

Hey folks, the alpha draft of Chapter 23 is here. As always this one is rough and hasn't been edited. It's full of errors that will get stamped out before the end of the month.

I can also confidently say that the Alpha draft of Detestable Liaisons 5 will be dropping this month as well. This *should* be the final chapter in that story and I'm looking forward to getting it to you.

Anyways, lets check in and see how things are going with Lester, Dan and Sarah:

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Lester's eyes were glued to the screen as he sifted through the treasure trove of information on Jesse's employers. He downloaded terabytes of information from Jesse's work network that he would dive into later. But his real target was the shady Lincoln Group that Jesse seemed to work with. It was one of these fuckers that had fucked Sarah after all the groundwork that Lester had laid.

He wasn't just going to sit there and let that happen. They needed to experience a reckoning and Lester knew just how to do that. Use his Bad Rabbit malware to take control of their systems and ransom them. Download whatever data he could find on them and figure out how to fuck this Byron guy over.

Lester used Jesse's workstation as a relay for his attack on the Lincoln Group's network. It wasn't difficult and Lester had already identified a backdoor. Lester typed furiously on his keyboard at the same time as lines of coded text appeared on his screen. His second monitor showing his progress as he pushed is way past their security.

A bead of sweat trickled down Lester's forehead. Everytime he bypassed one wall of security, two more seemed to pop up slowing him down immensely. He gritted his teeth, not expecting this level of resistance. Still, he pressed on throwing off whatever this company tried to muster.

It wasn't long before he punched through the last layer of security and gained full access to Byron's files. Lester began downloading them and grimaced when he realized that most of the files had a high grade level of encryption.

*<i>Fuck. </i>* He'd download them and then crack them later. His eyes narrowed as he scanned the remaining unencrypted files that he could access. This was weird. Files and text cascaded down his screen with secret projects related to cognitive restructuring, memory implantation and subliminal persuasion. There was even something neural hacking.

Just as his interests were getting piqued, a large red exclamation mark flashed onto his computer. Someone was actively surpressing his access and was trying to track him. The download wasn't even five percent complete but if he didn't pull out soon he might compromise himself.

Lester shut down his link to the Lincoln Group's network. Using Jesse's computer as a relay had been one barrier to insulating himself. The best they probably could have done is track him to it. Lester still had access to Jesse's company network and decided to clear his trail. He uploaded his Bad Rabbit malware to it and locked them out.

He was still shaken by how quickly countermeasures were put in place by his hack. That had never happened before. As an extra precaution, he liquified Jesse's employer's network. Even if they paid the ransom, their files and any possible trace back to him were gone.

Lester closed down his sandbox environment and wiped the remote server he had used to access Jesse's computer. He sighed and pushed himself out of his chair, plodding to the kitchen to grab a coke.

He wished he could have gotten more information from his hack but it looks like their security was stronger than he was used to facing. He'd find another angle of attack. At the very least he should probably focus his efforts on breaking Sarah and Dan.

He had been dumping loads into Sarah for months and she wasn't pregnant yet. There was some variable he wasn't seeing. The most obvious would be that Sarah had taken some precautions he wasn't aware of.

Well, precautions could be destroyed.

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"Can we talk about last night?" Dan said from the passenger seat of their car. It was idling in the parking lot as Sarah was packed up and ready to head back home, "I didn't want to talk up there. Not with Lester listening."

"You think Lester eavesdrops on our conversations?" Sarah smiled and shook her head as she looked at her husband, "Like with a glass against the wall or something?"

"I don't know, I just know that he seems a little too well informed," Dan shrugged his shoulders, "There's been a few things that...aren't important right now. I can't stop thinking about what happened last night. It's just replaying over and over in my head and I'm going to go crazy if you leave right now without us talking about it."

"Okay," Sarah bit her lip in thought as she looked out the windshield. She turned off the car, sat back in her seat and looked at her husband, "Last night was....intense. I didn't know it was going to happen or that it would go the way it did. I'm still processing most of it myself. Did you hate it?"

"No," Dan started, "Yes. I don't know. I feel like I should but part of me just got off on parts of it. You know how messed up my head is about all of this stuff. Ever since the bar in Minnesota, its like I was just super turned on and needed a release but then last night happened and again it felt like I couldn't control myself."

"I know the feeling," Sarah said, "Lately its like a switch gets flipped in my head and I just give in to whatever. Kind of like how last night went. Lester pushed for things and I couldn't say no."

"Isn't that a problem?" Dan asked.

"I don't know," Sarah closed her eyes, "I know I could say no. But in the moment I don't want to. I want to do it. It's not like he's forcing me to do things that I don't want to do or don't turn me on in some way. And I want to do things to get him off. To get both of you off. The look in your eyes last night was intense and probably turned me on more than anything else."

"I felt like I was a comatose zombie...." Dan said.

"Maybe thats part of it. You're so Type A, that being able to do something to see you lose that. To lose that control. Knowing something I'm doing could turn you on that much and that it effects you like that. It's hot."

“Believe me, it does feel like a loss of control. It feels like my hands slip off the steering wheel and Lester just takes control of it. Seeing you let go, I don’t know it just drives me wild. Knowing how prim and proper you usually are. Just seeing you act kind of slutty just unlocks this part of my brain that just wants to shut everything else down and watch.”

“Hey!” Sarah said slapping him playfully on the arm. “I’m not a slut. Maybe I can act a little slutty sometimes but you put us on this path mister.”

“You’re enjoying yourself just as much as I am,” Dan said.

“Maybe more,” Sarah said, “You’re still wrapped up in angst and guilt.”

“I know,” Dan shook his head, “I know what we are doing isn’t right. At least from what society tells us. But I can’t help it. I mean, I don’t like Lester. At all. He’s been a really shitty roommate. And I want to ring his neck most of the time. Knowing someone like that is getting you off...”

Dan let out a long calming breathing, trying not to get himself worked up all over again.

“I’m just glad you didn’t slink off to his room in the middle of the night this time,” Dan said. “Last time, I couldn’t believe it and I knew I just had to have you right there in the shower. But last night was something else.”

“What part are you stuck on?” Sarah asked.

“Uh god, I don’t know. All of it? Even just like how it started, him pinning you against the counter, seeing you just melt into his advances so easily,” Dan said.

“Well what do you want me to do? Kick and scream the entire time while letting him do whatever he wants? That isn’t really something that I’d be into. I do like giving in, part of just giving control over to someone like that to do what they want with me. Especially when I know you’re watching. That I find extremely hot.” Sarah said.

“No, no I don’t want you needing to put up some fight,” Dan said, “I guess its more just like, it turned me on but tugged at my heartstrings at the same time.” Dan ran a hand through his hair. “It’s all these emotions at once inside me. Its like an intoxicating cocktail of guilt, shame, arousal that I just can’t help but take a big drink of.”

Sarah stayed quiet, waiting for Dan to continue.

“That’s how it felt with when you told him that you loved him. It was like a dagger to the chest but an adrenaline needle to my dick. I can’t remember the last time I came that hard but ever since I can’t stop thinking about the look on your face as you said it. You don’t really love him, do you?”

“Dan, that’s just sex talk,” Sarah smiled at him, “I knew it would push you both over the edge, and that’s what I wanted.”

Dan nodded along, processing her words. He was ready to follow up with another question but Sarah spoke first.

“I’m surprised the rimming wasn’t the first thing you asked about,” Sarah chuckled and put her hands over her face.

Dan shook his head, losing whatever prior thought he had, "That was....I don't even know Sarah. I can't believe you did that."

"Me neither," Sarah said from behind her hands. Finally she put them back into her lap and rested her head against the seat, "That wasn't something I'd ever thought about. Sure, Lester had done it to me and I knew how good it could feel. In that moment last night I just wanted to deliver that kind of pleasure too. I got too lost in the moment."

"So you didn't enjoy that?" Dan asked.

"The idea of it, is disgusting," Sarah said, "But in the heat of the moment, and seeing how his body responded to it....I don't know. I don't think I want to do it again."

Dan nodded, keeping his thoughts to himself. <i>In the head of the moment, what else could Lester make his wife do?</i>

"Are you okay, with some of the things Lester made me say, especially at the end?" Sarah asked, "And the things he said?"

"The shit talking?" Dan asked.

"Yes," Sarah whispered.

"When we are there, where I am watching. I don't always want to be included like that. I'd rather be a fly on the wall, just watching it happen. But I do love when you look at me in those moments, seeing the desire on your face. It's really fucking hot. The shit talking...I don't know. It's always been weird. Its sort of the same thing with the 'I love you' stuff. That mix of jealousy and rage. Hearing those things from your lips. Even in that moment, like Lester is taking you away from me. Winning. Logically I don't like it and should hate it but..." Dan chuckled and shook his head, "Like you said, in that moment, somehow it works."

"That's good to know. I was afraid we might have crossed the line. Just know its all just sex talk," Sarah said.

"What about when you said you only want Lester to fuck you raw from now on. Did that mean you want me to wear a condom or something now? What was that?" Dan asked.

"That just meant no condom for him, I didn't mean that you needed to wear one," Sarah said.

"Would you ever go back to making him wear one?" Dan asked.

"I..uh...don't think so," Sarah said, "I've always hated them. They always take me out of it. It's just better for me without them."

"What about Lester saying he's going to pimp you out to some rando's? Is that just sex talk too?" Dan challenged.

"That....I don't know about. I never know with Lester. I don't know what is sex talk to him and what is real life," Sarah said.

"Well, if that situation happened. In the heat of the moment, what would you do?" Dan asked.

"I'm not sure," Sarah said.

<i>That wasn't a no,</i> Dan realized and felt his cock swelling in his pants.

"What would you think?" Sarah asked, "If I did something like that."

"Like you did with Byron?" Dan asked.

"That was different. I was on a mission. A shitty mission that failed but still different," Sarah blushed.

"But what would you think? Is that hot to you or does that cross the line?"

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "Honestly? I don't know. It's like all of this. I know I shouldn't like it but in the moment I don't know how I would react to it. I guess its like all these games and scenarios we used to play with before Lester. But I never would have thought that someone like Lester would be pulling the strings. I would have thought it would be like you and me at a bar picking up a stranger. No like this."

"So where do we go from here? With Lester I mean. If I arrive at the apartment one day and you're still at work. I know things weren't great when he was at our house without you knowing before. So should I make sure you are in the room, do we talk about this beforehand? How do we move forward here?"

"Honestly," Dan breathed, "I don't know if I always want to be there, in the moment. Sometimes yeah I think its hot to watch. Other times, just knowing you're out there doing something naughty could be enough. Last night was intense, I don't know if I need that again for awhile. I would do want to hear about it afterwards. Maybe even if you record it for me. Sometimes the surprise and unknown could be interesting."

"We'll see about recording. I dont know about that. The unknown is kind of hot though," Sarah said, "Just giving up the control like that."

"I still think we need to be careful who we are giving up that control too. Something doesn't sit right with Lester," Dan said.

"Oh yeah? What tipped you off about that? Was it the disgusting room and his lack of personal hygenie? His Cheeto addiction or his general incel like behavior?" Sarah asked.

Dan put up his hands in self defense, "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, my wife's lover."

Sarah shook her head and rolled her eyes, "You're a dick."

"But you love me," Dan smiled, "Well me and that troll of man now I guess."

Sarah playfully stared daggers at her husband, "Well he does fuck me so, so good."

"Ouch," Dan said, "Cutting me deep Sarah. You better get out of here before I get riled up again and take you in the backseat."

Sarah raised an eyebrow at him, "Isn't that Lester's domain now?"

"Another low blow," Dan narrowed his eyebrows and stared at her.

After a few seconds they both cracked up laughing.

"I love you," Dan leaned in for a parting kiss. "I love you too," Sarah said before planting a soft wet kiss on her husband's lips. They pulled apart and Dan glanced at the clock, "You better hit the road. I'm sure your parent's are eager to get rid of the kids."

"They'd keep them full time if I asked. They love having them there. But you're right, I should probably get going."

Dan opened the car door and stepped out, "Drive safe baby. Text me when you get there."

"I will baby, don't miss me too much," Sarah blew him a kiss as he closed the door. Sarah's car pulled out of the parking lot, leaving Dan standing there by himself. He already missed her. As he walked back towards his apartment building the session the previous night was still gnawing at him.

His conversation with Sarah had gone better than he had hoped. He didn't want to push too hard or make drama out of nothing but it still irked him that Sarah hadn't definitively said that she didn't love Lester. He could have pushed for it but what else would she have said? Something else Lester said last night was bugging him. It wasn't just all the shit talking and trying to put him in his place. Lester had said something about Jesse being in Minnesota.

<i>How did he know that?</i> Maybe Lester had overheard something Dan had said to Sarah on the phone leading up to their trip. Or maybe there was more to it. Something else that Dan wasn't seeing. Either way, he needed to figure it out.

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"It's done, break all ties with them," Byron's boss Marcus said as he peered out the expansive window behind his desk. Byron was sitting uncomfortable in one of the plush leather arm chairs in front of Marcus' desk.

"But Marcus," Byron said, trying to figure out a way out of this. Shit had gotten bad over night, with new of their network being breached making the rounds. Byron suddenly felt his neck unexpectedly on the chopping block. "I need his expertise to push this project forward and get --"

"No, you don't." Marcus said turning around. His dark skin highlighted his piercing eyes as they bore into Byron. "I've let you play out your little game but its done now. We suffered a major security breach last night and it came from one of your contractor pets. Now you have my attention, which I assure you is something you don't want. I know all about how complicated you've made all of this. And for what? Just so you can get revenge and fuck some guy's wife? Pull your head out of your ass. Look at Archer, his operation was clean and simple and now he is reaping the rewards. You've cocked this up. So I say again. Cut ties completely. We need to shore up any weakness we can find and right now I'm looking at you. Are you weak Byron?"

"No," Byron said assertively, "I'm not."

"Yes, you are. You've let yourself become weak, by focusing on this guy who upset you and overcomplicating everything. You need to get your shit together. That includes the drinking. Fortunately I don't think you're hopeless. You still have potential but you need to cut out the cancer and focus on your project. It's already behind." Marcus spat.

“I’ll need to find another expert on sustainability then. To keep this off the authorities radar.” Byron ran his hands through his hair. He didn’t like being talked to like this. He knew Marcus held a lot more power internally at the moment. But he wouldn’t forever. Byron had to grit his teeth and put up with his condescending attitude.

“You’ll have it,” Marcus said, “I’m retasking other resources to you. Now make it happen.”

Byron got up, “I’ll fire them now and get everything else in place by this afternoon. We’re gonna have to pay out the stipulation in the contract though. It’ll probably be a couple hundred grand.”

“Pennies on the dollar,” Marcus waved his hand dismissively and turned back to the window, “Pay them out or kick it to legal to fight it. You need to be laser focused from now on.”

“What are we going to do about the people that hacked us?” Byron stood up, getting ready to leave.

“I have people on it. We’ll find them.”

Byron took that as his cue to leave. He walked towards the door, ready to crack open another bottle of bourbon when he got back to his office.

“And Byron?” Marcus said without turning around.

“Yeah?”

“Don’t fuck up again. If you want to fuck someone, make sure it doesn’t fuck with our business or you’ll be the one getting fucked.”

“You got it,” Byron tried to hide the contempt from his face as he closed the door behind him.

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It had been a crazy couple of weeks for Dan. Work was picking up, both at his day job and with his side clients. While things were still touch and go with his company, new clients seemed to be trickling in but cashflow was still tight so his boss, Walt, was still running things with a skeleton crew. More people had left, leaving more responsibilities on Dan’s shoulders. One notable bright spot was that the Lincoln Group had cancelled its project with Jesse’s company. It was probably due to Jesse’s company getting hit with a ransomware attack and the Lincoln Group not wanting to be tied up with a company with issues like that. Dan kept waiting for the other shoe to drop and get a call from Jesse or Byron but so far nothing had happened.

Walt was happy, getting paid while freeing up Dan’s time to work on other clients so it was a win-win. Dan didn’t want to look a gift horse in the mouth but he still felt uneasy about the whole thing.

He didn’t have a ton of time to dwell on it though as his side clients were cutting into his free time. Dan had spent many nights, early mornings and lunch breaks working on projects for Sentiel Securities. They were happy that Dan seemed more responsive and timely than in the past but they were still quite demanding on his time. It was like they failed to realize that he wasn’t a full time employee of theirs. If he hadn’t been freed up by the Lincoln Group, he would have been seriously worried about them dropping him.

Despite his busy schedule, Dan managed to stay afloat, even with his smaller clients like Elevate Entertainment. Sitting at the small table in his apartment's kitchen, Dan was even breaking with his ideal working environment.

He was discussing a new project in California while talking to his counterpoint at the company, Bill. He liked Bill well enough, even going out for the occasional after work drink or working lunch. Dan considered their relationship friendly and in other life maybe they could have actually been friends.

Dan sat at the table talking to Bill while looking over documents and some webpages Bill was directing him to. He didn't like working at the apartment, still wary of Lester listening in but tonight it was just something that he had to do. The rain outside made the journey to Starbucks unappealing.

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In the darkened bedroom at the end of the hall, Lester was listening in intently on Dan's conversation. Lester was packing a bag while the boring conversation played out. *This is really what he does for a living? No wonder Sarah's bored.*

Lester took out his phone and texted the young wife.

L: Daddy's cumming to town.

He zipped his duffel bag shut and left it on the floor. He turned his attention fully back to the one-sided conversation he could hear while watching the webpages Dan was visiting. It quickly became apparent Dan was talking to someone named Bill from a company called Elevate Entertainment. While he would normally disregard listening to conversations that didn't include Sarah, Lester was hoping his diligence would pay off with an opportunity he could exploit and turn the gears on Dan. So far this conversation wasn't bearing fruit but Lester decided to be thorough and investigate the man on the other end of the phone.

*Hello there.* Bill should really have increased the privacy filters on his Facebook page. Lester quickly deduced that Bill was a fellow Chicago native and had a smoking hot wife, who like Sarah worked in health care. He documented some of their details in case he found himself in need of a new project in the future.

After a few more minutes, Dan wrapped up the call. Lester didn't believe in god but thanked him anyways for his mercy. He grabbed his bag and keys and headed for the door.

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With his laptop under his arm, Dan scooped up his things from the kitchen table and moved towards his bedroom. As he crossed the living room, Lester stepped out of the hallway, holding a duffel bag. Dan narrowed his eyes, unsure how to react to Lester's presence.

They've barely engaged words since Lester's dominating affair on the couch with Sarah. Dan hated feeling like the runner up in some fucked up contest. Much to his dismay he felt his breath growing shallow and his body tempture rising at the thought of his ugly roommate with his wife. It was almost a pavlovian response.

"Heading out?" Dan feigning interest in Lester's affairs while wondering how suspicious he should be.

"Yep," Lester didn't look Dan's way while slipping on his shoes, "Heading to Middleton."

"What? Why?" Dan gripped his laptop tighter, images of Sarah being pinned to the bed under Lester taking over his mind.

"The new boss at the hospital wants to see me tomorrow," Lester said nonchalantly.

"Why would he want to see you?" Dan his laptop and other items down on the couch and crossed his arms.

"I don't know Dan, he didn't say. I'm guessing I'm either getting fired like Jerry or I'm getting a promotion. Who knows, maybe I'll be working in Middleton full time." He grinned as he looked at Dan.

"Does Sarah know?" Dan asked.

"I just text her to let her know," the grin still plastered onto Lester's face, "I wonder what she'll think."

"Listen Lester, you need to —" Dan started.

"Not everything is about the sweet sounds Sarah makes when I'm inside her Dan," Lester chuckled, "You need to get your head out of the gutter. Some things are strictly professional."

"I don't think you believe that," Dan said.

Lester chuckled, "Maybe. Maybe not. I guess that's part of what makes this fun."

"You know," Dan exhaled, "This would be much easier if you weren't such an asshole."

"It's plenty easy for me as it is Dan," Lester said, "You're the one with the problem with all of this."

"Yeah? What exactly is my problem?" Dan said squaring his shoulders.

Lester shook his head, "That you can't just sit back and enjoy how things are going. Even though you really want to. You have to get all upset with yourself, even though we both know you enjoy watching what I do to your wife."

Dan was about to respond but Lester's statement hit too close to home. To something he had been struggling with for awhile. Lester took Dan's silence as acceptance and headed towards the apartment door.

"I'll tell Sarah you say hi," Lester said opening the door.

"I had an interesting chat today," Dan blurted out. This wasn't how he wanted to bring this up but now the horse was out of the barn.

"Oh yeah?" Lester said holding the door open impatiently, "Is that something I'm supposed to care about?"

"It was with my old coworker Jesse," Dan said, "He had a lot of very interesting things to say."

"Fascinating," Lester said stepping into the hallway and closing the door behind him.

Dan gritted his teeth and kicked the side of the couch. His big confrontation had fizzled out. He ran a hand through his hair. Letting out a long breath, he grabbed his phone and called Sarah.

“Hey,” Dan said when she answered, “Apparently Lester is heading to Middleton to meet with your boss.”

“I know, I just read his text,” Sarah said. Dan’s cock stiffened at the thought of Sarah and Lester being in contact behind his back. <i>I’m so fucked up.</i>

The couple both stayed silent for several seconds. The idea of Sarah rendezvousing with Lester hanging over the conversation.

“Do you think Lester will try to —” Dan started.

“Yes,” Sarah said quickly, “I don’t see how he doesn’t try something.

“He better not go anywhere near the house.” Dan said.

“He won’t. I won’t let that happen,” Sarah said.

“Are you sure? After last time....” Dan trailed off.

“It won’t Dan. I promise.” Sarah said sternly., “But that doesn’t mean he won’t try something else.”

“What if he does?” Dan said.

“What do you want to happen Dan?” Sarah asked.

“I don’t know,” Dan said quietly.

“I think you do,” Sarah said, ‘I have a feeling its all you’re going to think about while you’re there by yourself.”

“Uh, fuck,” Dan breathed into the phone, “I don’t, uh...”

“I’ll make this easy Dan. If Lester approaches me....if you want me to say no to him. Just say something right now. If you keep quiet I’ll know your answer. I can’t promise anything will happen but I at least want to know where you stand.”

Words churned in Dan’s head. The different responses he could say. He searched for the perfect words to encapsulate his complicated emotions but no words came out.

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Lester hid the smirk threatening to appear on his face. He was in Sarah’s boss, Richard’s office and the pathetic excuse for a man was trying to pull a typical powerplay, making Lester sit there obediently while he finished a phone call.

Lester almost respected the blatant manipulation tactics, even if they were basic. Within a few minutes he had this guy pegged for what he was. A corporate asshole who likes power and control. Lester couldn’t begrudge him for that. After all, those goals were exactly in line with Lester’s. What he didn’t care for was the ramifications of this meeting and what that would entail for his Sarah project.

The excuse of ‘working’ in the hospital was quite convenient to being in Sarah’s proximity. And if Lester could be so humble, quite the masterstroke of his planning. Now this jackass might threaten to bring his ruse to the ground. Lester should have looked further into the changes at the hospital but they had been

irrelevant to him. He assumed things would just go on as they had. Now this Richard was an unknown variable he hadn't accounted for.

"Sorry about that," Richard said as he hung up the phone. "You know how it is."

Lester nodded his head, "Of course."

The plan was to be docile, and pliable. A tool for Richard to take advantage of and feel good about doing so. Like he had one over on Lester. After all, that was kind of this guy's thing.

"So listen, ummm," Richard looked down at his notebook, "Mr. Matthews."

"Lester," Lester said, "Please call me Lester."

Richard gave him a flat smile that didn't quite reach his eyes, "Right. Sure, Lester. Anyways, as I'm sure you know we've been making some changes. We are in the middle of restructuring IT department. Unfortunately that means that we need to eliminate some positions. While we all recognize the importance of your contributions, particularly during our recent ransomware crisis, the decisions have been made to eliminate your position. So as of today your contract with us is ending. We know that you'll land on your feet and do well at your next position. Our new head of HR will be waiting for you to discuss any lingering issues pertaining to your contract."

Lester watched Richard closely while feigning panic and disappointment. This guy could have easily had someone else fire him. Judging by the predatory look in his eyes, Lester suspected he enjoyed firing people.

"But, but," Lester stuttered playing into the bumbling IT nerd trope, "I've done everything I can. I got the entire hospital back up and running. All the systems and networks, I saved the hospital hundreds of thousands of dollars."

"Yes," Richard waved his hand dismissively, "Like I said we're very thankful for your contributions, talk to HR, they might have a gift card or something they can give you."

"But I won't be able to afford my mortgage," Lester lied. He knew this came down to control and probably the expensive price tag Lester had negotiated for himself. "Please, I'll do anything. You can gut my salary by twenty-five percent, no fifty. Whatever you need, I can do. I can do more than just keep your network safe, there are a ton of inefficiencies I've seen in that department. There's plenty of synergies just waiting to be exploited, I can help you streamline their operations without impacting your bottom line. Please sir, my fate is in your hands."

Richard raised an eyebrow at him, clearly enjoying the fact that he held so much power over Lester. Lester chose each word deliberately to play into this man's fantasies for control over people as well as the corporate language he was sure this guy probably threw around.

Richard leaned back in his chair, his fingers making a steeple in front of his face, "Tell me more about how you could streamline things."

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Sarah closed her eyes tight and let out a long, quiet breath. She hated this time of the day. It was just after lunch and the new head of HR was getting back from her lunch with Richard. While she had only

had a few conversation with the woman, she didn't like her. Sarah had adored Marcy, the previous head of HR and didn't like Richard's new pick. She was a suck up and Sarah could see that she was hand picked to do Richard's bidding.

The reason Sarah hated this time of the day is that she heard of HR would walk past Sarah on the way to her office. Sarah's old office. Richard's new appointments were being given the choice offices while everyone else from the old guard was being relegated to cubicles. Sarah had been politely told to vacate her office and settle down in the ben of cubicles alongside the coordinators and other administrative staff.

While Sarah had no problem working more closely with others, the way it had been done left a sour taste in her mouth. She felt cast aside yet again. Richard had disbanded their daily meetings, citing the end of the ransomware crisis. He had started a new series of meetings with his department heads, excluding Sarah entirely. While she technically still had her title and the respect of her legacy colleagues, she couldn't help but feel at some point she would be let go as well.

The new head of HR walked by, trailing a couple of her new staff members. They disappeared into Sarah's old office, closing the door behind them. Sarah sighed and stood up. She couldn't sit there anymore and needed to go for a walk and clear her head. She grabbed her purse and walked to the elevators and rode them down.

As the elevator doors opened, Sarah couldn't help but feel angry and marginalized. She used to love her job and the sense of fulfillment it gave her. Now she just felt worthless and overlooked. Logically she knew it wasn't her fault. Sure, maybe she could have made a better first impression but since then she had worked her ass off to no avail. It was just Richard, consolidating power and removing the old guard. Even though she knew that was the case, it didn't help her self esteem. Sarah felt like she was spiralling again.

Sarah got off the elevators and found herself in front of the vending machines. Chocolate would help. She looked over her options, contemplating which delicious morsel of goodness would be hers. As she looked over the selection in front of her, she noticed movement from the corner of her eye. Glancing towards, it she noticed Otis, the janitor staring at her from down the hallway.

Otis leered at her for several seconds, seemingly running his eyes up and down the curves of her body. When he noticed that her piercing green eyes were staring back at him, he quickly shuffled away pushing his cart down another hallway.

She had periodically caught Otis looking at her. It happened frequently enough that she noticed that he wasn't always doing his job, seemingly turning up in places she just happened to be. She shook her head and looked back at the vending machine. Just another thing she needed, a quiet older stalker at work. Otis seemed relatively harmless so far but that might not always be the case. Otis was older than her, probably older than Lester was. His grey unkempt hair and his permanent five o'clock shadow didn't do him any favors in not raising the eyes of hospital staff. At one point Sarah had been in contact with the now fired head of HR about complaints of Otis's breath reeking like alcohol while on the job. Sarah didn't want to get anyone in trouble but didn't want the hospital to be exposed to issues like that either. But now that was in the hands of the new head of HR and she should just stay out of it.

Sarah pressed the buttons on the vending machine and a Mars bar dropped out. Chocolate sounded exquisite right now. Sarah bit into the chocolate, closing her eyes to savor it. People always said good chocolate tasted like sex to the senses. While Sarah understood what they meant, she couldn't help but think about how fucking good Lester could make her feel. This chocolate bar paled in comparison to her obese lover.

As if on cue, her phone chimed. There was a text message waiting for her. Her eyes widened and she felt her knees grow weak when she checked it. There on her screen, in the middle of the hallway was Lester's delicious juicy cock. It was hard and veiny, sitting fully erect on a table top surface that Sarah knew was a standard issue cubicle desk in the hospital. A message quickly followed up the photo.

L: Miss me?

Sarah stood transfixed in the middle of the hallway, staring at the cock on her screen. The chocolate bar, half sticking out of her mouth as she stopped biting it. Her lips closed around it as she stared at Lester's cock, her tongue flicking out to lap up the caramel from it. Sarah rolled her tongue around the tip of the chocolate bar before coming to her senses and looking around. Thankfully no one had noticed her lost in thought with the chocolate bar.

Sarah typed up a quick response.

S: Where are you?

L: At your desk, looking for you. Someone else is in your office. Do you miss me?

S: I miss what I saw in that pic

L: Let's meet up somewhere.

Sarah bit her lip. That cock sure did look more appetizing than the chocolate bar in her mouth. All she wanted to do was attack it and let it distract her from all the bullshit going on in her workplace. Taking a hold of Lester's cock would let her regain her sense of control and power that she desperately felt slipping through her fingers at work.

Sarah texted Dan, telling him about Lester, letting him know she wanted to play. Giving him the chance to tell her not to. She stared at the screen, waiting for Dan to respond. In the meantime Lester kept messaging her. Asking her for a discreet meeting place, sending more shots of his cock.

Sarah was getting impatient waiting for Dan to respond. She was leaning against the side of the hallway and felt the need to take some layers off. Her body was already heating up at just the idea of seeing Lester. Without her office for privacy, her mind raced trying to think up places in the hospital that she could potentially sneak away with him.

All carried a level of risk that sent a jolt of excitement up her spine. The feasibility of an empty patient room, utility closet or even the nap rooms for doctors and nurses would all come down to timing - something which she didn't have the best handle on. In the end the best place that Sarah could think of was a secluded part of the parking lot, around the side of the building that didn't get a lot of traffic, near some rarely used access doors, away from the windows of hospital staff.

She stared down at the conversation with Dan on her phone, waiting for him to respond. If she said no, could she really just ignore Lester? He was exactly what she needed right now. Her eyes waited for the three little dots to appear, indicating her husband was typing a response, but it never appeared. With trembling fingers she switched to her conversation with Lester.

S: Meet me at my car in ten minutes. Lot A, area 2.

L: Tell me what you want.

S: You're cock.

Sarah felt giddy as she rode the elevator down to the main floor. She was tempted to check her phone, but left it tucked away in her purse. Lester could have sent another dirty message or Dan could have sent a message telling her to stay away from Lester. If she didn't check her phone, she could feign ignorance. If she didn't read it, the message didn't exist.

She knew this was what her husband wanted anyways, which she reasoned was why she was so eager to do it. The elevator doors opened and Sarah stepped out, walking across the atrium towards the back of the building to exit to the staff parking lot.

At least this time, she wasn't going to sleep with a swarmy alcoholic for Dan like she had with Byron. Even though she had got off on that experience, she had done it for no reason, since she couldn't find anywhere to plug in the USB. No, she had just let that alcoholic fuck her and cum in her mouth for nothing. At least today she knew what she was getting into and could enjoy herself with Lester. Sarah couldn't wait to wrap her mouth around Lester's heft cock.

Sarah rounded a corner, walking towards the exit. She felt eyes on her and a quick glance to her side showed her that Otis was watching her again. The pot-bellied man was mopping the floor while failing to hide his leering gaze.

Sarah hurried her pace, exiting the hospital and walking across the parking lot to find her car. She stopped in her tracks a few feet away from her vehicle, her pussy growing slick with anticipation. Leaning against her car with Lester with a shit eating grin on his face. His arms were crossed and he was wearing his same schlubby business casual outfit that looked entirely out of place. He didn't look attractive at all but Sarah couldn't help but feel intensely drawn to him.

She walked past Lester, only giving him a slight look as she unlocked her door with her key fob and got into the driver's seat. Lester followed suit, pushing his frame off the hood of the car and getting in the passenger seat.

"Couldn't resist a little afternoon delight huh?" Lester said.

"Shut up," Sarah said turning on the engine and pulling the car out of her designated spot, "Don't ruin a good thing by talking."

"Heh, either way we both know you're not kicking me out of this car," Lester chuckled, "Did you tell Dan that you were meeting me?"

"Yes," Sarah said, hoping Lester wouldn't press for more details and learn that Dan hadn't given his consent yet.

"I bet he's already creaming in his pants," Lester said, "Did you see how fast he came last time? Especially after you revealed how you love me?"

"Don't get excited," Sarah said navigating her car through the parking lot. The further away they went from the main entrance the less populated the parking lot became. "You know that was just sex talk."

"Sure it was," Lester said, "Maybe it was, maybe it wasn't. But I think it was real."

Sarah rolled her eyes as she drove the car around the hospital's annex. This building was connected to the main hospital but there were not patient areas here. It was part of the original hospital, used before the newer parts of the building were constructed. The brick didn't exactly match. The rooms here mostly used for storing old equipment. It was used infrequently enough that Sarah was confident they wouldn't be discovered. The grass around this part of the building appeared recently cut, so she hoped no one from building maintenance would disturb them. Since it was far enough away from the entrance, she doubted any smokers would wander over here. She was on the lookout anyone, but thankfully everything looked clear.

"You sure are full of it," Sarah said.

Lester grinned and raised his eyebrows, "You're going to be the one full of it. I love your hard to get banter. It makes it all the sweeter. I don't think you love me that way you love Dan. Not romantically. But a part of you loves the way I make you feel, loves how shitty I am to your husband. Loves that I can unlock this side of you that you bury under misses goody two shoes. I think the real Sarah under that perfect little mask you wear, that's the one who loves me."

Sarah pulled the car to a stop in a shaded area next to the building. They were far enough away from the bend in the road that they would hopefully see another vehicle coming. It wasn't a dead end, so she could still drive off quickly if she had to. She turned to face her rotund passenger who was looking at her the way a lion looks at a fresh kill.

"You sure have thought a lot about this," Sarah said, "It's a nice story you've created for yourself. Now are you going to keep talking or shut up and get in the back seat?"

Lester cast an eye into the backseat of her car, "You know, my SUV would have been roomier."

"That's a you problem," Sarah said sliding awkwardly to the side so she could move into the back seat. Her breasts brushed up against Lester and he let his hand linger on her ass as she moved. Sarah turned back towards the front seat, bent over and grabbed the adjustable bar under it as she pushed on the back of the seat, sliding it forward. This gave her more room in the back.

"Do my side," Lester said as he got out of the car. The passenger seat slid forward as Lester opened the backdoor and got into it. The car's frame sunk down a couple inches as Lester's weight settled into the backseat.

Much to Lester's delight Sarah's hands were already on his belt, quickly undoing it, "Eager I see."

"I just don't want to waste anytime," Sarah breathed, her eyes growing wide as she freed Lester's belt and started tugging on his pants.

"Take off your top," Lester said, "Show me the girls."

Lester started to awkwardly shimmy himself out of his pants in the cramped confines of the car's backseat. Sarah foldered her blazer over the head rest of her seat and pulled her emerald shirt up over her head revealing a white lacy bra.

"Did you choose that bra before or after I text you that I was coming today?" Lester asked.

"After," Sarah breathed huskily as she started tugging on Lester's raggeity boxers. Lester didn't bother taking his shirt off. He pushed his hips off the seat as Sarah pulled his boxers down to his ankles. Lester's thick cock sprang into view, causing Sarah to momentarily stop and stare it, lust evident on her face.

Lester smirked, "Told you, you love me."

"Maybe parts of you," Sarah looked up at Lester's ugly face with a playful smile.

"Good thing it's a package deal," Lester chuckled. Lester shifted his hips up and pressed in cock against Sarah's face. It ran down the length of her cheek, Sarah turned her head instinctively and her tongue licked the bottom of his cock as it slid down. She was about to open her mouth when Lester stopped her.

"Today you're going to suck my cock until I cum down your throat," Lester said, "The next time you're in Chicago I have something special planned for you."

Sarah was surprised that she didn't feel more disappointed. As much as she wanted Lester's thick cock in her, she loved the idea of stroking and sucking on it to bring him off. The idea of just pleasing this disgusting man in front of her seemed to push the right buttons for her.

"And whats that? What do you have planned for me?" Sarah forceable gripped Lester's cock at the base and started to stroke him. Lester took a sharp inhale of breath at the sudden action. "What does daddy have planned for me?"

"Whatever I want," Lester breathed staring into Sarah's green eyes. "You'll do whatever I want, won't you?"

"Have I ever said no to you before?" Sarah asked as her hand pumped up and down Lester's shaft.

A predatory grin spread onto Lester's face, "That's my girl."

Sarah smiled back and lowered her head towards Lester's cock.

"No," Lester breathed, "Not yet. Get up here and give me some sugar."

Lester licked his lips as Sarah moved over his body until her lips met his. He grabbed the back of her head and pulled her hard into him. Sarah's hand never left his cock as she opened her mouth and let Lester's large tongue invade.

Sarah tongue ran across Lester's, tasting him. She ground herself against Lester as the pressure of his tongue on hers caused her to moan into his mouth. Part of her mind registered some of the foul tastes of whatever he ate earlier but her body was far past that as a reason for her to stop.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as Lester held her head in place, ramming his tongue into hers. He pulled her head to the side, switching positions as their lips smacked together, opening and closing as their tongues clashed.

Lester's hands were on her ass, each hand grabbing on her ass cheeks, pulling her against his overweight body. Sarah stroked his cock faster, not worried about how dry it still felt. She knew it might hurt without some saliva but for now she was captivated by the dirty, sloppy kiss.

"Fuck," Lester moaned between kisses. His hands started working on the zipper on the back of her skirt. He moaned inwardly as he started to unzip it all the way. Sarah didn't seem to notice, never breaking his lips from Lester's, but she shimmied her hips, allowing the form fitting material to fall down to her ankles. Sarah felt an electric surge run through her body, she didn't have time to stop and analyze it. It was part Lester and part being naked in the back of a car so close to where she was supposed to be a professional woman.

Right now, she was anything but professional.

Sarah broke the kiss and stared deep into Lester's beady eyes. She couldn't help but feel an intense longing for the troll like man. She caught her breath and looked down at his cock, jutting up towards her. Lester hadn't said anything but she knew that her dry hand was probably hurting him. She licked her lips the same way Lester would and started to lower herself down towards his cock.

Lester didn't stop her, instead he put his arms behind his head, and leaned back into the seat to enjoy himself. He wished that Sarah still had her office, he loved debasing her in there. For now, this car would work fine. Perhaps one day soon he'd have an office of his own for Sarah to visit.

His body shuddered as he felt Sarah's lips spread over the tip of his cock. Her warm mouth engulfed his cock, tongue running along the underside of his cock. Sarah's head swam with thoughts as Lester's cock stretched out her mouth.

"Mhmmmm," She moaned at how full her mouth felt. She was loving every minute of devouring Lester's cock. With his cock now well coated in her saliva, Sarah could stroke his shaft with abandon.

"That's a good girl," Lester sneered, "You're such a good cock sucker."

Sarah tried to respond but Lester held her head in place. He pushed his hips up off the seat, driving more of his cock into Sarah's mouth. She kept moaning so Lester pushed harder. Sarah tried to breath out of her nose as more of Lester's cock pushed into mouth. Soon it pressed against the back of her throat as Sarah found her nose embedded in Lester's messy public hair.

"Gllllluuuuuck," Sarah's throat made the involuntary sound as the head of Lester's cock pushed into it. Sarah pushed down on her choking relief and started to deep throat Lester. The ogre like man grabbed both sides of Sarah's face and pulled her down onto him, pistoning his cock into her.

"Glllluuuuccckk, gllackkkk, mhmmmmmm, uuulllllllchhhhhh," Sarah's moans were muffled by Lester throat fucking. Sarah's hands were bracing themselves against Lester's thighs. The more he forcibly fucked her throat, the more wet and aroused Sarah became. She was growing light headed from being face fucked so hard, not being able to breath regularly.

Finally Lester let go of the back of her head, allowing Sarah to push herself up and off him. Sarah breathed hard, a long string of Saliva connecting Lester's cock to her lips. Sarah panted, catching her breath.

Lester just looked down at her with amusement, "Did I ever tell you how good you look with a cock in your mouth?"

"I'm sure it's come up," Sarah smiled, "Don't you mean your cock in my mouth?"

"You heard what I said," Lester said, "Even when you had Vernon's cock in your mouth, you still looked damn good."

"I thought you didn't like that."

"I didn't like him doing it but I'm not an idiot," Lester said, "You still looked hot as fuck doing it."

"I didn't think you liked to share," Sarah bit her lips, her right hand finding Lester's shaft and began stroking it. Soon it was followed by her left hand as they each took a section of the shaft. Sarah lowered her head and licked some precum forming at the slit of Lester's cock.

"I don't," Lester said, "You're mine. But I do like making you do things you normally wouldn't do. I love seeing how far you'll bend for me."

"You sound like Dan," Sarah suppressed a smile.

"Dan's a dumbass whose letting his precious wife run around with me," Lester jeered, "I'm more interested in making you my slut and teaching you to do what you're told."

"I like that," Sarah whispered, "I like being a good girl."

"You are," Lester said, "I knew when you first walked into the apartment that I would break you and now here you are sucking my cock while you should be working."

Sarah shook her head, "I still can't believe it. Its like, I don't know. Like I've always wanted this but you just managed to unlock it. I still know its wrong and that I can get in serious trouble but I can't help myself."

"Thats what I like," Lester narrowed his eyes and smiled, "Making the good girl go bad. That's what I'm planning for you next time in Chicago."

"What do you mean?" Sarah whispered.

"I basically had to make your husband and your fantasies come true. Neither of you would have crossed that line without me. But now I'm going to take that fantasy further. I'm booking us a hotel room and you're going to fuck someone else in front of me. And then I'm going to fuck you all night. I'm going to make Dan's fantasy come true again but he won't be invited. It'll just be me and you exploring it alone, letting Dan's mind run wild."

"You're bad," Sarah looked down at Lester's cock, "I could say no."

"Like you said earlier, when have you ever said no to me," Lester chortled.

Sarah gave him a flat look, pausing to lick up the underside of his cock until her tongue flicked over his balls. "I could say no this time. I don't even know who this guy would be. And its just mean doing that to my husband," Sarah said.

“You love it. I know you enjoy torturing Dan and this plays right into it,” Lester said, “And the guy doesn’t matter. You’re there for me.”

Instead of replying, Sarah lowered her head and took Lester’s cock in her mouth again.

“Mhhmmmmmm,” she savored the slightly sour taste of his cock. Her hands gripped his shaft tightly, stroking him with two hands while she sucked it hard. Lester put his hand gently on the back of her head, enjoying how little resistance Sarah put up these days. She was so eagerly his for the taking now. Dan and Sarah may have only seen a gradual progress of their fantasy but Lester saw it as a wrecking ball demolishing the protective barriers of their marriage and Sarah’s virtue.

“Tell me you’re going to do it for me,” Lester said. “I’m going to make you fuck someone else and you’re going to love every second of it.”

Sarah took her mouth off his cock and looked up at his ugly face. She let her tongue dangle out of her mouth and licked the underside of his cock, lowering herself down until her tongue reached the messy patch of public hair.

“Yes,” she whispered closing her eyes as her tongue started to lap at his nutsack. “Mhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as her tongue swirled around his balls, flicking over skin as his pubic hair caught on her tongue. Lester shifted his weight, pushing his balls into her mouth, eliciting louder groans from Sarah.

“God that feels good,” Lester grunted, “Such a good little slut wife.”

Sarah chuckled from deep under Lester’s balls, “You made me this way.”

“I know,” Lester said, “And you’ve enjoyed every minute of it. Whose fucked you more the past couple of months, me or Dan?”

“You’ve both have had me –”

“Not who had sex with you, whose fucked you more,” Lester demanded.

Sarah didn’t even need to think. There was no reason to lie. She knew the truth, “You’ve fucked me more Lester.”

“Whose made you cum more?”

“You have,” Sarah breathed, not breaking eye contact with Lester.

“Who has put more cum inside that pretty little pussy of yours?” Lester chided.

“You. Your cum has filled me more than Dan’s,” Sarah said.

“Whose slut are you?” Lester asked.

“Yours, I’m your good little slut Lester,” Sarah said.

“You’ll do whatever I want right?” Lester asked.

“Anything,” Sarah said.

“My SUV would have been better than your car with the tinted windows.” Lester said, “You have an admirer.”

Sarah's eyes grew like saucers, his eyes darting to the window next to Lester. There wasn't anything there but the brick wall. Her head snapped over her shoulder looking out the other window. Her heart sunk as she saw Otis, the puggy, older janitor staring at them from a few feet away.

Sarah and Otis locked eyes. A million thoughts going through her head. What would he do? Was her career over? Otis seemed to be watching her, unsure of what to do next. He wasn't stroking himself but Sarah could see the clear lust painted on his plain face. Lester's hands were on the back of her head, turning it back towards his cock jutting up towards her.

"Lester, wait," Sarah said but he didn't listen. He pulled her head back down at the same time he thrust his cock up towards her. His beefy cock disappeared between her lips as he thrust up off the seat. Sarah slapped his thighs in protest but those slaps slowed as another sound escaped her throat, "Mhhmmmmmm."

Lester knew she liked being exposed. Both being naked and in the midst of a sexual act. Someone wandering into their rendezvous was an opportunity he was happy to exploit. Lester didn't know the guy but he looked like some kind of janitor. He didn't really care what the consequences would be at the moment.

Soon Lester didn't have to put much pressure on the back of Sarah's head, she was bobbing up and down on his cock again with little resistance. Lester glanced at the older man, who stepped forwards towards the car, taking Sarah's continued actions as a green light.

<i>Thats good.</i> Lester thought, the man wasn't about to run away and report them. Lester gestured to the man to come forward. Emboldened, the man stepped up to the car window, peering in. His eyes seemed wild, staring down feasting on Sarah's near naked body. It was clear to Lester that this man had been lusting after Sarah from afar and was now eager to take advantage of this opportunity.

"He's at the window. Watching you perform," Lester said. He kept a gentle hand on the back of her head, encouraging her to keep doing what she was doing, instead of stopping to look. Lester kept his eyes on the man, watching as he unzipped his coveralls. Lester couldn't tell for sure but knew that the man had found his cock and was stroking it. The arms of the coveralls flopped down around his waist as the man struggled to get his torso out of it. Beneath was a battered white t-shirt with old sweat stains visible around the arm pits and neck and stomach.

"Touch yourself," Lester said, "Play with your breasts and your pussy. I want to watch you cum today."

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, her left hand running over her breasts while the other dropped down to her panties. Her fingers went underneath the lacy white material until her fingertips touched her sensitive clit. Sarah groaned at the sensation. Jolts of electricity coarsing through her body at her own touch.

Sarah was lost in the sensations, her fingers pleasuring herself as the turmoil in her mind at Otis watching her raged. She knew it was a bad idea but she was already so turned on. Being exposed to someone she knew she shouldn't just upped the ante for her. Lester continued to fuck her mouth, causing her lips to stretch. Sarah loved every minute of this. With each sensation of her fingers on her pussy and clit, Sarah's internal arguments grew weaker and weaker.

She didn't know how long it would take Lester to cum, but she felt herself building up to one. Even though she had only been touching herself for a few moments, her body already felt like it was on fire. The situation was quickly spiralling out of control and she couldn't help herself.

Part of her brain faintly registered the notification sound of her cellphone but it was quickly filtered out as background noise, unimportant to the task of making Lester cum.

The door clicked and Sarah felt a rush of cold air dance across her body. Goosebumps rose up on her otherwise perfect skin as the humid heat that had been contained in the car rushed out. The door opening surprised Lester. Sarah tried to raise her head to look over her shoulder but Lester held her head down, her mouth full and stretched out by his girthy cock.

"Like what you see?" Lester said to the janitor behind Sarah. She knew that her bubble butt would be on display for him as she knelt on the floor. Sarah felt humiliated and turned on that someone from her work was seeing her in just her bra and panties, let alone this janitor who seemed to quietly lust after her from afar.

"Yeah," a guff, hoarse voice croaked out. Sarah's fingers started stroking her clit faster. Sarah felt so out of control but was revelling in the sensation of her body and her impending orgasm. She knew deep down that there would be unintended consequences over this tryst but she couldn't dwell on them. At the moment the mere idea only added fuel to the burning fire of lust ready to boil over inside of her.

"Do you know her?" Lester asked Otis.

"Yep," Otis grumbled. Sarah could hear the sounds of his clothes rustling and the flesh of his hand stroking his cock. "She's one of the hospital's bigshots. I always thought she probably liked getting dirty. Now I know for sure. Damn that ass."

Otis started stroking his cock with more urgency. His eyes glued to Sarah's ass rocking back and forth as she sucked on Lester's cock. Lester alternated between watching Sarah bob her head up and down on his cock and the man with his eyes glued to her.

"Ugh you're such a good little cocksucker Sarah," Lester groaned, holding a fist full of Sarah's hair in one hand. "And now your coworker knows it too."

"Mhmmmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned from around Lester's cock. Part of her wanted to close the car door and drive away. That was why she had chosen this spot, in case someone she knew came by. But Lester seemed to have other plans and Sarah loved being exposed like this, even if it wasn't an ideal situation.

"Fuck," Otis mumbled from somewhere behind Sarah. She could just picture what she looked like right now from his view point, bent over, ass sticking out as she sucked on Lester's cock.

"Put on a show Sarah," Lester said, "I want that tongue on my balls again."

Lester roughly grabbed Sarah's hair and pulled her off his cock. She quickly caught her breath and glanced over her shoulder. Her stomach twisted seeing Otis so close to her, his calloused hands stroking a long uncut cock. Sarah gulped, staring at it. Lester turned her head back towards him and guided her face back down to his balls. Sarah shifted her position to get better access as her tongue started lapping again all over Lester's nutsack. She realized that her ass was probably sticking out further for Otis to see.

“Hey buddy,” Lester said as he open the car door next to him, “Why don’t you come over on this side and get a better view?”

Otis didn’t need to be asked twice. Leaving the door on his side open, he quickly moved around the back of the car until he was standing at Lester’s open door. He stared angrily down at Sarah, watching her pretty blonde hair fall on Lester’s crotch, her face obscured by Lester’s thick cock.

Sarah was still stroking it with one hand as her tongue ran over Lester’s balls, twirling around in circles, “Mhmmmmmm.”

“I’ve trained her really well,” Lester said, “Now I get her more often than her husband does.”

“Ain’t that somthin’,” Otis sucked in a bit of drool that formed at the corner of his mouth. “She sure does look like she knows what she’s doin.”

“She’s a pro now,” Lester chuckled.

“Was you two in her office ahwile back?” Otis asked, “I cleaned up in there and it looked like sex stains on the window.”

“Guilty,” Lester chuckled, “Uhhh thats good Sarah, why don’t you say hi to our new friend?”

Lester loosed his grip on Sarah’s head, allowing her to pull her head up. Sarah bit her lip and opened her eyes. Otis’ uncut cock was way closer now. Her eyes lingered on it for a second before roaming up his pudgy body to look at his weathered face. Her body sudded involuntarily at the hunger in the man’s eyes. This was the kind of man a girl would cross the street to avoid after noticing that intense gaze.

With her nose free of Lester’s public hair, Otis’ scent was quite strong, he smelled like an old gym bag.

“Hi Otis,” Sarah squirmed at Lester making her acknowledge this man.

“Hey there darlin,” Otis croaked out, “Never thought I’d see you like this.”

“Well today’s your lucky day,” Lester grunted. Sarah’s hand was still stroking his cock, running it up and down his shaft. “I’d shake your hand Otis but it looks like its full at the moment,” Lester chuckled.

“Sarah, do you want Otis to keep stroking his cock for you,” Lester said. Sarah looked down at Lester’s cock and then back up to his face. This all felt so wrong, so dirty but so, so right. Sarah nodded.

“Good girl,” Lester said, “Now let’s show your coworker how you suck a cock.” He guided her head back down onto his cock. Lester just groaned at the sensation. “Fuck Sarah, thats my girl.”

Sarah bobbed her head up and down on Lester’s cock, taking several inches into her mouth while both her hands clasped onto his shaft, storking him. Sarah could hear the fleshy sounds of Otis beating his meat. She was worried and excited about what Lester might make her do in front of this man she hardly knew.

Sarah sucked hard on Lester’s cock, running her tongue around his shaft. Lester was in ecstasy at the professional blowjob Sarah was giving it. It had been too long since she had blown him. He made a mental note to make her do this more often.

“Put your hand back on yourself, don’t stop, I want you to cum to this,” Lester commanded.

Sarah dropped one hand off his cock and put it back into her panties. She moaned around the cock filling her mouth and she resumed massaging her clit. Sarah's hips swayed back and forth as her body gently grinded itself against her fingers.

"You fuck her alot?" Otis asked breathlessly.

"All the time," Lester chuckled, "More than her husband does at this point."

"Lucky fucker," Otis growled.

"She's a great fuck. Moans like crazy, she loves my cock, I mean just look at her." Lester sneered.

"Does her husband...know? Does he know she...." Otis stared hungrily as he stroked himself with abandon.

Lester chuckled, "Oh he knows." Lester wanted to brag more but bit his tongue. Information is power after all.

"He doesn't stop you?" Otis stared at Sarah's beautiful face as her lips stretched to accomdate Lester's girthy cock. Her eyes were closed and she was quitely moaning.

"He knows his place," Lester said sternly. "His wife is my slut now."

"Damn," Otis said flatly, "I always knew she was a hot little bitch but this is wild."

"Don't go getting any ideas," Lester said, "Like I said she's mine. She does what I say."

Otis didn't respond, he just continued staring intently at Sarah. Her moans were getting louder even with Lester's cock in her mouth, she was gyrating her hips against her hand in her panties.

Sarah's cell phone started ringing from the front seat.

"Don't you dare stop," Lester said.

"Mhmm-hmmm," Sarah moaned in agreement, Lester's cock still buried in her mouth.

"Sarah," Lester said pulling her up by the hair on the back of her neck. "Tell me, who is this guy? You know him?"

"He works in the hossipital," Sarah breathed, "He's uh—"

"Don't stop touching yourself, keep going," Lester interjected.

Sarah closed her eyes as she kept rubbing her clit. It was feeling intense, doing this in front of Lester and a relative stranger like Otis. Someone she knew little about but knew enough to know that it was a bad idea.

"He's a janitor. I don't really know him. But I've seen him watching me," Sarah said.

"I bet he has," Lester said, "How does he watch you?"

Sarah's eyes darted to Otis's uncut cock sticking in through the door, less than a foot away from her face. "He watches me like he's checking me out. More than that. Like he's waiting for an opportunity," Sarah breathed hard, closing her eyes as her fingers danced with her clit.

“What do you think about him? Be honest. We’re all friends here,” Lester said.

“I don’t really know him,” Sarah said, “But the way he is always watching. It’s creepy.”

“You don’t think he’s attractive?” Lester asked.

Sarah tried to lower her mouth back to Lester’s cock but he stopped her. “Answer the question,” Lester commanded.

“No,” Sarah whispered, closing her eyes as she stifled back a moan. It felt so fucking good touching herself like that.

“Open your eyes. Let us hear you moan. Let Otis hear those sweet moans of yours,” Lester said.

“Uhhhmhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned louder than she had wanted to. Anyone within the vicinity would hear it but now she couldn’t stop herself. She kept rubbing her pussy while he other hand resumed stroking Lester.

“Take off your bra,” Lester said, “Let the janitor see you naked.”

“Lester....,” Sarah bit her lip. She knew it wasn’t a good idea and was crossing the line. But she was already well over where that line was supposed to be.

“Do it,” Lester said.

Sarah let go of Lester’s cock and took her hand out of her panties. She reached behind her back and undid the clasp on her bra. She was about to take it completely off when Lester stopped her.

“Uh-uh, wait. Wait one second,” Lester sneered.

The bra was unclasped, the straps still sitting on her shoulders.

“Otis,” Lester said conspiratorily, “Do you want to do the honors?”

A shocked expression appeared on Sarah’s face but before she could react Otis stopped stroking his cock. With the same calloused hand that had been sliding up and down his shaft, he reached out and slowly hooked a finger under one of her bra straps.

Sarah shuddered feeling his skin touch hers, knowing it had just been on his cock.

“Touch yourself,” Lester commanded again.

Sarah lowered one of her hands back into her panties, her finger tips sending an electric jolt into her clit as she started massaging it again. Otis slowly lowered the white bra strap down over her shoulder, until it feel loosely by her bicept. His dirty finger lingered against the flawless skin of her shoulder.

Otis slowly ran his finger across her collar bone, lingering around her neck before slowly moving onto the other shoulder. He took his time, running his calloused finger tips over her bare skin until he finally found her other breath strap. With a sharp intake of breath he slowly lowered this one down to her shoulder. Her lacy white bra hung there loosely as Sarah closed her eyes, enveloped in the pleasure of touching herself.

Otis' fingers ran down her chest, leaving goosebumps in their wake. He grabbed the lacy material of her bra and yanked it off. Sarah shuddered at finally being exposed to her creepy coworker. Her breasts heaved up and down in time with her rapid breathing.

"Open your eyes," Lester said.

Sarah did as Lester commanded. She watched as Otis' gnarled and dirty fingers held her pristine white bra. He brought it up to his nose and took a long sniff. The older man groaned in pleasure while he inhaled her scent.

Something about that made Sarah shudder. Her fingers never stopped working her clit and somehow she found herself pleasuring herself while staring at Otis' ugly and weathered face. It was such an illicit experience. Sarah barely recognized who she was in that moment.

Otis opened his eyes, his face looking like he had gotten high off of inhaling Sarah's scent. He lowered Sarah's white bra and started running his long uncut cock all over it. Sarah watched in horror and fascination as his cock dragged across her lacy white bra, his uncut cut head touching the inside and outside of her lace cups.

Otis smiled at her but it didn't quite reach his eyes. They looked cold, like they had earlier when he stared at her at the vending machine.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned despite herself.

"What do you think of Otis' cock?" Lester asked.

"It's nice," Sarah breathed, one eye lazily open looking at the strange man's cock as he continued to touch herself, "I've never seen an uncircumcised one before."

"Tell Otis that you like it," Lester said, "Look at him."

Sarah felt her body quiver at Lester's commands. Her thighs tightened around her hand as she looked up at Otis' hard eyes, "I like your cock Otis."

"Heh it likes you too," Otis snarled, "Maybe you should come a little closer and get to know it better."

Sarah's eyes darted to Lester's wondering what she should do.

"She's occupied with mine," Lester said sternly. "Speaking of, get back down there and do what you do best."

Sarah licked her lips and eagerly licked up and down Lester's shaft. Her tongue swirling over the head of his cock. Sarah furiously stroked Lester's cock. Not matter how hard she tightened her grip, he never seemed to complain.

"God, that feels good Sarah," Lester grunted. "Just like that."

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock. She could feel her body heating up, despite the cool breeze and lack of clothing. She knew it was only a matter of time before she came for Lester and Otis to watch.

“Those tits are amazing,” Otis mumbled. He stared at the tops of her breasts swaying as Sarah’s hand was rapidly pumping Lester’s shaft. Otis’ face was making a scowl as he pumped his own cock, desperate to cum. He had dropped Sarah’s bra onto the floor of the car as he focused and jerking himself off.

Lester felt his balls begin to tingle. He was loving putting Sarah on display like this, stoking the fire of her kinks, bending her to his will and pushing her well past whatever her idiot husband wanted.

As if on cue Sarah’s phone started ringing again but Lester wasn’t about to let that deter him. His balls felt full and were ready to unleash the torrent of cum he had built up in them and he had the perfect place to put it.

“Fuck Sarah, I’m gonna cum,” Lester growled, holding onto the back of her head, “Get ready,”

“Mhmmhmmm,” Sarah moaned in response, she opened her mouth and spoke around his shaft with a desperate plea, “Cum for me.”

“Ughhhhhh,” Lester groaned as his testicles spasmed, cum exploded out of them, rushing up his shaft. Sarah could feel Lester’s cock pulsating in her hand. She locked her lips onto his cock as she felt his cock head expand in her mouth. Thick ropes of hot cum blasted into her mouth. Each rope filled her mouth up, Sarah struggled to swallow them down before another filled her mouth. Lester held onto the back of her head groaning with delight as he emptied himself into Sarah’s waiting mouth.

Sarah stopped stroking him, holding on tightly. She even stopped playing with herself, even though she was on the cusp of cumming herself. She didn’t want to miss a drop of Lester’s delicious cum.

“Uhhhhhh,” Lester groaned as his balls completely emptied. The only sounds in the car were Sarah’s wet slurping sounds and Otis’ beating his meat next to them. As the torrent of cum stopped spraying into her mouth, Sarah’s finger started touching herself in a frenzy. She could feel her orgasm just out of reach and she needed to get it, especially now that Lester had cum.

Sarah let go of Lester’s shaft and did one, long final lick up the entire thing, opening her eyes as her tongue reached the tip of his cock.

“God you’re beautiful,” Lester grumbled. Sarah bit her lip, her face flush. She was so close to cumming. Lester read her like a book.

“You’re close,” Lester said, “You gonna cum for daddy soon?”

Sarah just nodded her head, not wanting to speak. She just wanted to focus on making herself cum. It would be soon. She was breathing hard, her body getting ready for it. Otis was now beating his meat with abandon. His arm was bracing himself against the car and his hips were pumping his cock into his hand, like he was air fucking himself. It wouldn’t be long before the dirty janitor blew his low.

With a sick smile, Lester grabbed all the Sarah’s hair in one fist, pulling it back into a ponytail. Sarah winced in pain but didn’t stop touching herself. Rubbing her clit. This situation was like kerosene and her body was a bonfire, ready to explode.

Lester pulled her up roughly by her hair and pulled her over his crotch toward Otis’ cock.

“Tell him you want his cum,” Lester snarled. “He’s going to paint your face.”

“Mhmmmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned, “Fuck....uhhhhh, mhmmmm, I want it.....god. Fuck. Uhhhhh Otis.....I want you’re cummm.....” Sarah moaned, “Oh fuckk.. FUUUCK.”

Saying those illicit words pushed Sarah over the edge. She opened her eyes to see Otis’ uncut cock staring back at her. He was jerking it with abandon while Sarah’s orgasm exploded out inside of her, all her muscles went taut, her face contorting with orgasmic bliss. Sarah felt like her insides were on fire, running over her body, each new nerve touched by the fire exploding into pleasure sensors for her brain.

Sarah watched as Otis’ body shuddered and his cockslit expanded. Lester held her hair firmly in place, fist full of her hair, keeping her face positioned right in front of Otis’ cock. Cum exploded out of it, shooting straight at her. Globes of the janitor’s sticky cum blasted Sarah right across the forehead. Another painting her eye closed.

“Uhhhmhmmmmaaaahmmmm,” Sarah moaned in ecstasy as she came hard, her body continuing to ride the wave of pleasure. Her jaw went limp and she opened her mouth to moan. At the same time, Otis shot another huge load of cum and it blasted across her lips, shooting into her waiting mouth.

Sarah swalled instinctively, tasting the sour cum. Without thinking she licked her lips, cleaning and tasting more of the janitor’s cum. Another rope of cum landed squarely on her exposed tongue sending a jolt of electric pleasure right to her brain. Sarah’s pussy throbbed as Otis painted her face with his cum.

Eventually Otis staggered back, leaning against the brick wall to catch his breath. Sarah just stayed there frozen in time, her fingers gently playing with her pussy as cum dripped down her face.

Sarah kept lapping up the cum. She wasn’t thinking straight, still just running on auto pilot as her body came down from it’s orgasm. She stayed like that for several seconds, basking in the warm glow, partially hunched over with her hand still in her panties.

Sarah’s senses started to come back to her. She withdrew her hand from her panties and wiped at the cum holding her left eye shut. The taste of his cum in her mouth lingered and only then did Sarah realize how bitter and sour it truly tasted.

Sarah reached around with her other hand and found Lester’s pants on the floor. She grabbed them and began cleaning her face with them.

“Uh fuck Sarah,” Lester complained, “Not my pants.”

“Deal with it,” Sarah said as she tried to open her eyes. Otis’ cum was still embedded into her eyelashes, holding them together.

Lester turned to look at Otis, “Alright, time to get out of here.”

Otis just stood there, staring at Sarah’s heaving breasts and her cum covered face. He slowly got back to his senses and tucked his cock into his coveralls and pulled them back on. Lester could tell the man wanted to stay. With a curt nod the janitor reluctantly shuffled off, disappearing behind the corner of the building.

Lester closed his eyes, leaning his head back against the seat. A shit eating grin appeared on his face. He was immensely happy with how far he could push Sarah. He hadn’t expected her to keep going, not when

she recognized the janitor from work. If he hadn't held her head down, she might have stopped the whole thing. But now she had just taken a facial from the guy, forever altering her worklife.

"Come here," Sarah said grabbing Lester's fat hands. Lester opened one eye as Sarah pulled on his hands, urging him out of the car.

"What?" he snapped.

"We're not done yet," Sarah said sternly. "You're going to fuck me."

"What? We just –"

"Shut up Lester and get out here. I need this," Sarah let go of Lester's hairy knuckles as she got out of the car. She slipped off her lacy white panties and threw them over Lester's shoulder's into the car.

Lester hefted his heavy body out of the car. The car's frame rose up an inch as he got to his feet. Sarah was bent over the hood of the car, looking at him. Lester felt his cock getting hard again. His eyes ran up Sarah's long legs, to her perfect bubble butt. The sexy arch in her back as she bent over, her hands on the hood of the car as her breasts swayed waiting for him. She didn't care that her bare feet were touching the asphalt. Or that she was naked in broad daylight for anyone to see.

Lester smirked, thinking back to how worried she had been a few months ago when he fucked in her office on display at the window. Now here she was bent over, waiting for him to slid his cock into her.

"What if someone sees?" Lester said as he waddled up behind her. He ran a hand over her bare ass. Sarah swayed her hips, pushing her cheeks back into Lester's waiting hands, clearly hoping for more.

"It's a little late for that," Sarah said.

"Someone else might come and catch us," Lester held his cock in his hand. It was already hard as a rock again, the veins pulsating in his palm.

"I don't care. Just shut up and fuck me," Sarah growled.

Lester licked his lips and revelled in the sight before him. The shit eating grin was plastered on his face and probably would be for the rest of the day. He stepped forward and ran his cock up and down Sarah's already drenched slit.

Sarah pushed her ass back at the perfect time, taking the head of Lester's cock into her pussy. "Ohhhhhfuuckk," Sarah moaned as Lester's cock started to spread her pussy lips further open.

Lester slowly shoved more of his cock into Sarah's pussy. "Uhhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah groan dropping her head below her shoulders as she felt another inch disappear inside of her. "Jeessuuuusss," Sarah wailed.

"Fuck how are you still so tight," Lester grunted pushing more of his cock into her. "So fucking tight."

"Uhhhh god, Lester. Feels so fucking good baby," Sarah moaned. She could feel Lester's cock stretching her pussy. His cock already felt so deep, pressuring the nerves on the walls of her pussy.

"Mhmmmmhmmmm."

Lester cock already felt extra sensitive from just cumming. He was turning Sarah into a unsatitable sex fiend and loved corrupting her.

“Fuck me Lester. Shove it in. PLEASE,” Sarah groaned.

“You got it,” Lester sneered pulling his cock all the way out to his head before ramming it back in fully to the hilt. His balls bouncing off her pussy lips as he fully buried himself into her.

“OHHHHGOD! FUUUUUUUCKKKKKK,” Sarah screamed.

“Someones. Gonna. Hear. You,” Lester punctuated each word with a large thrust into the young mother.

“I DON’T CARE,” Sarah moaned loudly, her fingers splayed out on the foot of the car as she thrust her ass back onto Lester’s cock. “GOD, Lester fuck me.”

“With pleasure,” Lester said. He grabbed her hips with both hands and started pumping into the young wife. His gut sat on top of her perfect ass. With every thrust her ass cheeks slapped against his fat hips.

“MHMMHMMMMMMHHUHHHHHHMMMMMM,” Sarah moaned. Sweat was already running down her back and her face was flush. Lester gritted his teeth and kept jack hammering his cock into Sarah. Her pussy squeezed him like an iron lung, not willing to let him go.

Sarah’s mind raced with each and every person from the hospital who could come around the corner and possibly see them. While it was a low traffic area and well out of the way, she knew they could still be discovered. Hell, Otis could even come back and see them. Who knows what he would do. Of all the people that crossed Sarah’s mind, not one of them would prompt her to stop fucking Lester. She just imagined a group of her coworkers standing around the car, watching her get fucked.

“Oh Fuck,” Sarah breathed, “Don’t stop baby.”

Lester ran one hand over her ass, up her back and gripped the back of her neck. On his next thrust forward he pulled her back by the neck, impaling his cock into her. Sarah drew in a sharp breath, loving the way Lester was man handling her.

“OHFUCK. OHGOD,” Sarah moaned like a wolf howling at the moon. Lester grinned and did it again. And then again. Fucking Sarah, pulling her back onto his cock while he thrust forward, plowing his cock into her.

“Oh shit. Oh yes. Please Lester,” Sarah moaned. His cock was hitting her at the perfect angle and she could feel another orgasm quickly rising up inside of her. Her thighs pushed against the warm steel body of the car but nothing else mattered besides Lester’s cock inside of her. “Please don’t stop. Please.”

“You gonna cum for me?” Lester chuckled, “Cum on my cock? Maybe we should stop and see who it was that had been calling you.”

“Don’t stop. Don’t you fucking dare,” Sarah moaned as Lester continued to piston in and out of her.

“Who do you think it was?” Lester teased, “Who was calling you while you had my cock down your throat.”

“Dan,” Sarah said through gritted teeth, “It was Dan.”

“Heh, so you ignored your husband so you could taste my cock?” Lester sneered, “How do you know?”

“Uhhhh. I....,uhhhhhfuck, I text him before.....asking if it was okay....god,” Sarah moaned.

“What did he say?” Lester asked.

“He didn’t answer in time,” Sarah moaned her confession.

“What if he was calling you telling you not too? Trying to stop it from happening. Now he is alone in Chicago worried while your getting fucked behind a building at your work.” Lester chuckled.

“Just shut up and fuck me,” Sarah said.

Lester slowed his pace. Sarah tried thrusting her hips back onto his cock but he held her at bay, pulling his cock back so just the head stayed inside of her. Sarah whined her disappointment.

“You have a choice to make,” Lester said. “Stop and go call Dan back. Be a good wife and mother.” Lester did a series of short thrusts into Sarah that caused her to moan.

“Or keep fucking me and be my slut instead. Which would you rather be? The good wife or my personal little slut?” Lester growled.

Sarah looked unsure at Lester over her shoulder. The lust on her face told Lester her answer but he still waited for her to say it.

“I want to be your slut Lester. Now fuck me,” Sarah demanded.

Lester grinned, grabbing her neck hard and pushing her down onto the dirty hood of her car. Sarah’s bare breasts mashed against the hood. Lester pushed his cock hard into her, her hips banging against the steel frame of the car.

“OHHHFUCK,” Sarah moaned, her blonde hair spread out in all directions over the hood, “GOD.”

“God has nothing to fucking do with it,” Lester grunted thrusting into her. Beads of sweat dripped down from his forehead. “Say my fucking name.”

“Lester,” Sarah purred, “Lester. Fuck me Lester. Fuck me. Please Lester. Don’t fucking stop. I’m so close. So fucking close Lester.”

“Uhh yeah,” Lester groaned, his huge cock sliding in and out of Sarah’s pussy. He had her pinned against the hood of the car and Sarah was loving every minute of it, her body thrusting back trying to take more and more of his cock into her. “You gonna cum for me?”

“Yes,” Sarah wheezed, having trouble catching her breath. “I’m close. So fucking close.”

“Me too,” Lester said. “I can feel another load ready to blow.”

Sarah’s body started thrusting back with abandon at his words, ready for his cum, Needing his cum. Lester pushed down on her body hard, pinning her against the side of the car. She didn’t have any leverage as he pulled his cock almost all the way out of her. She tried in vain to push back into him.

“Why?” She squealed, “Give it to me.”

“Tell me you love me first,” Lester said, “I want you to admit you love me.”

Sarah didn’t say anything she pushed into the ground with the balls of her feet and tried in vain to thrust back onto his cock. But he held her still, not letting her move. “Please Lester I’m so close.”

"Then say it. Tell me what I want to hear," Lester said.

"Ughhhhhhh," Sarah moaned as she squeezed her pussy around what was left of Lester's cock inside of her. "I love you. Okay? I fucking love you. Now fuck me."

"Keep saying it," Lester said as he slid his entire length back into her quickly. He pulled out and did the same thing again, "I want to cum hearing you scream it."

"OH FUCK," Sarah moaned. Lester was pounding into her now and it felt like he was going to split her in two. She was in heaven. "FUCK LESTER. I FUCKING LOVE YOU. DON'T STOP. MAKE ME YOUR SLUT."

"UH AGAIN," Lester croaked. He could feel his balls begin to tingle and knew he was going to cum again. This time he was going to plant his load deep into Sarah Williams.

"I LOVE YOU LESTER, I LOVE YOU," Sarah screamed, her pussy clenching down onto Lester cock.

Lester felt his balls tighten as Sarah squeezed around him.

"OH FUCK, OH FUCK, DON'T STOP," Sarah screamed causing birds in a nearby tree to take flight.

"HERE IT CUMS," Lester bellowed.

Sarah was on a cusp of cumming when Lester's cock expanded inside of her pushing her over the edge. Sarah's orgasm crashed down onto her like a tidal wave. Lester's cum blasted into her, spraying across all her sensitive nerves. Each rope that hit her insides were like a crescendo dialling up her orgasm to another level.

"FUCKKKKKK," Sarah screamed, "I FUCKING LOVE YOU LESTER. YES. GOD FUCK YES."

"FUCK YEAH," Lester came triumphantly, "That's right."

Sarah's entire pussy felt full of Lester's cum but somehow he kept adding more to it. Sarah's body was still going through the throes of her orgasm as Lester collapsed down onto her. His warm breath on her neck, his slick chest melding with the sweat on her back.

"Mhmmhmmhmmmm," Sarah mewed her body tingling all over from the fireworks that had just rattled her insides.

Lester kissed her on the back of her neck and then pushed himself off of her. He pulled his cock back with an audible plop noise. Sarah missed the feeling of Lester's cock inside of her. Cum started running down her leg.

Lester looked around for any voyeurs but didn't see any. He glanced at Sarah still bent over the hood, his cum leaking out of her. *I do great work.*

Tired and exhausted, eventually Sarah collected herself and managed to stand up straight on unsteady legs. This had not been how she thought her afternoon would go.

"We better hurry up before someone else find us," Lester said.

Sarah just nodded as she found her clothes in the backseat and started to put them on. Her white panties were going to be soaked with cum by the time she got home. She grimaced as the yellow stains

on her previously pristine bra. It looked like Otis left some pre-stain cums on it that she knew would never wash out. Her stomach churned at the realization that someone from her work had seen her, and more than that had actually cum on her. She didn't know if Otis would try anything in the future but she needed to be ready in case he did.

Lester got himself dressed and plopped into the passenger seat. As Sarah got behind the wheel of the car she heard Lester chuckling.

"What?" Sarah asked.

Lester held up her phone for her to see. The notifications on the screen said had a few texts and two missed calls from Dan.

"I wonder whether Dan was going to give you permission or not?" Lester put the phone down in the cupholder. "You're a mess by the way."

Sarah looked at herself in the rearview mirror. Her hair looked like she just had sex and her makeup was smeared. She sighed, unsure how she was going to go back to work looking like that.

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"Thank you officer," Lester said into the receiver, "I'll swing by the station and pick it up soon."

Lester smiled and hung up the phone and leaned back in his chair. Vernon had been dealt it, arrested on fraud charges. Now it was time to knock Dan down a few pegs. Lester swiveled in his chair and looked around at his new office. It was plain and bland, just as Sarah's had been.

The view out the window overlooked the roof of another section of the hospital. All in all, it was fine. It had been fairly easy talking Richard into giving him a temporary trial run as the new interim head of the IT department. The man was simple minded. Lester knew it wouldn't last though.

While he could no doubt do the job, he didn't care to. Sitting through boring meetings and quarterly strategic reviews sounded like a death sentence. But he had what he wanted for now. Another foothold into Sarah's William's life.

There were a lot of logistical considerations he needed to figure out, namely the expectation for him to be in the office when his command centre was in Chicago. Richard begrudgingly gave him a few weeks to settle his affairs with his 'previous employer'. The idiot had seen it as a power move to try and make Lester reluctantly start right away. Richard probably felt great about his business acumen at the low ball offer Lester had accepted. Perhaps Lester should dig up some more dirt on the man and extort him too.

Lester got up and walked around his desk to the door. There were a few pieces of business he needed to take care of before he wrapped up for the day. The first was tracking down the janitorial department and have a conversation with Otis. The second was to inquire about the possibility of reallocating a certain administrative resource from the top floor to work under him