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Sarah tapped the wheel of her car anxiously as she peered out the windshield. She didn't like being back here. She felt the eyes of every person and car that passed, as well as the judgment from the looming hospital building in front of her. Its windows seemed to watch her this morning, and she pictured a newly arrived person in each one, staring down at her, knowing what she'd done.

She tried not to think about things like that, but she couldn't help it. It had been a few days since everything had happened, and she knew the rumor mill would be working in overdrive within the hospital. News of her illicit affair with Otis, the janitor, would've spread like wildfire through the hospital. Any remaining colleagues she had respect for would never look at her the same way again. And all those petty new hires would likely smirk knowing the sexy former administrator had fallen so low.

People were like that. Happy to see others fall from grace. Just look at any celebrity tabloid magazine at the grocery checkout. And now it was Sarah's turn in the firing line. She could just picture herself on one of those covers, a paparazzi photo catching her and Otis together.

Her stomach turned in knots as she started to bite at her nails. Maybe this, being here, wasn't the best idea, but it was the only one she had. Still, how could she ever work at this place again with everyone knowing what she'd done? There was no way in hell that bitch Mary had kept her mouth shut. For a professional, the head of HR, she was probably the one fueling the rumors and cackling about it from Sarah's former office.

Sarah tried to suppress those feelings. She tried to ignore the anxiety she felt whenever someone walked by her car on the way in. The way her skin crawled made her just want to drive away. She remembered to breathe and inhaled deeply in the closed space of the car.

It had only been a few days, and she had only applied to a few jobs. She knew it took time to vet candidates and review resumes. Logically, she understood that. But she couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of shameful rejection already. It weighed on her like a heavy blanket that she needed to carry around. She didn't realize she could feel worse, but day after day, the feelings of rejection, guilt over what she had done, her parents' pestering, and the knowledge that she had put her life and her kids' lives into a tailspin were weighing more and more on her. She felt ready to break anytime. It was a small mercy that her father had been the one to deal with the mechanic to fix the car she now sat in. He hadn't mentioned how much it had cost, but she could hear the added weight of the repair debt in her father's voice.

Sarah stared at the empty parking spot just a little bit away. The hospital's new CEO, Richard Thornhill, had not arrived yet. Ever since he'd cancelled those daily early morning meetings, he never bothered to come in on time. There was always something important he was supposedly doing, but Sarah knew that he just didn't like working. He wasn't the savior the board had promised them. In the short time he'd been in the role, he'd probably looked great by cutting so many expenses and jobs across so many different areas. But the effect of those cuts would add up in the long run, probably well after he'd left the position, and then it was someone else's mess to clean up.

Her breath caught in her throat when he saw his old BMW pull into the empty spot. It was now or never. The moment where she'd throw herself at the mercy of the one person above Mary at the hospital and plead for her job. Her heart threatened to beat out of her chest, but she wasn't sure if it was because of the idea of going back to work at this place after everything or the thought of what might come next if she didn't.

Sarah wished she had a glass of wine to gulp down. She'd need to pick up more later. It was becoming too easy for her to reach for a glass when her stresses piled up like this.

With one last glance around the parking lot, Sarah exited her vehicle and walked towards Richard's car. Every time her heels clacked on the asphalt of the parking lot, she felt her anxiety rising. She wanted to wince at the sound, but she held her head high. She didn't want to seem too desperate or too weak.

"Mr. Thornhill, Richard," Sarah said as the older man was getting out of his car. The words seemed thick on her lips. She didn't know Richard as well as she would have liked for her present circumstances. He had moved quickly to consolidate power at the hospital, and subsequently, Sarah had been frozen out. It wasn't long after he started that Sarah was excluded from the top-level meetings.

When Richard Thornhill stood and looked at Sarah, her impression of the man hadn't changed since their initial meeting. The word smarmy came to mind immediately. His thinning gray and stark white hair desperately needed a trim. For the amount of money he made as the CEO, Sarah was sure the man could afford to go someplace that actually made it look like he cared. Instead, it seemed he was a regular customer of SuperCuts.

As always, his suit looked expensive and immaculate, but the shirt he wore underneath it was wrinkled, old, and discolored to a sepia tinge. She didn't know why he just wouldn't get it dry cleaned with the rest of the suit or replace it. It boggled her mind. It was old; she could see the collar fraying as she drew closer to them.

His steely, hard eyes looked her up and down, the crow's feet at the sides of his eyes noticeable alongside the other wrinkle lines adorning his face. He squinted before saying, "Mrs. Williams?"

As he spoke, his eyes ran up and down her body again, this time taking his time to drink in her curves.

"You aren't supposed to be here," he said tentatively as he closed his car door. "What do you want?"

"I was hoping to discuss the situation with you," Sarah said, smoothing out her pencil skirt. She was dressed as she would if she were going into work: sharp, professional, with an edge of sex appeal.

"Oh?" A sly smile spread onto Richard's face, "I thought Mary covered things quite thoroughly."

Sarah knew where this was heading. Part of her had hoped that it didn't need to go in this direction, but she had to lean into it after the appraising look he gave her. "Mary did quite a bit of talking but didn't quite get into the... meat of what was important. I know you would be much more thorough if you would hear me out."

"Well then," Richard said as he clicked the unlock button on his keyfob and opened his door again. He gestured to the passenger side door, "I'm all ears."

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"So, tell me," Richard said from behind the wheel of his BMW as he drove Sarah through the mid-morning streets of Middleton, "What exactly is it that I'm missing here? Multiple people walked in on you and one of the janitors in a completely inappropriate compromising position. It seems pretty black and white to me."

Despite his probing question, the stupid, expectant smile on his face never faltered. Sarah looked at him while he stared out the windshield. From this angle, she got a better look at the teeth on the side of his mouth. They were yellowing from too much coffee or something else. She would bet he'd had the front ones whitened for a more professional look. Another veneer hiding who this man really was.

"If you look into the details," Sarah said tentatively in a low, sultry voice, "I think you'll find that it was all a simple misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding that left you both in the room naked?" Richard shot her a knowing look.

"Well, maybe I was a bit naive, but the janitor spilled some cleaning chemicals on my clothes and his. He said it was toxic and we needed to remove them as quickly as possible before they got through to our skin." Sarah crossed her legs, smiling as she watched Richard's eyes land on them for a few seconds.

"Eyes on the road," Sarah whispered.

"That's...plausible in an old porno kind of way, Sarah." Richard snorted, "But the facts just don't add up. The janitor never mentioned anything about chemicals when we let him go. Try again."

"You should review security footage of Otis over the past few weeks. You'll see that he had been stalking me. Always watching. Following me through the hospital. I was afraid for my safety and gave in."

"That's better," Richard clicked his tongue, "And you're hoping I can speak with Mary and straighten all this out?"

"No," Sarah said, "I want you to go to Mary and put her in her place and tell her what to do."

Richard chuckled and looked at her again as if reevaluating her, "I like the fire. I didn't know you had that in you. I like that. I like it a lot."

"You'll like it a lot more once I'm reinstated. You should really think about letting me help you more. I could run the hospital in my sleep, you wouldn't have to lift a finger or worry about the day-to-day," Sarah put her hand on the gear shift in between them on the center console and ran her fingers over it.

"That does sound beneficial," Richard added, with a sinister chuckle. The reek of his cheap cologne filled the car. The interior of the vehicle wasn't as messy as Lester's, but the seats were fraying at the edges, and it needed extensive detailing. It honestly looked like the kind of car someone had picked up used and just never took care of.

"I think we should discuss this more inside," Richard said as he turned off a road on the outskirts of town and pulled into a notorious pay-by-the-hour motel. Sarah gulped as she looked up at the dingy inn. She had driven past this place with her parents as a teenager and then later with Dan as an adult. She and Dan would joke about it. Her mom would always comment on the type of people who might frequent such a place. And now here she was, Sarah Williams, mother of two, about to check into a room. It didn't seem as funny anymore.

"Be right back," Richard grinned and got out of the car. It wasn't long before he was walking back to the parking spot, twirling one of those old school motel room keys in his fingers. The large plastic rectangle emblazoned with the room number was attached to a ring with a single key on it. Sarah felt

her skin crawl at the pep in the man's step, but she forced a smile onto her face and stepped out of the vehicle.

"This is us," Richard said, motioning to a drab brown door and unlocking it. He held it open, and Sarah just stared at the open doorway for a moment. She was about to prostitute herself. She felt lower than she ever had before, but she needed to do this. Her family needed it. Her girls, Ava and Sophia, needed her to get this job back.

Sarah let out a long breath, straightened out her tight-fitted white blouse, and walked past Richard into the dingy, unlit motel room. She turned up her nose immediately at the outdated shag carpet and red wallpapered walls. This place hadn't been updated since before she was born, and she doubted it was ever cleaned properly. Who knew how many dead skin cells, how much dust, and other things she didn't want to think about lived in the carpet and on the walls. She didn't even want to consider the single queen-sized bed that took up most of the room. Like the carpet and the walls, its comforter looked just as old. It was a real romantic place to bring a woman.

The door closed behind her, and for a moment the room was dark. Then Richard flicked on the light switch behind her. Stuttering fluorescent bulbs lit the room, casting it in a pale yellow, the same shade as most of Richard's teeth.

"Now," Richard's voice came from behind her. The look of distaste dropped from Sarah's face as she turned around to the older man, pulling off his suit jacket, neatly folding it, and draping it over a chair. She could see the sweatstains on his wrinkled dress shirt. The suit looked good, but everything under his professional veneer made her think he was a charlatan. "I believe we were going to discuss the benefits of you coming back to the hospital."

Sarah steeled her nerves as Richard's hungry eyes roamed over her body. They paused at her face, then again at the curves of her breasts contained by her tight, white blouse. His eyes continued down to her hip-hugging pencil skirt. Richard turned the old wooden chair to the side and plopped down in it.

"There are two benefits I'd love to see right now," Richard said, the stupid grin plastered on his face as he stared at Sarah's chest, "Consider this your rehire interview."

Sarah let out a long, quiet breath and decided it was time to put away the stressed-out, manic Sarah of the past few days and slip into something more appropriate for the room. Something that she found comforting. Something she craved. She adopted what she'd come to think of as her Chicago Sarah persona, the one that embraced all of her own dark desires.

Sarah licked her lips and stepped forward towards the older man. She peered down at him with a look that screamed hot and sexy and began delicately unbuttoning her blouse.

"Many other employers want these particular benefits, Richard," Sarah said as the top of her blouse hung open. She smiled inwardly as she saw the CEO's eyes widen at the bits of exposed skin he could see. Sarah almost groaned from seeing the lustful hunger in his eyes. It used to be that she would only get wet if she saw Dan's eyes taking on that piercing gaze. Now, it felt like whenever she exposed herself like this, any male's wanton stares got her engine going. She didn't let herself dwell on the thought for long.

"Sarah," Richard said, taking on a stern tone of authority. The one he had used in the past to reprimand her in front of other members of the hospital's leadership. "It's Mr. Thornhill or 'sir' to you."

“Mhmm,” Sarah moaned like a kitten as he slowly untucked her blouse. She’d hated him using that tone with her in front of everyone else. It had been so frustrating. So belittling. But here, in this dingy motel room, it worked to turn her on, “Yes, sir.”

“That’s better,” Richard said, not taking his eyes off the young mother as she disrobed. Sarah finished untucking her smooth silk blouse and slowly teased the man in front of her as she took it off. Soon she was standing in front of the hospital’s CEO in nothing more than her snug pencil skirt, heels and white lacy bra.

She carefully laid her white blouse down on the table before seductively running her hands over her bra cupped breasts, “Are these the benefits you wanted to see?”

“Yes, let’s see ‘em,” Richard commanded. Sarah didn’t respond; she just stared at him with her piercing green eyes and lowered one shoulder strap. Then she did the same to the other one. She stepped up right in front of Mr. Thornhill and slowly turned around, putting her bubble butt right in front of him, pressing it into his crotch.

“Can a girl get a little help?” she said coyly. She felt the older man’s finger brush against the naked skin of her back, causing her to suppress a shudder. He took his time, running his fingers up her back until they found the clasp. With a couple of pulls and twists, it came free, and she felt the tension around her torso lessen. Sarah stepped away from Mr. Thornhill, letting him stare at her naked back. She held the bra cups against her chest, not yet allowing them to fall.

She looked back over her shoulder at him and saw that the hunger in his gaze had grown deeper and more desperate. She loved teasing men like him. Sarah slowly turned around to face him, still clasping her bra to her chest.

She waited until the older man took his gaze off her chest and looked up at her impatiently. Sarah’s mind flashed back to when her old boss, Drew, had walked in on her undressed in her office. The look he’d had on his face was a mask of pure lust equal to the voracious look on Mr. Thornhill’s. Sarah, daring him to keep eye contact, let go, and her bra dropped to the floor, exposing her naked chest to the man who used to be her boss. The man who came in and fucked up everything at the hospital. She heard a sharp intake of breath from him as his eyes dropped, and she subtly pushed her chest out.

Sarah didn’t waste any time. She reached behind her back, pushing her heavy breasts together as she undid the zipper on her pencil skirt. It fell to the floor, leaving Sarah in nothing but a pair of black heels and her lacy white panties.

“How’s this, Mr. Thornhill?” Sarah asked.

“Come here,” The CEO said, unable to contain himself. Sarah walked over to him until she was standing right in front of the seated man. He stared up at her, unable to look at her face as his eyes were glued to her tremendous breasts at eye level.

Then a wry smirk spread across his face, “Get on your knees.”

Sarah put her hands on the arms of the chair, her breasts swaying in front of the man. Then she slowly lowered herself onto her knees in front of him, making sure she brushed her body against his knees and shins.

Sarah felt a pit in her stomach as her knees touched and then settled into the motel room’s shag carpet. She could almost feel the unseen dust mites crawling over her skin.

“What now, sir?” Sarah breathed, looking up at him. Her hands went to his knees and ran up and down the tops of his thighs.

“Undo my belt. Take it out,” Mr. Thornhill said with a raspy breath.

“Mhmm, yes, sir,” Sarah licked her lips, unbuckled his belt, and took down his zipper. She could see him tenting in his pants. Sarah’s hands dug into the waistband of his slacks and tugged. Richard was caught off guard, but quickly raised his old ass off the chair, and Sarah pulled his pants completely off. Before he could grab them from her hands, she folded them carefully and put them on the table next to him.

“My, my,” Sarah mused as she looked at the shape in his boxer briefs. While her eyes were trained on what was underneath, she couldn’t help but notice that his boxer briefs had seen better days. Holes dotted the gotten material, and the waistband was frayed, almost as if it had been consistently stretched out over a period of years. “What do we have here? It looks like someone is happy with my assessment so far. Let me get a better look.”

Sarah’s hands went to the frayed waistband of the boxers and repeated the same move, peeling them off Mr. Thornhill’s pasty white legs until his cock sprang out. She stared at it for a second before pulling his boxers the rest of the way off.

His cock was big. Bigger than she had imagined and bigger than any man his age had any right to carry. It wasn’t Lester’s big, but she knew it was much bigger than her husband’s. Somehow, that felt unfair to both Dan and her.

Sarah just stared at his cock, purposely not doing anything. Her eyes flicked up innocently to the man staring down at her with his disheveled appearance, “What should I do now, Mr. Thornhill? Is this how you interview all your female employees?”

A sly smirk spread onto his face, “Just the special cases. And I think you know what you need to do.”

“Mhmmm,” Sarah bit her lip and drew a circle on his thigh with her fingertip, “I think I do too.”

She leaned forward, running her fingernails up his bare thighs, making him groan. She planted her heels firmly into the shag carpet and grasped the thick shaft of his cock in her hand. Without breaking eye contact, Sarah lowered her mouth until her outstretched tongue came into contact with the bulging tip of his cock.

The man let out a guttural groan as Sarah’s mouth enveloped his fat cockhead. Sarah’s hand stroked his straining shaft, brushing up against the gray pubic hair at its base. Sarah moaned around his cock, knowing it would drive him crazy. She firmly pumped her fist up and down his thick shaft. Her mouth stretched to accommodate his outsized girth.

Sarah’s other hand rested on his thigh, her nails digging into his chalky-toned flesh. It wasn’t long before Richard’s own hands found their way onto Sarah’s head, his fingers running through her carefully arranged blonde locks.

“That’s it,” Richard groaned, “Show me what you bring to the table.”

“Mhmm-hmmm,” Sarah moaned in response as she stroked him and bobbed her head up and down his growing shaft. Her tongue tasted the flavors of this man she despised, but she did it anyway. She was determined to make the most of this connection. Sarah twisted her wrist as she stroked, making sure she went up and down on his pole with some added friction.

She pulled back and swirled her tongue licentiously around the head of his cock. Finally, she closed her eyes and eagerly dove back down, licking up and down the side of his ramrod straight shaft.

"I have many skills I bring to the table," Sarah moaned as she held his shaft just below his fattened cock head and kissed and licked up and down his large column of flesh. Her mouth closed on the side of his girthy cock as she sucked on his shaft. She had to keep moving and kissing around to get to all of his cock. Sarah's tongue dragged down his impressive dick until it tasted his fragrant pubic hair. It reminded her of the shag carpet her knees were digging into. They were both probably from the same bygone era.

Sarah kept proceeding until she found his ballsack through the hairy foliage and started lapping at it. Her hand started stroking the older man's hefty cock while he groaned in pleasure. Sarah swirled her tongue around his hairy balls before taking one of them into her mouth and sucking on it lovingly. She reached out with her other hand and gently grasped his ballsack in her hand and started deftly flicking her tongue across it, quickly eliciting another deep groan from Mr. Thornhill.

She cradled his balls in one hand and lifted them slightly so she could lick the base of his scrotum. She felt the older man shudder under the touch of her tongue and suppressed a smile from spreading on her lips. She kissed and licked the underside of his nutsack and even let her tongue brush up against the delicate skin at the top of his thighs around the fat roll of his taint, making him quiver. She dragged her tongue back up to the top of his balls and his shaft, opening her eyes to look up at the man who would be her boss again soon. She lapped at a dribble of pre-cum that had oozed out of his cockslit and made a dramatic show of swallowing it, looking pleased that she'd done so.

Mr. Thornhill's mouth hung agape as she swallowed the small bit of his load. She raised her eyebrows at him and turned her attention back to his lovely cock in her dainty hand. She wrapped both of her hands around it, the thumb and middle fingers just barely being able to touch. Then she worked both her wrists, stroking him methodically as she looked up at him again.

"So," Sarah said in the same voice she'd use at work. Her professional, business leader voice, "How is my interview going? Are you pleased with everything so far?"

"Very pleased," Richard groaned as he pushed down on her head, making her take her eyes off him as her mouth opened and she tasted his pulsing cock again. "You definitely have the skills I'm looking for, and you take the right kind of initiative. You're a great cock sucker."

Sarah felt herself beam inwardly at the compliment. It was fucked up. She knew she was good at sucking cock. She felt she always had been, but she'd gotten so much better since starting things with Lester. There was something different about hearing it come from a boss, someone who had authority over her. Praising her in the same way as if she'd done a great job on a project made her feel renewed pride. It was a perverted dynamic, but one in which she was more than happy to indulge.

Sarah worked her mouth into a rhythm and spent the next few minutes bobbing her head up and down on Mr. Thornhill's cock while stroking his substantial shaft. He didn't say anything else to her, just sat back with his head on the chair as Sarah expertly sucked his fat cock. The only sounds filling the dirty motel room were her wet slurping sounds, her occasional gurgling moans with her mouth full of his cock, and the older man's sighs and grunts.

His fingers dug into her hair, and he pulled up on her head. Sarah gasped and took a breath as a long strand of spit ran between her bottom lip and the head of his reddened cock.

“What?” Sarah said, looking up at him, slightly irritated at being broken from her hard work.

“Try that again,” Richard Thornhill growled.

“What can I do for you now, sir?” Sarah said, licking her lips while still stroking his cock with one hand.

“I need to assess some of your other skills,” Mr. Thornhill said with a curt nod of authority.

“Which skills are those?” Sarah bit her lip and looked plaintively into the older man’s hard eyes.

“It’s time to see exactly how tight that pussy is,” Mr. Thornhill chuckled, “You didn’t think you’d just be sucking my cock today, did you?”

Sarah didn’t bat an eye at his comment. She just squeezed his cock in her hand and looked up at him with a mask of deep lust, “I’m willing to do anything to show you how dedicated I am to this job....whichever position you want to put me in.”

A shit eating grin spread onto the man’s face again as Sarah let go of his fat cock and stood up. She lowered her lacy white panties and stepped out of them, but opted to keep her black heels on.

“Get on the bed,” Richard said as he got up and started to unbutton his yellowing shirt, “On your hands and knees.”

As the man took off his last piece of clothing, Sarah crawled onto the dirty old comforter and got into position on all fours. With her heels still on, she waited for him, on the bed, on her hands and legs in contact with the unclean bedding. Just like the shag carpet, Sarah didn’t like touching the comforter with her bare skin. The worst part was that her palms were now face down on it.

The bed shifted back and she felt Richard shuffling behind her. Sarah closed her eyes as she felt her superior’s untuned body line up behind hers. The man’s hand drifted down, and it was Sarah’s turn for a sharp intake of breath as the man’s fingers touched and then pressed into her glistening, dripping pussy.

“Already wet for me,” Richard mumbled to himself from behind her. He pulled his hand back up, and she heard him run it under his nose, sniffing it. His hands went back down to Sarah’s ass, and he started playing with her ass cheeks, grabbing them roughly and grinding his piggish fingertips into them.

“This was the first thing I noticed about you,” Richard said, “When you were late for that first meeting. This ass looked fantastic. Fuck, I love it. Who knew you’d be such a slut?”

Sarah looked over her head at him sharply, “I’m not a slut. I’m just dedicated to my job. I need to make sure everyone is performing at their best. That includes you, sir.”

“Now THAT is a job description I can get behind,” Richard chuckled and held his cock in his hand. He pushed the head up against Sarah’s wet opening and ran it up and down the slit.

“Not gonna tell me to put on a condom? Aren’t you married?” Richard asked, amused and a little skeptical.

Sarah looked at her wedding ring on her left hand and instantly compartmentalized her actions. This was a necessity wholly apart from the vows she had taken that day.

"I'm married to my work," Sarah said in a husky voice, "I always give my work 110%. I do what I need to ensure that everyone is satisfied."

Mr. Thornhill just shook his head as the smile on his face widened, "Jesus Christ, you are something else. If only I'd known sooner, I would have made you my executive assistant." He reached over into his pants and rooted around until he found something in his wallet. With the smile fixed on his face, he opened the package and rolled the latex sheath down himself until his cock was snugly covered.

He then pushed his cock forward and parted Sarah's pussy lips, but she scooted forward just a hair so that his cock wasn't fully inside of her. She looked back at him over her shoulder, "We're negotiating for a better title than that."

"Oh? Really?" Richard grinned, "I like your negotiating style. What title did you have in mind?"

"COO. Chief Operating Officer," Sarah said, looking back over her shoulder at the older man behind her. At his sagging chest with sparse tufts of gray hair and pasty white skin.

"That's a big job," Richard muttered as he seemed to mull it over, frowning slightly.

"I can handle big," Sarah said as she pushed her ass back against him. Her pussy pushed back onto the broad head of his cock. It slid into her easily, immediately opening her pussy up wide to accommodate his expanding girth. Sarah's ass slammed back against Mr. Thornhill's pelvis, almost rocketing him back off the bed. His entire length was buried inside of her. She fought to keep her eyes from rolling back into her head.

The older man's hands quickly gripped her curvy thighs, and a fire lit behind his eyes.

"Now fuck me," Sarah paused deliberately and looked into his eyes, "Mr. Thornhill."

"Time to put the new hire through their paces," Richard said, gritting his teeth. He pulled his hips back, dragging his covered cock with it until just the head was still inside Sarah before he thrust hard into her again.

Sarah almost jumped forward on the bed, not expecting the strength of the thrust. Richard did the same thing again. Then again. Sarah whimpered in pleasure as her fingers curled into the dirty comforter.

"Uh fuck," Sarah moaned as her body rocked back and forth as Richard Thornhill powerfully fucked her. She whimpered and moaned as his fat cock stretched her and pushed and hit all the best sensitive places inside of her. The places that would drive her towards a mind-blowing orgasm that she desperately needed.

Richard's hand left her ass and ran up her naked back until he roughly gripped the back of her neck. He held her in place as he fucked her. Sarah thrust her perfect ass back against each of his controlled thrusts. Richard's hands unfurled until he was grabbing the base of her skull, his old fingers running through her hair.

Then he pushed her head down into the dirty comforter beneath her. His other hand held her hips up and allowed him to push deeper into her. At this angle, his fat cock was smashing against her G-Spot, making her body thrash under his surprisingly strong grip. Sarah couldn't help but compare the fucking she was receiving to what she'd become used to. Lester was still the person who could make her cum the hardest, but Mr. Thornhill's methodical, powerful thrusts from his considerable cock were impressive. If she'd never found the apartment in Chicago for her husband, this might've been the most competent fucking she'd ever received.

Sarah opened her eyes and saw nothing but red. The dirty comforter was all around her, making her skin crawl. Its unwashed, seedy musk filled her nostrils as she breathed in. Her luxurious blonde hair was splayed out across it. But what the old man was doing felt so fucking good she couldn't bring herself to protest.

Richard put more pressure on her head as he rigidly fucked her. Her face sank deeper into the comforter. She closed her eyes and tried to focus on the feeling of his oversized cock inside of her, not the comforter covering her lips and face.

His throbbing cock felt so fucking good pounding against one of her most sensitive areas and then another. She couldn't believe she was in this submissive position, in this dirty motel room with someone like Richard Thornhill. It was so entirely fucked up. Before everything had happened, she wouldn't even allow herself to mess around with Dan in her office after hours. But now she'd been fucked by Lester numerous times in her one-time workplace. She'd sucked and fucked a janitor, and now she was being pinned to a filthy bed in a dirty motel room with the CEO's cock pistoning inside of her. She had trouble making sense of it. Of how much she loved it.

Richard's fat cock head pounding against her G-Spot snapped her back to reality. Her fingers tightened around the comforter as she held on, the expert fucking making her head swim. Her jaw was clenched as she let the older executive pound into her. She was close to cumming already. An idea occurred to her through the fog of her intense pleasure, something that would make her cum harder and maybe get her job back.

"Uuhhh, oh my god, Mr. Thornhill, oh, fuck, wait..." Sarah moved her hand back and caught the CEO's cock as she purposefully moved slightly to the side. She quickly tugged at the latex condom, and it slid off his cock, leaving it to land silently on the musty comforter. "Now, Mr. Thornhill, sir, please continue fucking the sh-." Thornhill launched his bare cock forward, back into Sarah before she could finish her sentence.

It was so thoroughly fucked. It wasn't just the sex and the abuse her G-Spot was taking from his crazily large organ. The complete inappropriateness of the situation and the degrading location of their sordid sex was driving her crazy. She used to think she preferred sex in her own bed, but now she was almost ready to scream in orgasm in a dirty fucking motel room where men regularly took their whores.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned into the comforter, "Fuck Richard. God. You feel so fucking good."

"That's..." Richard said as he pulled all the way out and thrust back in hard, making Sarah's body quiver and rock on the bed, "...Mr. Thornhill to you."

"Yes," Sarah breathed, "Yes, of course, Mr. Thornhill."

"Say it again," he demanded and slapped her ass, making her whine in pained delight.

"Yes sir," Sarah moaned loudly, "Mr. Thornhill."

"Good girl," Mr. Thornhill said in a raspy voice from behind her. His massive cock kept pounding into her sensitive area. Sarah squeezed and milked his cock as best she could from this doggy style position. She felt like a slut being used and abused by someone with potential power over her. He could do so much for her, change her life. He held her fate in his hands.

"You're gonna make me CUM," Sarah whined, "Mr. Thornhill. Fuck. I'm so close. God, you feel so, so fucking good."

“That’s it,” Mr. Thornhill grunted, “Cum on my cock, Sarah. Show me how hard you’re willing to work.”

Sarah pushed down on her knees and rocked her ass back as Mr. Thornhill’s cock pounded into her. Slamming again and again against her sensitive G-Spot. She gripped his cock with her pussy, willing more of its large girth in, trying to get him to pound his cock into her faster and faster. She needed to cum.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah whined, “Fuck. Fuck. Shit. Please. Please. Holy. Fuck! Please. Please. PLEASE!”

Mr. Thornhill just grunted in agreement from behind her and never let up in his repeated assault. She felt sweat from his body drip onto her ass and run down her ass cheeks.

“Cum,” the man behind her grunted as he kneaded her ass and hips, “Cum, Sarah. That’s a direct order. Cum for me. Cum on my cock, you fucking slut.”

“Ohgod,” Sarah’s body thrashed back against his, “Fuck. Fuck! OHGODFUCK!”

Sarah closed her eyes tightly and her teeth ground together as she clamped her jaw shut. Her pussy tightened around his plunging cock like a vise as the starburst explosion started. Every muscle in her body tightened as she felt her eyes roll back behind her eyelids.

“UHHHHHMMMMMMHMMMMFFMMMM,” Sarah’s throat uttered incomprehensibly as fire exploded inside of her pussy and blasted out across every inch of her body. The fire’s warmth ran over her skin and seemed to crawl into every secret crevice inside of her, “AHHMHMMHMMFFFUUUCCCKKK!”

Her toes curled as Mr. Thornhill’s cock pushed past her clenched pussy walls and slowly slid deeper into her before slowly retracting. Then it pushed back in again, hitting that same sweet spot that had sent her over the edge.

“JEESUS!” Sarah moaned, lips touching the nasty comforter as the fire continued to wash over her, wiping her mind blank, unable to focus on anything but the feelings overloading her system.

“Fuck!” Mr. Thornhill grunted as his sagging balls slapped against her pussy lips, “So fucking tight.”

“Ummgmmmm,” was all Sarah could moan in response as her body slowly came down from the orgasmic bliss she’d just experienced. Sarah was still panting when she felt Mr. Thornhill put more pressure on her ass with his body. His outsized cock bottomed out in her, and he kept pushing his odd body forward. The weight of his frame pushed down on her ass until it lurched her entire body forward. Sarah’s bare breasts pressed into the comforter, and her beautiful face slid along the dirty surface of the unwashed fabric.

Soon, Sarah was lying completely prone, face down on the bed, while Mr. Thornhill climbed on top of her, his rock-solid cock still embedded deep within the young mother. His hanging stomach pressed down into the small of her back as his frame rested on top of her. His hands pushed down on her shapely shoulder blades, sinking her deeper into the grimy bed.

It didn’t take long before he started thrusting himself into her again. From this angle, it felt like he was able to fit more of his large cock into her while still slamming its head against the ridges of her G-Spot. Sarah felt like she was going to suffocate. He was pushing down on her so hard, using his weight to do so, that it was difficult to breathe.

Sarah took little breaths as her face smushed against the shabby comforter. Her lungs burned, but she didn’t want him to stop. What he was doing felt so fucking good. Being held down and fucked at

the same time drove her absolutely wild. His groin was slamming down onto her perfect bubble butt, causing her buttocks to ripple seductively. She pushed back on his advancing cock, desperate to feel as much of it as possible. She knew thrusting back like this would drive him wild, too, especially as he slammed into her and felt her booty against him.

“MMMMFFMMHMMMM!” Sara moaned into the bedsheets and took as deep a breath as she could. She gasped for air as one of Mr. Thornhill’s hands shifted from her back and pushed down onto her blonde mane.

“I could get used to this,” Mr. Thornhill muttered, “Your body is so fffucking fuckable.”

“I-I’m glad you...nnggh... like it,” Sarah managed to gasp out. She looked up at him out of the corner of her eye and added, “Sir.”

A grin appeared on Mr. Thornhill’s older face, “I like that you know your place. I’d heard you could be quite the handful, but it seems like you just needed a firm hand to put you in your place.”

“A firm cock, you mean,” Sarah moaned as his meat pole drilled wonderfully into her again.

She felt the sting of Thornhill’s hand slap against the side of her ass cheek as he drove himself forward. “Don’t ever correct me.” His cock swelled as he briefly increased his tempo, punishing her with his firm strokes.

Mr. Thornhill chuckled behind her again, “See, this is the problem. I can’t hire you as COO. You’re going to be too busy on your knees or bent over my desk to get anything done.”

“Sounds like a productive day in my books,” Sarah whined. She let go of the bedsheets and reached a hand behind her to touch Mr. Thornhill’s sweat-covered hip. She loved feeling the way it moved back and forward, thrusting into her and pulling back out.

“God, you are something else,” Mr. Thornhill muttered, running his hands through her hair and over her naked back.

“I know,” Sarah said, pushing up with her hips and thrusting her ass back against him. He was doing too much talking, his pace had changed, and she needed to get it back on rhythm. Sarah began thrusting back into him, faster and faster, squeezing him with her pussy. Milking his cock to get herself off.

His cock head kept spearing her G-Spot, and Sarah desperately wanted to bite down on the comforter. She could feel the sweat dripping off her body, making her naked breasts cling to the bed below her. Adding her own sweat to whatever bodily fluids were already on it. Leaving an indignified part of herself behind in this dirty motel room.

Mr. Thornhill’s phlegmy breath was hot on the back of Sarah’s neck. She could hear his strained breathing as she thrust back onto his cock. His entire body was on top of hers, holding her fixed in place. Their bodies, slick with sweat, gelled with one another. His tongue darted out and started licking the nape of her neck, one of her sensitive areas. She loved it when Dan would do this. Sarah’s hips kept pushing back, taking more and more of the businessman’s cock into her. Desperate for it.

The wet tongue on her neck moved to the side and then up to her earlobe. It was a fucked up, intimate gesture that caused her hips to drive back faster and faster. Mr. Thornhill was breathing hard as he licked her; she could feel the straining of the older man, but he never stopped.

Sarah kept up the steady, intense rhythm she needed to cum. God, she was so close to cumming again with this dirty old sleazeball. What the fuck was her work life going to be like after this?

Sarah's pussy gripped Mr. Thornhill's cock hard, and she felt another orgasm rise quickly out of nowhere.

"Ughhh, OH! Fuckkkk," Sarah whined as her body started thrusting back into overdrive. Mr. Thornhill must have realized what was happening as his tongue snaked down her face and licked her lips. Sarah let go of her breath, opening her mouth as his probing muscle snaked into it.

She couldn't do anything to stop it. She couldn't even kiss him back. She just held herself in place and let her body experience another quaking orgasm. Sarah felt her mind go numb as an explosion went off in her groin and radiated out, touching every nerve in her body. The room suddenly felt molten hot as Mr. Thornhill's sweaty body pushed hers down into the disgusting bed.

"GOD! FUCK!" Sarah's muffled scream emptied into the bed, knowing full well if either room next to them was occupied, she'd be heard. And the occupants would think she was just another two-bit whore like every other woman that came to this place. Her mind flashed to the entire row of rooms in the motel. In each room, a desperate creep fucking a load of cum into a screaming slut. The infinity mirror image shifted, and she was the woman in every room, getting fucked in every conceivable position by the lowest people in Middleton. Her body rocked from Mr. Thornhill's pounding, and she let her tongue touch his as she tried to catch her breath.

Her body was slowly coming back down to reality. She let herself lie there for a second, gently sucking on her boss's tongue while he kept hammering his expanding cock into her. She recognized the urgency of his thrusts. She knew he was going to explode soon, too.

Suddenly, he pulled himself completely out of her. The weight of his body lifted and was no longer felt by hers. She turned on her side to look at the older man.

"On your back. Now, Mrs. Williams," Mr. Thornhill grunted, his face was beet red, just like his unfit chest. It made the stark white and gray hairs on it stand out.

It was incongruous hearing the surname she'd taken from Dan on the CEO's lips in this context, but she did as he commanded without pause, turning onto her back. The thought occurred to her that if she'd gotten the CEO job, she'd never have given this man the opportunity to even look at her, let alone experience her intimately like this.

Mr. Thornhill didn't waste any time. He crawled over Sarah's body until he was straddling her chest, his fat cock gripped in his hand, aimed at Sarah's face as he started purposefully stroking it.

"You're gonna take this on your face," Mr. Thornhill grunted as he stroked himself. Sarah just lay there, waiting for the indignity of what he was about to do. It would be different if it were Dan or Lester doing this. Hell, even if Otis was masturbating in front of her. But this was her first time with Mr. Thornhill, and he was clearly trying to establish some kind of dominance over her forcibly.

Sarah wasn't going to take that lying down. She slid her hands up to the man's stretch-marked ass and let her French manicured nails tease and graze his pale, clammy skin.

"Give it to me," Sarah said, meeting the man's beady eyes, "I want to feel your cum explode on my face. Sir."

Her words made Mr. Thornhill increase his robotic strokes. Sarah let go of the man's ass and brought one hand to her breasts, tweaking the erect nipple while her other hand went down to play with her clit.

"Mhmmhm. Give it to me, Mr. Thornhill," Sarah moaned as she touched herself with growing ardor. The cock was right in front of her face; she could see a dribble of precum leaking out before it landed on her chin. She tried to lick it, but her tongue wasn't long enough to get it.

"Please, Mr. Thornhill," Sarah begged, "Cum for me. Give me your cum. Mark me, sir. Mark me with your cum."

"Ughhh FUCK," Mr. Thornhill grunted as he stroked his cock furiously. Sarah closed her eyes when she saw his trembling cockslit expand. Just as she did, a wet, sticky blast erupted from it and painted her upturned face. Rope after rope of the old man's bitter cum landed on her eyes, across her cheek. Goopy strands erupted from his spewing cock, covering her nose and running over her open mouth.

Sarah didn't hesitate. Her tongue left her mouth and licked her goopy lips clean. She kept touching her breasts and clit, eager to keep her body's sensations going. Finally, Mr. Thornhill grunted and rolled off the side, once Sarah's face was completely covered in his abundant loads of cum.

Sarah's left eye began to sting from the seeping fluid. With a quick lick of her lips, she hopped off the bed and blindly reached around until she found the bathroom and cleaned off her face. Once her eye stopped pulsing in pain, she looked at herself in the mirror. The person looking back at her looked like a woman who had been to this motel before, more than once. Her hair was a mess, her makeup running from the mix of water and cum. The skin around her eye was an angry pink shade. Was she looking at her future at the hospital? Would Mr. Thornhill take her to this same room at lunch every day and paint her face with his seed? Just what the hell was she getting herself into now?

Sarah didn't know what to do. She didn't know what to say to him, so she spent another two minutes in the bathroom trying to clean herself up as much as possible. When she finally left the bathroom, Thornhill was already back in his suit, sitting in the chair waiting for her. Her heart sank a little as she noticed the used condom still resting on the ruffled bed.

With little small talk, Sarah got dressed, and they both proceeded outside to his car. As she did, Sarah glanced up and locked eyes with another woman crossing the parking lot. The woman looked like someone Sarah would consider a prostitute. She had hard eyes, and she wore a revealing low tube top and a micro skirt. She looked Sarah up and down and finished the motion with a dirty look, probably assuming Sarah was stepping on her turf. Sarah quickly cast her eyes to the ground, not wanting to provoke an ugly situation.

Sarah got into the car while Mr. Thornhill played with his phone.

"I need to jump on a conference call," he said abruptly as he dialed into a Zoom meeting and introduced himself. It wasn't a request or an apology; he just stated it as a matter of fact. The drive back to the hospital was boring and uneventful.

Sarah just stared out the window, listening while Richard, Mary, and others discussed hospital matters. Every time she heard the woman's voice, Sarah almost scratched a hole in the upholstery of his passenger seat.

The call ended just as they neared the hospital. Mr. Thornhill hung up the phone as he pulled the car to a stop on a road just behind the parking lot.

“That was fun,” he said with a wry smile.

Before Sarah could say anything, he got out of the car. Sarah did the same and stood there awkwardly. His preoccupation during the car ride hadn’t been what she’d envisioned. She’d been hoping to discuss the future of their arrangement and keep the fun, seductive game from the motel going.

“I’m gonna drop you off here. It won’t look right if anyone sees us arriving back at the hospital together,” Mr Thornhill said.

Sarah looked at the distance to the parking lot and her car. What he said made sense, but she wasn’t thrilled about having to walk across an empty field.

“I guess that makes sense. I wouldn’t want to mess anything up,” Sarah said. Mr. Thornhill was looking around, as if he were trying to see if anyone was watching them. He turned back to her with that smarmy smile on his face. Then he brushed a stray strand of hair out of her face and pulled her body to his, pressing his lips against hers. Sarah’s body stiffened as his lips roughly mashed hers, his breath in desperate need of a mint. After a few minutes of his oral exploration, he pulled back with a self-satisfied smirk, “This was a lot of fun. I’d love to do it again sometime soon.”

“It was,” Sarah said, putting on her seductive eyes and staring into his, “We’ll have a lot more fun when I’m back in the hospital with you.

“Unfortunately, there’s no way we can bring you back in. But that doesn’t mean we can’t do more of this,” Ricard said.

The sexy look dropped from Sarah’s face, and she stared dumbfounded at her former CEO. She felt the white hot anger boiling beneath her skin, “What do you mean you can’t bring me back in?”

“To the hospital. Of course,” Mr. Thornhill said, “Too many people know what happened. They saw it. It won’t look good for us. Besides, I don’t need a COO. We’re taking the hospital in a completely different direction.”

“Are you fucking kidding me!?” Sarah said, raising her voice, “You didn’t want to tell me that beforehand?”

Mr. Thornhill chuckled, “No, that... would have been stupid. I didn’t make you any promises or anything.”

“No, you were just deceptive as fuck. Do you really think I would have let you fuck me otherwise!?” Sarah almost shouted.

Mr. Thornhill looked around and shrugged his shoulders, trying to seem matter-of-fact, “Maybe. I mean, you did fuck that janitor what’s-his-face in a meeting room. I figured the odds were good that you’d let me get inside you.”

Sarah felt the bile rise in her stomach. She was livid. All of this morning had been for nothing. All she had just done behind Dan’s back had been for nothing. She wasn’t securing a future for her family. She had just been taken advantage of, like all the other women who would visit that motel. The difference was, she’d gotten nothing out of it, “I’m going to kill you.”

“Come on. Threats? You seemed to enjoy yourself. There isn’t any reason we can’t do that again,” Mr. Thornhill said as he reached out to stroke her arm. Sarah abruptly hit his hand away.

“Don’t you fucking touch me,” Sarah said.

“We did a lot more than touch, you know,” Mr. Thornhill chuckled again. Suddenly, she realized she hated that sound.

Sarah gritted her teeth and tried to stop the anger from seething out of her. To control herself from slapping this awful man in the face. All the stress and worry about the situation came crashing back down on her like a boulder. She felt the weight of it again and knew it would crush her. And her family.

She had to get out of there. Sarah turned away and started walking across the empty field.

“Oh, don’t be like that,” Mr. Thornhill shouted after her, “We’re both adults. We both enjoyed ourselves. Why not make it a regular thing? We can meet up in the same room a couple of times a week. Don’t be so dramatic.”

Sarah kept walking, the cold wind rushing past her, threatening to push her over. She didn’t look back. She heard his engine start and his car pulling away.

After a few minutes of walking, Sarah got in her car and quickly pulled out of the parking spot. She was going too fast for a parking lot, but she had to get away from Mr. Thornhill and the judging eyes of the hospital behind her. Tears streamed down her face, but she didn’t dare wipe them away at the speed she was going.

The finances that she and Dan had recently gone through came to mind. She wasn’t any closer to solving things and keeping a roof over her kids’ heads. What the fuck was she going to do?

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Dan stared down at his phone on the table, trying not to let his anger get the best of him. The girls were at school, and Sarah was running some errands. He had taken his seat at the head of the dining room table and was trying, once again, to find a comprehensive silver bullet to cure the family’s financial issues.

Sarah losing her job had been a significant blow to their financial security. They were already living hand to mouth, unable to save anything in their accounts. He had felt like one unexpected issue going wrong with the house would set them over the edge.

And now he was staring down at one such issue.

On his phone was a text from his father-in-law with the bill for their car repair. Apparently, it hadn’t been a significant repair and didn’t require many parts, but the labor involved in diagnosing the problem had been substantial. There seemed to be multiple issues that had to be individually discovered.

Dan just stared at the total of \$3,000. It didn’t seem at all real. It was like a cruel joke. He looked at the calendar in front of him and shook his head. Just a few days from now, their next mortgage payment would be automatically deducted from their checking account. There wasn’t enough in it to pay either of the bills.

They’d have to dip into their dwindling savings once again, which was painful to do. He just couldn’t find a sure-fire way to stop the bleeding. He felt like he was being flushed down the drain, just waiting to fall into the dark abyss at its center.

He needed Sarah to find another job immediately. He needed to either find more clients or find a way to secure more work from the ones he already had. Tricia had mentioned the possibility of his being hired on full-time by Sentinel Securities. He'd need to bend over backwards to try and make that happen for himself; it would solve a lot of his family's money problems.

Just as he felt himself spinning further into despair, the door opened and he heard the familiar sound of his wife's footsteps. Dan wanted to get up and greet her, but he just felt numb and his legs didn't move. He kept staring at his phone, losing track of time until Sarah was directly behind him, wrapping her arms around his shoulders.

"Earth to Dan," Sarah said, "Are you there? Can you hear me?"

Dan blinked his eyes and snapped out of his momentary trance, "Yeah. Sorry. I'm just, just a bit overwhelmed. Sorry, my mind's in a million places. How was your errand? Where'd you go?"

He felt Sarah stiffen slightly behind him for a second, but the moment passed. She ran her hands over his chest and nuzzled her face into the side of his head. Her blonde hair tickled his skin, but he didn't say anything.

"Don't worry, I didn't buy anything," Sarah said.

"That's not what I meant," Dan said.

"I know," Sarah breathed. He could feel her warm breath on her neck, "Sorry, I'm snippy. I guess I'm just overwhelmed, too. What are you looking at?"

Dan sighed and gestured to his phone, "Your dad sent over the bill for the car. It's a lot. Like, a lot a lot."

"How much?" Sarah craned her neck to look over his shoulder at the phone.

"Three grand," Dan said flatly.

"Three thousand dollars? What the hell?" Sarah said, "They must be scamming us."

"I don't know. Maybe. Your dad said his mechanic was an honest guy. But Jesus, I don't know. It's just so much money. And we have our mortgage coming up in a couple of days, too." Dan said, "I've just been sitting here looking at this bill for I don't know how long."

"We're going to have to pull money from our savings again," Sarah said quietly.

"There's not much left in it. We'll be able to cover these bills, but the next time something happens..." Dan trailed off, not wanting to think about it and not wanting to worry Sarah. The last thing he needed was for her to get emotional and make an impulsive decision in response again.

"I'm sorry, Dan. I'm so sorry for fucking everything up," Sarah said, holding back a sob.

Dan just put his hand on hers. Despite everything that had happened lately, he still loved her deeply. He was still mad at her. Frustrated with her, angry at how utterly stupid she had been by putting them in this position. But if he let his emotions get the better of him, they would consume him, and he wouldn't have a clear mind to figure out a way out of this. He might hold his anger towards her for a long time, but right now it didn't serve him to hold a grudge.

He almost said, 'it's okay' to her, but they both knew that would be a lie. He also didn't know for certain if it would be okay. Instead, he opted for, "We'll figure something out. There must be some way for us to get out of this. We just need to figure it out."

Sarah just stood there, hunched over with her chin on his shoulder, holding him. He felt a wetness on his face, which he assumed was from her tearing up. He didn't know what to say, so he just held onto her arm. They stayed like this for a few minutes, both of them just forgetting about the world around them and getting lost in each other's embrace.

His wife's arms around him comforted Dan. As mad as he was at her, he couldn't imagine going through all of this stress and hardship without her by his side. Even though their most recent money issues were exacerbated by her choices, he had plenty of blame for their financial woes, too. Maybe he was finally becoming a proper adult, thinking things like that. But without her, he knew he'd be totally lost, and he'd probably have taken up binge drinking a long time ago.

Their momentary reconciliation was interrupted by the ringing of Sarah's phone. She sighed and walked over to the kitchen counter, where her purse was. Dan hadn't noticed her put it down over there. She reached in, grabbed her phone, and looked at the screen. Dan had trouble reading her face.

"Who is it?" Dan asked.

Sarah paused before answering, "Lester. He wants to FaceTime with me."

"Tell him to go away," Dan grumbled and went back to looking at the papers in front of him.

"Hello there," the ogre's grating voice filled the room. Dan's eyes shot up to give Sarah an annoyed look. Why had she answered Lester's call? What the fuck?

"Lester, I'm sorry. This isn't really a good time," Sarah said, giving Dan a brief apologetic look off-camera. Dan raised his hands and shoulders at her in a 'what the fuck' gesture.

"Danny's there too?" Lester said.

"Yes, we're just going over some things. Can I talk to you later?" Sarah said.

*Talk to him later? What the hell?* Why had she answered the phone, and why was she talking to Lester like this? Sure, he had recently been her boss, but now he was just Dan's old roommate. He was about to get up and motion to Sarah to hang up when Lester's words made him pause.

"I wanted to go over some things, too. I want to help you guys with your, ah, short-term financial predicament." Lester said. Sarah and Dan's eyes met, and neither seemed to know how to react.

Dan felt a shiver run up his spine, and he immediately felt a sense of unease. Sarah walked over to where Dan was seated, propping the phone up on the table so they could both see Lester.

"Oh, hey, Danny," Lester said as he munched on something that looked orange. Just how this man made Sarah so wild, he would never understand, or so he told himself. "Long time no see."

"Lester," Dan said, holding down his anger, "Sarah and I are busy. I don't have the patience to play one of your games right now, okay? Can you just get on with what you want to say so we can go back to it?"

"Uh, fine, you know you'd be a funner roommate if you didn't always have that stick up your ass," Lester said.

Dan opened his mouth to reply, but Sarah put a cautioning hand on his arm. Dan looked at her beautiful green eyes as she said, "Let's just hear him out. It can't hurt."

Dan breathed out, managing to let go of some of his anger. He glanced away from the phone and immediately regretted looking down at the bills in front of him. He felt his stress rising again, and this entire conversation seemed pointless. He needed to get back to figuring out their financial future.

"I want to propose a new arrangement," Lester said, "One that will benefit all of us."

Dan looked back at Lester's ugly, fat, smug face taking up the entire phone screen, "What kind of agreement?"

Lester's shit eating grin appeared on his face. The grin that just said, 'punch me.'

"I think it's time we all stopped beating around the bush," Lester said. "I know it's hard to admit certain things to ourselves and to each other, but I think it's time we all took things to the next level."

"What do you mean?" Sarah asked.

"Yeah, Lester, just what the hell are you getting at? How does this have anything to do with our finances, which, by the way, are also none of your business," Dan said.

"I'm talking about a new arrangement like the one we had before, with me covering rent in exchange for dates," Lester said, staring at them through the phone.

Dan felt his stomach turn at the mention of their arrangement. Sure, it had been important when Walt's company decreased his salary after everything that had happened with the Lincoln Group, but Lester had by far come out on top in that situation and had abused the hell out of it, by far.

"This new one, I think, would be better. Everyone would get what they want. All three of us," Lester said. Dan and Sarah didn't say anything. Lester continued.

"I am willing to help you out financially for as long as you need it. I'm prepared to cover your mortgage costs, utilities, your portion of rent here in Chicago still, and maybe some groceries too," Lester sat back watching for their reactions.

Dan looked at Sarah and said, "Did you tell Lester how much our mortgage and utilities are?"

"No, I didn't. I don't know how he --"

Lester cut her off, raising a hand, "I have no idea what your mortgage or utilities are. But I'm confident I can cover them. And I'm happy to do it. I don't want Sarah having to undergo any more stress over it."

Dan narrowed his eyes and leaned in towards the phone, "This is too good to be true, Lester. What's the catch? What do you get out of it?"

Lester chuckled, "I'm not a saint, Dan, and I'm not going to do this completely without getting something in return. But I think at the end of the day, both of you come out better in this deal."

"Lester," Dan said, "Just get to the point. Please."

Lester rolled his eyes. Sarah put a hand on Dan's shoulder and gave him a look, coaxing him to be nice. Dan sighed and tried to push all his anxieties away.

"Fine," Lester said, "I cover your expenses, keeping that roof over the head of your family. I also provide Sarah with the carnal pleasures she desires, and Dan, you get to indulge in your humiliation fetish we all not so secretly know you have."

Dan hated the way Lester was talking to him, but the mention of him engaging in 'carnal pleasures' with Sarah had him half hard under the table.

"All this for more dates?" Sarah asked, seemingly interested in Lester's offer. Dan didn't like the offer on principle, but as his analytical mind separated the information from his emotions, it didn't seem so terrible. It was essentially the same thing they'd been doing for the past few months, but they were having more expenses covered for them. It wasn't exactly prostitution, but it felt damn close.

"Yes and no," Lester said, "I'm sure dates will factor into it, but like I said, this is us taking things to another level. Together. The three of us. Think of us as a throuple if you will, but I won't be living with you. I don't want to upset the balance of your home life. But I do think we need to come to terms with how closely we've all grown for better or worse. And Dan, I will help you indulge in some of your fantasies in ways we haven't explored yet with Sarah. Like I said, it's a win-win...win."

"A throuple?" Dan asked, looking at Sarah, "Is that like a couple?"

"It's a three-way couple," Sarah murmured.

"I don't get it," Dan said.

"Think of it like this," Lester said, "Some nights Sarah will spend with me. Others with you. At other times, you get to watch us, go on a date, or take part in some kind of excursion together, where we will all push new boundaries together. Just imagine what it would have been like having a front row seat watching Sarah at that movie theatre."

"I don't know," Dan said, slowly looking up at Sarah for reassurance. He felt like the wind had been taken out of his sails. His righteous anger towards Lester was gone, replaced by confusion and a faint hope that their financial issues might be addressed.

"I don't have a humiliation fetish," Dan added. Lester looked at Sarah, then back to Dan.

"It's okay, honey," Sarah said, running her hand placatingly along his forearm.

"We've been in enough rooms together to have noticed, Dan," Lester said, "Like how you react when Sarah begins talking shit or when I do. Your emotions are clear right on your face."

Dan felt his cheeks flush.

"Lester," Sarah said, "This is a lot to take in. Dan and I need to think about it. It's not a yes, but we will definitely talk about it."

"Alrighty," Lester said, giving them a salute on the screen. Then he leaned in and tapped something, and the screen went blank.

"A throuple?" Dan asked again.

Sarah looked at him and shrugged, "I don't know what he's thinking will happen, but what he's saying isn't really a throuple. Throuples all live together, like a three-way relationship."

"Is it because he wants to chip in financially?" Dan asked, "It still gives me the ick."

"It's a lot of money. It's more than just him covering rent like he's been doing. If he can really cover our mortgage payments alone while we get back on our feet - that's huge," Sarah said, sliding into a chair at the table.

"He really should have negotiated better. He basically just said he'd cover all our expenses," Dan said, "Do you think he proposed this because he was afraid of losing you? Since you're not at the hospital and won't need to be in Chicago as much?"

"Maybe," Sarah said as a notification flashed on her phone.

"What is it?" Dan asked.

"A message from Lester. He says if we agree, he wants us to, uh, ditch the kids and have him over for dinner tomorrow night," Sarah breathed out, still looking at her phone. "Does this feel different to you? Different than the normal thing we've had going on?"

"I don't know," Dan said as he toyed with his phone, the screen still open with the car repair bill on it, "I never know with him. I feel like he might have some different expectations that we aren't aware of yet. When he says 'a throuple,' does that mean he thinks he has just as much say in how things go as you or I do? What's he expecting? Sex and dates are one thing, but this.....is that why he went so hard on the bills? To give him more leverage with us?"

"Probably," Sarah said, "But just because that's what he thinks doesn't mean that's how it will be. We still outvote him two to one."

"He doesn't get a vote. Period," Dan said, "Besides, you'd both team up on me the first time some wild night comes up."

"Hey," Sarah gave her husband a mock hurt expression, "I would not."

Dan shook his head, "Are we really considering this? We're talking like we've already decided to go through with it."

"I don't know. Maybe? I mean, who knows? We'd probably still have Lester in our lives a bit here and there anyway. This way we're just getting some extra help," Sarah said as she chewed her lips, "It's not like it's prostitution, right?"

"It still feels icky, but everything with Lester is icky," Dan said, finally shifting his gaze from the auto bill up to the ceiling. "If we do this, it'll just be for the short term. Until we get back on our feet, and then we're done with him for good."

"That's what we said about the rent," Sarah said.

"But things got worse after that," Dan said, "We didn't plan on keeping things going as long as we have."

"So we're doing this?" Sarah asked.

Dan sighed and resisted the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose, "Tell him we'll try it out, but we reserve the right to end things whenever."

Sarah typed something on her phone, then looked up at Dan, "So, what should I make for dinner tomorrow night?"

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Despite agreeing to this new arrangement, Dan still felt uneasy about everything. It hadn't helped that Sarah had been the one texting with Lester, and he felt like it took him out of the loop. Every time he saw her on her phone, he felt the urge to grab it and see just what she was doing. He imagined her texting cute little things or flirting with Lester.

When they'd dropped off the girls at Sarah's parents in the morning, he'd snuck a look over her shoulder and saw that she was just on Pinterest. It was something about decorating a house on a budget.

He felt like he was going crazy. This wasn't him – all these paranoid thoughts darting through his head. Though Sarah had given him cause to feel this way. The things she'd done behind his back lately. Sure, he knew that maybe she felt justified in those moments, but it was still gnawing at him. He wondered what else she'd do without him. He knew, eventually, she would come clean with whatever she'd done. That part of what they both found hot about all this was doing it without him knowing or him not being in complete control.

But he didn't like it when he wasn't in control, even though that was what they were doing tonight by having Lester come over for dinner. Dan knew that control would be wrested away from him. And as much as he hated that feeling, just like the feeling he'd had when he lost his job, he hated admitting to himself how much it affected him and turned him on. He didn't know what the fuck was wrong with him, but he both loathed and anticipated the thought of having to leave home for Chicago for a meeting with Bill and Elevate Engagement or flying back to D.C.

Would Lester try something at their house again? Dan cursed himself for leaving those hidden cameras he'd bought online in his closet in Chicago. He'd wanted to install them in their home already, but with everything going on lately, it had fallen down his priority list. Now he wished he had them on hand. Especially now that Sarah would be watching their credit card statement much more closely after losing her own job. He couldn't justify the expense, and he didn't want to try to argue about having bought them in the first place - bring up the hand grenade issue of trust.

At least he'd already pulled the trigger on buying them. Next time he was in Chicago, he'd be bringing the equipment back with him, along with the last remaining things he had there. And he'd also pay Lizzie a visit. He had some questions about Lester that had long needed answering.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose as his thoughts had wandered far away from the PowerPoint slide open on the laptop in front of him. He sat back in the chair and blinked, trying to adjust his eyes and make them focus. The chairs around the dining room table weren't the most comfortable in the house. He would have gotten more done upstairs in his own office, but he wanted to be near Sarah as she cooked dinner. He felt a pit in his stomach as he looked over at Sarah, busy in the kitchen cooking some kind of pasta dish. It was as if he were watching her prepare a special meal for another man. In many ways, that was exactly what she was doing, but at least Dan would be present as well.

Even though Dan had requested ribs when she'd asked the night before, she was making pasta. He hadn't mustered the courage to ask if that was what Lester had requested or if it was her own choice. But he knew there were ribs in the freezer that could've been thawed out and cooked.

Dan sighed and closed his laptop. He wasn't going to get any work done when his mind was a jumble of complex emotions like this. Reluctantly, he had to admit that the aroma wafting over to him from the kitchen smelled amazing. He couldn't wait to try whatever it was she was making.

The smell of Sarah's cooking distracted him and let him reminisce about better days, but the moment was fleeting. The doorbell rang, and Dan felt that familiar knot twist in his stomach. The knot was a potent mixture of anxiety, arousal, eagerness, and trepidation.

He looked over at Sarah in the kitchen. She was already looking back at him, her shapely body half turned towards the front door. They shared a look that seemed to say a million different things, but Dan came away unable to understand any of it. He read a flurry of emotions on her face, all of them adding to the growing knot in his stomach. She felt guilty about this arrangement. And she felt even guiltier about how much she was looking forward to it. Dan knew that part of him was looking forward to it as well, at least the idea of it. Or perhaps he was anticipating the unexpected.

But when the doorbell rang again, he rose to stand on shaky legs. He held Sarah's eye as he moved to join her in the kitchen. Together they walked towards the front door. He felt, for a moment, like they moved in tandem. A united front.

But then he stopped. His body just would no longer proceed a few feet from the door, by the edge of the couch. He hadn't planned on stopping, and his mind raced, wondering what his legs were doing. Sarah glanced back at him and seemed to take his stillness as some kind of sign. She read into his actions, but he didn't know what message she took away.

The flat smile she gave him as she turned and opened the door made his stomach twist even harder. He could see her smile widen as Lester came into view. Whether that was real emotion or simply the polite thing one does when answering the door, he didn't think he'd ever know.

His eyes narrowed as he caught sight of Lester. Flowers in one hand and a large wine bottle in the other, a red cabernet, one of Sarah's favorites.

Dan felt the unease rise into his chest as he looked on, seemingly already the forgotten third wheel in this new arrangement. Lester didn't even glance his way, his eyes glued to Sarah, running over her body. Dan's mind flashed back to that poorly attempted threesome at the apartment and his inability to pleasure his own wife. His inability to provide for her, for his family. The bills and the mortgage payments that kept piling up.

Sarah took the flowers as Lester shut the door behind himself. Finally, the odd, fat man glanced at Dan for the first time, and the smile on his face widened. Then, just as quickly, he looked back at Sarah and snaked a fat hand around her thin waist and pulled her to him, his face disappearing from Dan's view behind her golden locks as they kissed, the smacking of their lips audible to the room.

The kiss went on longer than a polite kiss should have. Lester seemed to grind his body against Sarah who, Dan swore he heard a muffled moan come from. They finally parted, and the shit eating grin was back on Lester's face.

Sarah turned around, looking flustered before meeting Dan's eye and quickly looking away, "I need to get back to the stove before anything burns."

Dan felt immobile again as he stood there silently. He'd thought he'd grown past all of this, but the memory of that failed threesome kept playing on a loop in his mind: how he had stepped up and barged into the room, stepped up to intervene and take back Sarah. To fuck her and show up Lester, and to show Sarah that he could still deliver what she needed. But he'd come up so very embarrassingly short.

Lester patted Dan on the bicep with that smug grin on his face as he stepped past him, trailing Sarah into the kitchen. Lester's eyes were glued to Sarah's ass, and he seemed to be shaking his head to himself.

In that short moment, Dan realized that his own fears, anxiety, and uncertainty had set this proposed 'throuple' off onto a course that he hadn't wanted. He felt his control slipping and was unsure of how to get it back.

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Lester felt his cock swelling in his sweatpants as he strode confidently into the Williams' kitchen. He felt like Napoleon walking back onto the battlefield after having been exiled to that little island. Judging by the stupid look on Danny's pretty-boy face, Lester was going to be the man of the house tonight.

He knew what Sarah needed, and he'd studied the cuckold psychology enough to understand how to manipulate Dan. It was almost too easy. He really needed to find a way to monetize all his knowledge, or at least a way to develop it further.

He shook his head and let those thoughts slide to the back of his brain as he watched the curves of Sarah's salacious ass sway back and forth as she hurried back to take care of his dinner on the stove.

Lester's eyes stayed glued to her for a few seconds before scanning the rest of the kitchen and dining room. *So, what would the Alpha male in a throuple do next?*

He didn't really know much about throuples other than what he'd seen in some porn videos or some posts on Reddit where the situation had backfired. He honestly didn't really care all that much. He just knew it was a term he could throw into conversation to put Dan and Sarah off balance while communicating his goal of redefining their relationship. At this point, Dan and perhaps Sarah still thought of Lester as the third wheel, but that clearly had to change.

This was exactly what Lester was going to achieve with this entire ploy. Define the trio's relationship, at least in Sarah's mind, and then eventually push Dan entirely the fuck out of it. It had occurred to Lester last time he'd thought of it that Sarah's children were always going to be a problem.

Short of having them disappeared, which he was not opposed to doing, there was another option that aligned with his other goals. The girls would also be a thorn in Lester's side, the roots that had sprouted from Dan's seed holding Sarah in this failing marriage. That's why Lester needed to plant his own seeds as he'd planned. A seed to ensnare Sarah and pull her down into the dirt with him. A weed to overtake the other plants in the garden and starve them out.

Tonight was not the night to switch out the birth control pills. That would happen soon. Tonight was about altering the paradigm. But as his eyes scanned the room, he thought how much sweeter it would be if Sarah would just stop taking them altogether of her own accord. Plans within plans with backup plans, Lester smirked.

His eyes settled on a chair at the end of the table with a closed laptop sitting in front of it. It looked like Danny boy was doing a little work. Lester would have to dive into their home network records and see just what his roommate was working on. Either way, Lester had found his destination.

He moved decisively to Dan's spot at the table and sat down, pushing the laptop further down the table. He stared dead ahead and interlaced his fingers, waiting for his meal to be served to him. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Dan finally move into the kitchen with slumped shoulders. Sarah

shared a quiet word with him, and Dan moved to begin opening the bottle of wine Lester had left on the counter. The flowers he'd brought had already been arranged in a nice little vase on the kitchen table.

Dan clearly saw where Lester had chosen to sit and hadn't said a thing. *Pathetic.*

In a few short moments, a steaming plate of pasta was delicately slid onto the placemat in front of him.

"This looks great, babe," Lester said and casually gave Sarah a light slap on the butt. She batted his lingering hand away with a smile and turned towards Dan, who was still in the kitchen.

"Dan, go sit, I'll bring you a plate," Sarah said, moving past her current husband. Lester's dick jumped in his pants at the realization that Sarah had served him first. Dan gave Lester a stink eye and sat across from him at the opposite end of the table. Sarah brought two plates over and set one in front of Dan and the other in front of an empty place in the middle of the table.

Lester stood up and leaned forward, grabbing the place setting and pulling it down to the empty spot next to him, "Come sit down here with me."

Sarah glanced between Lester and Dan before taking the empty seat closer to Lester. Her leg bumped up against his knee. She moved her thigh to give him room, but he leaned his leg into hers, maintaining the contact. Without another word, Lester dug into the pasta in front of him, not bothering to politely twist his fork into an upturned spoon like Dan was doing. That was too much bother; it was much easier to shove some into his mouth and slurp the rest up.

He caught Sarah and Dan sharing another look, but didn't say anything. Clearly, they were both waiting for him to say something, but he let the uncomfortable silence permeate their dinner for a bit longer. He continued to rub the side of his knee into Dan's wife. She was now pressing her leg back into his.

Eventually, Sarah couldn't contain herself, "How's your pasta, Lester?"

"Finger lickin' good," Lester said and slurped up another noodle.

Dan cleared his throat and brought both of their eyes back towards him, "This, uh, new agreement. I think we should iron out some of the ground rules."

"I think it's pretty straightforward," Lester countered.

"I think what Dan is trying to say," Sarah said, placing a placating hand on Lester's forearm. Lester tried not to smile as Dan regarded the physical touch. Sarah continued, "Is that we should go into this with clear expectations on all our parts."

"Again. It's pretty simple," Lester said, reluctantly putting down his fork. The pasta was fucking great, and he hated not having some in his mouth that very instant. "Like in any relationship, there is a division of who takes care of what and who gets certain things."

"I mean, that's pretty simplistic, Lester," Sarah started.

Dan snorted and said, "Have you ever been in a real relationship before?"

Lester didn't want Dan's limited mindset to deter him. He waved them off and continued, "I am providing financial stability."

He counted on his fingers, "I am covering your mortgage, car payment, utilities, groceries, and whatever else comes up. This is normally the male's role in a relationship, while the female takes care of the home and offers sex. As I am doing all the male-centric duties, I am expecting to be the beneficiary of the majority of sex and affection."

"Lester, that's pretty sexist," Sarah said, putting down her utensils and crossing her arms. Their legs were still touching under the table, but she had paused them from moving together.

"That's how the world works," Lester shrugged.

"Sarah and I have an equal relationship. We both made money and shared responsibility for the finances, the kids, the house, and choices. This isn't the 1940s, Lester. Things don't work like that anymore," Dan rolled his eyes.

*Runt.* "Maybe they should," Lester said. "And you mean 'had.' You *had* an equal relationship, and it didn't work out that well, did it? On the brink of financial ruin? You should really be thanking me. I bring much more than what my one-third of this new relationship demands. I am essentially handling all the finances that you both previously provided. I am not doing any household chores. Both of you can more than make up for that. Besides, I won't be here full-time, so it doesn't make sense that I contribute to that."

Lester held in a snicker as Dan pinched the bridge of his nose.

"What do you mean by the majority of sex?" Sarah asked. Lester noticed the subtle shift in her breathing since they'd started on this topic. He suppressed the smile from spreading on his face. He felt her leg begin subtly moving against his own again.

"As in as many times a week as I deem necessary," Lester said.

"How does that work?" Dan asked, "You just show up and get whatever you want? Whenever you want?"

"I'm not without reason, Dan," Lester said, "I know you have constraints like a family that will prevent me from taking Sarah to our bedroom whenever I want. But I expect you to make an effort."

"If you're not happy with the arrangement, perhaps we can outsource some of the chores and housework to some kind of laborer, but I don't think Sarah would want to reduce your share of sex. And no, I don't mean that the laborer would get to sleep with your wife, Dan," Lester chided.

"That's not what...what the hell are we even talking about here?" Dan said, throwing up his hands in frustration.

Lester slurped the last noodle of pasta off his plate, "I thought we were talking about ground rules and expectations."

"We're not, y-you're just stating your own rules," Dan said.

"What did you think this was going to be? That I just pay for everything and there's an equal balance of power, and we all sit in a circle and hold hands, swaying to Kumbaya music? To be perfectly honest, I bring the most to this throuple. I bring the finances, I bring the fulfilling sex, and I even help satisfy your twisted voyeuristic fantasies. Sarah is the only one giving me anything in return with this meal and with what we all know is going to happen later tonight," Lester said, "And I don't even get to live in this house that I'll be paying for. I'm going to be relegated to staying in a hotel room when in town, which I also will pay for, by the way. I don't get to enjoy the amenities like you will. The

shower's hot water that my money pays for. It isn't fair, so I think a few rules like these are a small ask, don't you agree?"

Lester laid it on thick with his prepared arguments. Neither Sarah nor Dan had thought these things through, but Lester had made sure to. He had come armed with a list of arguments to shut them down and paint himself as the reasonable one. The one actually getting the short end of the stick in this whole arrangement.

Sure, it made sense to a degree, but it was all performative bullshit. Sarah was gobbling it up, her leg massaged into his sensually.

"Lester," Sarah said in a calming voice as she shared a look with Dan, "We appreciate what you are doing here."

She put her hand back on Lester's arm, "I appreciate it. I think a couple of rules won't be too hard to follow, given what you're helping us with."

Lester put his hand on top of Sarah's, "I just want it to be made clear that I'm not being too demanding."

"It's..." Dan started before Sarah cut him off.

"It's not too demanding," Sarah said, "You're right. All relationships are about balance, and we need to balance things out with what you're providing for us."

Dan's eye twitched. It was time to push things up a notch.

Lester let go of Sarah's hand and pushed his chair back and unbuckled his belt.

"What are you doing?" Dan asked.

Lester didn't answer him; instead, he looked at Sarah, "I think it's time you showed me just how much you appreciate me."

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Sarah bit her lip and felt her chest heat up. Lester's commanding words always struck a chord inside of her that she found hard to resist. She glanced at Dan at the other end of the table and saw the familiar conflicting emotions playing on his face.

She knew he hated all of this on some level, but she also knew that it scratched some deep psychological itch for both of them that she'd never be able to scratch by herself.

They had already agreed to move forward with this new arrangement. To Sarah, it didn't seem that different from the previous one and should be easy for Dan to swallow. If he had any objections, he could raise them himself.

Sarah gave Dan a wicked grin and subtle wink as she pushed her chair back. Deep down, she knew the paralysis that Dan could experience in these moments allowed things to move forward. That he might not object, even if he really wanted to. She let that thought slip from her mind as she turned her attention to Lester's ugly face. Her eyes lingered on his unkempt features, the wild stubble, his beady, slightly uneven eyes and wide nose, the hair sticking out between his eyebrows. Even the long hairs protruding from his nostrils. It shouldn't turn her on, but it did. A lot.

Her eyes trailed down his oddly proportioned body until they landed on his crotch, and she could see the outline of his gargantuan organ swelling there. She felt her mouth beginning to salivate even though she'd just satisfied her appetite.

She moved gracefully around the table, tracing her fingernails over its wooden surface until she was standing in front of Lester. She could feel Dan's gaze on her back as she slowly lowered herself in front of his roommate.

Lester licked his lips, and together they lowered his pants and scraggly underwear until his thick, long cock and hairy balls splayed out of them. In the soft lighting of the dining room, the massive organ seemed impossibly large. The head was a vibrant shade of angry red, and the veins pulsed visibly. It stood out as a solid bar of flesh from beneath the paunch of his misshapen gut.

Sarah's eyes widened in response. She understood that Lester's pride was directly fueling his excitement. "You want me to show you how much I appreciate you?" Sarah said in a low, husky voice. Lester's three chins nodded in quivering unison.

"You've been so good to me. To us. I think you deserve a little kiss," Sarah said and leaned forward, taking Lester's cock in her hand and planting a soft, lingering, sensual kiss on the wide head of his cock. She kissed it again. And again, her lips spread and tongue ventured out to french kiss his cockhead like a lover would.

"Mhmmm," Sarah moaned quietly to herself, getting lost in the embrace. Her hand unconsciously began stroking up and down Lester's thick shaft, her fingers struggling to wrap around it.

Sarah kept her supple lips glued to Lester's cock and looked up at the ugly man's face, "You're giving us so much, I think you deserve more than a little kiss."

She looked over her shoulder towards Dan. She could barely see him from this angle, but she could see he'd scooted over a bit to get a better view. She smiled at that. She could just see his eyes, "Don't you think Lester deserves more than a kiss, Dan? Since he's the one providing for us now?"

She knew it was hurting Dan, but that this would also arouse him like crazy. She planned to lean hard into this angle tonight to ensure her husband got the most out of her intimate time with Lester.

Dan didn't say anything, but he sucked in a breath when she finished speaking. Sarah's wicked smile grew wider, and she turned back to Lester, "You deserve a lot more now that you're the man of the house."

She flicked her tongue out and licked up from the base of his cock until it whipped over his cockhead. Then she did it again. She saw the man's jowls jiggle and knew she had both men in the palm of her hand.

With that thought in mind, she brought the palm of her other hand up to cradle Lester's king-sized balls. She licked his shaft again and swirled her tongue over the crown of his cockhead before stroking his shaft. Her tongue trailed down until it reached his hairy balls before she dove in further, extending her tongue and lapping at his majestic nutsack.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as his wiry pubic hairs and distinct musk invaded her nostrils. Sarah couldn't help but moan as she smelled and tasted this primal tool that made her pussy begin to soak her panties. She was losing herself in the moment. She absolutely adored being on her knees before Lester.

“Show me what a good wifey you are,” Lester groaned as she sucked and licked his balls. “Show me how appreciative you can be.”

Sarah redoubled her efforts and moaned a little louder, devouring Lester’s sack and pumping her first up and down his cock as she watched from below. His simple words turned her sensual blowjob into a depraved performance.

“This is the new status quo you need to get used to, Danny,” Lester chuckled from above her. “In every throuple, there is a clear alpha and then there’s the beta. Spoilers, that’s you. You’re going to want to get reacquainted with that hand of yours because Sarah is going to be all mine from now on.” He waved at Dan mockingly.

The words registered in her ears, but Sarah was too preoccupied with slurping on Lester’s staggering cock to really take notice. She licked up his shaft again and opened her mouth wide and took Lester’s cockhead back into her mouth. Her lips stretched to accommodate him. Just the feeling of his massive cock entering her mouth made her shake and clench her thighs together.

“Mhmmhm,” Sarah moaned around Lester’s cock, “Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhmmmm.”

“What’s the matter? Cat got your tongue? Are you mute?” Lester chuckled at his roommate, “We all know it’s better this way. Come on, you couldn’t even get it up last time. Let’s face it, you can’t give a sexual goddess like Sarah what she needs, and that’s okay. It’s not your fault, you’re just not equipped for it, little buddy. But that’s why I... fit so well into this relationship. Not only do I provide financially, I provide sexually.”

Sarah pushed past her gag reflex and took most of Lester’s cock into the back of her mouth, his cock head pushing down into the opening of her throat. It was so warm, she could feel the dense network of veins on the underside of his cock pulsating against her tongue. Lester’s venom-laced words were like fuel for her own depraved desires. Just the sardonic nature of his emasculating words triggered something inside of her. It was so wrong, but she couldn’t help but find herself craving the feeling of Lester’s cock inside of her.

She didn’t hear Dan respond; her eyes were closed as she stroked and sucked Lester’s fat cock. Sliding it in and out of her outstretched mouth. Her tongue ran up and down the bottom of his shaft. Occasionally, she’d swirl her tongue over the expansive tip of it before greedily taking Lester’s meaty pole back into her mouth.

Sarah tightened her grip around his shaft and tugged gently on his nutsack.

“Sarah,” Lester said in a gravelly sing-song voice, “Danny boy is sporting a tent over there. I think he likes being talked down to like this and seeing the mother of his children worshipping her new man. Her real man.”

Sarah’s piercing green eyes looked up at Lester as she slowed her eager sucking. She parted her lips and looked over her shoulder at Dan. The intense gaze that used to turn her on so much was plastered on his face. It still got to her, but so did the looks Lester gave her, the looks the men in the theater, and hell, even the look that piece of shit Richard Thornhill had given her.

*All those hungry eyes....*

“Is that true, Dan? You like seeing me kneeling in front of Lester? Sucking his big, fat cock? Do you like seeing your wife like this?” Sarah asked, staring into the fire in Dan’s eyes. She could see the war waging behind his gaze, the intense desire to intervene, and the overwhelming need to let this play

out. She kept eye contact with him and leaned forward, kissing the side of Lester's cock. Then she nuzzled it, letting it rest against her cheek.

Her eyes flicked down at the tent in his pants. She had slept with her husband twice since the threesome incident. She knew that he was able to get it up, but she still wanted to add a dash of cruelty. To give him the humiliation he definitely needed tonight. To make this fucked up throuple thing work.

"Why is your dick so hard?" Sarah asked, "The last time we were together with Lester, it wouldn't work. You're sending me mixed signals. You better not take it out, otherwise it might disappear again on us."

Dan's jaw opened in shock as if he was going to say something, but then promptly closed. She'd left him speechless again, like she'd done so many times in the past.

"That's enough," Lester said. He flexed his cock, thumping it against her face.

Sarah turned back to Lester and looked up at the ugly man.

"Danny is welcome to sit over in the corner and watch, but you're giving him too much attention," Lester chided.

"Am I?" Sarah challenged, "Are you getting jealous?"

Lester smirked, and a little air escaped his nostrils. The short man flexed his cock, now gripped in her hand. Sarah opened her mouth wide in shock at how strong it felt in her grasp. She slid her other hand up to wrap around it, running both palms up and down his bulky shaft.

"Do you really think I have anything to be jealous of?" Lester grinned. "From him?"

"No," Sarah scoffed way too quickly, but the words continued to tumble out of her mouth, "No, you really don't..."

"That's what I thought," Lester lowered a hand and lightly tugged at the strap of her black tank top, "Take this off."

Sarah didn't hesitate and let go of Lester's cock and quickly peeled her tank top off over her head, throwing it onto the floor carelessly. Lester's eyes glazed over as they roamed over her heaving breasts, clad only in a tight, lacy black bra. He licked his lips as he looked down at her and a shiver ran up her spine.

"Jeans," Lester grunted.

Sarah undid the button at the top of her form-fitting, high-waist jeans and unzipped them. She stood up quickly and tugged them down. She looked over her shoulder at Dan as the top of the jeans lowered down to her ass cheeks, exposing a thin, little black thong that accentuated her voluptuous ass.

Sarah kicked off her jeans, and they landed on her tank top, reminding her of the piles of discarded clothes in Lester's room. She momentarily imagined what her immaculate house would look like if Lester moved in. As she glanced back at his cock in front of her, the chaotic thought didn't trouble her as much as it should have.

She didn't waste any time, going back onto her knees in front of Lester. The wood floor was cold and uncomfortable against her bare skin, but she had more pressing things to worry about. Her mouth

was back on Lester's cock within a half second. This time, his pudgy fingers wrapped up her blonde mane and gripped it tight in a fist, and he started putting pressure on the back of her head, guiding it up and down over his tremendous cock.

"She may be the woman you married," Lester grunted, "but she's my slut wife. Watch this."

"Sarah," Lester removed his hand from Sarah's head and pulled his sweatshirt off, tossing it away, adding it to the growing pile of clothes on the ground. She ran her eyes up his hairy chest and flabby body until her gaze locked with his beady eyes.

"Let go with one of your hands," Lester said. Sarah reluctantly took one of her hands off his shaft and let it drop to his balls, her French manicured fingernails teasing the wrinkled, hairy skin. Lester smirked, "Touch yourself with it. Play with your clit while I choke you with my cock. Let's show Dan what you've learned."

Sarah's eyes went wide at Lester's bold words. It was just so depraved. It was so –

Lester's hand returned to the back of her head and tightened its grip on her hair, pulling her head back down onto his cock. He wasn't gentle with her like Dan was. He thrust up with his hips and rammed his cock back into her mouth. Sarah stifled a gag as Lester's fat fist of a cockhead pushed into the entrance of her throat.

She wanted to choke, but tamped the impulse down. She tightly gripped the broad base of his shaft that was still exposed while her other hand braced her against the chair between his legs.

Dan said something that didn't register in her brain, but Lester interrupted him. "Shh, shh, Danny. This is the good part."

Lester briefly removed his hand from Sarah's head to show her squirming husband that she wasn't being forced to do this. The monstrous man's cock continued to disappear into her mouth.

"Good. Good girl. Now, Danny... listen."

The room was quiet except for the growing gurgling groans and a low hiss of air coming from Sarah's windpipe. Her jaw widened, and she felt her throat expand like something was stuck in it. But then she pushed past that feeling. All three of them heard the unmistakable wet fleshy 'pop' of Lester's cock entering her stretched-open throat. A flood of tears ran freely from Sarah's eyes, and a strangled guttural moan escaped from deep inside her. Her hand tightened its place on Lester's cock.

"MMMMHMMHMMHMMM," Sarah moaned while suppressing a gag on his cock. Her left hand drifted from the chair and into her soaked panties. She quickly found her engorged clit and began rubbing it. Her other hand resumed its place at his crotch, unable to encircle him at the root fully.

"Glllluccck, gllllccuuucckk, glaaaack," Sarah heard the wet, spit-filled sounds ring out from her throat as Lester fucked her mouth, her fingers danced and massaged her clit furiously. Lester's control and domination, his rough treatment of her, and exposing her like this to Dan was such a powerful combination that she could already feel her body racing towards the precipice.

"You see that?" Lester said towards Dan, "If you look closely, you can see my cock all the way in her throat. Yeah, bet you've never done that before. Don't think you can reach that far, can you? Can. You?" Driving himself to the hilt with each word.

It was infuriating to Sarah that Dan wasn't saying anything. He wasn't responding or standing up for himself in his own house. But it was also intoxicating to be so thoroughly used and abused in front of

him like this. Sarah felt guilt and shame, and erotic fucking fire washed over her as everything swirled around her. She couldn't believe she was about to cum so fucking soon.

"GgggggaaaaAUUHHHHH," Sarah's throat erupted in a gurgling cry as she clenched her thighs around her forearm, her middle and pointer finger lazily massaging her stiffened clit as she felt the first throes of an unprecedented orgasm wash over her body. Lester's hips thrust up into her mouth, his overwhelming cock pushing back down in her throat. Lester's coarse pubic hair covered her face. And Dan watching her. Lester's firm hand on the back of her head. She was such a complete slut for Lester's cock.

"GAAAUHHHHMHMMMAHMMGAAA!!" Sarah came on her fingers as Lester's cock stretched open her throat. It felt amazing cumming while his humongous cock was shoved so deep into her like this. Her entire sense of her purpose, her only imperative, was to allow more of this man's amazing cock inside her body. A tidal wave of pleasure rose up and quickly hammered down on all the nerves in her body. All Sarah could do was hold on while Lester face fucked her and her body convulsed on her own hand.

The room was boiling. Sarah felt the sweat running down her back as her spit ran down over her hand. Her mind was clouding over, and she saw stars behind her eyes. Lester never let up, and she loved him for it. His cock was still pounding into her throat, giving her exactly what she hadn't known she'd needed.

Sarah's body shuddered and slumped, exhausted. Her hand was covered in a glaze of her own orgasmic fluids. She desperately tried to catch her breath through her nose as Lester continued to force feed her his cock. Taking sharp little breaths in for the scant milliseconds until his apple-sized cockhead pushed back into her mouth.

The grip on her head eased, and the pressure from Lester lessened. She pushed back and took her mouth off of his cock and breathed in deeply. Her eyes stung – she hadn't realized tears had run down her face, mixing with her eyeliner.

Lester looked down at her with a predatory grin. Sarah just knelt in front of him, one hand still gripping the base of his cock for support as she heaved in deep breaths. Lester's eyes flicked towards Dan, then he stood up and pulled Sarah up by her armpits.

He spun her around and bent her over the table. Lester's fat arm reached forward and slid his dirty plate and utensils down the table. Sarah braced herself for what was next. She yelped as Lester pulled at her little black thong. It went dangerously tight against her soaked pussy before ripping. Lester let it drop to the floor between her spread out legs and pushed down on her back.

Sarah's bra-clad chest pushed into her family's dining room table before she felt Lester's hot cockhead running up and down her dripping wet slit.

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Dan stood transfixed as Sarah's tiny little thong, now a shredded string ripped from her hips, dropped to the floor. He shuddered as Sarah lay bent over their dining room table – the same table where he had insisted their family dine together every night. Where they taught their children to behave and how hard work paid off. It was like a scene from a fantasy-based horror movie, the hero's castle having been attacked and raided by a troll army. The princess, half-naked and bent over the table as the troll commander stood behind her, ready to claim her virtue for all to see.

But in this case, the damsel in distress seemed more than willing to surrender her maidenhead. His wife's form writhed serpentine back and forth on their dinner table, anxiously awaiting Lester's cock. Lester looked like a goblin king as he stood staring down at Sarah's ass, his small, fat frame covered in a coat of dense, coarse hair. The folds of his body not making any sense as odd parts ballooned out like an apple or a pear.

But none of that seemed to matter to Sarah, "Fuck Lester! Stop! Fucking! Teasing me and put it in me. Fuck!"

"Are you sure you don't want dipshit Danny over there?" Lester chuckled, giving Dan a hard, fixed glare.

What the fuck was going on here? Dan felt like he was back in the night during their failed threesome. His failed part in it. He felt powerless, like his hands were off the wheel. Cruise control was engaged, and Dan could only watch as his car drifted off the road on the way to becoming a burning wreck.

Sarah didn't respond to Lester. Her face was pressed against the cherry wood table, but her arm reached back towards Lester, trying to pull him towards it. Lester just smirked, running his fat hands over Sarah's back, grabbing her ass, and then licking his lips.

"Looks like she's all mine," Lester chuckled towards Dan before his eyes lit up. "Time for dessert!" He gritted his teeth and thrust forward, spearing his cock into Sarah's wet, waiting opening.

"UGGGH. MHMMMMUHHHH," Sarah grunted as her body rocked forward onto the table. Dan felt the blanket of humiliation crawl over his skin. He felt so small in this moment, watching his wife be claimed in their own home. For all his insistence that Lester no longer be allowed into their house, he was letting this most intimate and vile trespass happen right in front of him.

"AH-FUCK," Sarah moaned into the table, her hands sprawling out, trying desperately to grab onto something. To gain some form of leverage to push herself back against Lester's onslaught. She was up on her tippy toes, her long, toned, slender legs trying to balance as Lester savagely pounded into her. Although she'd been with Lester many times, she'd never before felt the extremity with which he entered her now. More pain, more ecstasy, more all-out filthy wrongness wrapped up in his defilement of the horny mother. Her tanned body rocked against the table, while Lester's fat, pale folds jiggled with each juddering thrust. Her hands crazily alternated between splaying fully out and then curling back into fists.

"Oh yeah, baby. That's that good pussy. Nnng. Hey, hey Danny, while we're here, let this remind us what we're all bringing to this table... the beautiful wife brings these amazing-ah fuck, get it, get IT! - these amazing dishes." Lester gestured at the rest of the table.

"And her amazing body." Lester leaned forward into Sarah, depositing his unfit gut fully on her immaculate, shuddering ass, dropping his controlling hand in the middle of her back, and mashing her down into the cold wooden surface.

"We all know what, ung, unnngh, I bring. The money to support you. And..." Lester paused as a sharp intake came from Sarah's breath. Lester's drilling cock flexed steadily inside the young mother.

"Remind me again what you bring Dan?"

Sarah's gaze lingered on Dan like she hoped he might say something, anything. He'd given her two beautiful daughters. Together they'd bought this house and made it their own. He was the one and only love of her life... Sarah bit her lip as Dan sat there silently, unable to utter a single word.

"Huh, I agree with you. Nothing. You bring nothing to the table. You're just an audience for us to play for. Glad we're all on the same page now."

"Dan... Lester... too muc-" Sarah breathed. A sharp smack landed across her ass cheeks, cutting her off.

"Quiet, baby. Don't ruin this... for him," Lester wheezed.

It was an obscene and degrading scene. Dan couldn't pull his eyes away. He was vaguely aware that the living room blinds were probably still open. That anyone could look in and see the sordid display taking place on their dining room table, but he didn't move. He couldn't move. He couldn't look away. Could barely even blink.

Control seemed to be slipping through his fingers. The room spun on its axis. Dan's eyelids fluttered as the blood rushed to his head. He felt uneasy, like an empty boat lost in a storm, spinning and floating away, completely under the storm's control.

A heady cocktail of shame, envy, and arousal washed all over him. He felt the tent in his pants begin to ache. How could he get turned on by this but fail to get it up for a ready and willing Sarah? Sure, he'd managed it recently, but every time that lingering doubt overshadowed him like a dark cloud ready to pour on his parade.

"Squeeze me, momma," Lester grunted, "Squeeze my cock. Gnnng. Ah yeah. Just like that. Good girl, Sarah. Show Danny how well I've trained you."

"Mhmmmfuuuuccck," Sarah let out a long, whining groan. It sounded so familiar, yet so foreign. He understood the words but didn't understand the context that gave rise to them. The way Lester was fucking her was on a different, alien level that he was just grasping to comprehend.

"Uh. Mhmmm. Yes. Uh. Uh. Ah. Fuck. Oh. Fuck. Yes. Please. Fuck. God. God. God Fuck. Lester. Lester. Lester, please!" Sarah whined, finally pushing herself up onto her forearms. Her blonde hair dangled around her face, draping messily onto the table.

Lester thrust forward again, rocking into Sarah, making her body jump enticingly. Dan's eyes widened as he saw Sarah's voluptuous breasts, still encased in her bra, jiggling up and down. He watched transfixed as Sarah's bosom heaved with her labored breathing before rocking forward again as Lester thrust into her.

There hadn't been a condom. There hadn't even been the thought of a condom, much less a discussion. Lester was enjoying his wife with his raw cock, nothing separating him from her. Experiencing her as only Dan had.

A small voice from the back of his mind spoke up *That isn't true anymore.*

He felt a dollop of precum soak through his underwear.

"Fuck you're so fucking tight," Lester growled.

WHAP

Lester again slapped one of Sarah's flawless ass cheeks, leaving behind a pink hand impression. Sarah moaned and cried out – Dan couldn't tell if it was pain or pleasure, and neither, honestly, could Sarah. Lester thrust into Sarah again, slamming their sweaty bodies together.

The glass that Sarah had set for him on the table fell over and rolled until it fell off and shattered on the floor. Water spilled onto the table, dripping down and pooling amongst the broken glass.. It was only a matter of time before the rest followed. And Sarah didn't even seem to notice.

"OH GOD LESTER!" Sarah half screamed. She was panting into the wooden tabletop. Lester rammed into Sarah again, "UH-FFFFUCK!"

The table's legs squealed across the dining room floor as it shifted a quarter inch. Their fucking was desecrating their home.

"This, this is what I'm talking about," Lester grunted, both hands clasped on Sarah's hips as he pounded his thick, animal-sized cock into her soaked snatch. "You can't give it to her like THIS, Danny. This is what she needs. A proper fuck from an actual man. Isn't that right, Sarah? You need it like, hhhuh, hhhuh, THIS, don't you!?"

"I need it!" Sarah shouted, catching Dan off guard. She pushed herself up off the table and obsessively thrust her ass back against Lester's cock, "Oh, ooh, Oh fuck! Dan, Danny, I'm sorry. I nee-FUCK! You sent me to his room. Ahh, mmm, this is Lester's pussy now! You sent me into the living room, and I tasted him! I sucked on his big fat COCK! Fuck I need it, Lester. I need you. I need you and that amazing cock of yours. Please don't stop!"

Lester reached forward and roughly grabbed a handful of Sarah's hair in a fist. He pulled, making her yelp as he pulled her head up. Her eyes were wild, and she was breathing frantically. Dan locked eyes with her and didn't recognize the fire behind her eyes. The wanton desire burning within her.

"Tell Danny what you need," Lester grunted through clenched teeth.

"Oh fuck...Dan...I'm sorry. I need-FUCK....I need his cock," Sarah whined, "Uhhmm, God. If you hadn't ever shared me. Given me away like you did, I'd never know it could feel so fucking good. Mhmmfuck. It's Lester's cock. I need Lester's cock. You gave me away. Gave me to him. Made me his. Made me such a slut for his cock."

Lester chuckled and leaned forward, licking the side of Sarah's face as he held her in place, "Good girl."

Sarah shuddered at his words. Her bottom lip hung agape as she closed her eyes and focused on grinding herself back onto Lester's cock.

"Tell Danny over there how it feels," Lester commanded.

"So fucking good. So BIG. I feel so full, so fucking full. God, it's amazing," Sarah mewed.

"More full than with Danny?" Lester demanded, pulling on her air.

"YESSSS," Sarah whined, struggling for breath. She bumped her shapely ass back onto Lester's awaiting cock, grinding the balls of her feet into the wood floor. "So full. Never this full. Never. S-sorry Dan, sorry. But you, y-you let him fuck me raw. Oh God. Lester. Don't make me say more. It's mean. So mean. God Lester."

"Heh," Lester chortled, "But this, this is what he needs."

Lester pulled on Sarah's blonde mane again, her hair his makeshift reins, her face came up masked with pleasure. Her eyes were lazy and unfocused as Dan looked at her, "Who's the man of the house now, huh?"

"God, you are Lester. You are," Sarah whimpered.

"Look at Danny and tell him whose cock comes first in this relationship now," Lester said, smacking her ass firmly with his other hand.

Sarah's eyes opened wide, and she looked around at Dan with a vacant, half-glazed gaze, "Lester's cock. Lester's cock always comes first. Uh. Mhmm. Fffuccck yessss. Lester's big, juicy fucking amazing cock comes first."

Her words felt like iron daggers in his chest. He didn't know how much more of this display he could take. Dan's heart felt like it was beating out of his chest. He thought it was going to explode. His cock ached, dying to be released.

Dan's hands went to the waistband of his pants, and he started to undo the button.

"No," Lester said forcefully, "Not yet. You haven't earned that yet. Keep it in your pants, Romeo."

Sarah looked around questioningly.

"Dan's trying to jerk off to this," Lester said.

"Let him," Sarah said, "That's what we're here for. For all of us."

"Not yet," Lester said, "He needs to watch and learn his place before he gets to play with it. Tell him to keep it in his pants."

Sarah groaned in subservience and looked at Dan, "Keep it in your pants. No jerking off. Don't even touch it."

This was so entirely fucked. Not only was Lester taking his wife, but now they were both dictating to him just when he could touch himself. Deciding what Dan could do in his own house, with his own body?

"That's not fai—" Dan started.

"Do it for me, baby." Sarah said, "Wait. It will be worth it." Dan watched as she made a half-hearted attempt at a reassuring smile, but she turned her head away as Lester deftly lunged back into her.

Dan let go of his pants, despite the desperate aching of his cock. He couldn't take much more of this. If he came, maybe it would clear his head and let him approach this better. Figure out a way to flip this situation on its head.

"Don't call him baby like that anymore," Lester said, "Got it? That's for me only."

"Fuck. Uhh. Mhmmm. Oh, baby. You're so bad, Lester." Sarah moaned.

"Shut up. You love it," Lester tightened his grip on her hair, making Sarah's face contort, her lips forming an exaggerated 'O'.

"There's only gonna be one daddy in this house from now on," Lester growled, "Who's it gonna be, Sarah?"

Sarah locked eyes with Dan, but she seemed to see past him, through him, almost – like he was just a piece of the furniture.

“YOU!” Sarah screamed, throwing her head back. Her hair went wild. “FUCK! LESTER! DADDY!! GIVE IT TO ME! DON’T STOP BABY! DON’T STOOOOP!”

Lester grinned and raised his eyebrows at Dan. He licked his ugly lips again and snapped off the clasp on Sarah’s bra in one, quick, practiced gesture.

“God Damn Right,” Lester said. Sarah’s bra hung loosely off her shoulders; her magnificent breasts spilled free. Her nipples were hard and erect as her breasts flounced as Lester expertly pounded her.

“If I’m the man of the house, what does that make Danny?” Lester barked.

“I don’t know. Please, please just fuck me,” Sarah’s voice dripped with needful desperation.

“What does that make him? Hmmm?” Lester demanded again, pounding into her.

“Fuck,” Sarah whined, “I don’t know. I don’t know! A boy!”

“What’s that? A little boy?” Lester barked, his eyes on her husband.

“Yes,” Sarah said, “Fuck Lester, just shut up and fuck me.”

“Oh, I’m gonna keep fucking you. I’m gonna fuck you all night long. I’m going to fuck you on every single fucking surface of this house. I’m gonna drag you from room to fucking room. And Danny boy will trail behind us cleaning up our mess.” Lester said through gritted teeth, “Is that what you want?”

“OH GOD!” Sarah said, “Fuck I want it, Lester. Yes! Please. Fuck me. Own me. JUST FUCKING GIVE IT TO ME!”

“What do you want, Sarah?” Lester laughed and ground his extended cock into her. He pulled back and thrust forward, making the table legs screech against the floor. The plates and silverware all shifted on the table. Another glass fell, spilling its contents onto the table, but it didn’t roll off.

“YOU! FUCK! I NEED YOU! I NEED MORE OF YOUR COCK! I NEED YOUR CUM! GIVE IT TO ME! FUCK! LESTER! FILL ME!. GIVE IT TO ME! I NEED IT!” Sarah’s body was rocking back uncontrollably as she fucked back on Lester’s cock. She looked like a woman possessed, and in some ways she was, but instead of a demon, it was Lester’s cock inside of her making her behave this way.

“Where do you want it?” Lester barked.

“In my pussy. In my fucking pussy,” Sarah breathed hard as she slammed back onto Lester’s cock. Her succulent breasts were hanging, wildly bouncing freely. A determined look of lust plastered over her face. Her fingers dug into the wooden table, her ass cheeks jiggling as they thrust back to meet each of Lester’s powerful thrusts, “Fill me. Fill me with your fucking cum, Lester. Fucking fill me up. God, I want to feel it inside of me. I want to feel it exploding into me! I WANT IT TO DRIP OUT OF ME! I WANT IT IN MY PUSSY AND MY MOUTH AT THE SAME TIME! FUCK I WANT IT EVERYWHERE LESTER!”

“Not until you cum for me,” Lester said as sweat glistened off his flabby chest. He was breathing hard too, “Cum on my cock and I’ll explode inside of you. Then I’ll drag you upstairs for round two. For starters.”

“Holy fuck,” Sarah whined, dropping her head, “Oh fuck. Mhmm. Fuck. Fuck. Mhmm. Jesus fucking Christ, Lester. Uh Lester. Uh. Uh. Uh. Ahmhm. Ah-mhmm. Ah-hmmhm Lester. Oh Lester. Lester. Please. Fuck. Mhmm.Uhmmhm. Lester. Yes. Yes. Right there. Don’t stop, Lester. Baby. Don’t stop. Jesus.”

Dan gulped and watched as Sarah’s body started to thrash violently on the table. She wasn’t looking at him anymore. Her head was dropped down low on the table. The soft light above the dining room table made the sweat on her beautiful back shine. His cock ached, and he thought that he might cum in his pants without even touching it.

His eyes and ears were overloaded with visual and auditory stimulation. His mouth felt dry. It was as if he were having an out-of-body experience, with all control and motor functions unavailable. He’d never lost control this badly before. The only evidence that he still had a body was the pounding of his heart in his chest. It felt like the movie Alien, where the creature bursts out of the guy’s chest.

“Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Oh fuck. Fuck me. Yes. Lester. Pound my pussy. Fuck. GIVE IT TO ME, LESTER! CUM! CUM! CUM! CUM LESTER! FUCK LESTER! I’M GOING TO! I’M....FUCKKKKK!” Sarah wailed as her body tensed and she slammed back into Lester one final time.

“SHIT,” Lester buried himself to the hilt inside of her and let out a loud groan. Dan hated that he knew what Lester’s face looked like when he came. Lester’s left foot energetically stomped on the dining room floor, and then more forcefully a second time.

All of the muscles in Sarah’s body looked rigidly tightened. Her hands were balled into fists, and she was high up on her tiptoes. Her cheeks were red, and Dan watched as her eyes rolled back in her head, her jaw hanging open, her lashes blinking uncontrollably over the whites of her unseeing eyes.

“UHHMHHMMMMMMMMMM,” Sarah’s mouth curled up in a tight smile as she came. Dan’s wife, mother of his children, was cumming as Lester’s massive tool overfilled her with his illicit seed. Lester groaned as he pulled his cock back and slowly pumped a few more strokes into her.

The sounds of something wet hitting the floor between Sarah’s legs announced Lester’s load, and Dan winced.

Sarah dropped her head to the wooden table, panting hard. Lester stayed connected to Dan’s wife while he caught his breath. Dan locked eyes with Lester, making a shit eating grin appear on the fat man’s face.

Lester pulled his cock from Sarah with an audible plop. More wet splats filled the room as cum dripped from Lester and poured out of Sarah, falling onto the wood floor of their dining room. Lester bent forward, wrapping his arms around Sarah. His fat, pale, hairy skin, mashing into Sarah’s toned, tanned body, making a fucked up contrast. He hefted Sarah’s limp body up off the table, finally allowing her to stand on the heels of her feet. He turned her face to his and planted a wet, slobbering kiss on her lips.

Sarah lazily returned the kiss, clearly exhausted from just being fucked by Lester. Dan tried not to look at Lester’s mammoth tool dangling between his legs, glistening with his wife’s juices, already back on the rise.

Dan finally got some semblance of control back as the smell of their exhaustive sex hit his nostrils. He stumbled back and sat down in a dining room chair, trying to catch his own breath and calm his racing heart.

Sarah broke the kiss, her eyes falling on Dan. She looked completely and utterly satisfied. A small smile crept to her lips, as if she was happy she had fulfilled something for Dan and given him something he'd wanted from her. Dan didn't know what he wanted in that moment. His mind was a mess of conflicting emotions.

WHAP

Lester slapped Sarah's ass hard, making her jump forward, and more of his cum splattered onto the floor and trailed down her leg. The brute had flooded his wife.

"Let's get upstairs and clean you up before the next rounds," Lester said, grabbing one of her ass cheeks and grounding his palm into it.

"Lester. Holy shit," Sarah said, looking around at the shifted table, the broken glass, the wet floor, and the kitchen still full of dirty dishes, "We made a mess. I need to clean this up."

"Don't worry," Lester chuckled and thumbed towards Dan, "Danny boy gots it."

"Lester..." Sarah said with a frown, "That's not fair."

"How's it not fair?" Lester chuckled again, "You did the cooking. I did the fucking. Now Danny can do the cleaning. Besides, he just sat and watched, getting a free show. Come on, let's go upstairs. He can come join us after."

Sarah looked to Dan for reassurance. He just nodded. Not because he wanted her to go. But because he needed a second alone to get through his thoughts. Sarah gave him a concerned look before Lester led her out of the dining room.

Dan sat there, alone in the chair, in stunned silence. His eyes roamed over the mess all around him. The pools of cum on the floor, the askew dishes. He let out a long, low breath as he heard a pair of footsteps on the floor above him and the sound of the shower turning on.

*What the hell had they agreed to?*