

D: Did he...does he know?

The pause lasted long enough that his pulse started hammering in his throat.

S: No...I was very distracting like we talked about

Dan let out a breath that shook on the way out.

He wanted to believe it. He almost did. Then the other pictures came back anyway. Sarah saying too much because Lester's cock mader he delieriou. Sarah nodding at something she should have shut down. Sarah too gone to remember there was a plan at all.

He typed because he had to put something on the screen or he was going to look up and meet Tricia's eyes by accident.

D: how's the girls?

He deleted it. Typed it again the way a normal person would. She beat him to it.

S: hows work?

D: boring, can't concetrate. Worried about you.

S: Is tricia there?

Dan's thumb hovered.

He could feel Tricia at the end of the table without looking. Her voice going over a timeline. The clicker in her hand. Her tight blouse. The fact that two weeks ago he had been inside her and now his wife was asking if she was in the sme room.

D: Yes. we're all in a meeting

He sent it and set the phone down against his thigh, peaking at it under the table.

A speech bubble appeared.

It sat there.

Then it disappeared.

Dan stared at the empty thread until the screen dimmed. He did not lock it. He just held it there under the table while Tricia kept talking and the men around him nodded and his pen sat dead on the torn page.

The bubble did not come back.

The meeting broke and people starting getting up, snapping their laptops closed and someone even laghed at something someone said that wasn't funny. Discussions of lunch began to filter into the conversation.

Dan stayed in his seat a second longer than he should have. He locked the phone and slid it into his jacket pocket. The empty bubble was still sitting behind his eyes. Sarah asking if Tricia was there. Then nothing.

He stood up and reached for his notepad.

"Dan," Tricia was already around the table. Closer than the room needed.

"Is everything okay?" she asked. Her voice had dropped out of the meeting tone. It was the other one. The one that implied familiartiy.

He put the professional face on before he looked at her. It felt like pulling on a shirt that did not fit.

"Yeah," he said. "I'm good. Just couldn't sleep last night. Flight, you know."

She did not step back. He could smell her perfume. Something expensive that did not belong in his conflicted mindscape. The familiarity in it made his stomach twist but he felt in his dick too.

People were still filing out. Tricia waited until the last of them were in the hallway. Then she leaned in.

"I called you," she whispered. "The other night. Some pig answered your phone. What the hell was that about?"

Dan's mind went blank and then he realized it. Lester. It had to be Lester. He had not heard the call. He did not know what Lester had said. He could guess.

"I'm sorry," he said. It came out too fast. "Must have been a dumb friend. He shouldn't have picked up. I'm sorry."

Tricia's mouth tightened.

"It was very inappropriate," she said, still quiet. "And gross. It didn't sit well with me. I'm not going to report it or anything. I just wanted to ask you about it."

Report it. The word landed hard. That was the last thing Dan needed after starting a new job.

"I'm sorry," he said again. He made himself hold her eyes. He did not let his gaze drop to her mouth or her throat or the open collar of the blouse. He could feel the pull to do it anyway. His body did not care that Sarah had just asked if she was in the room. His body did not care about anything.

"It won't happen again," he added. "He had no business answering my phone."

Tricia searched his face. For a second she looked like she might ask who the friend was. Then she let it go, or pretended to. "Is everything okay?" she asked.

The honest answer sat in his throat. Sarah sore and aching at home from fucking Lester and probably still filled with his cum. God what the fuck was wrong with him that that thought just sounded normal? All his hopes pinned on the little device planted in the back of Lester's computer.

"Yeah," he said. "Everything's fine."

It sounded thin to him and judging by her face, she picked up on it. He took a half step back, enough to break the closeness without making a show of it. "I need to get back to my desk," he said. "Finish a few things off."

Tricia nodded once. The professional mask came back over her face, but not all the way. There was still something else under it.

"Okay," she said.

Dan picked up the notepad and walked out. The hallway outside the conference rooms was already thinning out. Dan kept his head down and walked towards his office. His phone sat in his jacket pocket and he could feel the weight of it with every step.

"Williams." Gordon, his new boss, caught him at the corner by the printers. "Got a minute?"

Dan stopped. "Yeah. Of course. What's up?"

They walked the rest of the way together. Gordon made small talk, which confused Dan. Just basic work conversation that didn't really have any substance. talked about nothing on purpose. Dan made the right responses, going through the motions trying not to think about Tricia, Sarah or Lester.

Dan's office was still didn't feel like home yet.. A little small. A desk that was not his. Gordon followed him in and shut the door. The click of it was quiet and final.

Gordon did not sit y. He stood with one hand on the back of the guest chair and looked at Dan. "I understand the arrangement," Gordon said. "You're living in Chicago. Flying out here for the work. Family's back home. I get that things are difficult."

Dan nodded. His mouth was dry again.

"I do," Gordon went on. "I'm not unsympathetic. But I expected you to be more present in the office. Not flying back and forth every other day."

Dan's stomach dropped. His mind doing mental calculations of what that would mean for him and Sarah and the giant Lester shaped hole in his life.

"Your presence is needed here," Gordon said. "And the flights. They're expensive. War in the Middle East, gas prices the way they are. The company can't keep eating that."

He finally sat. Dan stayed on his feet a second too long and then took his own chair behind the desk.

"I'm thinking weekends at home," Gordon said. "You're here the rest of the week. Or you go home every other weekend if you need to. Something sustainable. You need to prioritize the work, Dan. That's what we brought you on for."

Dan heard himself say he understood. The words came out professional but tasted bitter. The same voice he had used on Tricia two minutes ago. They kept chatting but Dan was on auto pilot.

He could not go home tonight. Or tomorrow.

"I can make it work," Dan said stifly. "Weekends. That's fine."

Gordon watched him. Not unkind. Not warm either. "Good. I don't want this to become a problem. You're sharp when you're here. I need that version of you in the chair, not the one checking the clock for the next airport."

"Yes. I hear you," Dan smiled, trying to reassuring the older man that this was fine.

Gordon stood. The meeting, if that was what it had been, was over.

"Settle in," he said. "We'll talk Monday about a new project coming up. I want you in the room for that."

"I'll be here," Dan nodded with a fake smile.

Gordon opened the door and left it that way. His footsteps faded down the hall.

Dan sat there with his hands on the desk and stared at the dark monitor. The office was too quiet. Somewhere a phone rang and someone answered it like the world was still normal.

He took his own phone out.

Sarah's last lines were still there. He typed a response, and then deleted it. Typed again.

He did not send anything.

Gordon closed his office door and sat down harder than he meant to.

The chair hissed. His monitor was still awake from before the meeting, calendar blocked in tidy colors, his inbox climbing. He thought about Dan Williams's face in his head. The

kid had looked wrecked. Not hungover wrecked. The other kind. The kind Gordon had seen on men who were holding a house together with both hands and losing.

He felt a little bad about it.

Not enough to take it back. The flights were a problem. Presence was a problem. The company was not a charity for commuter marriages. Still. Wife and kids back home and Gordon had just told him to stay put.

He rubbed his jaw and looked at the window.

The restaurant came back without him. That double date with Dan and his wife. Dan trying too hard to be easy. And Sarah.

Gordon had told himself at the time he was just noticing. People noticed. She had walked in and the room had adjusted around her a little, the way rooms did for certain women. Blonde. Green eyes. That black dress. She had smiled at the waiter like she did not know what she looked like, which was a lie, or maybe it was not, and Gordon had felt the old stupid pull in his gut and then shut it down because he was sitting next to his own wife.

He shut it down again now.

Pervy. That was the word. He was too old for that and Dan was on his team and the woman had kids. He sat forward and clicked his mouse as another memory resurfaced.

The man at the table. Something had been off about him. He had come out of nowhere in the middle of dinner and gone straight at Sarah. Not at Dan. At her. His voice climbing as he grew irate. Sarah had gone white. Dan had stood up half a second too late. Gordon's wife had grabbed his wrist under the table.

Then some people had moved and then man was escorted out. Gordon had filed it away as a drunk. A crazy. Bad luck on a nice night.

He opened Sentinel's internal suite and pulled his calendar back to that week. Scrolled until he found the reservation. The note his assistant had put in: Williams / dinner. He copied the date and switched systems.

Chicago incident database. Company access. The kind of tool they used for their clients. He was not supposed to be in it for this. He told himself it was five minutes. Due diligence on a man who had screamed at an employee's wife in public.

He plugged the date and a few keywords. Restaurant name. Assault. Disturbance.

The booking came up faster than he expected.

Richard Thornhill. Arrested that night. Public intoxication. Disorderly. A note about harassment. He'd been released the next morning.

Gordon clicked the file.

The photo was a booking photo. Soft face. Expensive haircut gone sloppy. The look of a man who had been important at some point.

Gordon did a cursory check. That was all. Name. Employment. Address history.

Hospital CEO. Small town outside Chicago. Middleton.

Gordon sat back.

Smarmy was the word that came. The kind of man who smiled too wide in board photos and drank too much at fundraisers. A drunk idiot making a scene was not surprising.

Gordon should have closed it. He'd wasted too much time with this drunk idiot already.

On a whim he opened a browser and typed Sarah Williams. Her LinkedIn profile came up first. There she was. Those piercing beautiful green eyes stared back at him from his

monitor. The same face, professional this time. He scrolled and saw her most recent employer.

Same hospital.

Gordon stared at it.

Sarah Williams had worked for Richard Thornhill. And Richard Thornhill had walked into a restaurant and screamed at her in front of her husband and two strangers.

Gordon did not know what it meant.

He knew it meant something.

He minimized the booking photo and left Sarah's profile open a second longer than he needed to, then closed that too,.

Gordon turned his chair toward the window and sat with it.

Whatever was going on in that marriage, it was not just missed flights and a tired new hire. He didn't know what but he had the uncomfortable feeling that he had just told a man to stay away from a house that was already on fire.

Lester crossed his apartment's parking lot like he owned the building.

The morning was already warm. His shirt stuck to the crease under his gut. His balls still felt heavy and used in a good way. Every step sent a little leftover pulse through his cock. he;d emptied himself so hard it felt like his legs were jello. Sarah's smell was still on his fingers. He lifted them to his nose in the middle of the lot and grinned.

Best sex of his life. Not even close.

She had climbed on him and talked to his cock like it had a job to do. She had dared him. Teased him. . Then she had begged. Then she had clenched around him and asked for his baby while he pumped her full. No other woman had ever gotten there. Not Lizzie. Not the ones before. Not the ones he had on videos on his harddrives. Sarah was a different animal.

The lobby was cold and smelled like bleach. Frank was coming out of the maitence doro by the mail slots with a clipboard,. Lester caught his eye on purpose.

Frank looked away first. Same as always. Quick, guilty, like a dog that knew the boot was coming.

Lester's grin widened until it hurt. Rent-free five years. And the old bastard still could not look at him.

He took the elevator up alone and watched himself in the smeared metal. Thinning hair. Jowls. The gut. He looked like shit but he felt like a king.

The apartment was dark when he opened the door. The air sat wrong.

He shrugged it off. He was still riding high from the motel. Sarah's voice in his ear, Please impregnate me. The way she had gone limp after, leaking him, face in the pillow. He flicked on the kitchen light and opened the fridge.

He found a coke and cracked it and drank half of it standing there with the door open, cold air on his belly where the shirt had ridden up. He belched, finished the can, crushed it, and took another. The Cheetos bag was on the counter where he had left it. He grabbed that too and headed down the hall.

His room was a hole. Clothes on the floor. Empty bags. The sour mix of old sweat and stale cheese and dried cum that he stopped noticing years ago. He did not care. He

dropped into the chair behind the desk and the cheap wheels complained. The screens woke when he hit the power.

His fingers moved over the keyboard, clacking in his password and checking over his system.

No flags. No weird logins. No Cronos. No little rats sniffing around the edges like last time. Lester sat back and let the relief come. He had spent months looking over his shoulder after that mess. Seeing a quiet scan felt almost as good as Sarah's mouth.

Almost.

He opened Discord. Divign into the same old channels full of degenerates. Then the other accounts, the ones that did not have friendly little logos. Dark web boards. Client inboxes. A couple new bites. A man in Ohio with a video of a sister-in-law. Some lonely freak asking about custom clips. Lester skimmed, marked two to answer later, and let Sarah crowd back in.

The way she had toyed with him.

My tummy's still flat, Lester. You haven't done it yet.

He had wanted to put his hand around her throat when she said it. but then she had put her mouth on him and asked his cock if it was up for the job. Then she had ridden him and talked about other men finishing in her when he was not looking. That last part had lit something mean in his chest. She was his to breed. She had said it herself by the end, crying into the pillow, squeezing around him. Not Dan.

Lester's cock thickened in his sweats.

He unlocked the bottom drawer and took out a black drive.. A piece of tape on it in his handwriting that labelled 'ROXY'.

On atuopilot he entered his ppassword on the encryped drive.Files spilled across the second monitor. Folders by month. Creep shots first. Roxy at the sink in a towel. Roxy asleep on the couch with her shirt ridden up. Roxy changing, shot through the peephole. Then the videos. The ones she knew about and the ones she did not.

He clicked one he liked. Roxy on her back on his old bed, years ago, trying to look like she was into it. She had been. At first. Then she had gotten that deer look. Same look Lizzie got. Same look a lot of them got when they realized who was really fuckign them.

Lester shoved his sweats down. His cock slapped up against the underside of his gut, thick and already wet at the head. He stroked slow, eyes on Roxy's face on the screen, but it was Sarah's voice he heard. Sarah daring him. Sarah calling his balls full of cum. Sarah asking him to flood her.

"Fuck," he muttered. "That's my girl."

He worked himself faster. The chair creaked. Onscreen Roxy took it and made the small sounds she used to make. Lester's fist twisted under the head. He thought about Sarah's tight pussy clamping down when he started to go off. The heat of it. The way she had blacked out under him for a second. He came with a grunt, thick ropes landing on his fist and some of it hitting the edge of the desk.

He sat there pulsing, breathing through his mouth.

An old pair of boxers was half under the chair. He grabbed them, wiped his cock, wiped his gut, and threw them back on the floor where they landed on a old Cheeto bag.

He did not close the Roxy files right away. He minimized them.

On a whim he opened LinkedIn.

And typed in Tricia, the woman from Dan's phone call. She'd been nagging at the back of his mind. Dan was so inferior to him, he watned to dig in on her bit.. Sarah had shown

him the profile in the motel like she was showing him a weapon. Blonde. Professional. Pretty in that clean work way. Lester found her in two searches. The photo was good. Nice mouth. He leaned in and wrapped his hand around his half-hard cock again, not really stroking, just holding it, thumb smearing what was left.

"Yeah," he said to the picture. "I see why he did it."

He dug further. Public socials were sloppy if you knew how to look. A personal Instagram with a locked grid and a few tagged photos. A Facebook she barely used. He noted the handles. He noted the city. He noted that she smiled with her teeth in every official shot .

The idea arrived fully formed.

Dan Williams. Family man. New job. No Instagram, or if he had one it was a dead account with eleven followers and a picture of a lake. Lester checked the obvious ways. Nothing that looked like Dan. Then he opened Sarah's profile and looked at any photos with Dan, none were tagged with him.

He set the phone down and built the account. Name close enough. A couple photos scraped from places Dan was tagged years ago. A bland bio. Then the cheap panel for followers. A few thousand purchased while he ate Cheetos out of the bag and drank the second Coke. He paid someone on Fivver to make some posts.

He sent Tricia a follow.

Lester leaned back in the chair and looked at both screens. Roxy paused mid-fuck on one. Tricia's LinkedIn face on the other. Sarah's texts in his lap. Lester licked cheese dust off his thumb and smiled at the dark room.

He could already see the next move. He just had to decide how loud to make it.

Sarah shut the front door and leaned against it for a second after the school drop-off.

The house was too quiet. No backpacks hitting the floor. No arguing about snacks. Just the television on low in the living room and the sound of her mother moving around in the kitchen like she did not know where anything was.

Renee looked like she had not slept. Hair flattened on one side. No makeup. The robe Sarah had given her hanging wrong on her shoulders. Her eyes were red around the rims. She had a mug in both hands and she was holding it like it might float away if she let go.

Sarah still felt the betrayal. Her mother stepping out on her father. It sat next to everything else Sarah had done and made the kitchen feel too small.

They had not talked about it. Not really. Not the way Renee used to dig for details about Sarah and Dan. Sarah was not sure she wanted the details.

"Tea?" Renee asked.

"I'm fine."

Renee nodded and looked at the counter. The silence stretched. Sarah's body still felt used. A deep ache between her legs every time she shifted her weight. Lester's fault. Her fault. She had woken up sore and full of him and then she had packed lunches and kissed the girls like she was the kind of mother who had slept in her own bed all night.

Renee cleared her throat.

"Sarah. I hate to ask." She kept her eyes on the mug. "Could you go by the house? I need some thing. Just a few things. Toothbrush. Makeup. The bag under the sink. I didn't... I left in a hurry."

Sarah's first answer was no. It sat on her tongue. Going over there meant looking her father in the face. It meant standing in the house she had grown up in and pretending this was all normal. That warm home apparently didn't exist anymore.

Renee's hands tightened on the mug.

"Please. I can't walk in there right now. I don't think he'd let me past the door."

Sarah breathed out through her nose. "Fine. Text me a list."

Renee's shoulders dropped. "Thank you."

Sarah took her keys. She did not say you're welcome.

Outside the morning was already warm. She was halfway down the path when she felt it. That crawl on the back of her neck. She did not look at Ted's window. She knew he was there. He had been there yesterday morning too, when she had kissed Lester in the driveway like an idiot. She kept her face forward and got in the car and only glanced once, in the mirror, as she backed out. His blinds were cracked. Of course they were.

She pretended she had not seen.

The drive to her parents' house was short but it felt long. Every stoplight gave her time to feel the soreness again. The way she had asked for it. She shoved it down and turned onto the familiar street.

Her dad opened the door before she could decide whether to use her old key.

He looked worse than Renee. Unshaven. Same shirt as yesterday, or the day before. His eyes were swollen.

"Hey, Dad."

"Sarah." His voice was rough. "Come in."

The house smelled like coffee that had sat too long. The entryway was neat the way it always was. That made it worse. Like the fight hadn't happened.

They stood in the living room and did not sit.

"So..um" Sarah asked, and then realized how stupid that sounded. "I mean. How are you."

Her dad let out a breath that was almost a laugh. "How do you think."

"I'm sorry," she said. "About all of it. I know that's useless."

He looked at her for a long second. Then his face crumpled.

Sarah stepped in and hugged him. He was stiff at first and then he was not. His arms came around her too tight. She felt him shake. A wet sound against her shoulder. Her father crying into her hair. She'd only seen him cry a handful of times..

"I didn't see it," he said into her shoulder. "I didn't see any of it."

"I know." She did not know. She had not seen her own marriage change either, or she had seen it and kept walking toward Lester anyway. Her dad pulled back and wiped his face with the heel of his hand, embarrassed. Sarah looked at the carpet.

"I came to grab a few things for Mom," she said. "Just toiletries. Makeup. She asked me to."

The air changed. She felt it before she saw his face. The softness went out of him like someone had shut a door.

"You're picking up her things."

"Dad..."

"She's staying with you." It was not a question.

"She had nowhere else to go. The girls are there. I couldn't put her on the street."

James's mouth went thin. "So that's it. She blows up thirty years and you take her side."

"I'm not taking her side."

"You're in my house collecting her toothbrush so she can play house at yours." His voice climbed. "Do you hear yourself?"

Sarah's pulse jumped. The ache between her legs and the leftover heat and the fight with Dan and Lester's texts all stacked up inside of her.

"She's my mom. She messed up. I'm not saying she didn't."

"Messed up." He laughed once, ugly. "She cheated on me, Sarah. She came home smelling like someone else and thought I wouldn't notice."

"I'm not defending her."

"If it was me," he said, pointing at her, "if I was the one who did it, you wouldn't let me sleep under your roof. Don't stand there and tell me you would. You'd slam the door in my face and you know it."

She opened her mouth. Nothing clean came out. Because he was right and she was wrong and she was the last person alive who got to talk about loyalty. "That's not fair."

"Fair." His voice went up another notch. "You want to talk about fair? I worked my whole life for this family. I sat in that chair every night. And she throws it away on some random asshole, and my own daughter shows up like a delivery service."

"Dad, stop yelling."

"I'll yell in my own house."

It bounced off the walls. Sarah flinched. She had not heard him like this. Not at her. The sound made her feel twelve.

"I'm trying to keep...god I'm just trying to be there. I don't know what to do, okay?," she said. Her voice came out thinner than she wanted. "That's all. I...I'm mad at her too okay? I'm just trying let her figure this out okay?. That's what this is."

"That's what this is." He shook his head. "You always did run to her."

"That's not..."

"Get her things and go."

Sarah stood there for a second with her keys cutting into her palm. Then she walked down the hall to the bathroom because staying in front of him was going to make her scream or cry and she could not do either. She was already twisted up about everything else. But she felt the heat in her cheeks and her breathing growing ragged.

The master bath was neat. Two sinks. His things on the left, hers on the right, like they still belonged to a couple. Sarah opened the drawer with the makeup and dumped what she recognized into her bag. Toothbrush. Face cream. The little bag of travel bottles.

Her dad was in the kitchen doorway when she came back, arms crossed.

"I love you," she said. It sounded pathetic. "I'm not against you."

"Then tell her to go to a hotel."

"I can't do that."

"Then you've made your choice."

"Dad..."

"Go."

The last word was a yell. It followed her out the door and down the steps. Sarah got in the car with the bag clutched to her chest and the door shut hard enough to rock the frame. She did not start the engine right away. Her eyes were full. She would not give the street the satisfaction of watching her break.

She drove with the bag in her lap.. At a red light the tears finally spilled and she wiped them with the back of her hand and kept going.

She was a hypocrite. She knew that. She had left her own girls last night and come home leaking another man..

She got out and did not look at Ted's window.

She walked up the path with the bag and the leftover ache and the sound of her father's voice still in her ears, and she opened her own front door and tried to not break down in front of her mom.

Renee stood in Sarah's kitchen after the door shut and listened to the car pull away.

The house ticked. The refrigerator. A clock in the hall. Somewhere a neighbor's mower. She wrapped both hands around a mug that had gone lukewarm and did not drink it.

Her mind was on James.

She wanted to walk into their house and put her face in his chest and tell him she was sorry until the word wore out. She wanted his arms. The same arms that had carried boxes up the stairs twenty-something years ago and held her after her mother died and fallen asleep with a hand on her hip every night she could remember. She wanted him to look at her like she was still the woman he had married.

She could not face him.

The thought of his eyes made her stomach fold in on itself. She had seen them already, in the hallway at home, bloodshot and fixed on her like she was a stranger who had broken in. he'd never looked at her like that before. She didn't know his eyes were capable of it. He had called her names she did not know he knew. She deserved them.

Shame sat in her throat until it hurt to swallow. She hated herself.

She also wanted Lester again.

That was the part that would not sit still. She couldn't stop thinking about hi,. About that last night in the motel. The things he had said. The way her body had opened for him when her mind was already halfway gone. And the other pieces that would not come clear. Another set of hands. Softer. A woman's mouth, maybe. Another man. It all blurred into something that felt like a fever dream. Every time she tried to grab one image it slid, and the sliding itself sent a pulse between her legs.

What is wrong with you. She set the mug down and took out her phone.

Lester's thread was still near the top. She stared at his name and felt bile rise in her throat. Then she typed.

R: I keep thinking about it

She deleted that.

R: Are you around

Deleted that too.

She typed again, shorter, because the longer versions sounded like begging.

R: hey

She sent it and felt filthy the second the little note said delivered.

No answer.

She stood at the counter with the phone in both hands and hated the way her pulse had lifted just from typing three letters. Sarah's house. Sarah's kids' drawings on the fridge. And Renee in a borrowed robe waiting on a man who had left her unconscious in a motel and not even written a note.

She opened the thread and scrolled up.

The messages were worse in daylight. His. Hers. Then the photos.

She should have deleted them. She had told herself she would. She had not.

Lester's cock filled the screen. Thick. Heavy. The head dark in bad lighting.. Another photo, his fist around the base, the gut hanging over. Another, closer.

Renee's mouth opened a little. Her breathing went rough.

The ache between her legs was immediate and humiliating. She was still sore from him. She could still feel the ghost of how wide he had stretched her. And she was standing in her daughter's kitchen getting wet looking at pictures of the man who had helped her ruin her marriage.

She locked the phone and put it face down.

It did not help.

She picked it up again and switched chats.

James.

The last messages were from before. Ordinary life sitting there like a joke.

She started typing.

R: I'm so sorry. I never wanted to hurt you.

Deleted.

R: I love you. Please just let me come home and talk.

Deleted.

R: I don't even know how to explain it. I made a mistake and I hate myself.

Her thumb hovered. She deleted that too. Mistake was too small. She typed his name. Deleted it. Typed I miss you. Stared at it until the words looked fake. Deleted that too.

The phone went on the counter. Then she took it with her anyway.

The living room couch was still dented from where she slept last night.. Renee dropped onto it and pressed a throw pillow over her mouth and screamed.

The sound came out muffled and ugly. She did it again. Her eyes burned. Her body shook. She flopped onto her side and pulled her knees up and screamed a third time until her throat felt raw.

It did not empty anything out. James was still in their house hating her. Lester still had not written back. The motel was still playguign her mind. The other woman, whoever she was, was still a warm smear in her memory that made her feel sick and turned on in the same breath.

She was breathing hard when she stopped. The pillow was damp. Her phone had slid off the cushion onto the rug. Renee looked at it.

She reached down and found Lester's thread again. She told herself she was checking if he had answered. He had not. The photos were still there. She opened the first one full screen.

God.

She hated the size of him. She hated that she had taken it. She hated that her body remembered and ached for how good it was. Her fingers went between her legs before she gave them permission, over the cotton of the underwear, and she was already wet.

"Stop," she whispered.

She did not stop.

She pushed the fabric aside. Her fingers slid through the slick heat there and her breath punched out of her. Sore. Sensitive. The kind of tender that made every small circle feel too much. She looked at the photo while she did it. The thick shaft. The veins.. She could still feel that head pushing into her, slow at first, then not.

Another picture. His balls heavy in the frame. She remembered his smell. Musk and sweat. She rubbed harder, two fingers now, circling the swollen bud at the top of her slit until her thighs started to shake.

The other memory came whether she wanted it or not. Soft breasts under her face. A woman's skin. A mouth that was not his. Renee's hips jerked. Shame flooded her so hard her eyes stung and her fingers did not come away. She chased it. She chased all of it. Lester's gut on her. The blind, floating feeling. The sense that someone else had been using her mouth or her hands or both and she had let it happen because it felt like drifting.

"Fuck," she said into the empty room. "Fuck. Fuck."

She shoved two fingers inside herself and the stretch made her whimper. Not as thick as him. Not close. She fucked herself on her hand and stared at the phone and hated the sound she was making, high and broken, the same sounds she had made in that bed.

Lester still had not answered.

She imagined him seeing the hey and laughing. She imagined him sending another photo right now. She imagined him telling her to come back to the motel while her daughter was out fetching her toothbrush. She wished he would.

Renee turned her face into the couch cushion and worked herself in fast, messy strokes. Her other hand squeezed her own breast through the robe, hard enough to hurt. Her hips lifted off the cushion. The orgasm rose from low in her belly. no slow build, just a hard climb that made her teeth clench as it rippled a pin to existence.

It hit and she cried out into the fabric.

Her whole body locked. Her pussy clamped around her fingers in tight pulses. Wetness slicked her palm. The photo blurred because her eyes had gone wet. She kept rubbing through it until it turned sharp, until she was twitching and making a raw little sound on every breath, until her legs gave out and she sagged into the couch with her hand still between her thighs. Her body pulsed with the after effects of it.

The house was quiet again except for her breathing.

The phone screen timed out. Lester's cock disappeared into black.

Renee pulled her hand away. She stared at the ceiling of her daughter's living room and felt the aftershocks tick through her, small and traitorous, while the shame came back in a wave that made her want to crawl out of her own skin.

She picked up the phone.

No reply.

She opened James's thread and looked at the empty compose box until the words started to swim. Then she locked the screen and held the phone against her chest and lay there on Sarah's couch, sore and wet and hollow.

Sarah sat on the edge of the bed with the door shut and listened to the quiet house.

The girls had gone down an hour ago. She had kissed their hair and turned out the lamp and stood in the hallway until she was sure they were under.

Renee was downstairs. Television on low. Sarah had walked past her twice but her mom said she was tired and said good night and that was all. She hadn't even asked what her father had said when she'd gone to the house. She could still hear her father's voice if she let herself. Get her things and go. She was not going to unpack that with her mother tonight. She was not going to unpack it at all if she could help it.

The bedroom felt wrong without Dan in it. His side of the bed was flat.

She had been crying on and off since she put the girls down. Not loud. The kind that leaked and stopped and started again when she thought about her dad yelling, or Tricia's LinkedIn face, or knowing Dan was in proximity to that woman.

Her face felt tight. She grabbed her phone to make it stop.

Instagram first and scrolled. Other people's dinners. A classmate from high school on a boat. An ad for shapewear. She scrolled looking at everyone's seemingly perfect lives. A stark contrast to her own. Then she switched to messages because that was worse and she did it anyway.

She looked at Dan's message. The one with Tricia being in the same room as him.

Sarah stared at that last one until her throat hurt.

Then later, after she had already come back from her father's house wrecked.

D: Gordon wants me here during the week. I can't fly back tonight. Maybe this weekend.

S: okay.

That was all she had given him. Okay.

He had tried to call after. She had watched the screen light up and let it ring itself out against the comforter. She did not know if she could hear his voice tonight. She did not know what she'd say if he asked if she was all right. She hadn't told him about her parents.

She kept seeing him with Tricia.

Not the real thing. She had not been there. She built it anyway. Tricia's beautiful face. Dan's hands. A hotel bed in Washington. Sarah knew she had no right to the knife in her chest. She had been on her back last night asking Lester to put a baby in her. She had no right at all. The knife was there anyway. Tricia was pretty. Tricia was in the room with

him. Tricia had already had him. And Sarah was in Middleton in a quiet bedroom with her mother downstairs and her husband a time zone away and the leftover ache of another man still sitting between her legs.

The room shrank.

The walls felt closer. The ceiling lower. She stood up and sat back down because there was nowhere to go that was not this house.

She opened a new message before she could talk herself out of it.

S: what are you doing

The minutes after that were long. She watched the screen. She put it down. She picked it up. She hated herself in a small, tired way that had stopped feeling dramatic.

L: Gaming

S: In Chicago?

L: yep.

Sarah let the phone drop to her lap.

Deflated was the word. She had wanted the three dots to turn into come over. She laughed once, under her breath, and it sounded pitiful even to her.

She had been the distraction last night. That was the joke. Dan had asked her to keep Lester busy and she had done it with her mouth and her hips and a whole string dirty words. Breeding talk.

She had watched his face change when she said it. She had felt the power of it go through her like liquor. Then he had flipped her and fucked her like he was trying to prove a point and she had loved that too. The aggression. The way he held her down. The way he made her say it out loud.

Please impregnate me.

Dan had a plan. She was not supposed to enjoy it anymore.. Cut Lester out. Get free. Be the woman who did not wake her kids up and did not come home leaking.

She still enjoyed it.

The admission sat in her chest. She had loved the power and then she had loved losing it. She had loved how crazy the teasing made him. She had cum so hard she blacked out for a second with his cock buried in her and his cum already spilling out around him.

How did she justify that to Dan.

She could not. That was the honest version. T. She had used the plan like a permission slip and did too.

Sarah laid back on the bed and stared at the ceiling. Her phone rested on her stomach. Lester was in Chicago eating Cheetos in that disgusting chair, gaming. The rejection should have helped. It made her meaner instead. Frustrated. Restless. Horny in a way that felt like anger.

She slid her hand down over her underwear before she decided to. The fabric was already damp. She hissed through her teeth. Sore from him and still greedy for the thought of him. She rubbed slow, lazy circles and saw last night in pieces. His gut slapping against her. His voice in her ear. Whose baby do you want?

Her eyes stung again. She kept rubbing.

Sarah could not stay on the bed.

The ceiling was too close. Dan's pillow smelled like a person who was not coming home. Her phone was still warm from Lester's useless little yep. She got up before the heat between her legs could turn into something she finished alone and hated herself for.

The hallway was dark. She held the phone against her palm and eased past the girls' door on the balls of her feet. Ava's nightlight made a thin gold line on the carpet. Sarah did not look in. If she looked in she would stand there too long and then she would go back to bed and lie there until morning.

The stairs complained on the third step. She froze. Down below the television was off. Her mom was just a shape on the couch under a blanket, mouth slightly open, one arm hanging off the cushion. Sarah waited until her mother's breathing stayed even, then took the rest of the stairs slow with her hand on the rail, nightie whispering against her thighs with her robe wrapped tight around her.

The kitchen was quit as she unlocked the sliding door an inch at a time and slipped out into the backyard.

The night air hit her skin and she almost made a sound. It was cooler than she expected. The grass was wet under her bare feet. She held her robe tight over the black nightie. The thin fabric dragged across her nipples and they tightened right away. She crossed her arms and then dropped them because that was worse.

She paced.

Fence to the patio. Patio to the dark strip under the maple. Her thoughts would not line up. She wanted to crawl out of her head and just escape all the problems piling up. How had her life turned into this? Her father yelling at her, he hadn't done that since she was a little girl. Her mom sleeping on her couch a sad reflection of Sarah's own misdeeds. And somewhere in another city, Dan and Tricia in the same room together. Her husband and the woman he'd slept with. Sarah's stomach turned at the mere thought and she felt bile rise up in his throat. And she knew she had done so much worse than him but his betrayal still cut deep. And then Lester not being here to distract her. He was playing video games back in Chicago. At least he hadn't said anything about the device Dan had planted. Her lack of a job and the mundane economic worries stacked on top of everything else.

She needed air but the cool night air was not doing anything.

She needed a distraction. She needed to feel powerful again. That was the craving under all of it. Something to make her forget about the guilt and shame and worry. The way Lester's face had changed when she talked down to him. The way he had gotten mean and hungry. For a little while she had been the one holding the match. Then he had taken it back and it had been so fucking good.

Sarah stopped in the middle of the yard and let her head tip back. The sky was just a dull smear of suburban dark. Her nipples ached in the cold. She hated that her body was still turned on. She hated that she wanted someone's hands on her. It was agonizing. She fiddled with her phone readying to message Lester again. But movement brought her attention away from it.

Then she saw him.

Ted's living room window was dimly lit. The blinds were cracked the same way they always were. He was standing there. Not even pretending to hide. A dark shape behind the glass, too still. Watching her in her own yard in her nightie and robe and she was suddenly very aware of how little it covered and how much it likely revealed.

The rush hit all at once. Anger first. Frustration right under it. That look on his face. She could picture it from here. The open, ugly want. Heat slid low into her belly anyway.

She hated that too. The warmth. The way her skin went tight because someone was looking at her like that.

Sarah lifted her hand. She pointed at him, hard, jabbing the air toward the glass. Then she pointed at his back door.

Her face was all anger. She could feel it in her jaw. She did not smile. She did not wave. Sarah started walking.

She cut across her own yard in an angry march, robe flapping, bare feet slapping the wet grass. The side gate stuck and she yanked it hard enough that the latch cracked against the post. She went around the fence line into his property like she had a right to be there, past the dark grill and the overflowing bin, and stomped up his back steps two at a time. The wood popped under her weight. She did not knock. She stood on the small porch in the yellow light with her phone still clenched in her fist and waited for the door to open, breathing hard, furious and lit up and not sure which one was going to come out of her mouth first.

Ted opened the door in a rush. The yellow lighting made him look worse. Older.

His hair stuck up on one side. He wore only pajama pants and a stretched T-shirt. His eyes went wide and then darker and then wide again. Aroused. Frightened. Confused. All of it at once.

Sarah did not wait.

She stepped onto the threshold and jabbed a finger into his chest, hard enough that he rocked back a half step.

"What the fuck is wrong with you," she whispered, the words coming out like a yell anyway. "Spying on me. Standing in that window like a goddamn peeping tom. Watching me in my own yard. When did you become such a fucking creep?"

Ted's face went red. The color ran down his neck. For a second something angry flashed through the fear.

"You..." He swallowed and tried again, voice low and clumsy. "You shouldn't put on a show if you don't want to be watched. Walking around like that. Kissing that guy in the driveway. I didn't... I live here too."

Sarah scoffed. The sound was mean even to her, "Mind your own fucking business."

She kept her finger against his chest. She could feel him breathing under it, quick and shallow. The house behind him smelled like old coffee and laundry that had sat in the machine too long. She should have turned around.

She did not.

Ted's hand moved. He slid his phone out of his pocket like it was a weapon he wasn't used to holding. The screen lit his face from below. He turned it toward her.

A video played on its glass surface. A grainy yellow light. She saw a smear of skin. A thick shape on a bed. A smaller shape moving on top of it. The audio was a mess of noise through the phone speaker, Ted's fumbling of the device during the recording evident. Sarah couldn't make out anything distinct. She saw a flash of blonde hair and knew it was her. Though to anyone else, they'd have no idea. The pieces clicked together, he must have followed her to the motel and seen her with Lester. That creepy little shit.

Sarah stared at the phone. Then she laughed. It came out sharp and ugly and it felt good.

"That's your big move?" she said. "That shitty little video? You can't even tell who it is. That's not blackmail. That's a blurry porno you shot through a window like a loser."

Ted's mouth opened. Nothing came out. He locked the phone but he did not put it away.

Sarah's eyes dropped.

The front of his pajama pants was tented.. A thick line pushing the thin fabric out, the head of him already making a darker spot where it pressed. He had been watching her in the yard with that. He was standing here getting lectured with a hard-on he could not hide.

A wicked little idea moved through her, clean and sudden. He was easy.

That was the thought. Not kind. Not complicated. Easy. She needed a distraction. And there was one standing right in front of her.

Last night came back in a hot rush. The look on Lester's face when she told him his stomach was still empty of results, that maybe those heavy balls were just for show. The power of it. How crazy it made him. How hard he had gotten after. She had loved that part. She had loved making him prove it. Dan was trying to take control back with his little device on Lester's computer. She wanted her version. She wanted to toy with Lester too.

Ted's face was still red and he looked like a caged animal.

"What was the plan, Ted?" Sarah asked. Her voice had dropped. It stayed mean. "With that shitty video. What were you going to do with it."

He blinked. "I..."

"You followed me. You stood outside a motel window like a pervert. You tried to film me. Then what. You going to send it to Dan? Post it? Leave it in my mailbox? Talk." Sarah's anger deepened. She let out rage at her pathetic neighbor and thought of all the times he'd been polite and cheerful but now saw the real man. Not a man, just a weak worm. Her body fed on that anger and she let it course through her and build the fire that was growing between her legs.

His throat worked. The porch light put a shine of sweat at his hairline. He looked at her mouth and then her tits and then the ground and then her mouth again, like he could not pick a safe place to gawk at.

"I just wanted..." He stopped. Started over. "I've seen you. With him. I know what you've been doing. I thought if I had something, you'd have to... I don't know. Talk to me. Stop pretending I'm not here."

Sarah let out another short laugh. It had no humor in it. "That's it? You wanted me to talk to you."

She looked him over on purpose now. His soft belly. The way his T-shirt clung. The wet spot on his pants getting worse while she stood there. Her nipples were still hard from the cold. She watched his eyes stick there and felt the warmth respond inside her. "You thought a video you can't even use would make me come over here and be nice to you."

"I didn't think you'd come over here at all," he said. The anger flickered again, weaker. "You pointed. You came to my door."

"Yeah," Sarah said. "I did."

She stepped in another inch. Close enough that the robe brushed his arm. Close enough that she could smell him, sweat and whatever he had been doing by the window. Close enough that his cock jumped under the fabric, almost touching her.

"So I'll ask you again," she whispered. "What was the plan with that shitty video. And don't tell me you wanted to talk. You had your hand on yourself the whole time you shot it. The screen was shaking and I can see it on your face."

Ted made a sound that didn't come out like a word.

Sarah's pulse was up. The soreness from Lester throbbed when she shifted her weight. She thought about sending Lester a picture of this.

"Well?" she said.

Ted's voice came out rough. "I was going to keep it. Watch it. I don't know. I wanted something of you too."

Sarah smiled and it was not a kind smile. "That's sad."

She looked down at his pants again, slow enough that he would feel it. "And now you've got me on your back steps and you still don't know what to do.."

A dog barked two streets over. Sarah did not look away from him. The night air moved under the nightie and across her bare thighs. She was wet. She could feel it. The anger and the want had braided together.

"Give me the phone," she said.

Ted hesitated.

"Now."

He held it out. She took it. The video was still paused on a yellow smear. She locked the screen and kept the phone.

"You don't get to keep that," she said as she deleted the video. "You don't get to jerk off to me. You want to watch me so bad, you can stand here and tell me what you thought was going to happen after I found out."

His chest rose and fell under the T-shirt. He looked wrecked and hungry and a little afraid of her, which only fed the thing she had come outside looking for.

"I thought you'd be scared," he said, barely audible. "I thought you'd need me to keep it quiet."

Sarah leaned in until her mouth was near his ear. "I'm not scared of you, Ted."

She pulled back just enough to see his face. "Now answer the question like you mean it. What was the plan with that shitty video."

Ted's mouth worked before anything useful came out.

"I wasn't... I mean I was going to..." He swallowed. The red in his face went blotchy. "I thought if I had it, you'd have to see me. You'd have to... let me. I wanted to know what it was like. With you. That's all I..."

The rest fell apart. He looked at the floor, then at her tits, then at the phone in her hand like he wanted it back and knew he would not get it.

She almost felt sorry for him. Then she didn't. She stepped forward.

Ted backed up on instinct. His heel caught the threshold and he stumbled. Sarah stayed on him, finger jabbed into his chest, the robe brushing his stomach, and the rush hit her so clean it made her dizzy. Power. The same bright spike she had felt last night when Lester's face changed. She loved it. She chased it into the house.

"Inside," she said walking forward. HE went. The back door bumped shut behind her hip. The kitchen was dark except for the light over the stove. Dirty dishes in the sink. A smell of old, stale food. She kept walking him backward, bare feet on his linoleum, nightie clinging to her thighs.

Then she grabbed him.

Not gentle. Her hand closed around the thick line of his cock through the pajama pants and he made a sound like he had been punched. He was hot even through the cloth. Hard. The head of him wet enough that the fabric stuck to her palm. She did not stroke him. She just held him, fingers wrapped around the shaft, and used it like a handle to keep him moving.

"Did it ever occur to you," she said, voice low and sharp, "to stop being such a creepy little pussy and be a man."

Ted's hips jerked. His mouth fell open.

"To come over and take what you wanted. Knock on my door. Say it to my face. No. It didn't. Because you're pathetic." Sarah spat.

She walked him out of the kitchen. His calves hit the edge of a chair and he stumbled. She did not let go. The living room opened up around them, the same window he had been standing in ten minutes ago, blinds still cracked, her own dark yard visible through the slats. The couch sagged. The chair by the window had a dent in it the shape of his body.

Sarah stopped him in the middle of the room with her fist still around his cock.

Ted was shaking. Not a lot. Enough that she felt it in her hand. His T-shirt had ridden up over the soft lower part of his belly. Sweat shone at his hairline and in the creases beside his nose. Bad skin. Bad hairline. The leftover of a man. His cock throbbed against her palm, a thick pulse, and a fresh dark patch spread on the front of the pants.

"Jesus," he whispered.

"Don't talk like that," Sarah said. "You don't get to sound shocked. You've been watching me for months. You filmed me. You stood there with this..." she squeezed once, not a stroke, just pressure "...and you had to follow me, creep on me just to feel brave..."

His knees bent a little. He grabbed for her wrist and then thought better of it and let his hands hang.

"I would have," he said. "I almost did. After the kiss. I almost came over."

"But you didn't," Sarah's sharp green eyes bore into his.

"No," Ted's eyes couldn't decide where to land, drifting to her bare legs, his robe covers breasts and her then her face then back and forth between them.

She could smell him now that they were inside. Musky. A hint of whatever stale she couldn't place. . It should have turned her stomach. It mixed with the leftover ache from Lester and the cold air still on her nipples and the ugly satisfaction of having this man on a leash in his own living room.

She thought about Lester in Chicago. Gaming. She thought about sending him a text from this exact spot. She thought about describing Ted's wet pajama pants and the way he couldn't look at her and the way his cock jumped every time she called him pathetic. The idea made her squeeze again without meaning to. Ted groaned, low, embarrassed.

"Sarah..."

"Mrs. Williams," she corrected.

His eyes shut for a second. When they opened they were darker. "Mrs. Williams."

"Better," Sarah was surprised as her voice took on a husky purr.

She still was not stroking him. Holding was worse for him. She could tell. He kept twitching into her fist like his body wanted the rhythm and she would not give it. A bead of wetness soaked through the cotton onto her fingers. She felt the shape of him more clearly now. Not Lester. Not even close. Thick enough. Average. She ran her thumb once over the covered head and then stopped, just to see his face.

Ted's mouth went slack. A sound leaked out of him.

"That's what you wanted," she said. "To experience me. Say it."

"I wanted to experience you." Ted fumbled.

"How. In your head. When you sat in that chair. What did you do?"

He looked at the window like it might save him. It did not.

"I watched you come home with him. I thought about you on your knees. I thought about you bent over my couch. I thought about you looking at me the way you looked at him in the driveway." His voice cracked on the last part. "I finished looking at you. More than once. I know how that sounds."

"It doesn't sound good. It sounds creepy as fuck."

Sarah stepped in until her breasts brushed his chest through the robe. No bra, just herniitie. Her nipples dragged across the cotton of his shirt, already tight, and the contact sent a stupid little spark down to her stomach. Ted's breath hitched. His cock kicked in her hand so hard she almost laughed.

She loved this.

That was the part she would have to live with later. Not the touching. The loving it. The way control sat in her palm and made everything else smaller. Her parents, dan and tricia. Lester's absence. All of it went quiet behind the sound of Ted trying not to moan in his own living room.

"You were going to blackmail me into bed," she said, hard eyes fixed on him. "With a video that doesn't even show my face. That's how badly you wanted it. And you still couldn't walk across the lawn and make it happen."

"I'm ere now, your here" he said, and it was so weak she almost felt the laugh again.

"No. we're here because I pushed you into your house. You didn't do anything" She gave him one more step, just to prove it. His calves hit the front of the couch. He sat down hard without meaning to. Sarah stayed standing, bent over him, her hand still wrapped around his pajama-clad cock, the robe hanging a little open now so the nightie showed the heavy hang of her breasts and the dark of her nipples through the fabric.

Ted stared. He couldn't help it. Sweat ran down the side of his face. His hips lifted into her hold and she pinned him there with her fingers. Not stroking just holding.,

"Stay," she said.

He stayed.

The house ticked around them. The refrigerator hummed in the kitchen. Through the cracked blinds her own upstairs windows sat dark. The girls were asleep over there. Her mother was on the couch. And Sarah was in the neighbor's living room with his dick in her fist, wet cotton under her palm, her pulse hammering in her throat.

"You wanted to have me," she said.

Ted nodded. Small. Miserable. Hard as hell, "Yes."

Sarah leaned closer. Her hair fell over one shoulder and brushed his cheek. She spoke against the side of his face, close enough that he would feel the words.

"Then you're going to sit here and you're going to keep your hands on the couch. And you're going to listen. Because if you wanted to be a man about it you would have done it months ago. You didn't. So now you get this."

Sarah stepped back.

Ted stayed on the couch with his hands on the cushions like she had told him to. His cock still tented the pajama pants, the wet spot bigger now.. He looked up at her like he could not tell if this was a gift or a punishment.

"Show me," Sarah said. "What you've been doing while you've been looking at me."

He froze.

"Take it out," Sarah said sternly, the same voice she used to displincing the girls.

Ted's throat moved. For a second she thought he would argue. Then his hands went to his waistband, and he clumsily shuffled the pajama pants down his thighs without standing. The waistband caught on his cock and then it sprang free.

It was bigger than she had expected. A slight curve and circumcised. The head was purple and angry. Thick veins ran down the shaft. Rough gray hair stood coarsely at the base. It stood up against the soft lower part of his belly and twitched in the living room light.

Sarah looked at it the way she had looked at Lester last night. Like it was a tool. "Show me."

Ted wrapped his hand around himself reluctantly. Confused, he stroked once, slow, like he was waiting for her to stop him. She didn't. His breath went ragged on the second pull. His eyes stayed on her face, then dropped to her tits, then back up.

Sarah untied the robe and let it slide off her shoulders. It hit the floor behind her. She stood there in the black nightie, no bra, nipples obvious through the thin fabric, the hem sitting high on her thighs.

Ted's fist sped up. His eyes bulged. A He looked like he might cum just from that, from her standing there watching him do the same thing he'd done in the dark for months.

She stepped forward until her knees touched his. He reached for her hip. She slapped his hand away. The crack of it was loud in the quiet room. "Don't."

His hand went back to his cock.

"Stop," Sarah said.

He stopped. His fist hovered. The head of him shone, a thick bead gathering at the slit.

"You're going to do something for me. Understand?" Sarah commanded.

Ted nodded. Confused and still hard. A drop of precum ran down the curve of his cock and into the gray hair.

Sarah opened her phone and pulled up Lester's conversation. She typed with her thumb while Ted sat there with his pants around his ankles and his wet cock pointing at her nightie.

S: this is what I'm talking about Lester. You give up too easily. You should have stayed in town and made sure you knocked me up.

The bubble appeared.

L: what the fuck are you talking about.

S: I told you I wanted you to breed me. But you still haven't gotten the job done. Now I need to make it happen on my own.

She locked her jaw so she would not smile. Then she went to her knees.

The carpet was rough. Ted's smell hit her at this height, sweat and old musk evidence of a man who had been touching himself too much. His cock stood right in front of her face, the angry head twitching. She looked up at his sweaty face and grabbed him hard at the base.

Ted jolted. His hips thrust up into her fist and a choking sound escaped his throat. She put the phone in his other hand. "Take a picture."

He fumbled it. She leaned in and dragged her tongue up the underside of his cock, base to head, slow enough that he would get it.

She tasted salt, sweat, dried cum and something foul. He had been jerking off all day, or all night, or both. The skin was hot and a little sticky. She licked again, flattening her tongue, and felt his thigh shake against her shoulder.

She sat back and took the phone. The picture was ugly yet clear. Her face and her tongue with a strange cock with gray hair at the root. She sent it to Lester.

L: WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING

S: I told you. Getting what I need.

She handed the phone back. "More. Keep taking them."

"Sarah... Mrs. Williams... what is this? Who are you..." Ted asked.

"Pictures," she said. "That's what I need from you."

Ted swallowed and lifted the phone, it shook in his hands. Sarah opened her mouth and took him in. He was saltier on the head. Bitter. She sealed her lips and sank down, not all the way, and the wet sound filled the room. Ted groaned like it had been punched out of him. The phone almost slipped out of his grasp.

She pulled off with a string of spit still connecting her lower lip to his cock.

"Is this what you wanted," she said. "All those nights in the window. My lips on you?"

"Yes. Fuck. Yes." Ted panted.

"Then take more pictures." Sarah said sultrily.

The shutter clicked. She went back down, sloppy on purpose, letting her saliva run. She stroked what she could not fit and sucked the rest, cheeks hollowing, tongue working the underside. His pubic hair scratched her nose. His belly brushed her forehead when he jerked. She moaned around him because Lester would hear it in his head when he saw the next photo, and because the moan made Ted's cock swell on her tongue.

"God... your mouth..."

She popped off again, panting, chin wet. "Keep taking them. Don't get lost."

He nodded too fast and lifted the phone. Sarah wrapped both hands around the shaft and licked the head in circles, tasting the fresh leak of him, then took him deep enough that her throat fluttered and her eyes watered. She stayed there and moaned. It was loud and sounded filthy, the kind of sound she had made last night on a motel mattress.

Ted's free hand hovered over her hair and then dropped to the couch.

"This is what you wanted," she said against the wet head, voice rough as she kissed the side of it. "Say it while you take the picture."

"This is what I wanted." Ted muttered in awe.

She sucked him in a steady messy rhythm. Spit ran down to her fist and over his balls. The smell of him was thicker now, close and sour-sweet. His cock curved against the roof of her mouth. She thought of Lester staring at his phone in that disgusting chair, Cheeto dust on his fingers, that first photo of her tongue on another man. The thought made her moan again and take Ted deeper.

"Mrs. Williams... I'm not going to last if you..."

"I didn't ask you to last." She looked up at him, lips swollen, spit on her chin. "I asked you to take pictures."

He took another. His face in the phone light was wrecked. Sweat ran into the collar of his T-shirt. His hips kept twitching, little helpless pushes into her mouth.

Sarah stroked him with a wet twist and sucked the head, then dropped down and mouthed at the shaft, messy and passionate on purpose, putting on the show and meaning some of it anyway. The heat between her own legs was a dull throb against her heels. She ignored it.

This was not for her orgasm. This was for the look on Lester's face. This was for the power she had been chasing since she pointed at the window.

"More," she said.

Ted's thumb shook on the button.

She took him to the back of her throat and gagged once, loud, and the sound made him curse. Spit spilled down her chin and onto her nightie, darkening the fabric over her breasts. She pulled off gasping and laughed under her breath at the picture that one would be.

Sarah worked him like she had something to prove, sloppy and focused, and every time his eyes started to roll she tapped his wrist and pointed at the phone.

"Is this what you wanted," she whispered, kissing the head, tasting salt. "Me on my knees in your house. While my kids are asleep next door?"

Ted made a wounded sound. "Yes, fuck yes."

The phone started ringing in Ted's hand.

The vibration buzzed against his sweaty palm. Sarah heard the tone and felt her mouth curl. She did not take the phone. She wrapped her fist around the wet shaft and stroked him slow, then leaned in and kissed the head the way she would kiss a mouth. Her mouth open with her tongue. A soft filthy seal around the slit. She sucked the taste off him and kissed it again.

Ted groaned like the air had gone out of him.

"Someone..." He squinted at the screen, voice breaking. "Someone named Lester is calling."

Sarah pulled off just enough to speak against the slick head, "Send it to voicemail."

"Are you..."

"Voicemail." Sarah repeated.

He fumbled with his thumb. The ringing stopped. The room went back to the wet sound of her hand and the his rough breathing.

Sarah went back to his cock. She jerked him in long twists and french-kissed the head, tongue circling, lips dragging, a little moan escaping her lips without her permission. His gray hair scratched her knuckles. His belly rose and fell in front of her forehead. The nightie stuck to her chest where spit had dripped.

Ted's thighs trembled on either side of her.

"Take a video," she said.

He nodded too fast and nearly dropped the phone.. His hands were shaking.

Sarah sat back on her heels and looked up at him, lips shiny. "Make sure it's not a blurry shit video like the one you took last night."

Ted swallowed. "Okay. Yeah. Okay."

He adjusted. The living room lamp hit her hair. He stared at the screen and then at her and something stupid came out of him. "You look beautiful."

Sarah licked a slow stripe up the underside of his cock and watched him shudder all the way to the shoulders. "Aww," she said. "You think I'm beautiful?"

She did it again, flatter this time, tasting the vein, then kissed the head with an open mouth until he made a noise that did not sound like words. "Hit record."

Ted nodded. His thumb pressed the button. A little red dot appeared on the screen.

She wasn't shy, she was in her element. She looked at the lens the way she had looked at Lester in the motel room. She put one hand on her chest, fingers spreading over the wet patch on the nightie, and kept the other fist working Ted's cock in lazy wet strokes. His cock glistened in the lamp light, purple head, thick curve, her spit running down to the gray hair.

"Sorry Lester," she said, voice low, almost sweet. "I'm too busy to come to the phone right now."

She stroked him from base to head and let the camera see it. Her tits moved when she shifted on her knees. The nightie clung to her. She stared at the screen like looking at Lester.

"As you can see, my hands are full, so I can't answer the phone," Sarah shrugged her shoulder but couldn't stop the smile from spreading onto her face. Ted groaned. The phone wobbled. Sarah squeezed him and he steadied it, barely. "I'll call you tomorrow morning, okay?"

She leaned in and dragged her tongue around the head without breaking eye contact with the lens. A wet kiss. A suck. She pulled off with a string of spit still hanging.

"Mhmm." She smiled, then her eyes glanced at the cock in her hand. She licked her lips then looked back up at the camera. "On second thought, maybe tomorrow afternoon."

She took him into her mouth after that, still watching the camera as long as she could, and moaned around the thick curve of him so the mic would catch it. Ted's hips jerked. The phone dipped and he whispered shit and lifted it again.

Sarah worked him sloppy and slow, putting on the show and feeling the heat of it in her own stomach. The taste of him coated her tongue. Musky. Bitter. His skin hot. She bobbed and let spit run, then pulled off to talk to the lens again with her lips against the head.

"Turn it off, Ted."

Sarah lifted her hand and gave the camera a little wave, fingers sticky, a smear of spit still shining on her lower lip.

"Bye."

"Mrs. Williams..." Ted groaned as he typed the screen. Sarah took the phone out of his shaking hand, opened the thread, and sent the video before the part of her that still had sense could stand up and scream.

It screamed anyway.

He already has so much footage of you. You just handed him another thing he can ruin you with.

She watched the little uploaded check appear and felt her stomach churn. A drop in the bucket. That was what she told herself. One more video from a neighbor's couch did not change the math.

Ted was still sitting there with his pants around his thighs and his wet cock pointing at her nightie. His voice came out thin. "What did you mean. Finish the job."

Sarah did not look up right away. "None of your business."

She almost left it there. Lester had the video. Ted had blue balls and a living room that would smell like her spit for a week. She could pick up the robe, walk back through the gate, wash her mouth out, and go to bed. It would serve Ted right. It would even be smart.

The phone started ringing again.

Sarah glanced at the screen. tIT was Lester. She chuckled under her breath and tossed the phone onto the couch cushions. It bounced once and kept buzzing against the remote.

She turned back to Ted. "You like what you see?"

He nodded so hard it was almost funny. A bobble head with sweat on his upper lip and his cock still twitching in the air.

"How many times have you jerked off to me?" She asked. Her hand found him again, just holding his cock gently. "How much cum have you spilled looking through that window? Be honest."

Ted's throat clicked. "I don't know...A lot. More than I can count."

"And the view," Sarah said. She stroked him once, slow. "Better now that I'm close... In your house?"

"Yes. God.fcking yes." Ted barked.

The phone rang again.

Sarah reached back, annoyed, and scooped it off the cushion. The screen was a stack of angry bubbles. Lester, piled on top of himself.

L: don't

L: stop

L: don't you fucking dare

L: do NOT fuck him

L: sarah

L: pick up

L: I swear to god

L: GOD DAMMIT FUCK SARAH

She typed one line.

S: why not?

The replies came so fast the bubbles tripped over each other.

L: fuck dont you dare sarah. I swear to fucking god. I'm on my way now. Don't fuck him.

L: I'm gona be the one to breed you.

Sarah laughed out loud. It surprised her how it sounded.

He was taking it so seriously. Typing like the world was ending because her mouth had been on another man. She would not fuck Ted. And she was still on her pills. She knew that even if Lester kept saying otherwise. None of that stopped her from twisting the knife.

S: who says hes not already in me.

She was still looking at the screen when Ted's fingers hooked the strap of her nightie and slid it off her shoulder. The fabric fell to her bicep. Sarah's head snapped up. Anger first. Then surprise. His hand was still there, clumsy, like he could not believe he had done it.

"Well now," she said. "That's bold of you. Is there a man in there after all?"

Ted's smile was uneasy. He looked sweaty. He looked at her face for permission he had already taken and then, while she was still looking at him, he pulled the other strap down.

Sarah did not stop him.

She could have. She stayed on her knees with her fist around his cock and let him do it. The ballsy little unexpected move. The look in his eyes. Hungry and scared and focused on her like nothing else in the room existed. It reminded her of Lester in the motel. It reminded her of Dan, before everything got poisoned, that same heat-of-the-moment stare. The recognition went straight between her legs. She was wet. She knew it. The nightie would show it if she stood up.

She let the rest of it fall.

The nightie bunched at her waist. Her breasts spilled free in the dingy living room light. They were heavy, bare. Her nipples tight from his staring. Ted's breath caught so hard it was almost a cough. He looked at her like he had waited for this moment all his life.

Her hand was still on him. He throbbed against her palm, a thick wet kick, and a fresh bead welled up and ran down over her knuckles.

"Touch them," Sarah said. She stroked him while she said it. Her tits hung in front of him, close enough that if he leaned he would feel the heat off her skin.

Ted lifted both hands like he thought she might change her mind. Then he put them on her.

His palms were damp. Rough. He cupped the weight of her and made a sound in the back of his throat. His thumbs brushed her nipples and her whole body answered. She kept stroking him. The wet click of her fist filled the space between them as she stared at his ugly face. His fingers squeezed, clumsy at first, then greedier, lifting her breasts, pressing them together, staring like he needed to memorize every part of them.

"Jesus," he whispered. "They're... you're..."

"I know what they are." Sarah's voice had gone husky. "You've been staring at them through for years. Now they're in your hands. Don't just sit there looking stupid."

He leaned in without asking and put his mouth on her. IT felt hot and wet and a little desperate. His tongue dragged over one nipple and she hissed through her teeth. The phone buzzed on the couch again, Lester's name lighting the cushion. Ted sucked her like a man who had thought about this too long, stubble scraping the underside of her breast, breath blowing hard against her skin. His cock jumped in her fist every time she made a sound.

Sarah looked down at his thinning hair and the sweat on his scalp and the way his shoulders hunched, and she stroked him faster. The power was still there. So was the heat. They were not separate anymore.

"That's it," she said. "That's what you wanted. Say it."

The phone rang and rang on the couch. Sarah smiled at the dark window where her own house sat quiet, and she held Ted's head to her chest and worked his wet cock in her fist, and she let Lester keep calling.

The phone would not stop.

It buzzed against the couch cushions in short angry bursts, one after another..

Ted got bolder.

His mouth went sloppy. He licked across her nipple and missed and came back for it, then dragged his tongue over the whole heavy underside of her breast like he was trying to cover ground before she changed her mind. Spit shone on her skin. He kissed the wet trail, open-mouthed and desperate, making a soft hungry sound each time her fist twisted

down his cock. His stubble scraped. His hands squeezed too hard and then not hard enough. He moved from one breast to the other and left them shining.

Sarah's head tipped back.

It felt good. That was the problem and the point.

The wet pull on her nipple going straight down her pussy. She had come outside looking for a distraction and here it was, kneeling in front of a man she didn't respect, pumping his slick cock while he slobbered on her tits in a living room that smelled like dust and sweat.

She kept stroking him. Tight on the upstroke. A wet click every time her palm passed the head. Ted's hips kept lifting off the couch to meet her fist. His tongue flattened over her nipple and he sucked and she let a breath out that was almost a moan.

"That's it," she murmured, not sure if she was talking to him or to herself. "Just like that."

Ted groaned against her skin and licked a messy circle, spit running down the curve of her breast onto her nightie bunched at her waist. His cock throbbed in her hand, hot, leaking, the curve of him sliding through her wet fist. Sarah looked down at his thinning hair and the shine on her chest and the dark window behind him, and for a few seconds she let herself be nothing but the feeling. The phone screaming on the couch

Sarah put her palm on Ted's chest and shoved him back into the couch.

He hit the cushions with a grunt, head thumping the headrest, cock still wet and standing against his belly. Sarah grabbed her phone off the seat beside him, thumbed it awake, and climbed over him before he could sit up. One knee on the cushion. Then the other. The nightie bunched at her waist. She grabbed a fistful of his thinning hair and pulled his face up and sat down on his mouth.

Ted made a muffled sound that turned into a groan.

His nose mashed into her. His tongue found her on the first clumsy pass and then again, flatter.. She was already soaked. He tasted it immediately. She felt him go still for a second in shock and then he started eating her.

His hands went straight to her bare ass.

He groped her in handfuls, rough and greedy, squeezing her soft skin, pulling her cheeks apart so he could mash his face closer. His fingers dug in hard enough to leave marks. He kneaded her like he had been thinking about this exact thing his whole life..

"That's it," she said. "Work."

Ted worked.

His tongue dragged through her folds, broad and wet, then pointed and pushed at the swollen bud at the top of her slit. Stubble scraped her inner thighs. One hand stayed on her ass, spreading her, the other fumbled down between his own legs. She felt his arm start moving. The wet sound of his fist on his cock joined the sound of him eating her. He stroked himself in short desperate pulls while his mouth stayed buried, groaning into her every time her hips rolled.

Sarah opened the conversation with Lester on her phone.

S: still not in me

The reply was instant.

L: pick up the fucking phone

L: sarah I swear

L: where are you

She rolled her hips and his tongue slipped. She corrected him with her hand in his hair and put him back where she wanted him. He licked harder. A good stroke. Then another. She rocked against his ugly face and watched his eyes water under her. His fingers sank deeper into her ass. His other hand kept pumping, sloppy, the head of him bumping her leg when he lost his angle.

S: busy

Lester called again.

She let it ring against her palm while Ted sucked on her clit and groped her ass.. She had to bite her lip. The vibration ran up her wrist. She declined it and typed.

S: you should of stayed

L: I AM COMING THERE

L: do not let him fuck you

L: I mean it sarah

Ted found a rhythm. Messy but right. He licked her in long passes and then sealed his mouth over her and sucked, and her thighs jumped on either side of his head. She bucked without meaning to. His nose crushed against her. Spit and her wetness ran down his chin onto his throat. He made a hungry sound into her and the buzz of it went through her clit. His hand on her ass squeezed in time with his strokes on himself, spreading her, gripping her.

Sarah's mouth opened.

It was good. Better than it had any right to be.. She embraced the power of it the way she had embraced the teasing in the motel. She owned the room. She owned his face. Lester was screaming into a phone an hour away and she was grinding on the neighbor while he jerked himself raw underneath her.

She typed and missed a letter.

S: hes eatng me right now

L: WHAT

L: stop

L: get off him

L: sarah pick up. Fuck sarah you stupidbitch,

The phone lit with another call. She stared at Lester's name while Ted's tongue pushed inside her. It felt thick and eager, and she rolled down onto it. His fingers slid in the sweat on her ass and found purchase again, pulling her open. She heard him stroking faster, it, his knuckles bumping her every few pulls. Her breasts hung over the back of the couch, still wet from his mouth,. She braced one hand on the headrest and used the other to guide im.

S: no

L: I'm going to fucking kill him

L: that's my pussy

L: you don't get to give it to that old fuck

She laughed once, breathless, and the laugh turned into a moan when Ted sucked again. She bucked against his face. He groaned into her and squeezed her ass so hard it stung, then

stroked himself like he was trying to finish just from the taste of her. The couch springs complained under their frenzied weight. Her wetness coated his cheeks.

S: then get here

Her thumb slipped.

S: thn get her

She didn't fix it.

Lester called again. The ring sounded vicious. Sarah declined and dropped her forehead against the window for a second because Ted had just licked her exactly right, a flat hard stroke that made her hips jerk and her toes curl against the cushion. His hand never left her ass. He groped and spread and held her down on his tongue while his other fist worked his cock in frantic wet pulls.

"Fuck," she whispered. "Don't stop. Right there."

Ted didn't stop.. His muffled moans vibrated into her. She rode him through it, tits bouncing, stomach tight, his fingers leaving red prints on her bare ass. She looked down past her own body and saw his fist flying on that curved cock, the head dark and dripping onto his belly.

The phone buzzed in her fist.

L: answer me

L: SARAH

L: if he's in you I swear to god

She tried to type and her hips kept moving. The letters went wrong.

S: hes not in me hes unerneath

S: doing a beter job than you think

L: stop talking like that

L: I'm coming there now

L: you belong to me

Sarah moaned into the fabric of the headrest. The power trip and the pleasure had braided so tight she could not pick them apart. She wanted Lester raging. For him to claim her with that same intensity.

She pumped her hips. Short and greedy. Ted's grip slipped on her wet skin and he grabbed again, harder, spreading her so his tongue could get deeper. He licked her clit in frantic little flicks and then sucked, and a sound came out of her that the girls would have heard if the houses were any closer.

The phone rang.

She didn't answer.

S: keeep drivie hen

S: see whats left when you gt here

Lester's next messages stacked up angry and misspelled too, like he was typing with one hand on a wheel.

L: dont you fucking cum on him

L: that's mine

L: I'm going to breed you not him

L: pick up pick up pick up FFFUCK!

Sarah's thighs started to shake. She stared at the screen and could barely see it. Ted's tongue was relentless now, messy and devoted, his whole face buried, one hand groping her ass like he owned it, the other jerking himself in wet sloppy strokes that slapped against her skin. She rode him through it, lost in how good it was, Lester's ringing muffled under her moans and the slick filthy sound of Ted eating her like he would never get to do it again.

His mouth changed on her.

The frantic little flicks stopped. He went heavy. Broad tongue. Slow. He licked through the soaked heat of her and finally found the place that made her hips jump.. His hand on her ass spread her wider. He groaned into her and the sound buzzed straight through her clit.

Sarah's hips lost their rhythm. She clutched the phone so hard the case creaked. Lester's name was still lighting the screen, another call stacking on the missed ones, and she tried to type something cruel. The letters came out garbage.

S: dasdasdasdsadasdsaddasdd

She did not look at it. She could not. He sucked again and her whole body went tight.

It built fast. The kind that started her belly and then rushed outward like it had been waiting all night. Sarah clenched as her orgasm rapidly approached. His tongue flattened and stayed. His fingers dug into her bare ass. His nose smashed against her. She could smell herself on his face, mixed with his sweat. The couch springs shrieked. Her tits bounced over the headrest.

"Don't..." The word broke. "Don't you stop. Don't you fucking..."

He didn't. The first wave hit like fireworks behind her eyes. Sarah's back arched so hard her head knocked against the window.. Her thighs clamped around his ears. Every muscle from her stomach to her calves locked, shaking, and then the lock broke and she came in violent pulses against his mouth. A raw sound tore out of her, too loud for the thin walls, too loud for the yard, too loud for a woman whose kids were asleep next door. She clenched and fluttered and spilled onto his tongue. He kept licking through it, greedy, sloppy, while she bucked and ground and tried to get away and tried to get closer at the same time. Every nerve in her body went white hot and her muscled went weak.

The phone slipped in her fist. Her thumb mashed the screen.

S: ddddd

S: fuc

S: ahhhhhh

Ted moaned into her like her coming was the thing he had been stroking himself toward. His hand flew on his cock. His other hand groped her ass through the convulsions, holding her down on his face while she shook. Spit and her wetness ran down his chin and throat and onto his chest. His stubble scraped her oversensitive skin and the scrape only made it worse, sharper, another peak slamming into the first before the first had finished.

Sarah's mouth hung open. Her eyes were wet. The room went white and then too bright. She could hear herself making broken sounds, hear his muffled filthy noise under her, hear the phone buzzing against her knuckles and ted pumping his cock behind her.

Her body stayed tense so long it hurt. Then it broke again. A second rush, meaner, ripping through her while she was still clutching the phone and his hair amatted against the window. Her hips jerked in helpless little snaps. Her breasts shook. Sweat ran down

her spine into the bunched nightie. She came on his ugly wet face until her thighs gave out and she had to catch herself on the back of the couch, panting, still twitching every time his tongue moved.

Lester was still in the chair with orange dust on his fingers when the video opened on his phone.

The game was paused mid-fight. His headset sat crooked around his neck. The Roxy folder was minimized at the bottom of the second screen, her old face frozen in a tiny bar he had not bothered to close. A heap of clothes and bags and plates at the foot of the chair, close enough that his heel kept knocking a can when he shifted.

He opened the video.

Her face. That nightie. Another man's cock. Her mouth on it. That little wave at the camera. Sorry Lester, I'm too busy. Tomorrow afternoon. Maybe.

Lester's stomach went hot.

He replayed it. Then he read the texts under it, thumb smearing Cheeto dust down the glass.

S: this is what I'm talking about

S: you give up too easily

S: you should have stayed in town and made sure you knocked me up

S: Getting what I need.

S: who says hes not already in me

The chair shot back and hit the wall.

"You fucking bitch!" Lester roared. All this fucking planning and this stupid slut was going to ruin it. He stood too fast and his gut swung caught the desk. The monitor wobbled. Roxy's little bar shivered at the bottom of the screen.

She was his.

She was going to be his fucking master piece. The pills. He had swapped them. Let her think she was safe. Let her walk around with that flat stomach daring him. Let her beg for a baby, thinking it was just part of the game. And now she was in some other living room putting another cock in her mouth and talking like she was going to finish the job without him.

"How could you," he seethed. "How fuckign dare you!"

He called her. It went right to voicemail. He tried again, voicemail.

The phone kept going to that flat little beep and he wanted to put his fist through the screen. He typed instead, stabbing at it, breathing through his mouth.

L: don't

L: stop

L: don't you fucking dare

L: do NOT fuck him

L: sarah

L: pick up

L: I swear to god

No answer. Then her little why not?

Lester started moving. He stepped around the chair and his foot caught a slick bag of something and he almost went down, fat arms wheeling, a plate rattling off a pile of shirts. He kicked it. The kick was short and stupid and it made him breathe harder.

He snatched a pair of sneakers off the floor. One was under a pizza box. He jammed his feet in without untying them, heel crushing the backs.

The grin was gone. His face felt tight and hot, he could feel his heart beating in the vein on his neck. HE tried calling her again and it went right to voicemail. What the fuck was she doing.

"You're mine!," he screamed. "I'm gonna be the one to breed you. Not him. WAHT THE FUCK!."

He shoved down the hall. The apartment still had that off feeling from earlier and he did not have time for it. He hit the door with his shoulder, missed the handle once, got it, and spilled into the corridor breathing like he had run a flight of stairs.

The elevator button left an orange print. He stabbed it again. Again. Again Again. Willing it to come faster. His chest was going too fast. Sweat already under the pits of his shirt. The hallway lights hummed. Somewhere a TV played through a wall.

Lester stared at the closed elevator doors and saw Sarah on her knees in another man's house.. Saw her flat stomach and the pills she thought were working and her pussy with the wrong load in it.

The elevator dinged.

He got in, hit the lobby, and put his hand on the wall try to let his lung catch their breath. The phone buzzed in his other fist. He screamed into the empty elevator as the numbers slowly ticked down.

Ted looked up and could not believe she was still on him.

Sarah's face hung over his, wrecked and shining. Her Mouth open, her eyes wet. That blonde hair stuck to her cheek and her throat. She was panting so hard her tits moved with every breath. A string of sweat running down the valley between them and dripping onto his chest. Her thighs were still trembling weakly on either side of his head. Aftershocks ticking through her. He could feel them. Little jolts against his ears and cheeks.

He had her taste in his throat. He had waited years to experience her like this. he still had his cock in his fist, wet and dark and throbbing so hard it hurt.

She was shaking.

That was the part that did it.

Not the moans. The shaking. The way her legs did not want to hold her. The way she had to catch herself on the back of the couch. His cock jumped in his hand.

She's open.

The thought arrived dirty and simple.

She's weak right now. She came so hard she can't even sit up straight. You could pull her down. Just a little. Just enough. She's already wet. She's already on you. She wouldn't even stop you in time.

Ted's grip tightened on himself. The head of his cock was slick against his palm, the curve of him pointing up at the bare seam of her, right there, close enough that she would feel it. He could smell her. He could see her. The flushed pout of her, shiny from his tongue, still twitching and trying to catch her breath. The epitome of his every fantasy that he had admired from afar was right here. He couldn't pass up this chance.

His other hand was still on her ass. He had't let go.

The skin there was hot where he had groped her. He squeezed once, testing. Sarah made a small sound. Not a no. Not a word at all. Her head tipped. Her tits hung in his face. One nipple brushed his cheek when she breathed.

Do it. You've been watching her give it to that fat fuck. Tonights not over yet.

His heart was slamming so hard he could feel it in his cock.

He shifted under her, just enough to line himself up. Ted's hand on her ass tightened.

He started to pull her down.

1

2

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