

Sarah just stared down blankly at the desk in front of her. She felt almost comatose. Her mind was racing; each thought was more fleeting than the last. She couldn't hold onto a single one of them. She was aware of them individually, but it was as if her brain wouldn't let her go down any one pathway, like it was trying to protect her from herself.

Her mind was running through a list of everything that had gone wrong. Everywhere she had made a misstep. All of her mistakes. At the same time, it was trying to think of a way out of this. A way to save her ass, anything to find a way for her to fix her desperate situation. She was also mentally berating herself. How could she have been so stupid? Why had she so easily given in to her base desires? Her mind felt like it was spinning. She just wanted it to stop. She wanted to be out of this room, at home, curled up in bed with a glass of wine in her hand, numbing her brain until she could fall asleep and escape her turbulent life.

"Sarah?" a grating, condescending voice snapped her back to reality. Sarah felt tears in the corners of her eyes and berated herself again for being so weak. The last thing she wanted was to give this bitch the self-satisfaction of seeing her cry.

"Sarah," Mary's voice came to her again, further rousing Sarah from her thoughts.

Sarah let her gaze linger on the wooden desk in front of her. She stared at a knot beneath the lacquer for a few more seconds. Its shape burned into her memory. Finally, she mustered what little courage she had left to look up at the woman sitting across from her. Sarah was back in her old office, the one she had coveted so much. The one Lester had fucked in her in. But it was Mary sitting behind the desk – Sarah's desk. Sarah was seated in one of the guest chairs. An HR flunkie was sitting in the other.

Sarah had been to enough meetings to recognize this setup. The HR flunkie was here as a witness. To support Mary's account of events during her termination, in case Sarah sues them with wild accusations. It was all to cover the hospital's ass. Sarah had been that witness for HR before. She'd even sat where Mary was. She wondered if that cruel old woman would take the same delicate care Sarah did when letting someone go.

Sarah met the older woman's eyes and refused to wipe the tears from her own eyes. They were already there, evident to everyone in the room, but she didn't want to acknowledge them.

"Sarah, I think we all know why we're here right now," Mary said, "Normally, we wouldn't be here so late, but this matter had to be dealt with immediately."

What could Sarah do? Should she beg? Would begging work with this woman? Could Sarah even bring herself to beg? She needed her job. Her family needed her job. They needed this money to stay afloat. Neither she nor Dan could be unemployed together. The job market

sucked right now, and they had a mortgage and bills to pay. They have two little girls, and now they won't have any health insurance.

Sarah didn't say anything. She kept her lips in a flat line and just stared at the woman across from her.

"Do you know why we are here, Sarah?" Mary said in a condescending tone.

Sarah steeled her nerves, worried that if she made any sound, it would come out in a sob, "Yes."

"For the record," Mary started, barely succeeding in keeping the smile from her lips, "Can you tell us why we're having this meeting today?"

The bitch wanted Sarah to spell it out for her. Sarah was torn. She wanted to play along and give this woman what she wanted. To throw herself at her feet and pray for mercy. But she also knew that Mary was enjoying every second of this. There wouldn't be any mercy. And Sarah knew that her best bet was to keep her mouth shut and not incriminate herself any further. On the off chance that she ever needed a labor lawyer to deal with the hospital, a confession like this wouldn't help her case.

Sarah tried to focus her mind. Racing, distracting thoughts wouldn't help her here. "I assume," Sarah started, looking at the HR flunkie, "that you want to discipline me."

Mary looked disappointed in Sarah's response. The older woman with the terribly applied makeup leaned forward, "Not just discipline, Sarah. Today, you crossed several ethical boundaries that the hospital cannot possibly look away from."

Mary slid a printed-out stack of papers across her desk. Sarah recognized them and felt her heart drop.

"Do you know what this is, Sarah?" Mary asked.

"It's the hospital's policy manual," Sarah said softly. Of course, Sarah knew it. She had helped Mary's predecessor format the document and put it together.

"That it is. I'm sure you haven't read it lately, otherwise you'd know about the hospital's policy on fraternization. Especially when it comes to engaging in such activities while on hospital grounds," Mary said. "You've broken those policies and, may I add, quite explicitly today."

Sarah felt her shoulders slump. She hated this. Hated sitting here in her old office being talked down to by this cruel old woman. The only reason this woman had any power over Sarah was that Sarah was desperate to keep her job.

"Ha," Mary sat back in her chair, "Oh, I can't keep that act up anymore. God, this is hilarious."

Sarah's eyes flicked up to the old woman whose face had a cruel smile on it.

"How long were you fucking one of the janitors? I don't even know what his name was, but that old creepy one. Really? I thought your oh so impressive husband got you some big new wedding ring, yet here you are sneaking off to a meeting room to fuck that guy," Mary shivered.

Mary didn't stop, "I always knew Miss Goody Two-Shoes was hiding something. And to think you always acted like you were so much better than the rest of us, dressing up to get all the men's attention and acting like you knew everything. How many other men have you been sleeping with here? Is it just the one janitor or all of them?"

Sarah stared blankly at Mary. This woman sitting behind Sarah's rightful desk seemed happier than Sarah could ever recall seeing her.

"Months and months of you being a pain in my side, and now you make it so easy for me. I hope the sex was good because you've really fucked yourself too," Mary chuckled, holding both of her hands out in front of her, palms facing up like she was holding two plates.

"And now your fate is in my hands," Mary smiled widely, loving every second of this, "Right now, no one knows besides me and a few of my team." Mary nodded her head to the HR flunkie sitting beside Sarah, "But what should we do? The policy manual clearly states that you should be fired, along with your janitor lover. But maybe there is a way we can let you keep your job. What do you think?"

Sarah blinked her eyes. She knew it was too good to be true, but she lunged at the opportunity, "How?"

"Beg," Mary said, "I want the proud and untouchable Sarah Williams to beg me."

Sarah's mouth hung slightly agape at what she was being asked. Did Mary really want her to beg? Would she really let her keep her job? She knew that the compromising position she found herself in was an instant fireable offense, one that not even Lester could save her from this time.

"Really?" Mary scoffed at Sarah's silence, "You're too proud to beg? Don't you have children to take care of? Or is that husband of yours so well off that you don't really need this job? You always seemed to treat it more like a hobby than anything else."

"No," Sarah said softly, finally making up her mind. She felt the tears welling up in her eyes again. "I need this job. Please, Mary, I know what happened was wrong. Inexcusable. But I need this job. Please let me stay. It won't happen again, and....I'll even do whatever you need. I'm sorry for everything. Please, Mary."

Mary sat back in her chair, a self-satisfied smile on her face. She didn't say anything, just looked over Sarah, assessing her. All Sarah could do was sit there and let this woman gaze at her. Shame welled up inside her. Shame at having to beg, shame at being in this situation in the first place.

After a full minute of silence, there was a knock on the office door.

"Oops. Silly me," Mary said to Sarah. Then raised her voice, "Come in."

A security guard entered, one that Sarah had been on the interview panel for during his hiring process. He was young and handsome in a boyish way. Sarah had ignored his stares in the past and hadn't talked to him much. There wasn't much interaction in their day-to-day routines.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Williams," Mary said with a straight face and a glint in her eye, "But engaging in sexual activities with the janitorial staff is inexcusable. It's right here in our policies that you agreed to when you started with us."

Mary jabbed her finger down at the stack of papers in front of her, "I'm sorry, but you left us with no choice. Your employment with the hospital is terminated. This fine gentleman from security will escort you to your desk to collect your personal belongings. You will hand in your badge, keys, computer, and any other company property to him before exiting the building."

Sarah just stared daggers at Mary, who stood up and moved to leave the office. Fucking bitch.

The HR flunkie had a banker's box in her hand. Sarah didn't know where it had come from. She handed it to Sarah and followed Mary out of the office. Sarah closed her eyes and bowed her head, trying not to cry.

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Sarah's heels clicked as she crossed the parking lot. Thankfully, most people had already left for the day. She still felt like everyone in the building was staring at her from the windows. She could almost feel their gazes on her back, judging her as the rumors swirled about her firing and the shameful circumstances surrounding it. That the once proud hospital administrator had been caught fucking the sleazy, creepy janitor. She just prayed that the rumors wouldn't spread into the wider community and get back to anyone she knew.

She sighed as she passed by a parked car and saw the reflection of herself. She looked like a hot mess. Her hair looked like she'd just been through a tornado thanks to the fucking Otis had given her. Her makeup almost looked worse than Mary's, with her mascara running from her tears. Her eyes were red from all the crying, and she was pretty sure her shirt was on inside out.

Sarah unlocked her car and shoved the banker's box full of her personal possessions into the passenger seat. Then she slumped over the wheel and finally let herself cry. She ugly cried for several minutes, sobbing breathlessly into the steering wheel. She didn't know what to do. She

felt like such a complete and utter failure. She was lost, without an anchor, and her mind started to drift into all the dark possibilities that life held in store for her.

She let herself wallow in self-pity for over twenty minutes before she finally regained a shred of dignity and started to compose herself. She had to go pick up her girls and hopefully evade any questions from her parents. She would spend the next day feeling bad about herself, then she needed to determine if she would still receive severance and how long her health insurance would last.

Sarah put her key in the ignition and turned it. Nothing happened. She let out a long, frustrated, pleading breath and tried it again. The engine didn't make a sound. It didn't turn over. She tried it repeatedly, but it wouldn't start.

"FUCK ME!" Sarah screamed at her car ceiling and smacked the steering wheel. She was breathing hard, and she felt her chest tighten and the tears of frustration well up again. She couldn't just sit here and cry. She had to do something. She popped the hood, got out of the car, and stood looking down at the complicated maze of machinery that was her car's engine.

She just stared at all the parts. People did this in movies. They'd look under the hood and have some kind of A-Ha moment of clarity and figure out the problem. Sarah just looked down at the engine parts. The only thing she could discern was where the windshield washer fluid went. She looked at her phone and typed in 'car engine won't start' and tried in vain to look for a quick solution. Every page she visited presented a myriad of possible issues, each sounding more and more complicated and expensive to fix. All of them being well out of the realm of her meager capabilities.

Sarah was about to call Dan, but reminded herself that he was probably flying home right now. She pulled up her father's contact info. Her finger hovered over the call button. If she called him, her dad would come here. He'd come with more questions, and there was a possibility that they'd have to interact with someone from the hospital. Just the thought of her parents knowing she'd been fired and the reason why made her close her phone. They were already worried that Dan was unemployed, despite having a handful of clients. If they knew she was unemployed now, too, they'd have a full-on meltdown.

Movement across the parking lot snapped her out of her shame spiral. She'd recognized that slovenly body and its plodding footsteps. Lester was walking towards his black SUV. Anger seethed under her skin. She was mad at him. Furious. If he hadn't ditched their meeting, this wouldn't have happened.

She forced herself to breathe. He hadn't forced her to fuck Otis. She'd done that all on her own. Sure, she'd done it as a way to get back at Lester. To hurt him. But she'd chosen how she did that. People often cancel meetings at the last moment. And right now, she needed him.

Sarah was about to shout his name across the parking lot, but the hospital looming over her stopped her. She imagined all the eyes watching her. She quickly dialed his number. Sarah watched as Lester answered it.

“Hey, gorgeous,” Lester said, “Are you okay?”

“Look to your right,” Sarah said.

Lester turned and saw her. He didn’t wave, just stood and stared at her.

“I heard you got fired,” Lester said.

Sarah’s heart sank. As her direct manager, he would have heard of her abrupt dismissal. She wasn’t sure if he knew the details that she had been caught fucking Otis. He’d be hurt. He probably wouldn’t help her.

“Yes, please, Lester, I don’t want to talk about it right now,” the words tumbled out of Sarah’s mouth, “My car won’t start. Can you help me?”

“I’m not a mechanic,” Lester said.

“I know. But can you give me a ride?” Sarah asked, “Please?”

She hated the way her voice sounded like she was begging, begging just like she had with Mary.

“Fine,” Lester said, and he hung up on her. His portly body got into his SUV, and he drove it over to her. Sarah retrieved her banker’s box and got into the passenger seat.

“You okay?” Lester asked a few minutes into their drive.

“No, not really,” Sarah said, just staring ahead at the road.

“It’s late. Don’t you have kids to pick up or something?” Lester asked.

“My mom got them. I was going to pick them up but...” Sarah trailed off, unsure of what to do. With everything that had happened, she’d completely forgotten about her girls.

“Want me to swing by your parents’ place? Pick them up?” Lester was acting surprisingly nice. She’d expected him to talk shit to her about Otis, but he appeared to show some actual empathy and was treating her with kid gloves.

Still, the idea of Lester’s SUV pulling into her parents’ driveway mortified her. Not only would she have to explain to her parents why Lester was in Middleton, but she’d have to explain why he picked her up from work instead of her calling her dad for help. And she couldn’t imagine the awkward glances her parents would share or them ever putting her girls into a car with Lester.

“No, that’s okay,” Sarah said, pulling out her phone to text her mom. She’d see if her parents could drop the girls off. “Thank you, though. They need their booster seats anyway.”

Sarah glanced into the bench seat behind her, where the boosters could be installed. It was covered in fast-food wrappers and other filth. She couldn’t believe Lester had fucked her back there before, more than once.

“Just take me home, please, Lester,” Sarah said, defeated.

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Lester tried his best to keep himself from humming the Imperial March theme while he drove down Sarah’s street. She was a mess of a woman, sitting in the passenger seat just staring blankly out the window.

Perfect. Sexy, vulnerable, and impressionable. Like putty in his hands. There was no way the hospital would ever take Sarah back, not after being caught fucking Otis by someone who wielded as much power as Mary did. Mary was a vindictive bitch, and she unknowingly played her part in Lester’s plan to the letter. So did Otis. Did he get fired, too? Lester wasn’t sure and frankly didn’t really care. He served his purpose in Lester’s designs and could now be put out to pasture.

Lester was ecstatic that he didn’t have any reason to linger in the hospital any longer. No more frivolous meetings or dealing with inept sycophants. He’d achieved his goals and then some. He turned his head to look out the driver’s side window, hiding the smile he was unable to keep from his face.

It had been almost too easy to manipulate the different variables and send Dan and Sarah spiralling onto this path. He’d engineered both of their professional downfalls. He just needed to apply pressure to the right areas, and Sarah had spun out of control. Lester had thrown Otis into the mix, changing a couple of calendar invites, and Mary was there to see it all. And the sad, desperate, and volatile Jesse had been so impressionable as to believe that Dan was hiding Sarah from him. Confronting him in Dan’s office and causing a scene had been an unexpected yet oh so delicious surprise. It had worked out better than Lester could have planned.

Lester cleared his throat as he pulled his SUV into Sarah’s driveway. He’d almost let himself hum the song again. He needed to play the supportive rock character, despite his internal excitement. This was too much fun. He’d never expected to have this much fun, pulling the blocks out of Sarah’s life and watching that Jenga tower fall.

Hell, just a few YouTube videos and he’d easily figured out how to loosen the starter relay, unplug the crankshaft sensor, and loosen the negative battery terminal in Sarah’s vehicle. Then he’d just had to wait for the right time to make an appearance in the parking lot when Sarah

was at her lowest. All of which led him here, back to Sarah's home and the place for more opportunities to corrupt her.

It would take a mechanic a little while to identify the issues. Hopefully long enough to rack up a nice bill that Dan and Sarah wouldn't be able to afford. They were both so susceptible to financial manipulation that it was almost too easy.

Lester's mind raced with all the possible ways he could fuck with someone's life. Drugging his roommates seemed so juvenile and beneath him now. It was so, so much more satisfying when they willingly gave themselves to him, unaware of his machinations. That sweet first push into them. Their faces contorting from the unplanned pleasure. He hadn't ever had a desire to be watched by another man, but taking another man's mate in front of him fueled something deep in Lester. A desire to conquer.

"Thanks, Lester," Sarah said softly as she opened the car door. Lester snapped out of his reverie, grabbed his black backpack, and quickly got out and followed Sarah. He held it in front of him; his straining erection was visible through his pants. He mentally tried to calm himself down.

"Lester..." Sarah said as he caught up with her on the walkway to her front door, "Not tonight. I just want to be alone."

"I know," Lester said in a comforting voice, the Imperial March still playing in the back of his head. "Let me just get you inside and settled and then I'll go, okay?" He made his eyes wide with feigned innocence.

"It's okay, you don't have to do that. I'm okay," Sarah said unconvincingly. Her hair was a tousled mess, and her eyes were almost bloodshot from crying. Complimentary seasonings to the perfect dish.

"You're not," Lester said as they stepped up to the door, "Believe it or not, I care about you. I want to make sure you're okay."

Sarah didn't reply. She just opened the door and let them both in, "Five minutes. You can stay for five minutes, okay?"

"Okay," Lester said. Sarah walked into the house, dropping her purse onto a table. Her white, sleeveless blouse was on inside out, the seams visible. Her tight pencil skirt accentuated her perfect ass impeccably. Lester narrowed his eyes, watching her body, and he felt his cock begin to stiffen again. He put his bag down against a wall, never once taking his eyes off her majestic form. He couldn't stop the smile from spreading onto his face as he followed her deeper into her home.

Sarah collapsed onto the couch, burying her face in her hands. Lester couldn't stop smirking and grinning. He went into the kitchen and lightly slapped himself on the cheek to regain some control. He didn't like it when his body didn't do what he needed it to do. He knew what he'd created was all too delicious and that he'd be fucking her soon. Sliding into her. Five minutes, maybe? Lester wasn't leaving.

He took two wine glasses out of the cabinet and generously poured Sarah's favorite red into one of them. He added a bit to the other for himself, mainly for appearances, then joined Sarah back in the living room.

"Here," Lester said, holding out the glass by the stem. Sarah lowered her hands and looked at the wine appreciatively.

"Thanks," she took it from him without a glance and took a long sip from it. Excellent.

"I didn't get much detail from Mary. She said it was a sensitive matter and that she'd fill me in tomorrow. All I know is that you got fired and it seems permanent; there wasn't anything I could do to change it. I tried, Sarah, I really tried to get her to change her mind. What happened?" Lester said, laying it on thick.

"I..I thought they would have told you. I don't want to talk about it right now, Lester," Sarah said, staring into her wine. Lester moved and sat down next to Sarah, forced his arm around her, and pulled her into him.

"It's okay, Sarah, it's going to be okay," Lester said, putting his fat hand on her head and pulling her body to his shoulder. He stroked her hair comfortingly while he sniffed and inhaled her sweet, sweet strawberry scent. He repositioned his legs as his cock was growing stiff with excitement again. He didn't want her to notice it. Not yet.

"It's not okay, Lester. Everything is completely fucked," Sarah's voice broke. Physical contact in highly emotional states tended to amplify emotions, especially in females. He needed to break down her barriers and move their night forward. When she was at her lowest, he would build her back up. Consciously or subconsciously, she would see him as her emotional pillar, holding up her rebuilt self, further entwining her to him.

"You don't have to hold it in anymore. It's just us," Lester furtively licked his lips, "Let it out. I'm here. It's okay."

Sarah let out a strange noise he hadn't heard come from her before. It took a second before his brain registered it as a sob. This new sound was followed by more sobs as she buried her head into his chest and wept openly. Lester could feel her tears on his shirt. None of this did anything to dampen his arousal. If anything, it only served to heighten it as he knew that soon he would

be spreading those blemish-free legs open and wrapping them around himself as he again took the prize in between.

He gently stroked her hair, holding her tight to him. His other hand ran up and down her back. His turgid cock ached. He couldn't wait to slip off his pants and free it.

"Shhhhh," Lester said as reassuringly as possible, "It's going to be okay. You're okay."

Sarah pushed up off his chest and looked at him. She wiped the tears from her eyes, "It's not going to be okay. How is it going to be okay? I got fired, Lester. Fired. Dan doesn't have a job. My family..." she gestured to the room around her, "all of this is at stake. We're going to be out on the street."

"I won't let that happen," Lester said as he cupped her cheek with his hand. He stared into her eyes. "I won't let anything like that happen to you, okay? I'll take care of you. You and your girls. Nothing bad will happen as long as I'm around."

He saw the brief spark of hope behind her beautiful green eyes. He knew Sarah. He knew she'd run away from these feelings. Just like she ran away from her problems with her parents and work and into Otis's orchestrated arms, she'd want to escape this feeling of helplessness. She hated feeling weak and powerless. She wouldn't want to be a crying mess. She would be so desperate to run to feel anything else.

His hypothesis proved correct when Sarah leaned forward and kissed him. He held onto her face and kissed her, tenderly at first as he assumed the role of her lover and protector. He felt the rolling tears on Sarah's cheeks press against his.

She was grabbing onto his shirt collar, pulling Lester's lips against hers. He ran his chubby fingers through her hair as he gently held her head. Their lips met, softly, tenderly. Light, furtive touches of their two tongues as they tasted each other and got lost in the moment. She needed this. Her desire was abundantly clear to him. He decided to kiss her a little harder, sticking his tongue into her mouth further and holding the position longer. Sarah moaned into the loving kiss, responding in kind just as he had hoped. He wanted to escalate their kiss from soft reassurance to passionate, on the pathway toward copulation and insemination.

Sarah bit his bottom lip and pushed into him. Lester let himself fall back, Sarah's lithe young body falling onto his. His hands began exploring the woman of the house. Running down her back and gently grabbing her supple bubble butt. Sarah moaned, so he grabbed her cheek harder, pulling her body against his. He slipped his hand underneath the cotton of her panties and kneaded her bare ass cheek.

"Mhmmhmm," Sarah moaned into his mouth. Their tongues slid against one another as the young mother lost herself deeper into Lester's firm embrace. Their lips never broke from one

another. She was just as hungry as he was for more of each other. For connecting, for becoming one.

Sarah's body shuddered as Lester held her pinned to himself. Her hips bucked up and down as she grinded her skirt-covered pussy against his flabby frame.

"Mhmm," Sarah gently moaned as she rocked herself back and forth on his mass. Lester licked all around Sarah's mouth, and her tongue licked up and down his. His hands were running all over her body. He couldn't hold himself back anymore. He possessively grabbed her ass, and his hand cupped her supple breasts. Sarah pushed her chest into Lester's hand so that she could feel the sensation of her shirt-covered nipples against his palms. He pushed into her nipple with his thumb, eliciting a moan from her throat, a sound not unlike her earlier sob.

Sarah's hand traced down Lester's body until they found her intended target. She expertly undid his pants and slipped her hand inside his old boxers and gripped the hot skin of his throbbing shaft. Sarah broke their kiss and let out a deep breath as she held his swollen cock in her hand. She was breathing hard, clearly very aroused, looking directly into his eyes.

Lester was pleased they had gotten past the crying portion of the evening and onto the main event. It had only taken just over three minutes, so much for five. Sarah was breathing hard, and her hand began running up and down Lester's cock. Her eyes were unfocused, but she kept flicking between Lester's gaze and his lips. She played her thumb over the jutting ridge of his cockhead.

A bright light shone across Sarah's face, and she froze. Headlights pulling into the driveway. Without letting go of his massive cock she sat up on the couch and peered out the window. Lester just lay there looking up at the angelic beauty above him, her blond locks dangling down and tickling his cheeks. Even when she was a hot mess who had been crying, she was still radiant. Radiant enough to fuck.

"Fuck," Sarah said and pulled her hand from his twitching cock.

"What?" Lester said, staying where he was.

"My parents. My fucking overbearing parents. They're here!" Sarah stood up and began straightening her clothes, "Fuck, they are going to see your SUV. Lester please. You need to go down to the basement and hide. Now."

"Hide?" Lester said. Fuck this. He was so close to fucking her, and now her parents showed up? Maybe he shouldn't have gotten them involved in the first place. Still, he kept the impatience from his face.

“Yes, please. Hurry. I’m sorry. It’ll just be for a bit until I get them to leave. Or until I get the girls to bed. Please, Lester, I’m begging you!” Sarah said.

Car doors slammed shut outside. Lester wanted to protest. Wanted to open the door and wave his girthy cock at Renee and James and tell them that he was going to fuck their daughter and to come back later. But he needed to slip back into the supportive boyfriend role. He closed his eyes for a second and let out a breath, “Okay.”

Lester got up, grabbed Sarah around the waist, and pulled her body to him. He gave her a deep kiss that she didn’t immediately return.

“We’ll continue this later,” Lester said. It wasn’t a question. Sarah’s shoulders slumped, and she nodded. Then Lester moved quickly to the basement door and disappeared down the steps. Sarah grabbed the two wine glasses and quickly hid them in the kitchen cupboard.

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Satisfied that Lester was tucked away in the basement and hopefully wouldn’t make a surprise appearance, Sarah steeled her nerves once again and walked to her front door. Hopefully, it would just be a quick drop off, and she wouldn’t be interrogated by her parents again. She’d been avoiding them, and they probably realized that. She really wished she hadn’t asked them to pick up and babysit the girls, but she’d been in a pinch with the late meeting Lester had invited her to. The one that he’d cancelled, and then Sarah had ended up fucking Otis and getting caught by Mary and getting....

Sarah let out a long breath and closed her eyes. When she opened them, a warm smile was on her face, all traces of nervousness fading from her features. She opened the front door just as her daughters and parents were coming up the walkway.

“Mom!” Her daughters yelled and hurried up the front steps to Sarah. She bent down and threw her arms around both of them. Sarah held her daughters tightly, trying not to let herself be overwhelmed by the thoughts of losing their house and putting these girls through hard times. She pushed the thoughts down and squeezed them shut tight.

“I’ve missed you guys,” Sarah whispered in each of their ears and gave them both a kiss on the cheek. Her parents had caught up to the girls and were standing on the porch watching the embrace. Sarah didn’t want to raise any suspicions with them, so she let go of the girls and stood up, “Okay, girls, go on in and empty your lunch boxes and whatever’s in your school bags.”

The girls moved past Sarah into the house. She stood there looking at her parents, who seemed to be waiting for an invitation to come in.

“Thanks for dropping them off,” Sarah said.

‘It’s not a problem, dear,’ Her mother said, ‘We’re always here to help you and the girls out.’

Sarah wondered whether her mom had intentionally omitted Dan.

‘Whose car is that?’ Her Dad asked, thumbing over her shoulder at Lester’s black SUV in the driveway, ‘Your mom said your car wouldn’t start.’

‘A co-worker’s. She works at the hospital with her husband. When my car wouldn’t start, she let me borrow it and rode home with him,’ Sarah said. It was the best excuse she could come up with on the spot.

‘That’s really nice of them,’ Renee said. ‘It’s always a plus having great coworkers,’ her mother grinned sincerely.

‘Kind of a slob, though,’ James said. He looked skeptical, ‘The car’s full of junk food wrappers. It must stink in there.’

Of course, her dad had peeked in through the window.

‘Well, I’m sure if they knew my car was going to break down and they were going to lend me theirs, they would have cleaned it, Dad,’ Sarah said.

He just shrugged his shoulders, ‘Alright. Well, your mom is gonna stay here with the girls. Let’s go take a look at your car and see if we can’t get it started.’

‘What? Dad, I just got home myself,’ Sarah said. She worked to keep her eyes from looking hard.

‘I told your mom I’d come out and grab you at work, but she said you were already on your way home. Well, this way your mom can get the girls in bed, and you and me can go take a look at your car.’ Her father didn’t wait for a response; he turned and headed back to his car.

‘Your father,’ her mom shrugged and moved past Sarah into the house. Sarah bit her tongue. This is exactly what she didn’t want. She loved her parents, but she didn’t want to be told what to do. Behind her, her mom was helping the girls empty their bags. She trusted her mother to get the girls settled.

Fine. Just get it over with. Sarah thought to herself as she grabbed her purse and car keys. Locking the door behind her, she went out to join her father in his car. Just as she settled into the passenger seat, she realized that she had left Lester alone in the basement, alone with her girls and her mother. Sarah gulped and was about to make an excuse to go back inside when her Dad masterfully backed out of the driveway and took off towards the hospital.

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Lester frowned from the stairway leading to the basement. He was crouched over, his chest tight as he breathed hard, squinting under the door. He'd been listening in on the conversation, and Sarah had just left.

Well, this isn't at all what he'd wanted. He should be buried inside of Sarah already, making her beg for his sackful of cum. He rolled his eyes as two pairs of feet ran past the door, followed by Renne's toned calves.

Now what the hell was he supposed to do? Did Sarah honestly just expect him to stay in her basement and wait for her? He turned and carefully made his way down the stairs. Turning on the light, he looked around the room. There was nothing down here besides the old futon he'd fucked Sarah on and a bunch of water-stained storage boxes. What the fuck was he supposed to do? Just sleep?

There wasn't even a computer down here. Lester stopped and looked up at the ceiling. His bag was still up there with his laptop in it. If he could get that, he could get into the Williams' network and get out onto the Internet.

Renee was supposed to get the girls to sleep soon. It was dark up there. Once she was up on the second story with them, Lester could sneak up and grab his bag. Lester slowly went up the wooden basement stairs, trying not to make any sounds. He wondered what would happen if Renee discovered him. This was an unpredictable predicament to be in. Would he still be able to follow through on his long-term plans with Sarah? How would they explain his presence there? It could be fun to test this and see what would happen.

But that scenario would wrest too much control out of Lester's grasp. It was better for him to control the reins a bit more tightly. He crept his way up to the top two steps and crouched over again, putting his eyes up to the crack beneath the door.

He couldn't see anything. He closed his eyes and listened. Water was running upstairs. It sounded like a bathtub was filling up. Renee must be bathing the girls. Now would be the perfect time to get his bag.

Lester waited a few more moments before cautiously turning the knob on the basement door. He edged it open slightly and turned his head to listen. Nothing. Lester pushed the door open more and spied his black backpack sitting by the wall where he'd left it. Most of the lights were off on this floor, except for the one outside the front door, which cast some light in. It was dark, further evidence that Renee was getting the girls ready for bed.

More confident now, Lester pushed the door open and crept out towards his bag. He grabbed it and turned back towards the basement when he heard small steps coming down the stairs. Lester lunged out of sight back towards the basement door.

But he hadn't been fast enough. A small scream filled the house as Lester pulled the basement door shut. His heart was beating fast as he rushed down the stairs. He pushed himself between some boxes and ducked underneath the unfinished wooden stairs. He was breathing hard, and he hated himself for it. Why was he running and scared just because a kid was screaming? The fear of being caught? He didn't know. He really shouldn't care, but he still sat there crouched in the darkness.

The water upstairs stopped, and he heard two more pairs of footsteps coming down the stairs.

"What's wrong?" he heard Renee's voice ask from somewhere above, "Why are you screaming?"

"There...I saw....There's a," the girl stammered pathetically before finally finding her voice, "There was a monster. It was fat and ugly with hair all over its body. It looked like one of those trolls in that movie you yelled at Grampa for letting us watch. It just ran into the basement!"

Lester felt his ears go red and his nostrils flare. He wasn't sure if he was more mad at the girl's description of him or the fact that she was trying to alert someone to his presence.

"Well, I'm going to talk to Grandpa about the kinds of movies he lets you girls watch again. They get your imaginations working in overdrive," Renee said.

"I wasn't imagining it, Grandma! I saw it! It went into the basement. I swear," the girl said.

"Well, let's forget about it for now and get you up into the bath," Renee said.

"No, grandma, you have to check the basement to make sure it's gone!" the girl demanded.

Lester could hear Renee sigh from his hidden spot in the basement before her footsteps grew closer. The basement door opened, and he heard Renee come down the steps. She stopped mid-way down and turned the light on, peering around the basement.

"I don't see anything," Renee said. Lester stared up at her toned calves through the open slots in the staircase. He inched closer and smelt Sarah's mother. She had a light vanilla scent that smelled just as good as Sarah did. He wanted to lick the back of her legs, but held himself back from doing so.

"I think your scream must have scared the troll away. It's all gone," Renee said. Lester wished the older woman had been wearing a skirt so Lester could peer up it. But soon she had walked back up the stairs and shut the door behind her. The water to the bath started up again, and Lester left his hiding spot and moved onto the futon. He pulled his computer to his lap and fired it up.

Within a few minutes, he had brute-forced his way onto the Williams' network and went out to the internet. He noted that Renee's phone was currently connected to the network, and he jotted down some information about it. If she browsed anything later, he'd take a peek at it.

Once he was behind a firewall and logged in through a secure VPN, Lester was logged into his private Discord server. Not the one he used to coordinate WoW raids with Ned, Eugene, and the others. But the one that helped facilitate his private business dealings. Business was still good, but the lack of fresh content would soon be noticed by his customers.

Lester's eyes bugged out of his head at the dozens of unanswered direct messages waiting for him. He'd never had that many messages. He read the first one and frowned. When he read the second, his frown deepened further. Each message was from someone on his server thanking him or alerting him to the fact that someone was releasing his entire catalog of videos. Each person claimed someone had sent them dozens of videos that Lester usually charged a premium for.

Someone was targeting him. He scrolled through his server's forums and found groups of people avidly discussing the new videos. Users he personally knew had never paid, or a few who had only purchased a handful of his files, were eagerly discussing the new content. He immediately thought of Dan but quickly dismissed him as a possibility. That idiot had no idea about Lester's private businesses, nor would he have the ability to do anything as proficient as this.

But each new person discussing the files Lester saw as a lost sale. Why would they buy any of them when they could have all of them for free? There were also several messages taunting Lester and mocking him, both as private direct messages and public messages for everyone to see. Lester checked his crypto wallets and ensured all his earned funds were still there. Nothing was missing. Even the new funds from his sale of the Lincoln Group Data were still there.

A few weeks ago, Cronos had tried to hack him. Lester knew Cronos had deep pockets and likely had a team of hackers on speed dial. Lester wanted to slam his laptop onto the concrete blocks of the basement. He shouldn't be down here. He shouldn't even be in Middleton at all. He should be back at his command center, where he felt more comfortable tracking this nuisance down and eradicating it, not stuck here on a shitty futon while someone sang lullabies to the whelps upstairs. He was under attack and felt impotent to do anything about it.

Lester decided the best course of action was to stop the bleeding. Reduce the number of ways he could be targeted. He shut down his Discord server and took it completely offline for the time being. There was only so much he could track through the private messaging client. Still, Cronos had been able to track him down before and try to infiltrate his network.

Lester clicked through his remote desktop monitoring software and saw that everything was secure and quiet in Chicago. The lack of Discord would be a hit to his business, but he could still sell directly through sites on the dark web; it would just be more annoying and require more legwork. He went into the admin panel of his cloud servers and found nothing amiss. He knew the encrypted external drives in his apartment with Sarah's content were secure.

He spent the next half hour locking down any avenue of attack he could think of. He'd need to go on the offense soon, but he couldn't do that until he was better situated. A window lit up on his laptop.

Lester eyed it. Renee was on her phone browsing the internet. Lester couldn't see her screen or which apps she was using. He could see the data packets in the transition and the URLs of the websites she was visiting. If Lester had to guess, she was scrolling through Facebook or Instagram and clicking on the occasional link.

It would have been better if Lester had spyware installed on her phone, then he could have seen what she was actually up to. Still, he needed a distraction from the issues surrounding his businesses. He uploaded one of Sarah's favorite pictures of his cock to the cache on the Williams' router. It was a great angle, showing off the entirety of his length and girth and the thick veins running down its shaft. Inside the router settings, he limited Renee's access to all websites and made any links she clicked direct to the picture.

He wasn't sure what was going on upstairs, but he guessed that the girls were probably asleep by now.

"Oh!" he heard Renee exclaim from above.

Lester smirked as she quickly closed the picture. She must be upstairs on the couch, just a short distance away from the basement door. A few minutes later, Renee opened another link, and Lester knew a picture of his erect cock appeared on her screen again. This time she didn't make any noise. He watched as this time she didn't try to browse away until almost a full minute later.

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Sarah was finally back in her own house. All she wanted to do was shower the stench of Otis off her and crawl into bed with a bottle of wine. Her dad hadn't been able to figure out what was wrong with the car.

That didn't stop him from poking and prodding around under the hood for the better part of an hour. Sarah hated being back at the hospital, even if it was just in the parking lot. She never wanted to go back there. All she could feel was the judgment coming from the windows of the building, and her skin crawled with shame and regret.

Eventually, her dad had given up and had called a tow truck for her. With her car on the way to the mechanic, her dad drove her back to her house. He had tried, awkwardly, initiating conversation several times, but Sarah just couldn't find the mental energy to engage with him about her life.

Now back at her house, all she wanted was for her parents to leave.

"How did the girls go down?" Sarah asked her mom.

"Hmmm?" Her mother asked. She was sitting on the couch, engrossed in something on her phone.

"Mom, did the girls go down okay?" Sarah repeated.

"Uhhmmm," Sarah's mom's eyes finally broke from her phone, and she snapped out of whatever had her attention. "Yes. They were angels like usual. I gave them a short bath, brushed their teeth, and tucked them in with a bedtime story. They were easy."

"That's good," Sarah said, hiding her disappointment. She'd wanted to be here for that, just to spend some time with her daughters. But between what had happened at work and her dad insisting they look at her car, she'd barely seen them. Maybe she would keep them home tomorrow since she didn't have to work.

"So what was your late meeting about?" Her mother asked her, tucking her phone into her purse.

"Just some boring administrative stuff. The HR team wants lots of changes again, and they need us to support them," Sarah said.

"Not more staffing changes, I hope," Her dad chimed in, "They've already cut enough positions from what you've said. I'm just glad they know how valuable you are. I couldn't imagine them axing you while Dan is still unemployed."

That was the 'in' Sarah could use to tell them she had been let go hours earlier, that it hadn't been her fault. That it was all due to staffing changes. As a former management consultant, her dad would understand that. He'd probably even recommended difficult staff reductions many times over his career. But Sarah couldn't bring herself to say the words. She didn't want to open that Pandora's box of questions, especially not after what she had just gone through with them over the weekend. She wanted them to leave.

"I'm just glad you're back at work, here at home," her mother said, "After what happened in Chicago, I think it's best just to stay here and focus on work for a while."

Sarah felt like he had been backhand slapped. It was such a leap of topics for her mom to bring that up, to connect these two unrelated things. It was clear her parents didn't consider the matter settled. Not one bit.

"That's the plan, Mom," Sarah tried to say in a calming voice. She could feel the presence of the wine bottle in the kitchen behind her and wished more than anything she could just grab and down it. She wanted to feel numb. She just needed something to distract her from this catastrophe. From all this stress. From her life. She just needed to escape for a little bit. She thought of Lester and wondered what he was doing if he was still down in the basement. If he still intended to finish their conversation from earlier.

"Mom. Dad. Thank you for everything today. I couldn't have made it all work without you being here for me," Sarah knew her parents liked having their egos stroked. So continued, "Not just picking up and feeding the girls, but for helping me look at the car and taking care of everything. It really means the world, and I couldn't have done it without you."

"Oh, no, it's no problem, dear," Sarah's mom leaned forward and hugged her, "That's what parents are for."

Her Dad flashed her a warm smile, "I'll call the mechanic tomorrow and we'll figure out —"

"We'll figure it out," Sarah cut him off, "Tomorrow. I'm sorry I'm not being a better host, but I think I'm ready to go to bed and crash."

"Alright, Renee," Sarah's Dad said, putting his hands on her mother's shoulders, "Let's get going." Sarah couldn't help but notice her mother's cheeks flush at her father's touch. A swell of pride went through her that her parents are still so in love.

Her parents said their goodbyes, and soon Sarah was alone again. Her daughters were upstairs, sound asleep, and she assumed Lester was somewhere beneath her, doing only god knows what. She knew she'd have to deal with him somehow. He had definitely stayed past his allotted five minutes. Still, the moment they'd shared on the couch earlier had been nice. With all the awful things going on today, it felt good just to be seen and held like that. She was still mad at Lester for the late meeting and his abrupt cancellation of it, but she felt her stance towards him softening. He was here for her, too.

Sarah went upstairs to check on her daughters. She opened their bedroom door, and the girls were sound asleep, little angels just like her mother had said. Sarah's chest was tight as she looked them over. They had only ever known this house and a relatively struggle-free life. It had been an adjustment having their father live apart from them, but they seemed to have adapted well. How well would they adapt if they had to sell their house? What if the girls had to change schools and lose all their friends? Sarah's mistake had the potential to flip their entire lives

upside down. A sob caught in Sarah's throat as she closed the door and fell against the hallway wall with her arms crossed.

She leaned her head back against the wall and closed her eyes, trying to push all the bitter feelings down. Her hands ran across her bare arms, and all she could feel was the sweat from the sex she'd had with Otis. She felt the immediate need to clean herself. She needed to get him off of her.

In the back of her mind, she knew Lester was still waiting for her in the basement, but she just couldn't go down there yet. She'd shower, and then she'd ask him to leave. She just needed to feel clean. Wash off today from her body. Sarah went into the master bedroom and debated locking the door so Lester couldn't enter. But she needed to be able to hear the girls if something was wrong, so she left it open.

It didn't take her long to strip naked and toss her clothes into the laundry bin. She debated just throwing those soiled clothes out and being rid of them. Her body began to relax as the warm water poured out of the shower head. A bath would have been nice, but she could mentally detach more with a shower.

Sarah stepped into the stall and let the rest of the world melt away. The warm water ran through her hair and over her skin, washing away the day, washing away her tryst with Otis and the panic that she'd felt when she'd locked eyes with Mary. Sarah let the warm water envelop her and let her mind drift away. She methodically, slowly cleaned herself. She washed every inch of her body, leaving no trace of Otis or the hospital behind. Then she just stood there, letting the warm water hit her body with her eyes closed. She wasn't sure how long she'd been in the shower. It may have been ten more minutes, but it could have been as long as an hour. With their tankless hot water supply, they'd never run out of hot water.

It was only when Lester fully opened the door to the bathroom that her mind finally returned to the present. She stiffened, realizing that Lester had to have travelled up the stairs and through the hallway, past her sleeping daughters. Her two worlds colliding again.

"Lester. I'm sorry, I-I completely forgot...." Sarah said, wondering how long he had been down there in the basement waiting for her.

"It's okay. I know you needed this. I was going to leave, but I didn't want to without saying goodbye. And I can't lock your front door from the outside either," Lester said. He had a somber look on his face, like he was really feeling sorry for her. It felt nice. Just to have someone there for her. Unlike her parents, he was just here to support her.

"I'll be out in a second," Sarah said.

“No hurry. Take as long as you need. I’ll be out in the bedroom waiting,” Lester turned towards the door.

“Lester,” Sarah said, her voice catching in her throat. The ugly, fat man turned to look at her, his uneven eyebrows raised. “Do you want to join me?” Sarah said in a low voice. She turned to face him, allowing him to see her entire nude body.

Lester stood at the doorway, seemingly thinking it over. Sarah held her breath waiting for the rejection to come. For today to serve up another fresh wave of shame to hit her. Sarah finally let out her breath when Lester began stripping.

The defeated wife watched him expose his hairy and flabby body. How the pale trembling rolls of his skin almost fell out as he disrobed. She couldn’t look away. He was mesmerizing. She felt her skin heat up and felt herself grow even wetter between her newly cleaned legs. She still couldn’t quite believe this oddly shaped man in front of her could make her react like this. When his large cock swung out of his tight age-yellowed underwear, followed by his sizable, weighty ballsack, Sarah unconsciously licked her lips. She’d just wanted him to hold her. To comfort her. But now she wanted something else. She knew it was wrong. Especially after having been with Otis earlier, but it would be the perfect distraction from her life. She needed it.

Lester opened the shower door and stepped in with her.

“Just hold me. Please,” Sarah whispered. Lester’s arms encircled her, and she closed her eyes and laid her blonde head on his shoulder. Neither of them said anything. Lester just held Sarah like that as the water washed over both of their bodies. They stayed like that for what felt like an eternity. Just the two of them in their own private bubble where the rest of the world couldn’t get to them.

After some time, Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at Lester. She hadn’t realized it, but he had been stroking her hair. His semi-hard cock was pressing into her thigh, but he hadn’t made any moves to initiate anything.

Sarah reached over and gently grabbed the back of his head and pulled his lips to hers. She didn’t want to think about what had happened at work, her parents, her financial situation, or any other stressor in her life. She just wanted to get lost in this kiss and let Lester make her feel better.

As her lips gently crashed into his, she felt his growing cock rub firmly against her thigh. She knew that she wanted it inside of her. For it to take her places, nothing else could.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah softly moaned into Lester’s lips. The fact that these large lips were attached to someone like Lester, to an ugly face and unattractive body, such as the one next to her, only

deepened her arousal. It had all started as a beauty and the beast fantasy to her, but somewhere along the way, she began associating him with her intense sexual satisfaction. He was like a trigger to her. He just flipped a switch inside of her, and she was ready.

Her arms went around and behind his neck as their lips tasted each other. She loved how aggressive he could be. The dirty shit he would say to her, the insulting talk about Dan, and the way he would pin her down and take whatever he wanted. But she loved how tender and sweet he could be, too. Almost as if she were taming the raging beast that still existed inside of him.

Sarah's tongue slid past Lester's lips and found his tongue. She twirled her tongue around his larger one and explored, pushing deeper into his mouth. Lester turned his head, and their lips locked together as their tongues danced with one another. He pulled her tightly against him, her heavy breasts pushing against his chest. Another hand went to her perfect bubble butt and gently began massaging her cheeks.

Her naked pussy pressed against Lester. Even with the water streaming down on top of them, it still felt great just gently grinding herself against his hot, pasty skin. The stresses weighing her down slowly became background noise in her mind. All she wanted to focus on was Lester.

Sarah slid her hands through his thinning, greasy hair and ran them down his oddly proportioned body. At one point, she couldn't imagine someone built like this turning her on, but now she craved him. She couldn't get enough of him. She'd never wanted anyone else this badly.

Her hands ran over this flabby skin, and she felt an electricity surging through her nerves. She kept running her hands down, lower and lower until her finger tips found the base of his fully hard cock. Sarah couldn't help herself. She grabbed onto this thick shaft with one hand and moaned into Lester's mouth. Sarah started to stroke him slowly. Slowly running her hand up and down Lester's thick shaft.

"Mhmmmm fuck, Lester," Sarah moaned, breaking their kiss. Lester's lips didn't stop. He kept kissing her. Her cheek. Her ear. Down her neck, where his tongue swirled and darted around her skin. Sarah tugged on his cock harder as her lips pressed against his neck. Her tongue lashed out and swirled at the skin there, twisting around the hair that covered him. Their movements grew more frantic, both wanting to explore the other.

Sarah never stopped stroking his cock. She arched her shapely chest into his as his tongue on her neck drove her crazy with lust. She pulled his cock from between her thighs towards her pussy so that his massive cockhead could press against her clit. Sarah stroked him up and down on herself, causing her to bite her lip and lean into him for support.

Finally, she couldn't take it anymore. She needed him. "Lester," she whispered, "Make love to me tonight. I need you. I need to feel you. God, I really, really need you, Lester."

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the smirk spread on Lester's face. That annoying, frustrating smirk. She loved it. Loved that cocky confidence on someone like him. It was intoxicating.

Lester didn't respond at first. He reached out and turned off the water. He pulled back from her and looked deep into her eyes, "I need you too. I've been aching for you all day." Sarah glanced down; Lester's gargantuan organ stood firm, pointing right at her.

"Then let's go," Sarah said, fluidly pushing the shower door open. The heat in the shower escaped into the bathroom beyond. The cool air of the rest of the house washed over Sarah's naked body, sending a chill through her, "I'll need you to warm me up, lover boy."

Sarah stepped out of the shower, but Lester grabbed her hand. With one foot on the cool tile floor of her bathroom, she looked back at Lester. He was standing there with lust painted on his face, staring at her. Sarah couldn't help but remember the dream of Lester in the cave. He was looking at her just the same way, the heat pouring out of the shower felt like the fire she had experienced, and the shower resembled the cave he had been standing in a little.

"Where do you want to make love?" Lester said, stepping his squat body out of the shower to join her. He pushed his waist against her, making her take a step back.

"My bed," Sarah breathed, looking straight at the man who would be inside of her soon.

"You mean your marital bed," Lester said, continuing forward. Sarah kept stepping back until her naked bubble butt was pressed firmly against her bathroom counter.

"Yes," Sarah breathed, "I want you in my marital bed."

"Condom? Or no condom?" Lester ground his cock against Sarah's pussy.

"No condom," Sarah said too quickly. They both knew he hadn't brought any, and she didn't have any either. Not that she'd use them, "I don't want anything between us."

"Good girl," Lester said and kissed her forehead, "You want to make unprotected love in your marital bed with someone other than your husband?"

Sarah put a hand on Lester's chest and gently eased him off her. She moved aside and went out into the bedroom, walking backwards, never taking her eye off Lester. She was dripping wet, soaking the carpet beneath her feet.

Lester stood in the doorway watching her. Sarah crawled, naked, onto her bed, never breaking eye contact with Lester, "I thought you were supposed to be my Chicago husband? You've given

me a ring and fucked me in my wedding dress. Get over here and start doing your husbandly duties. In our marital bed.”

That cocky, arrogant, sexy smirk spread onto Lester’s face. His cock literally bobbed up its head, flaring, tremblingly punctuating the end of her sentence. The fat man didn’t waste any time; he closed the distance to the bed quickly and clambered on his flabby rolls, shifting with his speed..

Water was still running off of him as he lowered himself onto Sarah. Their wet bodies molded together as his pursed lips gently pressed down onto hers. He didn’t try to fuck her immediately, even if she wanted him inside of her. He kissed her like a lover would. His hands gently caressed her bicep as they exchanged soft, loving kisses. He held her face and pulled back, staring deep into her eyes. He kissed her lips and pulled back, still looking at her. He held her like that, just staring at her.

Sarah gently rubbed his back as she stared up into his ugly face. It felt intensely intimate to Sarah, and her heart threatened to beat out of her chest. His gaze seemed to say that Lester saw her. For all her faults or graces, he saw her and accepted her completely. She felt safe in that moment, and another emotion came through his gaze. Love. She felt loved. Loved by this odd little man who was blessed with a fantastic, monstrous unit of a cock.

Their chests rose and fell in perfect sync, like their breathing was in complete harmony. She felt warm all over, the uncomfortably cool air of the house a distant memory, just like all the issues she was facing in her life. In that moment, nothing else seemed to exist. Lester leaned in, and Sarah closed her eyes. He kissed both of her eyelids, slowly, one after another, before his lips returned back to hers.

His fingers traced down her body, gently caressing her incredible breasts and teasing her hardened nipples. Sarah softly moaned into his mouth. He pulled back again and looked at her, “I love watching you. I love watching your face as I touch you.”

Sarah didn’t respond. She kept her eyes fixed on Lester as her breathing grew more frantic. As his hand trailed lower and lower. She loved the hungry way he was looking at her. The lust on his face. The lust for her. The way he watched her. She loved being watched, especially by him.

Lester’s fingers found her clit, and she breathed in sharply. His middle finger expertly manipulated it. Teasing it. Drawing circles around it. Applying a discreet amount of pressure and then backing off, going back to teasing it with light, arousing touches.

Sarah’s hips moved side to side on the bed, desperately seeking more of his touch. Her breasts were rising and falling on her chest. Lester’s lips went to her collarbone as he touched her. His tongue snaking out, licking, leaving a glistening trail of his saliva on her body.

Lester's fingers plunged lower, leaving her clit. They stroked up and down her soaking wet slit. When they slid back up to the top, he'd apply a little bit of pressure to her clit again, drawing a circle around it. Sarah sharply inhaled, and she could feel Lester smile against her chest.

He kept this up, deftly stroking both of her pussy lips. Teasing her and then giving her just a bit of extra attention to one of her body's most sensitive areas. Sarah felt like she was being exquisitely tortured. Her hips were slightly lifting off the bed, trying desperately to feel more of Lester's thick fingers. She reached out desperately until her hand found his immense cock. She licked her lips and began to stroke him again; she needed to feel him in her hand.

All the while, Lester's eyes just bore into hers. Studying her, watching her. It was like he was seeing into her soul. He knew who she really was and wasn't looking away. He liked what he saw.

Lester's fingers went further down her slit until he touched her at her entrance. Sarah looked at him, her eyes revealing desperation. Her desire to be touched there by him. He agonizingly touched the outside of her vaginal entrance, just barely. He grazed it with a knuckle, sending tingling shivers of pleasure throughout her shaking body. He was simultaneously denying her while also gently just giving her a little bit of what she wanted. Her hips pushed off the bed, trying to find his fingers. But each time she did, Lester moved his hand away.

Her body was on fire. She wanted him. She needed him. She couldn't wait any longer.

"Lester, please," Sarah said breathlessly. When had she lost her breath? "I n-need you inside me. Put it in me. Now, please. I need to feel you. Please, Lester."

Lester smirked again and pulled his hand away from her pussy. He moved his awkward body on top of hers, crushing her torso with his fat gut. The fattest part of the shaft of his cock rested right on her slit, and Sarah's body was already writhing beneath him, grinding her pussy and clit against the iron bar of his shaft.

"Mhmmfuckk," Sarah moaned as she turned her head to the side and closed her eyes. His cock felt so humongous against her. She kept rubbing herself against him, working herself up further and further, higher and higher. God she needed him. She needed him more than she needed anything in her entire life.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah moaned as he started to pull his hips back and push them forward. He was sliding his girthy cock up and down her slit. "Stop teasing me," Sarah choked out, "I need you."

Sarah tried to push her hips up further. Lester's cock slid down her slit, but not enough for her to line it up with herself. She tried again, tried to get his cockhead to her entrance, but it was too long. She couldn't push herself up enough. She didn't have the leverage; Lester's large

frame kept her pinned, denying her a better angle. He kept sliding his oversized cock up and down against her clit, up and down her slit, all the while looking at her with that shit eating grin.

“Lester, please,” Sarah whined.

“What do you want, hmm?” Lester said, staring down at her.

“You. I need you,” Sarah whined, “I need your cock. Give it to me, Lester. I need it inside me. I need to feel it deep inside me.”

“Oh. How bad do you want it?” Lester teased, stopping his hips.

“God just shut up and make love to me with that massive thing already,” Sarah gritted her teeth and grabbed onto Lester’s back with both hands. She tried to bring her knees up higher, contorting herself to embed herself on Lester’s engorged cock.

“You want it bad tonight.” Lester’s face held no expression as he peered into her eyes.

“So bad, Lester. I need it. I need you inside me so badly,” Sarah bit her bottom lip, “Please, Lester.”

Lester leaned down and gave Sarah a soft kiss on the lips, then moved his mouth to her right ear, “That’s my good girl, using her manners.”

He pulled back and looked into her eyes as he dipped his hips and pressed his amazing cock head at her soaked entrance. Sarah’s hips bucked, trying to connect with his fat appendage, but Lester held her at bay.

“I’m going to take care of you. Everything’s going to be okay,” Lester said. He grabbed his thick shaft at the base amid the thick pubic hair. “Now tell me, who’s my good girl?”

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned, her hips pushing off the bed just so she might get a glancing rub on Lester’s cock, “I am. I’m your good girl. Me.”

Lester narrowed his eyes and slightly dipped his hips, pushing her lips aside to accommodate the broad crown of his cock, and stopped himself. Finally getting a taste of what she needed, Sarah waited a full five seconds before she realized he wasn’t moving, still teasing the horny young wife. Seeing the grin on his face, she readied her hips to take him the rest of the way. Just as Sarah’s perfect hips rocketed off the bed, Lester lunged forward, plunging his massive cock into Sarah’s wet, warm waiting pussy. She felt herself stretching, amazed at how her body was fully open to him every time after first taking Lester. Pleasure rushed over every cell of her body as Lester’s girthy, veiny cock plunged into her waiting insides.

“OhgodLester,” Sarah moaned, holding him tightly to her as inch after inch of Lester’s pulsing cock pushed deep into her. Finally, after he’d pulled back his hips and slammed himself into her

three more times, his massive organ was fully inside of her. It hurt. But it hurt so, so good. Sarah felt her body adjusting itself to Lester's presence. She couldn't believe how wet she was. The thought only served to drench her lover's phenomenal tool further.

"It's been too long since we've made love like this. Just you and me, here in our marital bed," Lester whispered, biting her earlobe. Sarah just moaned in response as Lester slowly pulled back his cock half an inch out of her and pushed it back in. He kept repeating the move, slowly teasing Sarah and giving her just enough of what she was craving.

"Fuck," Sarah breathed, "Make love to me, Lester. God, I love how you feel inside of me."

"I love being inside of you. Deeper than anyone ever has been," Lester grunted.

"So deep. So deep, baby. God, you're so fucking deep inside me," Sarah's tongue lazily licked the side of Lester's face. Lester snaked two fingers up to Sarah's lips and pushed them inside her waiting mouth.

"Mhmmhmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's index and middle finger. Lester stuck them deep into her mouth, and Sarah welcomed them with her tongue. She licked the underside of Lester's fingers, tasting him. Lester fucked Sarah's mouth with his fingers, relishing in the sensation.

He pulled back his hips and pushed his cock deep into her pussy again. Sarah moaned louder around Lester's fingers.

"Suck it like you would my cock," Lester whispered.

"Mmmm-hmmm," Sarah nodded and grabbed the back of Lester's hand, pulling his fingers deeper into his mouth. Her eyes were closed, and her hips were bucking off the bed as she sucked Lester's fingers. She pulled them as far into her mouth as she could, until her lips were touching his knuckles.

Her body was on fire as she sucked and fucked back against all of Lester. Just imagining having two of his massive cocks to play with. One in her mouth and another in her pussy, fucking her from both ends.

She tore his fat fingers from her mouth, gasping, she said, "God, I want your cock in my pussy and mouth at the same time. I'd let you do this to me all night. Fuck Lester."

"Heh," Lester chuckled, "I only have one cock to give you."

"I know, I just want it. Fuck it would feel amazing," Sarah said.

"You had more than one cock the other night at the movies," Lester teased.

“None of them had a cock like this,” Sarah said as she squeezed her pussy around Lester’s colossal cock, “None of them fit me this, hrng, well.”

“I don’t know. You didn’t get to experience every man there. Maybe another was just as blessed as I am. We really should’ve stayed to find out,” Lester teased.

Sarah shuddered and imagined herself taking all of those dirty men. Letting each of them use her one at a time. Doing whatever they wanted to her. Lester’s hips pulled back, and before he could slam back into her, Sarah’s ass lifted off the bed and around his cock. His words echoed in her ear as she felt that familiar tingling warming sensation building inside of her.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah said. Her eyes were closed, and she could picture herself back there in the movie theatre. Performing for all the degenerate men. Being the center of attention as Lester slowly made love to her like this. The men all standing around her, staring down at her, stroking their cocks while devouring her with their eyes.

“How many cocks did you satisfy that night?” Lester asked.

“God,” Sarah moaned. She couldn’t even picture the men’s faces, but she could picture their cocks, “Three. Yours and those two others. The guy from the counter and that black guy.”

“No, you satisfied more than that,” Lester said, “Don’t forget the creep behind me and those other guys all stroking to you. I bet all of them came for you that night, Sarah.”

‘Ohfuck Lester,” Sarah’s bubble butt was slamming off the bed, desperately trying to urge Lester to increase his frustratingly controlled pace.

“Say it. Say they all came for you,” Lester demanded.

“All for me. They came all for me,” Sarah breathed.

“How does that make you feel?” Lester asked.

“So fucking horny,” Sarah’s nails dug into the skin of his back, “God, I wish we were back there right now. I’d make sure all of them came for me.”

Sarah licked her lips and looked into Lester’s eyes, “And I wouldn’t miss a drop.”

“Heh. Now that’s my good girl,” Lester laughed and kissed her hard. Hearing Lester call her a good girl affected Sarah. She didn’t understand it, but that outside validation made her pussy completely soak around Lester’s cock. Their tongues slid across each other, and Lester’s fat face devoured her lips. They moaned into each other’s mouths.

“Say it again,” Sarah said between kisses.

“You’re my good girl. So good,” Lester murmured in her ear. His words tickled her earlobe and wormed their way into her body, sending an electric shiver from her brain to her pussy. The warmth in her stomach ignited, and Sarah was about to get what she’d been desperately craving. Her sweet escape from everything around her.

“Fuck. Don’t. Fucking. Stop. Please.” Sarah said through gritted teeth. Her ankles locked around Lester’s hairy ass, determined not to let him go. She pulled him as hard into her as she could, as her pussy held him in an iron grip. Lester’s arms came up, and he put his hands on her biceps, pinning her to the bed. She couldn’t move under his weight and the strength of his arms. Not that she wanted to. But the added pressure made her explode.

“FFFFFFUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK,” Sarah screamed. Her throat felt raw, but she didn’t care. Nothing else mattered. Her eyes seemed to roll back in her head. White light flashed behind her eyelids as her mind and body spun. Her senses were overloaded by the way Lester’s cock made her combustively orgasm. The room felt like it was spinning, and her entire body had a pulsating warmth spreading throughout it. Every fiber of her being was warm, a threatening, all-consuming warmth that she never wanted to let go of. Sarah squeezed herself on Lester’s cock, her body shaping to it, molding to every vein and curve, like her body was memorizing its dimensions. Sarah’s jaw hung agape, and she felt her nails pierce the skin of Lester’s back as her body rocked from the deeply powerful feeling.

Sarah was still panting when her orgasm finally began to subside. She still felt its lingering after effects throughout her body. Everything felt warm, and her skin was so sensitive. Lester’s weight and his gut pressing into her felt so domineering. She finally opened her eyes and looked up at Lester’s fat face.

“You really are a good girl,” Lester whispered.

Sarah’s body shivered, “I love it when you call me that. I don’t know why.”

“Heh, it must be those deep-seated daddy issues,” Lester chuckled and kissed her. Sarah rolled her hips as Lester’s cock dipped in and out of her at an agonizingly slow pace. He was focused on her lips, softly kissing them tenderly. Sarah returned the kisses passionately. It felt so intimate. She loved the way Lester would power fuck her and just dominate her, but there was something so tantalizing about the way he was slowly kissing her, focusing on her, like he was savoring being with her. It felt like the way she and Dan had tenderly made love on their honeymoon, both of them just solely focused on the other and not caring about the world outside.

“God, I love when you kiss me like that,” Sarah said.

“Then I’ll keep doing it,” Lester said, looking deeply into her eyes. His thumb caressed her cheek as he dipped his head down again and pressed his lips to hers. Sarah felt butterflies in her stomach as he kissed her. She knew he was ugly. That his body was as repulsive as his personality could get to be, but the warmth she felt inside of her wasn’t part of a pending orgasm. It was something else. Something she couldn’t comprehend. Something she was scared even to acknowledge.

Lester held his cock still inside of her as they kissed. Sarah didn’t know how long he kissed her for, but it felt like it went on for minutes. Maybe hours. She was lost in his deep embrace. Even though her body craved more of his cock, she was so taken with the way he was kissing her that she somehow put it all on hold.

When their lips finally parted, Lester rubbed his nose against hers, and they both gently laughed at the gesture.

“So this is what I get for being a good girl?” Sarah whispered.

“Yes,” Lester said, “And you’ve seen what happens when you’re bad.”

“I...god,” Sarah shook her head.

“What? Having trouble deciding which one you like better?” Lester chuckled.

“No. Yes. They are both so..I don’t know. It’s hard to explain it,” Sarah whispered.

“You don’t have to explain anything. Remember, I get you. Completely. More than anyone else. I know you. I know what you like and what you need. You don’t need to choose either one. You can be both,” Lester kissed her again, this time he parted her lips with his tongue as he ground his cock into her.

“Uhhhhmm,” Sarah moaned at his invading tongue and huge cock pressing into her body. Lester’s hands ran down her body, and each grabbed one of her hips. He pinned them to the bed, exerting pressure. His lips never left hers as he held her in place. His hips rocked back and then dipped forward. Lester started giving her quick, shallow thrusts that made her body crave more of his cock.

Then he abruptly pushed himself in deep. So fucking deep inside of her. Just when she was about to go crazy on his cock, he switched back to the shallow thrusts, just giving her a couple of inches of himself. Sarah bit his bottom lip when he thrust his entire length into her again quickly. This thrust was followed by several others in quick succession before he gave her just a couple of inches slowly.

Sarah started to whimper, and a tear rolled down her cheek. It was glorious torture that she both needed to stop while also never wanting it to end. Lester knew how to play with her body better than anyone she had ever been with.

Lester teased and tortured her like this for the next five minutes, making Sarah's body quake violently. Eventually, he slowly pushed his entire length into her waiting pussy and held his large cock still, firmly entombed inside of her.

"So you liked being my bad girl, too?" Lester asked. Part of Sarah's mind rebelled at the notion, the same one that had acted out during her day at work. But that part didn't have a hand on the steering wheel.

Sarah moaned and gripped Lester's cock with her pussy and said in a low, sultry voice, "God. I'm such a slut, but yes. Yes. I loved it."

"You liked me taking you to that dingy store?" Lester asked.

"It was such a dirty place. I was scared at first. Maybe...maybe nervous too, but yes, I did. I liked it. It was so raw," Sarah was surprised as the words came out of her mouth. She hadn't had a second to process that night, yet she felt the truth pouring out of her.

"How did you like being the star of the show? Everyone's eyes were on you," Lester said.

"I loved being watched by all those desperate, disgusting men. The hunger in their eyes was unreal. I knew how badly they wanted me," Sarah breathed, feeling herself getting worked up again. She squeezed Lester's cock and tried rocking her hips, desperate for more fucking, but he wasn't moving.

"Some of them got you, too," Lester said, "You were covered in cum, inside and out when we left."

"Fuck," Sarah's body strained back, trying to get more of Lester's cock.

"Maybe next time I'll just leave you there," Lester whispered as he playfully licked her earlobe. Sarah's body shuddered. She knew if Lester wasn't there, all of those men would have taken a turn with her. She'd only fucked Lester that night, but if he wasn't there, she didn't even know how many of the men would have experienced her body.

"Next time..." Sarah started, and she looked up into Lester's eyes, "Next time I want to try those booths in the hallway."

Lester's ugly shit eating grin spread onto his face, "Now that's my good girl."

Sarah's pussy pulsed at Lester's words. God, he knew just what buttons to push.

“You’re going to have a lot more time on your hands now that you aren’t working at the hospital,” Lester said. Sarah’s heart stung at his words. The wound was still too fresh for him to casually bring it up, especially in a setting like this. She was about to say something, but Lester spoke first.

“Just think, instead of running around going to those dumb meetings, we can spend all day fucking and you can show me just how bad you can be,” Lester looked down at her completely seriously. A thrill ran through Sarah’s body at the idea of just giving herself to Lester all day, every day. As he guided her through these new experiences, she found herself craving more.

There were a million things she wanted to say, but the only thing that came out was, “But what about your job? At the hospital?”

“There’s no way I’m sticking around there. Not after they let you go. Not after how they treated you. Why would I want to be there without you?” Lester said.

Sarah’s heart started pounding faster. It was such a sweet and sincere sentiment. Lester only wanted to be there to be closer to her. She knew he probably needed the money. And with how she’d been treated, Lester was going to leave in solidarity. He was choosing her over them. The butterflies in her stomach started beating their wings harder and harder, faster and faster.

“Does Dan know? About what happened today?” Lester asked in a whispered tone.

Right. Dan. She hadn’t had a chance to talk to him yet. She probably should’ve called him right away, but Lester had picked her up. She wondered how he’d react to everything that had happened.

“No,” Sarah said, “Not yet.”

She felt Lester’s cock throb inside of her, and she closed her eyes. Sarah bit her lip as Lester’s cock slowly dragged out of her before slowly pushing back inside. It felt so fucking good. Lester kept up his slow, deep pace, making her head spin. Her hips rocked back and forth, meeting his cock deliciously each time.

“Maybe he doesn’t have to,” Lester said. Sarah opened her eyes and looked up at him.

“What do you mean?” Sarah asked.

“You don’t have to tell him. It can be our secret. Just you and me. I’ll make sure you have enough money in your account every week. Instead of going to the hospital, we can just spend our days in this bed,” Lester’s eyes bore into hers. He was serious. Was this prostitution or just him wanting to take care of her? Her mind raced, but the cock inside of her clouded her judgment.

“God, Lester. I don’t know....” Sarah trailed off, her mind not wanting to weigh the pros and cons right now. All she wanted was for him to fuck her so she could cum on his cock again.

“Just think about it. It can be our secret,” Lester murmured as his tongue and lips danced down her neck. Sarah felt the goosebumps rise on her skin after Lester’s lips passed down her body.

Sarah closed her eyes and pushed his proposition to the back of her mind, focusing instead on the feelings inside of her. The butterflies in her stomach, Lester’s cock inside of her, the way her body was heating up again. Her heart threatened to beat out of her chest, and the rapid rising and falling of her chest as she tried to breathe.

The idea of keeping a secret like that from Dan felt like such a betrayal, but she couldn’t help finding her body responding to it. Her ass pushed off the bed harder than before; she felt the tension wind up all across her body. Had she always been like this, or was this what Lester and Dan’s fantasies had turned her into? She didn’t know the answer, but she really didn’t care as long as it made her feel this fucking good.

Lester reared up onto his knees. The weight that had been threatening to suffocate her lifted from her frame, and Sarah found it easier to breathe. Lester knelt on the bed, towering over her. He looked so much larger and domineering from this position. His cock was still fully engulfed inside of her. He pulled her legs up and rested her calves on his shoulders while looking down at her. Sarah’s hip rolled back just slightly, and Lester’s fat cock pressed against her G-Spot, and Sarah let out another whimper.

“How’s that feel?” Lester asked, his dark eyes unwavering.

“So fucking good, Lester. So good,” Sarah moaned.

“Good,” Lester said before giving Sarah several deep, urgent thrusts inside of her. His thrusts were coming so much faster than before, but they were still slow and controlled, driving her to the fucking brink of insanity.

Sarah was going crazy. Everything inside and outside her body felt extremely warm, and she was finding it increasingly hard to breathe. Her head rolled to the side, eyes closed, focusing on Lester’s cock and nothing else. The head of his cock pressed hard and raked against her G-Spot before pushing further down into her pussy. His cock pounded into it, and then the rest of his girthy, veiny shaft rubbed raw against it. Sarah knew it wouldn’t be long before she came again. Her tight pussy stretched wide around Lester’s pistoning cock, and she could feel every little bit of it as it dragged and pushed inside her.

“Fuck Lester. Don’t stop. Mhmmhmm. Uh. Mhmm, Uh. Uh God,” Sarah moaned. The ball of liquid heat in her stomach was getting hotter. She could feel the wall holding back her next orgasm quaking inside of her, the bricks coming loose as it was all about to come crashing

down, “Uhhh, mhmhmm, don’t stop. God don’t stop Uh, Uh, Uh, Uh I love it. Lester. God please. Please. Please please don’t stop.”

Lester slowed his pace. A desperate whine escaped Sarah’s throat, she balled the bed sheets into her fists, and wanted to cry. Wanted to scream in frustration. She just wanted to cum on his beautiful, perfect cock.

“Don’t stop, Lester. Please. Give it to me. I’m so close,” Sarah moaned. She pushed her forearms into the bed, trying to rock back and forth on Lester’s cock. But he was holding her calves over his shoulders, her ass was partly off the bed, and she didn’t have a lot of leverage to do what she wanted, “LESTER!”

“Tell me how much you love fucking me,” Lester said, his cock pulling back and poking her in the G-Spot with just enough pressure to keep her going crazy but not enough to push her over the edge.

“I FUCKING LOVE IT! I LOVE FUCKING YOU! God, you make me feel so fucking good. So fucking good. You make me cum so hard, Lester. Please, keep fucking me, I need it.” Sarah pleaded.

“How much do you love my cock?” Lester demanded.

“Your cock is the best fucking thing in the world. Nothing else fills me so good. Nothing. Uh, Mhmhmm. So fucking good. I-I love your cock, uh. Okay? I fucking love your big, monster of a cock. Mhmhmmhmm. I love it. I love every fucking massive inch of it. I want to worship every gorgeous inch of that cock. It feels so fucking good inside of me. I need to cum on your cock, Lester. PLEASE.” Sarah moaned, screamed, and whimpered.

“How much do you love me?” Lester growled.

“Oh fuck Lester,” Sarah whined. Lester had changed his pace; the head of his cock wasn’t hitting her G-spot as often. It came softer. Her impending orgasm was beginning to slip away. She couldn’t let that happen. She needed the explosion inside her. She couldn’t live without it. Sarah desperately wanted to cum. The butterflies she’d felt earlier in her stomach were going crazy, their wings beating harder than ever, threatening to overwhelm her. “FUCK!! Uh. Mhmhmm. I love.. I love you, Lester. I love everything about you. I love how you look at me. I love how you fuck me so good. So fucking good. I love how you fuck me with that big fucking cock of yours. God Lester, I love how you fuck with Dan. I hate you sometimes, but I fucking love it. I love you, Lester, now FUCK ME!!!”

Lester grinned and pulled Sarah’s calves off his shoulders and dropped them back down on the bed. Sarah was about to protest when he slammed her ass down onto the bed with his cock. The weight of his gut and frame was back on her, crushing her.

Lester thrust his giant cock into her quickly, giving her the entire length of him. He pulled it back all the way until just the head was still inside of her and slammed it back into her again. He was still making love to her, but he was fucking her at the same time. Sarah whimpered and felt the walls holding back her orgasm shaking again. She could feel her impending release, and she wasn't going to let anything stop it. She'd do or say whatever Lester wanted as long as he made her cum.

"Oh god, Lester fuck. YES. GIVE IT ME. I'm so fucking close! LESTER!" Sarah moaned.

"You feel so good, baby," Lester growled in her ear.

"Fuck your COCK FEELS AMAZING! IT'S going to make me CUM!" Sarah moaned, slamming her perfect bubble butt up off the bed to meet Lester's domineering thrusts. His body weight was crushing her; she couldn't breathe, but she couldn't stop either.

"I love you, Sarah. I love you," Lester whispered.

"Mhmmhmm, I love you too," Sarah moaned without thinking. It just came out as an automatic response to Lester's words. Her mind spun as she fucked him. Lester's lips landed on hers, and they kissed. Tender at first but their tongue quickly clashed as they tried to devour one another. Lips, tongues, teeth all colliding as they tasted and fucked and made love chaotically.

"I want to get my operation reversed. I want to cum inside of you and knock you up," Lester said, breaking their kiss. The mental image and feeling of Lester's warm, illicit sperm flooding into her made her squeeze her pussy onto Lester's cock. She was holding him in a vice grip, not willing to let him go. Desperate to milk every last drop of cum from him.

"Mhmmhmm. Jesus. God Lester. That's so fucked. So fucked up," Sarah mumbled.

"But you fucking love it, don't you? The idea is going to make you cum tonight," Lester said. It almost came out like a command. A command for her to cum to the idea of carrying this ugly bastard's child.

"Fuck Lester, please. PLEASE! DON'T STOP!" Sarah screamed. She was so close. So fucking close. Her body was ready to cum. Warmth was beginning to spread out from her stomach.

"Tell me you want it. Tell me how much you love me. Tell me how much you want me to cum in you and knock you up," Lester commanded again.

Sarah couldn't disobey. She'd do anything this man wanted. Anything for this cock. Anything to let that wall come down so she could explode and cum.

"FUCK!" Sarah screamed. The idea of Lester, someone not her husband cumming in her and getting her pregnant wormed its way into her brain. Her brain lit up on fire as she felt all the

nerves in her body light up in response. She couldn't hold it back anymore. She was going to fucking explode. "YES. GOD YES. I WANT IT. I LOVE IT. I LOVE YOU. FUCK. MHMMM. GOD. FUCK. LESTER. GIVE IT TO ME. FILL ME. KNOCK ME UP. I NEED IT. I NEED TO FEEL YOUR CUM IN ME. FILL ME. LOVE ME. FUCK A BABY INTO ME! FUCK LESTER! FUCK I'M GOING TO CUM! DON'T STOP! DON'T YOU EVER FUCKING STOP!!"

"I'M NOT STOPPING!" Lester shouted back. Sarah ran her hands down Lester's sweaty back and gripped his ass cheeks, nails digging into his flesh as she pulled him tightly into her. She wasn't letting him go. "I'M GOING TO FILL YOU. YOU'RE GOING TO BE A MOMMY AGAIN."

"YES," Sarah shouted, her ass bouncing off the bed. "DO IT. KNOCK ME UP, LESTER. GIVE ME A BABY. FUCK. YES. I. WANT. IT. LESTER. FUCK!!"

"TAKE IT," Lester roared. Sarah felt his dirty, filthy, fat cock begin to throb inside of her. The veins running along his shaft pumping extra blood into the immense organ. She felt the head of his cock open up and the first blast of his illicit seed shoot into her.

"OH FUCK. YES!" Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as all the muscles in her body flexed tight. She pulled on Lester's ass, trying to take more of his beautiful cock inside of her. The wall that had been holding back her orgasm crumbled and came crashing down. It exploded inside of her, igniting all of her nerves at once. She felt everything, from the tips of her toes to the top of her head - all on fire, goosebumps spread over every inch of her skin. Sarah closed her eyes tightly and screamed. Her eyes rolled back in her head. Her manicured nails dug into Lester's pockmarked ass. Her bubble butt pushed up off the bed as rope, after rope of Lester's hot, slimy cum blasted into her, filling her. He went off like a geyser inside of her, never stopping. Sarah's pussy clutched his cock, milking every individual drop. Taking every ounce of his deliciously hot cum deeper into her. Desperate to hold onto all of it and not waste a single drop.

"GOD," Sarah screamed as another orgasm ripped through her, almost knocking the wind out of her. She couldn't breathe. She couldn't catch her breath at all. All she could do was clutch more firmly onto Lester and his cock as the room started to spin.

Lester's heavy frame collapsed onto hers as the last spurts of cum from his cock dribbled out inside of her. His sweaty frame pressed into her skin as she felt his balls finally finish emptying. He was breathing hard. Sarah couldn't breathe with him on top of her and desperately tried to catch her breath.

Lester grunted and rolled to the side, the full length of his slick cock sliding out of her. Sarah inhaled a lungful of air and let her post orgasmic bliss wash over her. She shivered as the lingering effects of her explosions tingled all across her body. Everything still felt warm, and Sarah felt like she was floating. She never wanted to come down. She wanted to stay in this moment forever and let the rest of the world burn around her for all she cared.

Sarah felt the room spinning and let herself spin with it. That was one of the most intense orgasms she had ever felt in her entire life. She could only imagine what it would feel like if Lester hadn't had that operation. In the back of her mind, she always knew Lester couldn't actually impregnate her, which truly only took a little bit of the fun away. It took away the thrill and the risk that might actually make her go unconscious from an orgasm caused by him. Still, just the idea of Lester's cum full of deranged, swimming sperm seeking out her eggs and connecting them on a more primal level made her head swim. It was fucked up. It wasn't something that should turn her on. Logically, she knew it was stupid and something like that would truly fuck everything up for her. But the idea of Lester claiming her like that.....it was too much to think about right now. She'd have to get a therapist to even dig into that, and unlucky for her, she didn't have health insurance anymore. Maybe she did, she didn't know. It was another thing she would need to figure out in the coming days.

Sarah hated that thoughts of work and her firing had already wormed their way back into her head. Her body was still overheating and coming down from the spectacular orgasms Lester had given her, yet here she was again, already thinking about all of her problems.

"Come here," Lester yawned and snaked his arm behind her neck. He grabbed her shoulder and pulled her naked body towards him.

"One second," Sarah said, trying to get up. She needed to get into the bathroom before all of Lester's cum leaked out of her onto the bedsheets. "I just need to clean myself up."

"No," Lester said with a tired smile as he pulled her shoulders down towards him. Sarah landed on the bed next to him, and he quickly draped one arm around her, pulling her body into his misshapen one, cuddling her.

"Leave it in you," Lester said with some amusement in his voice, "Don't clean it up. Besides, isn't that what you're supposed to do when you want to get pregnant?"

Sarah shook her head and rolled her eyes, deciding to stay put for now. She could always clean the sheets if she had to. She rested her head on Lester's soft chest and closed her eyes, "Yes. Yes it is."

"Good, then just stay here with me then," Lester said through another yawn. Sarah tried to focus on Lester's heartbeat, but her mind kept going to the way that Mary had talked down to her. Of all the issues she'd have to deal with soon.

"Wonder what Danny would say if I really knocked you up," Lester chuckled.

"He'd probably shit a brick," Sarah said, "So it's good you're fixed. In another life, who knows? maybe we would've milked you dry for child support payments."

"I'd never leave you wanting. I meant what I said earlier about taking care of you," Lester stroked her blonde hair.

"I know," Sarah said quietly to herself. One thing had begun to nag at the back of her mind. The fact that Lester was still so normal with her after she had gotten fired for what happened with Otis.

"How much do you know about why Mary fired me?" Sarah asked.

"Not much, unfortunately," Lester said, "It was weird. They wouldn't say anything before I left, just that they'd give me more details tomorrow once they could ensure everything happened the right way when they let you go."

"The right way?" Sarah scoffed, "That bitch Mary was terrible to me and made me beg for my job. When I did, she just laughed at me and had security kick me out."

"Bitch," Lester agreed, "She'll get hers soon. I'll make sure of it." Then his expression changed to curiosity. "Why did you get fired?" Lester asked quietly, "Laid off, I would understand, but not fired. Not you. It doesn't make sense."

Sarah sighed and looked up at Lester's face, "It's bad."

"It's okay," Lester said, "You can tell me anything. I won't judge you."

Sarah gave him a sad smile and let her shoulders slump. "You know that meeting you cancelled? I was already up in the conference room. Otis came in, and well," Sarah paused, looking bashfully at Lester's concerned face, "one thing led to another, and I, sort of... Fucked him. I know that it was wrong and stupid, but I wasn't thinking straight. I'm still probably not thinking straight. But then that bitch came in and caught us."

"She saw everything?" Lester said in a quiet voice.

"Yes," Sarah said, squinting and furrowing her eyebrows as she looked at Lester, "Are you okay?"

Lester's ugly face looked flushed, and his breathing had shifted and sounded strange somehow. It wasn't like it had been a few seconds ago after sex.

"It's just, I didn't think you would do that with him again," Lester said, "I thought we talked about this. I thought all these things we did were special between us. Something we just shared. It sucks hearing about you with someone else like that. I didn't think it would, but it does. I'm not sure what I'm feeling. Jealousy? Sadness maybe. I don't know Sarah...."

"Lester," Sarah said, "What was with that whole 'are you going to be a good girl or bad girl' thing then?"

“That was just my way of trying to take back control of the situation. When you told me you did that stuff in my office with Otis, I just felt left out. That you were going to outgrow me. Maybe I was wrong. Maybe this is just a sex thing to you. Is that all it is? Am I just a puppet for Danny’s fantasies?”

Sarah’s heart was beating in her chest, and she leaned up to look at Lester, “Lester, I don’t know what this is, okay? But you aren’t just a puppet. I don’t know what we are. What to call it. Honestly, maybe there isn’t a word for it. It’s all kinds of fucked up sometimes, but I think we’re both loving it and want to keep going with this. I know I do. I’m not sure where Dan’s head is at these days. But you make me cum harder than anyone else, Otis included. And you don’t judge, and you know me so well. Taking me to that movie theater... As much as my parents finding out about that has kind of messed up my life, you still were there with me to give me that experience, to share it. And I loved every second of it.”

Sarah put her hand on Lester’s chest and looked into his eyes, “I’m sorry that I hurt you. I knew you wouldn’t be thrilled with me. But I didn’t think you’d feel...like this. Maybe I did it out of anger, but now I’m feeling like shit.”

Lester sighed and put his head back on the pillow. He didn’t say anything. Sarah didn’t want to leave his arms. She put her head down on his chest. After a minute, he started to stroke her hair, “I get it. This is all part of you taking control and exploring this side of you. I just don’t want to be left behind. I want to explore it with you. All of it.”

“I’m never leaving you behind,” Sarah caught herself drawing circles in Lester’s chest hairs with her finger, “Not as long as that cock is attached to you.”

Lester grunted in affirmation. Sarah’s mind was mulling over how hurt Lester had appeared. Was he really okay with everything she did? With her still doing her ‘exploration’ as he called it. He confused her. He could be such an asshole, so degrading and controlling. Just an entirely toxic person. But then he had fleeting moments like this one. It was almost like Sarah was seeing behind the curtain. She felt the butterflies in her stomach again and closed her eyes.

Her eyes weren’t closed for long before she heard the doorknob to the bedroom jiggling insistently. Both Lester and Sarah shot up into a sitting position. The doorknob turned, but it didn’t open.

“Mommy?” a small voice said from the other side of the door. Sarah winced.

“Yes baby?” Sarah said, getting off the bed and pulling on a pair of panties. They felt wet on her immediately, and she remembered she’d never cleaned herself up.

Sarah grabbed a t-shirt and hastily pulled it on as the voice said, “I need you. A-are you okay? I had a nightmare about the monster in the basement, and then I heard you screaming.”

The voice came with little sobs in between the words. Sarah shot Lester a look, telling him to stay put. She unlocked the door and opened it just enough for her to step out into the hallway and pick up her little girl. Sarah pulled the door closed behind her and started back down the hallway towards her daughter's room.

"It's okay. Mommy is fine. Don't worry, it was just a dream," Sarah said, stroking her daughter's head. She needed comforting, but Sarah hadn't taken the time to wash the sweat or taste of Lester off of her skin. She winced but kept going until she got to the room.

"But I woke up from my dream. I couldn't move. I was too scared, and I was crying, and then I heard you screaming," her daughter said.

"Maybe I had a bad dream too," Sarah said, lying her daughter down and tucking her in.

"Stay with me, okay?" her daughter asked.

"Sure," Sarah said, lying down on the bed, "Just for a little bit until you fall asleep."

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The bed shifted next to Sarah, stirring her awake. She was too tired to get up yet. Soft giggles and the door closing hard pulled her further out of her dreams, and she peeked open one eye. She wasn't where she expected to be.

Instead of her room, she was in her daughter's. She must have nodded off after coming in here last night. Memories of the previous night came back to her, how Lester had joined her in the shower and then the intense lovemaking she'd experienced. Then her daughter had come to the door due to a nightmare.

Sarah's eyes opened wide, and she shot up in bed. A terrible scenario filled her mind. She didn't remember shutting her bedroom door. What if the girls went down the hallway and saw Lester still in there? Worse, what if Lester was already up in another part of the house? If her daughters saw him, they'd be terrified, but who knows what they might say to their grandparents? She hadn't heard a scream yet, but her heart was already beating fast.

She rushed out of bed and into the hallway. She couldn't hear the girls upstairs, so she went down to the main floor. Sure enough, the girls were sitting in front of the TV watching an animated show of some kind about some kind of singers.

Sarah let out a breath as the tension left her body. She sighed and headed into the kitchen to make a coffee and prepare the girls' breakfast. A few minutes later, the girls were both seated at the countertop, munching away on a bowl of cereal.

“What show were you girls watching?” Sarah asked as she sipped her coffee and looked at her daughters. They were getting so big. They looked like angels just sitting there, not a worry in the world. She wanted to preserve this forever.

A pang of guilt tightened in her chest at the thought of making the girls move. If they were forced to sell the house, what kind of life would these girls grow up to have? How different would it be from the path that they would’ve been on if she hadn’t gotten fired? If Dan hadn’t lost his job a second time?

Sarah quietly contemplated this as she listened to the girls talk in animated fashion about K-pop Demon hunters, the movie they were apparently watching for the fifth time. Guilt hit her again as she realized that she had missed out on watching this movie with them. Not that she cared about it, but it hadn’t even been on her radar that it was something the girls loved and were apparently watching non-stop. How much more would she miss if she and Dan had to make more sacrifices to keep a roof over their head?

Lester’s offer during sex played back in her head. She knew it could just be sex talk with him. Just Lester trying to calm her down, but she knew there might be some truth to it. Lester seemed eager to jump at the opportunity to help her.

Sarah sighed and looked down at her empty coffee cup. She’d drunk it so fast she hadn’t even realized what she was doing. Her mind was completely wandering off course, thinking about Lester’s offer. Could she really take more money from him and not tell Dan? Could she really hide something that significant, like losing her job from Dan? Things between them weren’t the best at the moment, but she still loved her husband. Yes, she had made poor choices lately, in the heat of several moments, but she hadn’t hidden anything from him in the long run.

Despite her complicated feelings towards Lester, she still loved her husband. That hadn’t changed. Sure, things had been strained lately, but how could she just hide a huge part of her life from him? She couldn’t just stay home all day and mess around with Lester, could she?

You could and you’d absolutely love it. Sarah shivered at how easy the thought came to her. Quitting the rat race and just spending her days with Lester, behind Dan’s back. She had to admit the idea was sadistically erotic to her. She could feel it working her up and knew that she could enjoy it. But something ongoing like that felt more like an affair than their current situation.

Maybe it wasn’t really any different than what she did with her husband’s roommate, but she felt like it would be crossing a line and to lie like that for that long. Sure, she had omitted things with Dan, but she’d always ultimately been forthcoming with her husband.

Standing here, watching the girls, she didn't want to do something that could hurt her family. She thought back to the strange dream she'd had the other day, where she stepped into the dark cave with Lester, eager to let the flames engulf her. That path had meant leaving her kids and Dan behind, something she wouldn't ever do. Especially now that she was thinking clearly and her brain wasn't addled by incredible sex. In her dream, she knew that leaving the kids meant their fire would slowly die out, and the kids and Dan would be cold and alone in the woods. It was dumb, still thinking about that dream, but it had struck an emotional cord inside her.

"Mom," one of the girls said sheepishly, "I miss you."

"Baby," Sarah said, coming around the counter and putting an arm around her daughter, "I'm right here, my love."

"I know," the girl said as she fidgeted with her spoon in her cereal bowl, "But you've been gone so much. And then I have to go to school and leave you. I don't want to leave you. I don't want you to go again."

Guilt crept over Sarah again. Were the girls already beginning to notice her fraying at the edges? They certainly noticed her absence enough to mention it in the cold, hard light of the morning. Sarah knew what was important to her.

Yes, mind-blowing orgasms and riding Lester were something she craved. But her family was still the most important thing in the world to her. And she had done a lot of stupid things to put it in jeopardy. What the hell was she going to do?

She needed to keep her family together, and that meant telling Dan everything. She squeezed her daughter tighter. Maybe there would still be a way for Lester to help them, at least in the short term.

"I'm not going anywhere," Sarah said, kissing her daughter on the top of her head.

"Can we stay home with you today, Mom? I don't want to go to school," her daughter said. Sarah sighed, prepared to shut her daughter down. Her other daughter spoke up, "Yeah, Mom, please! We never get to see you. Can we just stay home with you?"

Sarah looked at her daughters while tears formed in the corners of her eyes. She didn't want to say no to them. Even if that meant she couldn't have another round with Lester later.

"Okay," Sarah said, causing grins to spread widely on her daughters' faces. She pulled the two empty cereal bowls from in front of the girls and loaded them into the dishwasher. "Go watch a show and give mom a few minutes to tidy up, and then we'll spend the day together, okay?"

The girls scampered around the counter, hugging her legs before running back to watch their Korean cartoon. Sarah felt the emotions threatening to overwhelm her as she held back tears. A sad smile formed on her face as she finished cleaning up.

“Mom,” one of her daughters said, “there’s a monster in the basement.”

Sarah’s frown deepened. Had her daughters seen Lester?

“What do you mean?” Sarah asked, walking into the living room and eyeing the basement door.

“I saw it yesterday. Grandma said it left, but I know it’s still there,” her daughter said without taking her eyes off the screen. Sarah quietly opened the basement door and descended the stairs. She half expected to see a naked Lester down here, but thankfully, all she found was his laptop and backpack. She packed it up for him and went upstairs to her bedroom.

She listened to the TV downstairs. She didn’t hear any footsteps following her up, so she opened her bedroom door. There, lying wrapped in the tangled sheets, was Lester’s hairy, pale body. She objectively knew he was overweight and his body wasn’t something to write home about, but she felt herself drawn to it.

Sarah quietly closed the door behind her and went over to the bed.

“Lester,” she whispered. Lester just continued to snore. She poked him with her finger, “Lester.”

The big man didn’t budge. Nor did his breathing change. It was like he was in a coma. Sarah tried a few more times to wake him, but nothing she did worked. She was ready to throw water on him, but held herself back.

She also didn’t want to upset him. She needed him to leave if the girls were going to stay home, but she didn’t want to just throw him out, especially not after their pillow talk last night. She didn’t want to hurt him again. Those butterflies swirled in her stomach again, and she shoved down the realization that she felt something for the troll-like man in front of her. She didn’t know exactly what it was she felt. She didn’t want to give herself space to think about it, but she felt it deep in her core.

Sarah dropped his bag on the end of the bed and sent him a quick text message.

S: My daughters are staying home. You have to stay here in the bedroom until I come up to get you. Please stay in the bedroom, okay, Lester? Text me when you wake up.

She wrote him a note and put it on the bedside table. Then she did the same, sticking it to the back of the closed bedroom door so he would see it.

As Sarah went to leave the room, she looked back once more at the snoring fat man in her marital bed, and a stupid smile spread onto her face. She shook her head, and the smile disappeared just as fast as it had appeared.

Her life was spiraling out of control and it was getting more complicated by the minute.

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Dan drove past the 'Welcome to Middleton' sign as his stomach turned to knots over the text he'd received from Sarah. It was cryptic. All it said was 'We need to talk.'

In the known history of relationships and marriages, nothing good ever came after those words. Dan would be home in a few minutes. He could get in and relax for a bit before anyone got home. It was just past noon, so Sarah would still be at work and his girls at school. He could run out and grab some stuff to make dinner as a surprise. Hopefully, it would soften Sarah up and help negate whatever was going to follow that text message.

Whatever it was, he didn't know how he was going to handle it. Everything had been so fucked up lately. Between him losing his job because of that asswipe Jesse, to the delicate balancing act of trying to balance his freelance clients with Sentinel Securities. And all the shit Lester was putting him through. There were just too many stressors going off at once, not to mention the fact that he now had Lester's ex-girlfriend, Lizzie's address.

When he'd first met her, he couldn't believe someone like Lizzie would ever date someone like Lester. But since then, he could maybe see why a girl would stick with Lester. Despite the gulf of outward attractiveness, Lester had certain assets a girl might like.

When he got back to Chicago, he was going to figure out just what the hell he was going to do with that address. He wanted to learn more about Lester. He'd told Sarah he'd stop, but he couldn't. There was something just itching at his brain that he couldn't look away from. Hopefully, Lizzie would have some answers. And hopefully she wouldn't let Lester know they'd talked.

His ringtone chimed out from the phone attached to the dashboard. Dan put Lizzie to the back of his mind and frowned at the screen. Sarah's Dad was calling him.

Dan pressed the answer button. "Hey James, what's up?"

"Just calling about Sarah's car," his father-in-law said with an edge to his voice that Dan wasn't accustomed to hearing. There was clearly something else he wanted to say to Dan, but he was audibly restraining himself. Probably something to do with what he'd learned in Chicago over the weekend.

"What about Sarah's car?" Dan asked.

“She didn’t tell you?” James said, confused.

“No. We haven’t had a chance to talk yet. James, what’s going on with her car?” Dan asked.

“Uh, well, last night it wouldn’t start. She got stuck at work. I couldn’t get it going, so we got it towed to a mechanic who just took a quick look at it. He’s not sure yet what’s wrong with it and needs a few more hours to look into it.”

“James, what’s that going to run me? Did he say?” Dan fought back the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose while he drove.

“Between the tow job and the inspection, it’s going to be at least six hundred. They still don’t know what the issue is and what labor is required to fix it. Not to mention the cost if it needs any parts,” James said.

Really? Fucking really? Another bill to pay.

Dan pulled onto his street and narrowed his eyes. He stopped, idling his car in the middle of the road, “James, I’m going to have to call you back.”

Without waiting for a response, Dan hung up the phone and stared at the black SUV in his driveway. He knew the vehicle. It was Lester’s. Lester’s car was parked in his fucking driveway. Lester was never supposed to be there unless Dan was, and even then, this asshole should just be banned from the property permanently.

Dan accelerated and swung his car into the driveway. He was up the walkway in seconds and opened the front door. He expected to hear the sounds of sex echoing throughout the house. What he heard instead surprised him.

“Daddy!” his two daughters yelled and ran up to him, throwing their arms around his waist. Dan was taken aback for a few seconds before returning the hug.

“Girls, why are you home? Where’s mom?” Dan said, confused.

“Mom said we could stay home today. She’s staying home too,” his younger daughter said.

“Okay,” Dan said, even more confused. He ruffled the girls’ hair, then looked around for Sarah. “I’m going to go find your mom and talk to her for a second. Then I’ll be right back.”

“No, Dad!” one of his daughters said, tugging on his arm. She was trying to pull him towards the basement door.

“What?” Dan asked.

“There’s a monster in the basement! Can you look? Please?” His daughter said.

“She had a dream the monster was hurting mommy,” his older daughter chimed in.

Dan eyed the door suspiciously and then stepped around his daughter, “Okay. I’ll go look. You two go turn on the TV, and I’ll be right back.”

The girls ran off, and Dan flung open the basement door. He pulled it shut behind him and flicked on the lights. Stomping down the stairs, he expected to see Sarah and Lester on the futon. But nobody was down there. It was just all their old junk, the futon and stuff in boxes.

Dan shook his head and went back upstairs. Sarah was waiting for him, her blonde hair falling just past her shoulders, those green eyes boring into him. She looked amazing, and he felt his heart skip a beat. But then he saw the expression on her face and felt his heart drop.

“Where’s Lester?” Dan hissed.

“Dan, it’s okay. Really. He’s upstairs,” Sarah whispered. Dan spun on his heel, ready to march up the stairs. No hug, no kiss, no warm embrace for his wife; he just wanted to put his hands around Lester’s fat throat.

“Dan, wait,” Sarah said, grabbing onto his wrist.

“Wait for what?” Dan said, “He’s upstairs, and our daughters are right here? Sarah, what the fuck?”

“I know. I know,” Sarah said, “the girls got up early and I kept Lester up in the bedroom so they wouldn’t see him leave.”

“He’s in our house when the girls are home, Sarah. That’s so completely fucked,”

“My parents dropped them off before I could get Lester out. I had to hide him,” Sarah said, pulling her husband into the kitchen.

“And did you have to fuck him? He could have left anytime. We agreed not to do —”

Sarah held up a hand to silence him, and tears began to stream down her face, “I know! Okay, I know! It’s just....it’s just that things have so fucked up. I didn’t know what to do. I just, I don’t know, Dan, I just fucked up.”

Sarah’s eyes were red as she cried in front of him, “I fucked up. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry. This isn’t me. I’m just, I can’t even. It’s like everything is out of control, and I just needed to grab onto something steady.”

She was shaking. Dan pulled out a chair and sat her down. He eyed the ceiling above him suspiciously, “Jesus fucking Christ. How? How does he just end up here, Sarah? Tell me that? Did he just trip, and his dick fell into you and magically stayed there all night? What happened?”

“Dan,” Sarah breathed, looking up at him, “I got fired. I got fucking fired yesterday.”

“What? No..What? How? Why? What the fuck happened?” Dan exclaimed louder than he intended to, “We can’t... Goddammit! What the fuck happened?”

Sarah held up a shaking finger to her lips. Thankfully, the sounds from the TV in the living room continued. Dan peeked his head out and saw both girls sitting on the couch watching the screen. Hopefully, they hadn’t heard his outburst. He went back to Sarah, and he motioned for her to join him in the kitchen, further away from their daughters.

“Okay. Alright. Fine. But seriously? What the fuck?” Dan whispered as his mind raced. He was torn between finding out just what the hell happened and doing quick calculations in his head about how they’d stay above water now. How tight would things be? What else could he do to make ends meet? “What happened? Did that new fucking CEO make more cuts? Isn’t your IT department running a skeleton crew as it is?”

He’d known things were shaky at the hospital. All the massive cuts and Sarah’s old position have been eliminated entirely. It was only because of Lester that she’d been able to stay on. That fact constantly made Dan’s blood boil. He hadn’t forgotten that this obese roommate was still upstairs, in his bed, fresh off of fucking his wife the night before. Behind his back. If he hadn’t come home today, would he even have found out about this?

“No,” Sarah said quietly, looking at her feet, “I fucked up.”

“What happened? How did you fuck up?” Dan said flatly. What could her fuck up have been? Did she make a mistake, or did she finally snap and tell someone off? She wouldn’t embezzle money.

“You know that new head of HR I told you about?” Sarah asked.

“Yeah. The bitch. The one that seems to hate you. Did she do something?” Dan leaned against the counter, crossing his arms. Sarah seemed broken; she was still staring at the ground. Where was his confident and outgoing wife? Her shoulders were slumped, and she was fidgeting with her hands.

“It’s been so fucked up, Dan,” Sarah held back a sob, “I just didn’t know what to do. Everything just seemed to come to a head yesterday. I couldn’t handle it anymore. I don’t want to make excuses. I don’t. I just want to explain it. Everything. Everything that’s been going on for months. How tight things have been. Y’know, financially. All the stress we’ve been under. Then all cuts and changes at work. All the new people are changing everything. The way they hate me and look at me like I don’t know anything, and always belittle me. Then my parents found out about things this weekend, and they’ve been constantly questioning me about it. My mom is still calling, wanting to talk about it.”

Sarah was breathing hard, her breasts rising and falling as she talked. She was still staring at the ground, "It's all just. It's just too much. And then Lester. He just pissed me off in Chicago the other night. Talking like he controlled me. I just. I needed something. Something I could control and just do, ignoring everything else about life for a little while. I've felt like I've been slipping. Like I'm just being dragged along through life and someone else is making all the decisions."

Dan stayed silent, letting Sarah continue.

"Last night. Lester scheduled a late meeting. I couldn't get a hold of him, so I had to stay late. My parents picked up the girls. God, I hated having to ask for that favor," Sarah bit her lip.

Sarah was fiddling with her hand and swaying her one leg side to side. Her eyes were locked on her foot, like she was studying it. Dan waited; his wife was working up the courage to say something.

After almost a minute, she finally continued, "Then Lester cancelled the meeting. And I was pissed. And I wanted to hurt him. To piss him off. I didn't want to be a puppet on a string for him. Then the janitor came in. I knew I was going to do something stupid, so I tried to leave. God, I wanted to leave, but I knew how much our last tryst with the janitor pissed off Lester."

It clicked in his brain. He knew where this was going to end, but he didn't know how it all fit together.

"You fucked him. The janitor. The same one from the other night," Dan said. He didn't ask. He already knew based on how she was holding herself. How the fuck could she do that? Again, she'd hidden another thing from him, making a stupid choice, and now here they were.

Sarah just nodded as another tear ran down her cheek.

"Sarah? Really? What the fuck? Are you just going around fucking everyone now? This is so fucked. How...How did you get fired?" Dan asked.

Sarah shook her head and looked up at him, a flat smile on her face. She closed her eyes and shook her head again, "Right at the end. That bitch Mary walked in. She saw us. And she was oh so fucking happy she did."

"Then she fired you," Dan asked.

"Not before making me beg for my job. I did. I shoved down my pride and ego, and I fucking begged her in my old office. But she still fired me anyway." The tears were flowing freely now.

"And then the fucking car wouldn't start!" Sarah put her face in her hands.

Dan didn't say anything. He moved to one of the chairs under the barstop and took a seat. He just stared at the counter as he tried to process everything Sarah had just told him. It was quite

a lot. His mind raced as conflicting emotions coursed through him. Anger, jealousy, betrayal, arousal. He was furious about Sarah's treatment at her workplace.

He was mad at her, too. Furious. That she'd be so stupid to do something like that at the job the family was dependent on when people were around. Maybe she'd gotten cocky with it since the few times she'd done things at work lately. But still, how could she just so easily let someone like that dirty janitor fuck her? They were supposed to be in this as a team, together. Doing these sexual things together. He was still pissed about the theater performance. At least then she had faceted him in a somewhat weak effort to include him in her adventure.

She'd fucked up. And she'd acted stupid. He got how it had happened, though. He knew how incredibly stressful things had been. He'd felt like that, too. The constant spinning. Being out of control. Feeling like he was on someone else's leash, dragging him through life. Hell, if Tricia were more forward and they'd already established a relationship like Sarah had with Otis or Lester, who knew if Dan would be able to control himself. He liked to think he could be stronger than that, but Sarah was so far down the rabbit hole they'd dug.

Dan knew he hadn't been a saint either. He'd been there right alongside Sarah for so long. Letting certain red flags slide and hoping other things might happen.

He wanted to scream at her. To scream at her for being so stupid. To scream at her for yet again doing something like this on her own and doing it without his knowledge. They both knew that it turned him on that she did these things, and he knew his head was fucked. He needed a shrink to fix him. He wanted to make her hurt as much as he did, just for a moment. But the thing that weighed heaviest on his mind was just what the hell they were going to do now?

Sarah's job had kept them afloat. It had helped cover the mortgage and some of the bills. He himself wasn't fully employed, even though the money from Sentinel was good. It wouldn't cover that newly widened gap.

"Dan," Sarah said, snapping him out of his dark thoughts. She was looking at him, finally able to make eye contact. She looked like a deer in the headlights, awaiting his judgment, "Say something. Please."

"I don't know what to say, Sarah," Dan shrugged, "it's, ah, it's really fucked up." He looked away for a moment, then met his wife's gaze again. "Why didn't you just call me while you were at work? We could have talked through it," Dan said.

"I was still mad at you. I know, I know, it's dumb, and it doesn't make complete sense. I think I was just angry because my parents kept hounding me about Chicago, and it was easy to blame it on you. You didn't forget my phone at that place. You didn't make me go there. I know all that. But I did hope you might have covered for me," Sarah said.

"I didn't even know if you were alive," Dan said.

"I know. I know you weren't in the loop. That's why I can see how dumb it is now. Have I mentioned how I am spinning out of control?" Sarah tried to weakly joke, "I didn't want to call. I just needed to be away from everything. To get my mind right. Who knew work wouldn't let that happen?"

"And you fucked that janitor again without me. We are supposed to be a team. That's what we keep saying, yet you keep doing things by yourself," Dan said, his voice rising, "And this time it came back to bite you in the ass, and we're all going to pay for it."

Sarah let out a long breath and visibly slumped, "I know."

"Sarah, I don't know what to be more pissed about. That fact that you fucked Otis again. Without me. Or that you lost your job because of it. I have no idea what we're going to do."

"Drink. A lot," Sarah mumbled.

"We aren't going to have any money to buy alcohol," Dan said.

"Do you still love me?" Sarah asked quietly.

Dan just gave her a look and sighed, "I do. Yes, Sarah. I do still love you. You make me crazy, and I know I'm partly responsible for a lot of the shit we're in. I do still love you. But I'm also really fucking mad at you for putting us deeper into this position and for acting the way you've been. I don't know where we go from here, how we move forward, and I'm not just talking about our finances. How do you keep doing this? Fucking around, without me. Well, now you've fucked around and found out."

Sarah nodded, "I know. Dan, I know. I'm so sorry. We'll fix it. I'll fix it." Sarah said hopefully, but without the conviction of an idea of how to do so.

"I don't even know where to start," Dan said, leaning back in the chair, "It's like we've dug ourselves deep into a hole and can't get out. And the vultures are swirling overhead."

Dan imagined himself deep in a hole, looking up at a blue sky while the birds circled in the air, waiting to pick the flesh off their bodies. He looked up at the ceiling. Lester was still up there. Still in his house, his bedroom. Dan balled his hands into a fist and narrowed his eyes.

Yes, he didn't know what to do. He didn't know how to fix their situation, but he could at least solve a problem right in front of him.

"I don't....I don't know what to think. I'm so mad at you. I get you were stressed, but come on. Like- Jesus, how is the first idea you have to fuck a janitor? And then to do it without me. Without telling me. I feel like this isn't about our fantasy anymore." Dan said as his mind raced

to process what he was feeling. He listened to the girls in the other room and let out a low sigh. No matter what, he needed to take care of them. He looked at Sarah standing in front of him with tears in her eyes. He loved her. He wouldn't stop loving her, even if she'd fucked up, and quite a bit, lately. It was a sore wound, but he needed to fix it. To fix her. He'd caused this by pushing her at Lester in the first place.

"We'll figure it out, Sarah. We have a lot of work to do. You have a lot of work to do," Dan said, getting to his feet. "First thing we need to do today is get lardass out of here."

"Dan, maybe we should go easy on him. He might be able to —"

Dan cut her off, raising his hand, "No. Not today. You just lost your fucking job. You may have had time to react to this, but you just dropped a bomb on me. I can't do this. I can't do this with him here."

"Okay," Sarah said, holding her hands up in a placating manner, "You're right. You are totally right. But you're angry. You're pissed. I get it. Let me go upstairs. I'll get Lester to leave. You just go take the girls outside. Cool off for a second, and then we'll figure this out together."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose and let out a long breath, "Fine. Whatever. But don't let him pull any shit. Okay? He just needs to leave. And we are so not done talking about it."

Dan left Sarah standing there as he took the girls out in the back to play. The warm sun on his skin and the fresh air felt great. He tried to steady his thoughts, not wanting to think about his wife going back upstairs to Lester. To their bedroom.

He didn't know what to think. His emotions were raw, and everything felt heightened and in sharp focus. He knew, objectively, that Lester was bad for them. He pushed their boundaries and didn't really give a shit at all about Dan or their marriage. He just wanted to fuck Sarah and rub it in his face. But that was exactly what turned Dan on so much about everything. Lester just pushed the right buttons that drove both he and Sarah crazy. Letting Lester take control of things in the bedroom was intoxicating. The lack of control, giving up the reins like that, drove Dan wild. Seeing Sarah give up her inhibitions fueled his lust.

But lately, things had gotten even crazier. His lack of control had slipped even further. Sarah going behind his back to do things was, objectively, hot as fuck, but it was still fucking dangerous. She had just gotten fired for it, for God's sake. She was out of control too, and making really bad decisions. She'd fucked a janitor at work and had gotten fired for it. Could he trust her decision-making at all anymore?

He knew they needed to stop. To just take a breather from things, but that other part of him needed to see. Needed to see Sarah with him. He hadn't seen her with Otis that day; she'd barely told him about it. And he hadn't seen her at the movie theatre. His mind kept going over

what had happened that night, filling in the gaps in what he saw with Sarah in lust-filled throes of passion. He still needed her to tell him everything that happened.

He pushed the nails on his fingers into his palm. He couldn't think about this right now, or he was going to work himself up. He'd give himself time later. Right now, his girls were playing in front of him, and his focus should be on them.

As he went over to his daughters, one last thought filtered into his mind. Lester was someone he couldn't control and knew very little about. Even though Sarah wanted him to stop, Dan needed to keep digging. Even if things were fun and intense and both he and Sarah enjoyed it, he needed to know who he was really dealing with.

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As Dan closed the patio door, Sarah breathed a sigh of relief and headed upstairs.

When she opened the bedroom door, Lester was sitting on his bed wearing just boxers. It annoyed her that Lester wasn't dressed. What if one of her daughters walked into the room and saw this troglodyte sitting here undressed like this? She'd sent him that text, hoping he'd get ready to leave at a moment's notice. But apparently, he'd decided to get comfortable.

Lester was munching on something while on his laptop. His black backpack was next to him, propped up on Dan's side of the bed.

"Lester," Sarah said softly as she slipped into the room. His eyes drank in her appearance and he smiled at her, shutting his laptop.

"Did I hear Dan's voice down there?" Lester asked.

"He's home. And he isn't happy," Sarah breathed, sitting on the bed.

"Not happy I'm here? I'm surprised he didn't storm up here in an impotent rage to throw me out," Lester chuckled.

"Oh, I think the idea crossed his mind," Sarah said, "But he's not happy about everything."

"Everything? Did you tell him about what happened at the hospital?" Lester said.

Sarah nodded her head, "I did" she said in a quiet voice.

Lester sighed, a disappointed expression spreading onto his face, "I wish you didn't. I loved the idea of keeping it a secret where I got to fuck you every day while you were supposed to be at work."

"I know," Sarah breathed, "I know you wanted that."

"You seemed to like it too. Last night you got off on it," Lester put his laptop in his bag and zipped it up.

"You know I liked it. It's a hot idea. It's cruel and deceptive, and it turns me on thinking about it, but..." Sarah trailed off as she tried to find the right words to say.

Lester reached out and grabbed her hand, giving it a gentle squeeze. Sarah flashed him a grateful smile. He didn't say anything. He didn't raise his voice. He was just being patient with her.

"It's just," Sarah breathed, "Things are already pretty fucked up. I feel like I don't even know which way is up anymore. Right now, I probably shouldn't be making any big decisions. And that idea, god, it would be so bad. So fucking bad. I'd be so bad. I know we'd enjoy it. A lot, I'm sure. But I don't want to hurt anyone. I already hurt you with what I did with Otis and Dan's pissed off down there. I don't know how he'd react. I don't want to hurt my girls, Lester. I just...we just need to figure this out differently."

"Maybe I got caught up in the moment," Lester sighed, "I was just trying to do something to turn you on."

"You did," Sarah said reassuringly, "I think you saw how turned on I got last night."

"I may have noticed," Lester grinned. A smile spread onto Sarah's face, and she shook her head.

"Anyways," Sarah continued, "With Dan and the girls here, I don't want to complicate things today. Dan and I have some things to figure out. And I don't want to expose the girls to all of this. Is it okay if you head out soon? Back to your hotel?"

"I get it," Lester said, squeezing her hand, "I'll get dressed."

Sarah breathed a sigh of relief. The tension left her shoulders as Lester slowly pushed himself out of the bed and quietly got dressed.

"What are you going to do?" Lester asked as he pulled up his pants.

"What do you mean?" Sarah said, still sitting on the bed, just watching him get ready.

"About your job," Lester said, "Financially."

"I don't know," Sarah breathed, not wanting to think about it, "We'll figure something out."

"Well, maybe I can help," Lester said, stepping up to her. He was fully dressed with his backpack swung over his shoulders.

"Lester, that's not...you don't have to....it's not your problem," Sarah said quietly as she looked down at her hands. They were anxiously fiddling with the bedsheets.

Lester put his hand under her chin and gently made her look up at him, "I said I wanted to take care of you and I meant it."

"I just... It's too much. I can't ask you to do that," Sarah said.

"You aren't asking. I'm offering," Lester said, "Besides, what kind of man would I be if I didn't take care of my wifey?"

Sarah snorted and rolled her eyes.

"Come on, walk me out," Lester said, pulling her to her feet, "I'll think about things and let you know what kind of deal we can work out."

"Deal?" Sarah asked as she led Lester down the hallway towards the stairs.

"Well, if I help out, I need to get something out of it," Lester shrugged.

"What happened to doing it out of the goodness of your heart for your wifey?" Sarah said as they descended the stairs.

Lester walked to the front door and looked at the kitchen. Sarah could hear the sounds of the girls playing out there. Lester looked almost wistful for a moment, but his face changed a second later.

"It's a lot of money," Lester said.

"I know Lester, that's why you don't have to worry about —"

Lester put his finger to Sarah's lip's, silencing her.

"It's not about the money," Lester said, "It's about all of this."

He gestured to the house around them, "I'm always going to be on the outside of this. Even with our feelings for one another."

Sarah's skin suddenly felt very warm. Her heart was beating in her chest, and she could feel the butterflies in her stomach again. She didn't know what to do. This wasn't something they'd ever talked about this way before. It was something she just hoped to bury deep down and ignore.

"I just need to think about it. Think through what I want," Lester said. Sarah's mind raced, and she didn't know what to do. She didn't know what it was that she was feeling.

"I won't take long. I am going to make sure you and the girls are okay," Lester said as he turned the knob on the front door.

On instinct, before she could process what she was doing, Sarah's lips were on Lester's. It wasn't a kiss full of tongue like the ones they'd shared the previous night. It was soft and gentle.

Intimate. The way he kissed her back implied something more. Something that worried her. Sarah broke the kiss and just stood there. She couldn't look Lester in his eyes.

"I'll message you soon," Lester said as he walked out the door. When he got to his car, Sarah was finally about to breathe again. She watched him back out of his driveway and disappear down the street.

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What a mess. Sarah thought as she looked over the papers scattered over their dining room table. They were digging deep into their financial situation to determine how much runway they had.

The girls were upstairs, asleep. Dan was pacing in the living room, talking to their realtor to try to figure out if they should sell the house. Sarah wanted to wait and see what happened. Truthfully, she didn't want another major stressor like selling the house on her mind. Just the idea of trying to keep it clean for each showing filled her with dread.

She looked at the open laptop in front of her, where she worked on a spreadsheet containing some of their financials. Her eyes glazed over, so she shifted to some of the paper bills piled in front of her. It was too late in the day. She knew they needed to do this, but she just couldn't bring herself to dive into it yet. She tried to stay focused; if she didn't, she knew her mind would wander back to how Lester had left things – how he said there was something else between them. How he implied it was more than just sex. She couldn't think about that. Not now. Not with everything else going on. But by deliberately not thinking about it, she was thinking about it.

She heard Dan sigh from the other room, and his footsteps followed shortly after. Looking dejected, he sat down in the chair next to her.

After Lester had gone, the house had been a strange place. Dan had played with the girls while Sarah saw to making dinner for the four of them. Something as routine as preparing dinner had become a mental checklist of how much of each food and associated supplies they had in store. Dinner had been a nice moment; the girls didn't pick up on how frustrated Dan was with her.

Once they'd tucked the girls in, they'd come back down to the kitchen table and had sat across from each other. Dan said, "Tell me," and she had. She'd left out a lot of what was said, but she went through how she'd sucked and fucked Otis, and how that had led to Lester driving her home. She wasn't going to talk about how Lester had fucked her upstairs, but Dan didn't seem quite as angry as he had been. He gave her a nod, and she told him the rest. Dan had gotten up from the table at that point and disappeared upstairs for half an hour. He came back down with

a clear-headed expression on his face, and then they launched into solving this. He'd called the realtor as his first step.

"What did he say?" Sarah asked, her heart quickening at Dan's sour expression.

"That the market is going through a correction right now," Dan sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. "If we sell now, we are going to take a big loss on the house."

"How big of a loss?" Sarah asked.

"Enough that we still won't be able to cover the principal left on our mortgage."

"Really?" Sarah replied in shock, "What the hell are we supposed to do then?"

"I don't know. We could still try to sell it. We'd just have a smaller mortgage to pay off."

"I don't think the bank would let that happen," Sarah said.

"I don't know," Dan sighed, "What about you? What have you got there?"

"Honestly, my brain can't function right now. We need to cancel Netflix and a few other subscriptions," Sarah said.

"Okay. But still, that isn't a ton of money saved," Dan replied.

"No, but it adds up. Especially because we pay every month, it's hundreds of dollars every year. And I think we can find other ways to cut things down. Maybe we could reduce our life insurance or take faster, less hot showers. Maybe we can do a yard sale and sell some of our stuff. And there's Facebook marketplace," Sarah added, trying to sound like she had some useful ideas.

"When do you want to tell our parents?" Dan asked.

Sarah felt the ball of tension tighten in her chest. The last thing she wanted to do was bring this up to her parents. Especially when the first thing they would do would be to dig into why she lost her job, they'd think she and Dan were two failures, and she couldn't bear the shame of that.

"I don't want to tell mine," Sarah said.

Dan narrowed his eyes, "Mine won't be able to help. They can't even take us in. They don't have the space. And they don't have the money to help us. Your parents might be able to help us, Sarah."

"Not yet. If it comes to that, we will cross that bridge when we get there, but not yet. I can't," Sarah said.

“The sooner we ask, the less cash we burn through,” Dan said.

“Dan, we can’t live with them and I can’t ask them for a loan. You know how my dad is about handouts. We’re talking like neither of us will be able to get a new job. I haven’t even started looking yet. I might even get something that pays better.”

“True,” Dan sighed, “I just haven’t had any luck.”

“Maybe look outside your field. We just need something to get us through the next little bit. Soon, your consulting business will take off, and you won’t need that new job. Maybe I’ll be working for you,” Sarah smiled and squeezed his hand.

Dan pulled his hand back and winced, not realizing what he’d unintentionally done. Sarah held it together but felt something break inside of her. Dan gave her a flat smile and tried to change the subject, “So if we cut everything you’ve found, how good are we looking?”

“Still in the red. We can’t touch our 401 (k) s yet because our previous employers set them up that way. So it’s all savings of which we don’t have a lot left.”

“How did we get here?” Dan said, squeezing his eyes shut, “I wish we just had a magic wand to go back in time and fix things. I go back and keep my job, you go back and warn them about the hack at the hospital so Drew would still be the CEO, and you’d have things running smoothly.”

Sarah hadn’t thought about her old CEO in a long time. Not since he was replaced in disgrace because of his double dealings. The hospital’s new CEO, Richard Thornhill, was such a sleazebag who clearly wasn’t above kickbacks despite how he proselytized about cleaning up the hospital’s operations. Ultimately, he was just there for himself, like all men in those positions.

“Come on,” Dan said, getting to his feet. He reached out and grabbed her hand, “Let’s go upstairs.”

His hand felt warm around hers, and she eagerly stood and followed him. “Upstairs?” Sarah asked, “Do you mean?”

“Yes,” Dan said, “It’s been too damn long, and I sure as hell can’t go to bed knowing some dirty janitor and Lester have had... relations with my wife. I can’t just go to sleep like that. I’m still fucking pissed about it. About all of it, but I need to fuck you.”

Sarah felt her chest flush and that butterfly feeling in her stomach, “I just thought that with everything.....you wouldn’t want to.”

“Our finances aren’t the only thing we need to work on. And I’m a very jealous man. I need to feel you under me. I can’t not have you tonight.” Dan said and led her up the stairs. Sarah smiled and followed him.

Dan wasn't like other men. He was a good one. She wondered how he would fare as the hospital's CEO. He wasn't selfish like Richard Thornhill was. Her husband was a good man. She tried to push Thornhill out of her head as she followed Dan to the bedroom. The CEO was a selfish bastard. So sleazy and arrogant with too high an opinion of himself.

The idea struck her as she crossed into the bedroom and Dan removed his shirt. She knew how she could get her job back. She just had to go above Mary and talk to Richard. She visibly shook as a shiver ran through her. She knew that if she went to him, he would want something in return. Sarah was breathing hard, both at Dan in front of her and the idea beginning to form in her head. Mentally, she began putting an outfit together to suit this new project.

Dan would say no. He wouldn't want her to prostitute herself out like that. But Sarah needed to fix her mistake. She needed to course-correct and make sure her family was secure. She had to secure their future. She was going to do it. She had nothing to lose at this point.

Sarah took off her clothes and revelled in Dan's eyes, going over her body. Her excitement built as she pictured how she was going to save them all. She'd do it for Dan and the girls. But right then, she was all Dan's. Sarah walked over to her husband and pushed him down onto the bed and straddled him, his dick rising to the occasion.