

Show less

Hey everyone, hope its all going well on your end. Here's the alpha version of chapter 34! This one picks up pretty well exactly where the last one left off, with Lester taking Sarah upstairs....

I won't be around to read your feedback until early next week but I look forward to it. As always, this is an Alpha so its filled with typos, grammatical issues, etc. I've already identified some things to change, especially in the final scene (you'll probably see what I mean).

I've also started on the island story. It's gonna be a fun one, I'll just have to try not to over write like I tend to do on some of my other stores.

Anyways, lets jump into it:

Dan stood in front of the sink, mechanically scrubbing a plate as he stared unfocused at the bubbles and water before him. Some part of him knew that he had been washing the same dish for the past few minutes but the thought never translated to action.

He continued to scrub it with the abrasive sponge. The water in the sink was lukewarm, his fingers turny pruny. He didn't know if the dishwasher was full or empty. He needed to make sure things were clean. He wanted to do it by hand.

His eyes drifted up from the soapy water to the dining room. His stomach twisted and he felt his skin crawl with an overwhelming sense of anxiety. And his dick pressed against the kitchen cabinet below the sink.

Everything was off in the dining room. He just stared at it, almost mechanically taking in the sight, now allowing anything about the room to take purchase in his brain. The table was several feet in the wrong direction and orientated in the wrong way. There was broken glass on the floor and wine pooling a the base of one leg. Red pasta sauce was dotted over the tables' surface. And there was a pool of white substance on the floor that his brain wouldn't let him fully register. He was aware that a trail of it led out of the dinning room and across the kitchen towards the stairs. But that fact never reached his conciousness.

He looked away from the scene, back to the plate as he the scrubbed it. This he could clean. He let everything else around him melt away as his entire focus rested on the plate in his hands. Nothing else existed. He just kept cleaning it.

His brain reconized a distance change in the background nosie around him. His shoulder's slumped and his heart rate increased. He hadn't cleaned the plate enough yet. The world wasn't waiting for him. The sound of the shower turning off broke his fragile reality and the plate slipped from his hands, disappearing beneath the bubbles.

Dan just stood there, listening. The sound of the shower had been allow him to slip into his trance. It ceasing made his dick ache more and his anxiety return with a vengence. Still, the showering turning off was all he heard in the quiet house. Nothing else followed. Maybe, he wouldn't have to –

Light footsteps on the floor above him. Dan held his breath. Fat, plodding footsteps followed shortly after as this stomach twisted in on itself. He didnt know if they'd been in the shower for an hour or five minutes. He just knew he could have cleaned more of the mess from dinner in that time.

The footsteps disappeared and Dan's mind raced, wondering where they had went. Images flashed through his head. He waited, hoping and fearing that those footsteps would descend the stairs to him.

He glanced back the carnage in the dinning room and gulped. He'd never felt so powerless. His attention went back above him. Part of him, desperately wanted to ascend the stairs and see what was occurring. Another part of him wanted to put his hands around Lester's neck and not let go. But he found himself rooted in place, unable to move, hands frozen in the lukewarm water.

The possibilities of what was happening upstairs kept running through his head. Mental images flashed behind his eyes. His dick was still hard, pressing into the cabinet. The only one of the new throuple that had been denied an explosive finish. A long, tired breath escaped his lips and he slowly pulled his pruned hands from the water.

He dried them on a dish towel, trying to ignore the carnage of the dinning room. He shuffled out of the kitchen towards the stairs. He needed to see what was happening. Could Lester really be ready to go again? Or were they in the martial bed sleeping? He didn't know which outcome would be worse.

As Dan moved across the living room, movement caught his eye. Outside the large bay window was one of ther older neighbors walking his dog. Dan stood and looked from where the man stood on the sidewalk at the end of their property to the still illuminated dinning room. He hadn't tore his eyes off the sight of Sarah getting railed while it happened. If anyone was outside on the sidewalk, they could have seen across the living to what happened in the dinning room.

He thought about turning off the lights but that would take him away from where his body urged him to go. He turned and started up the stairs. Halfway up he froze, gripping the railing.

A soft feminine moan came from somewhere upstairs. Then a soft groan of satsisfaction. As if on auto-pilot, Dan mechanically climbed the stairs. Each step feeling heavier then the one before it. He felt his body moving down the upstairs hallway but it didn't feel like he was present in the moment. He was just a passenger in his own body.

The bedroom door at the end of the hallway was partially closed, but soft light spilled from the cracks. Sarah's moans were louder now. Each step closer to the door felt like a trespass. Dan pressed his hand to the door and gently pushed it open.

Sarah's nipples went erect the second she stepped out of the warm shower into the cool air conditioned bathroom. She quickly grabbed a towel and dried herself off before wrapping it around her body. She looked at herself in the mirror, not believing how the night was progressing.

The things she'd said downstairs in the dinning room. The way Lester took her, owned her in front of Dan like that. He dominated her. And he dominated Dan. She felt herself growing wet again at the thought. He gaze locked onto Lester's obscene form, still in the shower. His predator gaze was locked onto her as the water hit his pale skin.

Sarah shuddered and felt her knees grow weak. Lester had made sure she was completely clean, running her louffa over every inch of her, letting the soap and cum run down her legs. Then he'd made her clean him using her hands and the shower gel.

The shower turned off and Lester stepped out, dripping all over the rug in front of the shower. She grabbed Dan's towel off the back of the door, not wanting to run to the hallway closet for a fresh one. Lester took it, gave it one dirty look and dropped it onto the floor.

He stepped closer to her, letting the water pool below him. He looked down at the towel wrapped around her body and his finger traced the tops of her exposed breasts.

"Remember that time, I caught you in just your towel? When Dan's bedroom door was locked?" Lester asked.

"Yes. And we tried to pick the door to open it," Sarah breathed, staring up into Lester's ugly face.

"I really just wanted to rip your towel off you and drag you into my room," Lester said.

"Maybe you should have," Sarah bit her lip as she felt her body heating back up despite the air conditioning.

"Back then you might not have been so eager for that," Lester hissed.

Sarah's eyes darted down to Lester's crotch and she reached out and ran her fingers along his flaccid cock, "You might be right. I didn't know what I was missing back then. But if you dragged me into your room I'm sure I would have come around."

His cock jumped as she finished her sentence.

"That would have been fun," Lester said.

"Forcing me?" Sarah asked.

"Breaking you in. Making you submit," Lester said.

Sarah drew in a breath and whispered, "I think you could have."

Lester chuckled in response and grabbed the front of her towel, peeling it off her body, "I'm all wet."

"Me too," Sarah said as Lester pulled the towel from her, revealing her naked body. He began to dry himself off, not taking his eyes off Sarah. She held onto his flaccid cock, "Do you really think you'll be able to go again or was that just to mess with Dan downstairs?"

"You should know by now that I enjoy fucking with Dan's head," Lester said, "And you damn well know I am going to fuck you all night long."

"I'm just making sure," Sarah said with a lick of her lips.

"Let's go to the bed. I'm going to take care of my girl," Lester reached behind her and grabbed a handful of her naked ass and steered her body out of the bathroom towards her marital bed in the next room.

Sarah turned, a smile on her face as she backed up towards her bed. Lester followed her, carelessly throwing the wet towel onto the floor.

He stepped right up into her personal space as the back of her knees touched the bed. Sarah looked down at Lester's beady eyes, her heart pounding with anticipation. His fat paws ran up her arms and stopped at her shoulders. Then he pushed her with more force than she was expecting.

Sarah fell back onto the bed, the world spinning for a second. She quickly refocused her eyes and looked down. Standing before her toned legs was what other women would describe as a horrific

sight. A fat, troll like man with ugly features stood staring down at her. His body oddly shaped with rolls of fat, pasty white skin covered in a thick matting of hair. The wide, chill inducing smirk spread wide on his face and the most beautiful cock she had ever laid eyes on dangled bewitchingly between his legs.

“Come to mamma,” Sarah heard herself saying as her legs swayed back and forth playfully before she spread them. Lester’s grin grew wider as he looked down at the slow reveal of Sarah’s naked pussy. He licked his lips and climbed onto the bed, kneeling before her.

“How long do you think until Dan makes his way up here?” Lester said in a low voice.

“I don’t know. Probably not long,” Sarah said just wishing Lester would touch her already.

“He seemed to enjoy what happened downstairs. It was like he was in a trance,” Lester said with a soft chuckle.

“I know. I was hoping he might stick up for himself. But I still enjoyed it,” Sarah said running her calf up Lester’s waist.

“You called him a little boy,” Lester chuckled running his eyes up Sarah’s body until he locked his gaze with hers.

“I did,” Sarah breathed, “I felt so bad saying it but it felt so good to. So bad. But I think he liked it.”

“I know he did. I told you he likes being humiliated. If he comes back up to watch us, I think we should lean into that again. For his sake. Give him what he needs,” Lester said.

“For him? Not for you?” Sarah raised an eyebrow at the ugly man.

Lester smiled again, “For all of us. I know you enjoy it too.”

“I never said that,” Sarah licked her lips as Lester slowly lowered his face between her thighs.

“You don’t have to. I can tell by the way your pussy was squeezing my cock and how hard you came,” Lester grinned, his tongue lazily drifting out of his mouth and licking her thigh. Sarah breathed in sharply, propped up on her elbows locking down at Lester.

“Lay back and relax. Let me take care of you. And get ready to put on a show for your little husband,” Lester growled and slowly licked her other thigh. Sarah dropped her head onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling. The room was dark, just the light from the bathroom illuminated her.

She ran her hands through her blonde hair as Lester’s warm breath cascaded onto her pussy. Sarah’s body was tight with anticipating, waiting to feel the tongue of his tongue. He kept kissing and licking her thighs, right next to her pussy. Her ass rolled back and forth, trying to connected with his tongue. He licked the underside of her ass cheek making her moan sharply.

Then she felt his fat tongue lick slowly up her slit.

“Mhmmffffmmhmm,” Sarah moaned, her ass pushing off the bed towards Lester’s fat tongue. He licked the inside of her pussy lips, teasing her slowly. Sarah whined and let her hands run through her hair. Lester was such a generous lover, giving her everything she needed.

His fat tongue moved higher, spreading apart her slit until it found its target. Sarah let a guttural groan escape her lips as his fat tongue pressed against her clit. Then he flicked the tip of his tongue across it making her entire body jolt, “Uhhh.”

Lester repeated his tongue lashing. Over and over, running his falt, bulbous tongue back and forth, hard against her clit. Sarah's head rolled back and forth, the cool air in the house dancing across her naked skin, making her nipples hard. Lester's tongue licked and dragged itself across her clit. His lips closed around it and he he sucked it.

"OhfuckLesterbaby," Sarah cried, her thighs clenching around Lester's head. He never stopped. He kept sucking on her clit like that while his tongue still somehow managed to flick across it. One of her hands ran down her body, over her naked breasts until it came to rest on Lester's head. Her nails gently running through his thinning hair. As he sucked he started pushing his head forward, then slightly pulling it back before thrusting forward again. Her hips rocked back, as if she was being penetraed.

Sarah's thighs clenched his head. His hands left her hips and snaked their way up her body until both of them held a breast in each palm. He wasn't gentle. He grabbed them hard, squeezing them. His thumbs found her hard nipples and started playing with them. Sarah's chest arched off the bed, seeing more of his rough hands. The vacuum seal of his mouth never left her clit, he just kept sucking on it, flicking his tongue over it. Working her up, closer and closer to the inevitable orgasm that she felt building inside of her.

"Uhhmhm," Sarah groaned. Somehow Lester wasn't yet gasping for air, even though she held him in place with her thighs. His lips were still latched onto her and he didn't show any signs of slowing down.

Sarah knew she was getting close. With her eyes squeezed shut she focused on the lapping, sucking sensation of Lester's mouth and the way he was manhandling her breasts. His tongue flicking across her clit as she sucked on it. His thumbs, swirling around her nipples as he roughly massaged her breasts. She needed to feel that explosion inside of her again. She had already cum downstairs but tonight she was going to be selfish and get as many as she could.

He raised a leg and placed her foot on Lester's shoulder. Then she did the same with the the other, letting her push her pussy further into Lester's face. He left go of one of her breasts and grabbed an asscheek, helping to prop her up. Then other hand followed and he held her up like that as he feasted on her pussy.

Sarah's leg kicked into the air involunatirly as Lester's mouth worshipped her clit. It felt so fucking good. Lester knew just what to do to make her feel amazing. He was always so focused on her pleasure. He stopped sucking on her and resumed, gently running his tongue up and down her clit. Up and down, then side to side, with just the perfect amount of pressure.

"Mhmm. Mhmm. Uhh. Mhmm. Nnnghh," Sarah's head thrashed on the bed. She gripped the bedsheets with one hand while the other stayed planted on Lester's fat head. Lester's lips closed around her clit again and he resumed sucking on it, his tongue darting out to lap at it from within her mouth. Sarah let go of the bedsheets and grabbed one of her breasts, softly massaging it and tweaking her nipple between her thumb and finger.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah moaned her eyes squeezed shut. She ground her heels into Lester's shoulders, thrusting her ass off the bed, pushing her pussy into his sucking mouth.

"Oh fuck. Fuck. Oh god. Lester," Sarah whined as she felt the familiar build up inside her. The burning heat that was about to bubble up and explode, showering her body in a wave of pleasure. The ball of pleasure churning within her grew too large for anything to hold back.

“Ah Fuck,” Sarah ground her teeth together as her thighs squished Lester’s head like the oversized watermelon it was. She held him like a vice as that ball inside of her exploded showering her insides with a fire that touched every nerve. Her skin felt incredibly sensitive as a warm sensation spread out into her chest. Sarah squeezed Lester’s head as she saw stars behind her eyes lids, every muscle in her body tense as her orgasm rocked it.

“Ohhhhhhhffuuuuck,” Sarah moaned as the waves of pleasure coarsing through her began to recede. She slowly relaxed her legs taking the pressure off Lester’s face. She raised her head lazily and looked down at Lester. His face was red, his eyes locked onto hers as he continued to lap and suck on her clit. Sarah look at him dreamily at having experienced such an intense orgasm. She had never been able to cum when Dan had tried eating her out in the past. But Lester knew exactly how to touch her.

The floor board near the door creaked, Sarah turned her head to see Dan standing there with a thousand mile gaze on his face. His eyes were locked onto her but they seemed unfocused.

As the last whimpers of her orgasm disapated, Lester’s tongue continued to stoke the embers of another. “Dan?” Sarah said. She could see her husband’s shoulders rising and falling, his body reacting to the scene before him.

Lester paused his tonguing and turned his head to the side to look at Dan. Sarah wasn’t sure how long Dan had been standing there, just inside the door. But she could see the evident buldge in his pants.

Just as Dan’s eyes locked onto hers, Lester dropped his head. He lifted her by her asscheeks, higher into the air. His tongue lashed out again this time licking down her taint until his tongue swirled around her asshole.

“FuckshitLester,” Sarah cried, kicking her legs uselessly into the air. She tried clamping her thighs together to stop him but they only found the top of his head where her hand was still planted. Lester’s tongue swirled around her starfish. His head began nodding up and down as he licked her savagely.

“Lester!” Sarah said, her voice coming out shocked and laced with pleasure. She withered on the bed, trying to both turn away from him while her ass stuck out towards him. They wrestled back and forth on the bed, Sarah trying and failing to turn to the side while Lester held her in place, half bent up in the air like a pretzel. The entire time his tongue was lashing at her asshole making her whine.

“L-Lester!” Sarah managed to dislodge one of her feet from Lester’s shoulder and planted it on the bed. She pushed on it, flipping her body over away from Lester’s probing tongue. But Lester didn’t let up. As Sarah flipped onto her stomach he dropped flat to the bed, tongue still glued to her ass. One of his meaty paws was glued to her ass cheek, holding her down and giving him room to work. The other snaked around her thigh and found her clit with his hand.

Sarah’s eyes shot open as Lester began to gently massage her clit while his tongue licked her backside. Before she knew what she was doing, her body responded, pushing down on her knees and driving her ass back in Lester’s face. She dropped her head to the bed, her blonde hair falling around her.

“Uhmhmm,” Sarah whined as she pushed her ass back against Lester’s tongue. It was swirling, lapping and stroking her asshole. Lester licked up and down sending her over the edge. Her mouth

hung open for breath as she acted like such a slut in front of her husband, “Uhhmmh. Uh....Nggnnn, ggoooodd, uhhmhm, uhh, uhh.”

Lester’s fingers danced around her clit, gently massaging it with just the right amount of pressure. Sarah felt her eyes roll back in her head. His tongue was pushing hard against her backside while his fingers expertly applied just a bit of pressure as they twirled around it. How he could keep up two different rhythms like that at once, she didn’t know but she was fucking thankful he could.

She knew Dan was present but he was the last thing on her mind. Her brain was solely focused on the overwhelming amount of pleasure coming from her lower half. Then, without warning another orgasm quickly rose up like a tsunami inside of her and crashed down on her.

“Arrghmfuuccckkkk,mmhmmmmmm,” Sarah whined as her body convulsed, thrusting her ass back against Lester’s face, his tongue, his thighs closing tightly around Lester’s hand massaging her clit. Every nerve in her body felt like it was on fire as her body shuddered and she briefly felt herself drifting from consciousness.

When she finally came back to her senses, her body felt like it was enveloped in a warm hug. Everything felt right with the world for a few seconds as she felt a weightlessness settle over her. Sarah licked her lips and opened her eyes, seeing a tangle of blonde hair surrounding her. Lester pulled his tongue and fingers off her, a soft moan of disappointment escaping her lips.

She felt his grubby little hands on her hips as he rolled her over. The dim light from the bathroom made her shield her eyes. When she finally adjusted to them, she saw a shadow splayed out on the wall. She had forgotten Dan was standing there watching them. His spaced out look was gone, and now it looked like he was consumed with an eager energy. Sarah’s eyes went to his hand that was gently stroking himself over his pants.

The bed shifted and Lester was climbing back up to her. He pushed her legs apart and she saw his giant cock dripping pre-cum as it pointed right at her. Sarah instinctively reached for it and pulled it towards her opening, needing to feel it inside of her. Lester shuffled up the bed until he was kneeling between her legs, his cock gently pressing against her pussy. Sarah pushed her hips down, trying to make a connection but Lester just chuckled and held his cock where it was.

“Need something?” Lester said.

Sarah nodded desperately, knowing what the ugly man wanted to hear, “You’re cock. I need your cock. Please put it in me Lester I need to feel it.”

“Oh this cock?” Lester said flexing his appendage.

“Mhm, yes. That one. I need it. Please Lester,” Sarah moaned, “I want you. Please.”

“You used to say that it was too bad a cock like this was connected to someone like me. Do you remember that? Now what do you think?” Lester was slowly sliding the head of his cock up and down Sarah’s wet slit. A few times she bucked her hips and almost made a connection with it.

“Fuck,” Sarah gasped, “I didn’t know what I was thinking. Fuck your cock is so good but you know how to use it. You know how to fucking own me. Come on Lester fucking put it in me.”

Lester smirked and looked at Dan, “Just stay the fuck there Dan, no touching.”

Lester chuckled to himself, and staring back at Sarah’s face slowly pushed his cock into her. Sarah grunted as she felt Lester’s cock stretch her. Even after all this time, each time he pushed into her, he

felt like she was going to tear in two. Just as quickly, she felt herself adjust to his size. Lester stared at her face, watching her contort as inch after inch of Lester's girthy cock slide into her.

"Fuck you're always so tight," Lester said as he pushed himself fully in, his massive hairy balls slapping against her wet ass. Lester settled his weight on top her, his fat gut pressing down on Sarah's stomach.

"Kiss me," Lester said. Without a second thought Sarah closed her eyes and opened her mouth, connecting with Lester's lips. Their tongues quickly found each other, twirling and tangling with each other in a saliva infused mess. Sarah moaned into Lester's mouth as he slowly pumped his hips. His cock sliding out and then back into her. She wrapped her legs around his wide hips and locked her ankles behind his ass.

For the next few minutes, Lester slowly fucked her like that while they continued to gently make out. Their tongues danced together, their lips softly kissing and touching the other. Her hands came to rest on his biceps while he made love to her.

Eventually Lester broke their kiss as his thrusts began to increase in tempo. Sarah licked her lips, savoring Lester's taste. She turned her head to the side and relished in the full feeling of Lester's cock inside of her. She slowly opened her eyes and saw Dan, still standing close to the door but now his pants were down at his ankles. His cock was in one hand and he was slowly stroking it. It looked hard as a rock and he seemed to be slowly edging it, like a gun ready to go off.

Lester followed her gaze and a disgusted look appeared on his face, "Pineapple."

The hand on Dan's cock froze and he looked at them wideeyed.

"What?" Sarah asked.

"Pineapple," Lester said, "Stop stroking to us. Its unbecoming. Just stand there and watch. Stay in your lane and we can all enjoy ourselves."

"Lester..." Sarah said looking between Dan and the ogre above her, "Be nice, its not --"

"Remember what we talked about," Lester whispered to her. He turned towards Dan, "Do you remember way back when. You kept telling me 'you can't fuck her'.

Then he looked at Sarah, "And you'd say 'you can't fuck me Lester'"

"You didn't know it at the time, but I knew it was just a matter of time before I flipped the tables on you. Now look at you, standing there with your cock in your hand like a pathetic little cuck while your wife acts like my slut," Lester snarled, spittle falling onto Sarah's breast.

"Tell him," Lester said, "Tell him what he needs to hear."

Sarah bit her lip and looked at the intense gaze on Dan's face. She ran her hands over her breasts, "Everything over here...."

"Everything over here," She repeated biting her lip and making a show of touching her naked breasts, "Is just for Lester. My breasts..."

She trailed off as her hands ran up her chest, up her neck and to her lips, "My lips..."

She made a show of rubbing her legs up and down Lester's body, "Everything is for him."

As the words left her lips, Sarah's brain went into overdrive. Cruel thoughts began to swirl through her mind. Things that would both hurt and turn Dan on while also serving to fan the flames of her own wicked desires, "This was what you wanted...."

Sarah started talking her mouth speaking before her brain had a chance to process what she was saying, "You....you pushed me towards this...you wanted this for years....and now I'm his...this is what you wanted....for someone else to own me....to fuck my brains out....to make me feel things I've never felt before.....never felt with you.....I didn't enjoy your fantasies at first....I thought they were perverted....but I indulged you....because I loved you....but then....but then...they got real....and....I didn't know....."

Sarah let out a sexy little chuckle, "I didn't know sex could be this good....to be dominated and owned by someone....to feel this full....fuck.....thank you....thank you Dan....without you I'd never have known what it was really like to get fucked....thank you..."

A wicked smile grew on Lester's face and he started pumping into her faster. She felt his cock flexing inside of her. He clearly like what she was saying, even his body was responding to it. So she continued, "And now you've let Lester back into our house.....one time you actually threw him out and I thought that you might [change....be](#) a real man....but now you're just standing there...still not doing anything....just watching as Lester fucks your wife....and all you can do is stroke your penis....thats right...penis.....its not a cock.....Lester has a cock....I never knew the difference until I met him..."

"Aw don't be mean Sarah," Lester grunted as his cock pounded into her. His rythm was increasing at each word she spoke. "It's not Dan's fault he's just a little fella."

As Lester's sweat dripped off his forehead and fell onto Sarah's breasts, she saw the crimson mask appear on Dan's face. His breathing growing more rapid. His cock twitched in his hand and a drizzle of cum leaked out of it.

"Just a boy," Sarah moaned and looked up at Lester, "Show him how a real man fucks."

Lester grinned down at her and started power thrusting into her. His fat gut dragged down her body and then back up and he thrust into her. He dragged the entire length of his cock out of her until just the head remained then thrust his entire length back into her. Over and over, in and out. Letster's fat cock impaled her.

"Mhmmfucckk. Oh fuckk. Lester.....God...show Dan how a real man fucks. Show him what a woman should be treated like...."

"Do you think Dan will ever be able to fuck like this?"

Sarah chuckled, "No.....I don't know if we've ever really fucked before.....just had sex...god Lester.....you're a fucking god....."

"Pineapple!" Lester half shouted again looking over at Dan. Dan's hand had gone back to his crotch. "Jesus Christ how hard is it not to touch yourself. Like a little boy who just discovered his dad's playboys."

Dan blinked and let go of his cock. Sarah squeezed her pussy around Lester's thick cock. Just hearing the way that Lester was speaking to Dan made her even slicker than before. She felt so wet. Her thighs and pussy were covered in Lester's saliva and her own juices. Everything felt heightened.

“Did you hear that Dan? I’m a fucking sex god,” Lester chuckled, “Don’t worry. You don’t have to fumble around in the dark anymore trying to please your wife. Now that I’m part of the household, I’ll take on that responsibility.”

“Doesn’t that sound good?” Lester said as the thrust into Sarah, making her heavy breasts jiggle, “You won’t have to just settle for sex ever again. I’ll fuck you like this all the time.”

“God I can’t fucking wait,” Sarah moaned thinking about all the sex she’d have on demand now. She wasn’t sure about this trouple idea but now she was coming around to the benefits of it. “Fuck Lester. You feel so fucking big. I love it....”

“Tell Danny boy over there to get used to his hand, just not right now haha,” Lester chuckled.

Sarah moaned, feeling another orgasm rising inside of her, “Just don’t stop Lester. Don’t stop. I’m close. Again. So fucking close.”

She turned her head and looked at Dan standing there, his cock hard pointing towards her, “Dan. My love....add some lotion to our grocery list because you’re going to need it. Lester’s going to be fucking me from now on. You’re going to have to settle for your hand. I’m all his.”

“Good girl,” Lester breathed, sweat beading down his face. Her heart warmed at his words.

Sarah stared at Dan’s dick, needing to see him touch it. Needing to see it explode, “Should....shouldn’t we let him....touch it....its cruel Lester not to let him...”

“What?” Lester asked, “Who are you talking about?”

“Dan,” Sarah gestured as she bit her lip, her breasts bouncing furiously underneath Lester, “Let him stroke it to us. Touch himself and seeing me moan like he could never make me.”

“Oh, husband number two?” Lester chuckled, “Mr. Pinapple himself?”

Sarah nodded her head and looked at her husband, “You want that Dan? You want to stroke it? Touch yourself watching Lester fuck me?”

“Fuck...” Dan muttered, the first words she heard him use. She took that as a yes. Dan’s hand went to his cock.

“Wait,” Sarah said to Dan then looked back up at Lester, “Can he? Will you let him?”

Lester’s trademark shit eating grin spread onto his face and Sarah’s pussy tightened around his cock like a vice. She knew that he was about to say something to Dan that would push her over the edge and make her explode.

Lester looked over at Dan in disgust, “You can jerk it but you can’t watch. It’s time to go Dan. Go out into the hallway and shut the door then you can jerk it.”

Time stood still. Dan just stood there, wide-eyed with his cock in his hand. His jaw opened as if he was about to say something. Lester held still above Sarah. The only thing moving in the room was Sarah’s little hips as they bucked off the bed, seeking Lester’s cock. She was slowing losing the orgasm she had been building to as his thrusts stopped.

“Lester. Please don’t stop,” Sarah whined as she desperately raised her hips off the bed, seeking his cock, “Please Lester don’t stop. I’m losing it.”

“Not until Dan leaves,” Lester said in a low voice.

Sarah turned her head to look at her husband and the shocked look on his face. She could see the desperate gleam in his eye as precum leaked from his dick.

"Dan, go in the hallway," Sarah heard herself saying, "Shut the door."

Dan's eyes locked with hers.

"It's time to go Dan," Sarah said as she sucked on her bottom lip, "Please."

She watched in both shame and jubilation as Dan took a step back. With a shaking hand he grasped the doorknob. He never broke eye contact as he stepped into the hallway and pulled the door closed behind him.

The soft click of the door mechanism echoed into the room and Sarah turned back to Lester above her, "Fuck me."

Lester grinned and resumed his long, slow thrusts into her. His cock dragged across her G-Spot and Sarah shuddered. She tightened her ankles around his ass and her nails dug into the fat of his back as she pulled him into her.

"Don't be shy now," Lester chortled, "Make sure husband number two can hear you."

"FUCK ME LESTER," Sarah screamed as Lester's fat, thick cock increased its thrusts into her. She was connected with this fat troll of a man, as two bodies became one. She felt an animalistic urge rise up inside of her and she couldn't hold herself back. She kissed and licked the top of his head, desperate to consume every ounce of this man. The sweat on his forehead tasted salty on her lips. Her hips flew off the bed with each thrust, desperate to meet them.

The veins on Lester's cock pulsed inside of her and she could swear she could feel his heart beating inside of her. Lester was breathing just as hard as she was, both bodies now slick with sweat. She didn't know where her sweat started and his sweat ended. All she knew was that she needed him more than anything she had ever needed in her life and that she was going to explode.

"UHH. MHMMM.FUCKKK. LESTER...BABY....PLEASE.....PLEASEEEEE.....FUCKKK," Sarah whined.

"I don't think he can hear you," Lester whispered in her ear, "Make sure to tell him how much of a fucking idiot he was for ever starting this."

"FUCK...DAN....I'M GOING TO CUM ON LESTER'S FAT COCK," Sarah screamed as she bit into her lip. "THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. MY HUSBAND. WANTED ME TO FUCK HIS ROOMMATE. NOW YOU'RE OUT THERE AND HE IS IN HERE FUCKING ME RAW."

"IT FEELS SO.....FUCK....UHHHHHMHMM.....LESTER....LESTER....FUCK.....SHITFUCK.."

"DON'T STOP BABY....FUCK...I'M SORRY DAN. I'M LESTER'S.....FUCK. GIVE IT TO ME."

Sarah's pussy clenched onto Lester's cock like a vice. She wasn't letting him go. Not now. Not when her body was about to feel so fucking good again. Her nails dug deeper into his back, pulling his fat chest down onto hers. Her big breasts, mashing into his flabby chest. Her nipples dragging across his skin with each powerful thrust of his cock.

Her ankles tightened around his ass, heels digging into his flesh. Lester smirked down at her.

"Cum for me Sarah. Show Dan who the man of the house is now. Let him hear who owns you."

“UHHHHMHMHJHUUHHH-NNHHAAHHHHMMM,” Sarah screamed as her orgasm exploded. Pleasure radiated out from Lester’s cock, radiating out through her body in waves that didn’t seem to ever end. Her limbs pulled and squeezed Lester’s fat frame like a sausage casing as she gripped him with every ounce of her being. Sweat poured off him onto her lips and Sarah felt it slide behind her clenched teeth. Sarah’s vision went dark as she felt her eyes roll back into her head, her eye lashes spasming. She felt her whole body convulse as she continued to cum. Lester’s body crushed her, making it impossible to breathe but she welcomed suffocation if it meant she could hold onto this feeling. “FUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK.”

Dan stared at the white of the door as he pulled it closed behind him. This was wrong. So wrong. So fucking wrong. Why couldn’t he just say something? Why couldn’t he just do something? He’d pulled Lester off Sarah before and thrown him out of the house but now.....Now he just felt so impotent.

How did he let things get like this?

<i>Because this is what you wanted.</i> Dan thought. He gulped as the voice inside his head continued to fill him with negative, self-destructive thoughts.

“FUCK ME LESTER,” Sarah’s voice screamed through the door. Dan felt his heart lurch in his chest, trying to picture what was happening on the other side of the room. Were they still in the same position? What was Sarah’s face like? Was she looking at Lester or was she looking at the door, imagining him on the other side of the door.

Dan wished there was a peephole for him to look through. The realization a sad and depressing thought that he was being relegated to the man peeping in his own home. Dan’s cock twitched and he realized he was still holding onto it.

With a sharp intake of breath and slid his hand up his shaft and shivered in the sensations he felt. He rests his forehead on the door and pictured the lewd scene happening on the other side.

He breathed hard, needing a release. He’d be able to think clearly then. He stroked himself, trying to push down the pathetic thoughts about himself.

“UHH. MHMMM.FUCKKK. LESTER...BABY....PLEASE.....PLEASEEEE.....FUCKKK,” Sarah cried.

Dan started stroking faster, hating every second of it. His face felt flush with shame as he jerked off to his wife’s defilement at the hands of the mountain troll and the fact that she loved every fucking second of it.

“FUCK...DAN....I’M GOING TO CUM ON LESTER’S FAT COCK,” Sarah screamed as she bit into her lip. “THIS IS WHAT YOU WANTED. MY HUSBAND. WANTED ME TO FUCK HIS ROOMMATE. NOW YOU’RE OUT THERE AND HE IS IN HERE FUCKING ME RAW.”

His heart sagged in his chest as her truth bit into him. He had wanted this. He’d pushed for it. He’d wanted to see this for years and now here he was, jerking off alone in the hallway. He’d never imagined this humiliating scenario but couldn’t stop stroking. He increased his pace, feeling his balls tighten and knew it was a matter of seconds.

He didn’t want to go to the bathroom to explode. He didn’t have any Kleenex to unleash into. His boxers had been left on the floor of the bedroom.

“IT FEELS SO.....FUCK....UHHHHMHMM.....LESTER....LESTER....FUCK.....SHITFU..”

Dan couldn't hold back any longer. His balls tightened and his cock twitched. Cum blasted out painting the bedroom door a new shade of white. Cum kept shooting out as Dan tried to catch his breath. As the last dribble escaped onto the carpet of the hallway, his negative thoughts came rushing back.

Lester still hasn't cum yet. He is still fucking her. Giving her more pleasure than I'll ever be able to. Maybe this is for the best. Maybe this is what she needs. I'm not enough. I can't give her what she needs. I can't even fucking provide for her. I'm worthless.

"DON'T STOP BABY....FUCK...I'M SORRY DAN. I'M LESTER'S.....FUCK. GIVE IT TO ME."

Dan staggered back from the door, needing to get away from it. He needed air. He needed water. He turned away, stumbling down the hallway, one hand braced on the wall as Sarah's cries echoed tauntingly behind him.

"UHHHHMHMHJHUUHHH-NNHHAAHHHHMMM."

Dan felt his brain going catatonic again as he stepped down the stairs.

"FUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK."

Lester smirked down as Sarah's face came back down to earth after her orgasm. He hips were back on the bed and she was struggling to catch her breath. While her eyes were closed, he glanced at the closed door and smirked.

Dan had folded like a house of cards, slinking out of the bedroom with his tail between his legs. Sarah had thankfully gone along with Lester's shit talking plans but he needed to cement them into place, hopefully skewing her opinion of her soon to be ex-husband as the pathetic little worm he was.

Lester wanted to keep fucking Sarah's brains out but this was a war for hearts and minds. He reluctantly slide back and pulled his cock from the warm embrace of Sarah's pussy, eliciting a disappointing moan from Sarah.

His eyes fluttered open, looking at her with confusion, "What are you doing? You didn't finish...."

"We're just getting started. I told you I was going to fuck you all over this house and I meant it," Lester got off the bed, his crotch slick with Sarah's juices. He strolled over to the door, eager to fling it open to a shocked Dan and parade Sarah down the hall in front of him.

When he opened the door, the hallway was empty. Lester frowned but noticed a familiar streak of a white substance flowing down the door.

"Looks like Dan enjoyed listening to you," Lester chuckled holding the door open and gesturing to the trail of cum on it.

Sarah propped herself up on the bed, "Is that going to stain?"

"Probably but that's something for us to figure out tomorrow," Lester said, "Right now it's time for that sexy ass to get over here. Let's go fuck in the office."

Sarah sat up on the bed and touched between her legs, "I don't know if I can. I'm already so wet. You might slip out of me."

"Sarah, that's just something guys with small dicks need to worry about," Lester said grasping his heavy cock, "This ain't going anywhere. Now shut up and get over here."

Sarah bit her lip and quickly crossed the room to where Lester waited. When she was close, he grabbed her hand and pulled her down the hall into Dan's office. Lester sat himself down in Dan's computer chair and pointed to his cock, "Clean it up before we start again."

Sarah gave him a flirty look and quickly sank to her knees grabbing his cock in both hands and lowering her mouth onto it. Lester leaned back in the chair, putting his hands behind his head, hoping Dan would walk by and get a sight of the scene from the door.

"More tongue," Lester said, "Lick every inch of it."

Sarah peered up at him, her tongue on the underside of his cock, "Are you sure? Every inch? We could be here for hours."

"Heh," Lester chuckled, "The faster you clean it the faster I'll slide if back into you. You do want to cum on it again don't you?"

"More than anything," Sarah said flicking her tongue out again and running it up the entire length of this cock, not breaking eye contact. When her tongue reached the tip of his cock, she ran it back down the side, cleaning it off completely.

"Good girl," Lester licked his lips, "Where do you think Dan ran off too?"

"I thought you didn't care about my husband?" Sarah said.

"I'm just wondering if he's going to come back upstairs with a baseball bat and crack my head open," Lester said.

Sarah smirked, "No I think now that's he's cum he's probably resting down on the couch trying to get his mind around all this."

"No second wind for him?" Lester smirked.

Sarah sighed and licked another side of Lester's cock, "Not usually."

"You're going to have to stop calling him your husband," Lester said wagging a fat finger at her, "Now that we're in a throuple we should all be equal."

"Well, I did marry him," Sarah said twirling her tongue around the head of his cock, lapping up some pre-cum that had mixed with her juices from earlier.

"I gave you a ring," Lester said, "And you accepted it."

"That just means we're engaged," Sarah teased abck not breaking eye contact. Lester groaned as she wrapped her pretty little lips around his cock and made it disappear.

"Ugh that feels good," Lester said, "Is that what you want then? For a ceremony in front of your entire family? I gotta say I'm not super traditional. I'd prefer to do it like they did in the olden days where everyone gathers downstairs and listens while we consummate the marriage upstairs."

"You're bad," Sarah said pulling her mouth off his cock.

"Don't forget the balls," Lester grunted.

Sarah ran her tongue down the entire length of Lester's shaft until it reached his heavy, hairy ballsack. He tongue began darting in, licking it, through the wet matts of hair.

"I'm going to make that happen," Lester said, "I'm going to fuck you in your bed while your parents and family are downstairs, consumating our marriage."

"This isn't Utah Lester. It doesn't work like that here. A girl can't be married to more than one man," Sarah said as he tongue swirled around a tuft of hair on his balls, covered in her own juices.

"Do I look like I give a fuck about laws? I don't pay taxes. I could be a sovereign citizen for all I care," Lester barked.

"You are such a bad boy," Sarah said in a mocking tone as she licked the bottom of his balls.

"You think thats funny?" Lester asked narrowing his eyes at her. He loved the defiant side of her personality. He felt like a cowboy wrangling a free spirited bronco. In the end, the wild animal always became nothing more than a mount.

Lester grabbed both sides of Sarah's head and pulled her face down. His ball sack flattened against her eyes and forehead, her lips mashing into the underside of his nuts. Sarah moaned, her tongue darting out licking under his balls. Lester groaned and looked down at her luxurious blonde hair falling around his coarse public hair. He pulled her head down further, forcing her tongue onto his taint.

Sarah didn't miss a beat, licking her tongue aggressively all over him, "Mhmmmmm. Mhmmmmnnnn."

Lester grinned at the reaction. He wasn't sure if she was enjoying his forcefulness or just being made to lick such a taboo area but he didn't really care. All that mattered was that she was loving it. Her moans muffled by her tongue and his balls covering her entire face.

Lester turned Sarah's head to one side ensuring she licked every inch of his undercarriage. Then he turned her head the other way, eliciting more moans as Sarah eagerly delved in with her tongue, licking the other side of it. Sarah's hand was on his shaft and she kept stroking him.

Lester relaxed his hands and Sarah cradled his balls with one hand, stroked his shaft with the others all while licking under his balls and between his legs on her own accord. Lester placed his hands on the arms of the computer chair and with a deep breath, heaved himself out of it. Sarah scuttled back a little bit her tongue never left Lester's taint. Lester stood on shaky feet while regaining his balance.

The smile never left his face as Sarah stayed kneeling in front of him, still stroking and caressing him. He reached down and grabbed his balls and laid them over her face. Sarah kept sucking and licking him, even with his sweaty saliva covered balls resting on her beautiful face.

Eventually she pulled back, gasping for breath. She held Lester's cock in her hand and rubbed it over her cheeks, revelling in the feeling of it. Lester couldn't help but widen his smile at how well his little slut was trained and how much she was enjoying herself.

"Get up, its time to fuck," Lester grunted pulling her up by her hair. Sarah winced and Lester led her out into the hallway, pulling the computer chair with him. He kicked it down the hall and it rolled to a stop with a bang at the top of the stairs.

Lester spun Sarah around and pushed her against one of the walls, "Put your hands on the wall."

Sarah didn't hesitate, putting her palms up next to her breasts that were already pressed against the drywall. With his cock in one hand, Lester dipped his knees and marvelled at Sarah's magnificent ass. He dipped his knees and lined himself up with her pussy.

He pushed the head of his cock right up to her entrance, splitting her lips apart just a bit.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah said, her head to the side, biting her lips in anticipation.

“Ease yourself back on it,” Lester said. Sarah didn’t hesitate, slowing pushing back on Lester’s cock, taking more of it into her. As she did, Lester stepped back, causing Sarah to bend over to keep his cock embedded inside of her.

He stepped back again causing Sarah to bend over further and whimper in disappointment. He stepped back again until his ass was pressed against the cold wall on the other side of the hallway. Sarah kept her palms pressed against the drywall and bent over almost at a full ninety degrees and she finally took Lester’s entire length inside of her.

“Ohhhhhgod,” Sarah moaned her jaw hanging open as she readjusted to Lester’s girth. He just chuckled rubbing her ass cheeks together and staring down at the way her naked back arched. He pumped his hips forward, causing Sarah to jolt, her hair and breasts jiggling forward.

“Fuck yourself on my cock,” Lester said, “Can’t wait to see Dan’s face when he comes back upstairs and see’s you like this.”

“Uhmfffuck, you are bad,” Sarah said as she dug her palms into the wall and thrust back against Lester’s cock. “You want my poor husband to come up here and see you fucking me like this? See his wife bent over in the middle of the fucking hallway?”

“No, I want him to come up and see you fucking my cock with abandon being a slut and doing anything for my cock. I’m just going to stand here while you do all the work,” Lester chuckled.

“Ass,” Sarah said but kept pushing her ass back onto Lester’s cock, “It’s not my fault it feels so fucking good. Jesus Lester I didn’t expect this.”

“Didn’t expect what?” Lester licked his lips. Sweat was starting to glisten on the back of Sarah’s neck.

“When...ah...mmm....hmmm,” Sarah moaned as she pushed against the drywall, sending her bouncing ass back on his cock. She slide forward on his cock with an agape mouth before slamming back on it again, “When you said throuple....I thought you just meant more dates...I didn’t know...uhhhh....fucckk.....yes.....didn’t....know.....you’d....mhmmm.....do...this....”

“And what am I doing?” Lester smirked as he mauled her ass cheeks, his fat gut sitting on top of them, adding extra weight to Sarah’s frame.

“Just....uhhhhhh....taking over.....dominating me.....fuckkk.....jesus Lester you feelsofucking good.” Sarah whined.

“Moan louder,” Lester said, “I don’t think Dan can hear you from wherever he slinked off too.”

“MMMHMMMFUCK,” Sarah moaned loudly just like he had requested.

“Where is he?” Lester asked looking down the hallway.

Sarah squeezed his cock with her pussy, “I thought you didn’t care about him. Why are you still talking about him?”

“Like you said. I’m here to dominate and I want him to know the new pecking order,” Lester said.

“Uhhhhh....fuck I think you already show him when you made him leave the bedroom,” Sarah whined griping his cock like a vice.

“Leave the bedroom to do what?” Lester asked.

“To fucking jerk off!” Sarah snapped thrusting back onto his cock hard.

“What did he jerk off Sarah? What body part?” Lester said.

Sarah groaned in response before saying, “His dick.”

“Whose cock is bigger?” Lester asked thrusting his hips forward again. Sarah groaned and dropped her head, moaning incessantly.

“Yours,” she said without hesitation, “You’re cock is bigger.”

Lester grinned. Hook line and sinker, “That’s true. And whose cock is littler.”

Sarah hesitated for a second before whispering, “His.”

“Whose?” Lester asked, punctuating his question with another sharp thrust making Sarah stumble for a second. She moved her palms onto the wall, flexing her fingers.

“Dan’s,” Sarah breathed, a beat of sweat ran down her back and disappeared beneath Lester’s gut.

“Good girl,” Lester chuckled again. He grabbed Sarah’s hips with both hands and starting pumping. In and out. Faster and hard. Over and over.

“Uhh. Uhhh...Fffffuccck,” Sarah moaned fucking him back. Her hands slipped off the wall and she quickly replanted them in a different spot.

“In our throuple, whose got the big dick?” Lester asked through gritted teeth as he pumped into the young mother.

“You!” Sarah said thrusting back with a desperate energy.

“Whose got the little dick then?” Lester said.

“Dan,” Sarah breathed out of breath.

“Do you remember our failed threesome? With you on the floor, kneeling between us? When we compared sizes?” Lester hissed.

“Yesss.....uhhhh....nhmmmm you were so much bigger...” Sarah moaned her hands slipping again, “Lester my palms are so fucking sweaty. I need to move or I’m going to slip.”

“Just shut up and don’t stop fucking,” Lester snarled and increasing his pace. Sarah had to readjust her foot and kept bouncing her ass back onto him.

“Uhhhhhhmmmmmfuuuckkk.....Lester,” Sarah moaned, digging her sweaty palms into the wall. Lester could see the shine of sweat greasing the drywall where she had touched. It reminded him of his foray into console gaming. He hated holding a controller, they always made his palms sweaty. Mouse and keyboard were where it was at.

Lester thrust into Sarah hard, making her body jump again. She readjusted her feet and her palms slid on the wall before she righted herself. Lester just chuckled and kept his hard thrusts up. He would continue his line of insults towards Dan after. He already had himself positioned as the guy with the big cock in Sarah’s mind, but he wanted to reframe her opinion of Dan. Small and weak. Before she probably considered his cock ‘normal’ but he wanted her to think of Dan’s cock as small, unable to pleasure her.

“How many dicks have you seen in real life before getting with Dan?” Lester asked her.

“Uhhh...nggnnhnnn,...just a couple.....besides yours...” Sarah moaned.

“I don’t have a dick. It’s a cock,” Lester corrected.

“A big cock,” Sarah shot aback through a moan.

“How big were the others?” Lester asked.

“Like Dan,” Sarah said breathlessly.

“So all small then. You’ve never been in a guy’s changing room then to see the difference,” Lester chuckled.

Sarah didn’t reply. She just braced herself on the wall and was breathing hard as she fucked back on Lester’s cock. That was enough. He didn’t need to press too hard. He just needed to plant the seed in her mind and let it take root. All the dick’s she’d seen from the homeless guy to that fucker vernon to the others at the movie theatre were luckily all bigger than Dan. He wanted her to think less of her husband and she was well on the way to it. And the night as still young.

WHAP

Lester slapped Sarah’s ass making her jump. His gut jiggled as she did and her pussy clenched around his cock in shock. It felt fucking phenomenal.

WHAP

His hand came down on her other asscheek making her clench up again. Lester groaned and threw his head back as he slammed into her with a hard thrust.

WHAP

A red hand print was left behind on the side of Sarah’s ass. Lester shoved his cock deep into her at the same time. Sarah stumbled and her hands slipped. Lester’s cock kept going forward as Sarah failed to regain her footing.

Just as she brought her hands up to brace herself, they slipped again on the drywall and the top of her head hit the drywall, partially disappearing. Her pussy clenched hard as a vice on his cock making Lester groan in orgasmic pleasure. This must be what it felt like to get a hand job from one of those professional arm wrestling women with the fat asses in tight athletic shorts.

Lester held still for a second before focusing on Sarah. She was gasped for breath and he took a step back, sliding his cock partly out of her. Sarah pushed on the wall, revealing a headsized indent in the drywall.

Lester chuckled at the property destruction.

“Jesus Lester,” Sarah said brushing drywall particles out of her blonde hair, “I told you my hand was slipping.”

“I guess,” Lester shrugged and plunged his cock back into her. Sarah stumbled again and Lester pushed her forward. She wasn’t bent over anymore but standing up hunched, breasts mashed into the wall. Lester held her hips and kept sliding his cock in and out of the pretty little wife.

Sarah groaned and seemed happy to have more of her torso on the wall to brace herself. Lester pulled her hips back and lunged his cock back into her, forcing her to take a step to the right. Lester kept pulling and fucking her down the hallway until he had her butted up against a door. Sarah braced herself against it and Lester continued to pound into her pussy. She raised her head and pushed back against him, seeming to challenge him.

Lester couldn't keep the shit eating grin off his face. Sarah was something else. No other conquest he'd had presented as sweet of a victory. Maybe it was because she was a married woman or just a mother. He wasn't sure. Maybe it was an X factor. Either way he intended to collect more data and figure it out.

Lester gripped the doorknob without Sarah noticing and turned it.

The door swung open, robbing Sarah of whatever leverage she had.

"Fuck Lester," Sarah complained as she stumbled forward into the room. Lester held her by the hips and marched forward, cock still embedded inside of her, intended not to let her regain her footing.

Sarah's hands found something solid and she braced herself against it. Lester knew what room they were in and didn't intend on giving her the time to collect herself. With a lick of his lips and lunged his cock hard into the young mother.

"Ahh, ffuuck Lester. Jesus....Christ...." Sarah moaned. Lester reached forward and grabbed all of Sarah's free flowing blonde mane into one hand and yanked it back.

Sarah squealed, her head arching back towards him. Lester put a foot up on the bed Sarah's hands were on to adjust his angle and pump his cock up into her. Sarah shot up onto her tippy toes, "Ughh. Uh. Uh. Mhmmhmmmm."

With her hair roughly gripped in one hand, Lester reached around her and mauled her breasts with the other. A soft cry escaped Sarah's lips. Lester hunched over, pulled her back towards him and stuck his tongue into her mouth. The angle was awkward and he couldn't get it in as far as he wanted but Sarah moaned and sucked on his tongue anyway, "Mhmmmm."

Sarah dropped her ass onto Lester's cock as the slapping of their skin filled the room. Lester's eyes widened with glee as he pulled on Sarah's hair, her face showed pain then contorted back to pleasure. He spun his tongue around her mouth, her own chasing it, eager to catch it.

Lester's chest grew heavy from bending over in the awkward position for so long and he let her go, breathing in a deep breath to fill his lungs. Sarah's hair fell back down around her. Finally, she raised her head and seemed to open her eyes.

"Lester!" She hissed in a whisper, "What the...uhmhm....Fuck!? We can't...uhhhh...mhmm....can't be in here...."

Sarah tried to raise herself up off the bed in protest but Lester's hand quickly gripped the back of her neck and held her down until her elbows were pressed into the bed. She tried to squeeze her pussy around his cock as some sort of protest but he just revelled in the feeling as she gripped him. He even pulled back until just his cock head was inside of her and slammed back in, past the thigh grip.

"I'm the man of the house now Sarah," Lester growled indignantly as he looked around the room with its two twin beds. "That means I get to fuck wherever I want."

“Ughnnnn,” Sarah moaned and dropped her head, seemingly giving into Lester’s rationale. It was good, that she wasn’t putting up a fight and so quickly capitulated to his demands. She had learned her place, despite her occasional outburst he knew he could always bring her to heel.

“That’s a good girl,” Lester cooed from behind her, running his thumb tenderly across the back of neck. His other hand gripped her hip and he resumed his pumps into her.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah said into the comforter, “I can’t...we shouldn’t...”

“But we are,” Lester said, “Squeeze my cock like you did before.”

He felt the walls of her pussy tighten around him and let out a satisfied growl, “Mhmm yeah. That’s the way daddy likes it.”

He wanted to mark his territory and this room was the best place to do that. To really drive home the change in status quo in Sarah’s sex addled mind. During sex he knew a slew of endorphines and other hormones flooded the brain. It was time to hijack them to try and rewire things.

“Ohh shittt,” Sarah moaned, “Lester....your cock.....”

“You mean Daddy’s cock, don’t you? Moan it for me,” Lester commanded, slipping his hand off her hip and grabbed a firm chunk of Sarah’s ass cheek. Lester licked his lips, waiting with anticipation to hear the words leave her lips. To see the young mother let Lester push past another boundary and drag her further into the abyss with him,

“Fuck Lester....Daddy....” Sarah choked out a moan, “You’re cock feels so fucking good like this. I could let you fuck me like this all night. I want it all fucking day.”

“That’s it Sarah,” Lester rubbed the back of her neck affectionally, alternating from being firm and painful to reassuring and comforting. He hoped the duality would play to a woman’s need for both rough sex and physical comfort. The next phase would be much different than the hard fucking right now.

“Let go, cum for me,” Lester whispered in a tender voice. He knew from his angle, his cock would be sliding into her precious G-Spot before it continued up into the rest of her. Lester licked his lips and let go of her neck, letting his fat digits run down her spine, slicked with sweat. He rose them to his lips and licked them then reached around under her and found her slit.

Sarah drew in a sharp breath as their musk and sweat damped body permeated the room. Sarah groaned in delight. As Lester was pumping his oversized horse cock into her, Sarah’s hips wiggled back and forth on his fingers, dragging her clit against them.

Her hips continued to rock side to side as she tried thrusting her ass back against his invading cock. Eventually they fell into a rhythm. She would grind his clit against his probing fingers while he pulled his cock back, then drop her ass back as he thrust forward.

“Ugg..uhmm....yes....mhmmm...Les....daddy....fuckkk.....uhhmmm....godddd....soogood...Lester...,” Sarah moaned with abandon.

“That’s it. Let it out. Cum on my cock Sarah. Cum for me. Show me how a good mommy acts. Give it up to me,” Lester smirked.

“Uhfuck,” Sarah panted, her breaths growing closer and closer together. He hips spun faster and faster, clit dragging over fingers, ass slamming back onto his cock, “Fuck. Uh fuck. Yes. Yes. Fuck. God. Fuck, Yes....Lester....god. Fuck. Fuck me. Don’t stop. Uh. Mhmm. Uh. Uh..mhmm”

Lester pushed his cock into her at the perfect moment as he saw her entire body go tense. Sarah let out a violent scream, “FUCKDADDY.”

Lester’s eyes lit up like a Christmas tree and he held his cock firmly buried deep in Sarah’s pussy. It clenched around his shaft, trying to milk him for everything he was worth. Her back arched, thrusting her breasts out on display to the Barbie poster on the wall. Sarah let out a guttural scream as every muscle on his back and arms grew taut. She gripped the bedsheets in a fist and her body visibly shook on his cock.

Lester let out a breath he hadn’t realized he’d been holding. It took every ounce of his willpower not to cum in that moment. His years of kegel exercises while playering World of Warcraft coming in clutch.

Sarah’s body dropped to the bed, completely exhausted. They weren’t finished yet. He slide his cock out of her eliciting a small groan of protest. He circled the bed until he was beside her head. Lester reached down and brushed the blonde strands of hair from her beautiful face. She looked up at him with weak eyes and a faint, exasperated smile appeared on her face.

<i>Fuck her into submission. Move the goal posts,</i> Lester thought back to one of his goals her had on the drive over.

Lester held his cock by the base and pressed the tip of it to her lips, “Clean it up again.”

Without any protest, Sarah opened her mouth letting him push it inside of her. He spent the next few minutes slowly running his cock in and out of her lips. Whether Sarah noticed that she was playing with her own pussy lips, he wasn’t sure. When she tried to grip his shaft and stroke him, he pulled back.

“No hands. Stick out your tongue,” Lester said.

Sarah looked up at him with annoyed look, “When are you going to cum?”

She stuck out her tongue obediently, letting Lester run his cock back and forth over it, “When I want to. You know, most women complain about guy’s finishing too early.”

“I’m not complaining,” Sarah said as Lester started running his cock up and down her cheeks, leaving a trail of precum, her own juices and her saliva. “I just thought I would have made you come already.”

“Soon. And it’ll be explosive,” Lester said as Sarah’s tongue darted out to like his balls. Lester kneeled on the bed making sure her tongue could access all of him just like before.

“Promise? Sarah said as her tongue flicked up his balls and she looked up at him with those sexy green eyes of hers.

“Just you wait.”

Dan sat on the couch, remote hung limply in his hand as he stared at the TV. There was some old movie on the TV he vaguely recognized. Diane Lane and Richard Gere were in it. He was barely

paying attention to it, even though his eyes were locked on it. His entire consciousness seemed to be filtered through his ears as he heard the screams of pleasure echoing down to him.

He hadn't bothered shutting the blinds next to him. It was really late now and he doubted anyone would be out walking around. He honestly just couldn't bother to. Just like he still hadn't bothered to clean up the mess in the dining room and kitchen. He knew that it looked like a bomb had gone off in his house but he just sat there, catatonically staring at the TV, doing his best not to let himself think about everything.

Pineapple, the thought tasted bitter in his mouth. He hadn't expected things to spiral so far out of his control. He'd hoped that jerking off to completion would have helped clear his head but he still felt just as numb as he had before – like he was moving on autopilot and his brain was only half conscious. He'd heard about people going into shock or their brains shutting down to protect them, suppressing memories or emotions. He wondered if this was like those times.

As his thoughts seemed to drift in and out he heard footsteps behind him. He couldn't grasp any of the fleeting thoughts, unable to hold onto them and really process them. But he turned his head and saw a completely stark naked Sarah cornering the couch towards him.

"Hey Dan," Sarah said with a look of guilty and arousal on her face, "Why are you sitting down here all alone?"

"I...uhh..." Dan trailed off as he tried to think of a good excuse. The right words to snap him out of whatever this was, "I just needed some space."

"See, I told you," the voice from behind him got Dan's hackles up and he felt the familiar tension return to his gut. His consciousness wanted to retreat further into his head to escape this situation he found himself in, "I knew he was having a tough time. Fine. Alright. I'll be a good guy. Go give him a kiss and a hug Sarah."

Sarah looked over Dan's shoulder with a confused look on her face. Something that Dan didn't catch passed between them and Sarah moved in front of Dan, blocking his view of the TV. She sat down, legs on either side of his lap. Her beautiful, perfect, heavy breasts were right in his face. Sarah cupped his cheeks and knelt down to kiss him tenderly on the lips. Dan just sat there, his body unmoving. The only part of him that managed to move was his lips, kissing Sarah back.

The leather couch seemed to crunch and Dan broke the kiss looking next to him. His mind immediately thought of an obese walrus as he looked at the shape of Lester's naked body, sitting so casually next to him. Sitting like he owned the place.

The words from upstairs about Lester being the man of the house echoed in his head like a resentful memory. Dan gulped and was aware of his heart threatening to burst from his chest.

"Oh come on now. You're making me jealous. That's not nice," Lester said as his fat, stubby fingers ran up Sarah's arm. He gently tugged on it and Sarah slid off Dan's lap. Lester looked him dead in the eyes, "You don't mind if I borrow your wife for a bit do you?"

Dan didn't respond, his mouth opened. He knew socially that you're supposed to respond to someone when they ask you a question but no words formed in his throat. He was the passenger in a car watching a crash in slow motion. He had no hand on the wheel. All he could do was watch.

“See, he doesn’t mind,” Lester said pulling Sarah over onto his lap. Her thin, toned legs slide over Lester’s obese thighs, she had to stretch herself out to straddle him. Dan glanced down and saw Lester’s massive organ jutting up towards the ceiling, resting itself against Sarah’s belly.

“It’s good. It’s a good thing to teach your kids,” Lester said in a low voice, “That sharing is caring, don’t you agree Sarah?”

Sarah rolled her eyes and put her arms around Lester’s neck. She gave Dan’s roommate a tired look.

“What? Shouldn’t we talk about our household values?” Lester chuckled.

“It’s too much,” Sarah said. She was giving Lester an annoyed look but even in his cataonic state, Dan could see Sarah’s subtly rolling her hips up and down, pressing her pussy lips against Lester’s fhat shaft.

Dan’s breathes were coming in shallow bursts now.

“Maybe you’re right,” Lester said with a sigh. Then he pumped his hips up into the air as he grabbed Sarah’s hips and hefted her up. The sight of him pushing himself up warped his body into a strange shape that seared into Dan’s memory.

Sarah grunted and the next second Lester’s ass was back on the couch, his cock pointed straight up against Sarah’s pussy. He held her up by her hips, as she balanced on her knees. Lester looked over at Dan with that smug shit eating grin on his face, “Any objections? You like sharing her right?”

Again, Dan opened his mouth to say something. He wasn’t sure if it would be an objection, a rebuttal a refusal or flat out agreement. But before any words could manifest Sarah’s sounds cut him off.

“Uhhhhhhhhhhhh,” Sarah moaned sharply, her jaw dropping opened as Lester slowly lowered her onto his cock. Dan watch eyes going wide as saucers as Lester’s girthy, long cock disappeared inside of his wife. Inch after inch, the shaft of Lester’s cock disappeared until it was fully embedded inside of her. Lester put his feet up on the coffee table and let out a satisfied groan.

“Uhh fuck that feels amazing baby,” Lester smiled up at Sarah, “I don’t know how you always manage to feel so fucking tight.”

“I’m glad you like it,” Sarah said breathlessly as she stared down into Lester’s beady eyes.

“It’s like you’ve never had a cock inside you before,” Lester said then he looked at Dan, “I guess before me you never did. Probably while you’re still so tight. Sorry Dan, I’m not sure you’re little fella is gonna cut it anymore.”

Dan just blinked back at Lester, confused. He wasn’t keeping up with the conversation, he was still shell-shocked over seeing Lester’s giant appendage disappear inside his wife like some sort of cheap vegas magician.

“Tell him Sarah,” Lester said patting Dan’s shoulder comfortingly, “In our throuple. Who has the little dick?”

An amused smile teased Sarah’s lips and she shook her head then turned and looked at Dan. Her face was unreadable, a mask of arousal, comfort and something else. Something passed on it like she wanted Dan to enjoy what came next. She licked her lips, the same way he’d seen Lester do so many times. It irked his core.

"You do Dan," Sarah breathed, each syllable seeming to make her ride up and down on Lester's cock faster, "You have the little dick."

Lester seemed to beam at her admission.

"Is that little dick going to cut it anymore?" Lester asked.

Without taking her eyes off Dan, Sarah just shook her head. Her eyes bore into his soul and he felt embarrassment, betrayal, arousal, rage and desire. It was a heady cocktail that his body didn't know how to process. His head just laid back on the leather couch. The room felt like it was spinning. On the screen in front of him, Diane Lane was getting raped in a staircase and the guy behind her was much younger. It wasn't Richard Gere. Weren't they married in the movie? What the fuck had he missed?

"Not if I can have your cock everynight from now on," the words almost dripped sex as they rolled out of Sarah's mouth. Her body shuddered as she rose up and down on Lester's cock, her hands still wrapped around his neck. She broke Dan's gaze and looked deep into Lester's eyes.

"I love riding your fucking cock Lester," Sarah moaned, sitting up straight and closing her eyes. Her hands dropped from Lester's neck to his flabby chest. Dan's stomach twisted in a knot, seeing his beautiful, fit wife somehow finding pleasure riding a whale of a man like Lester. A smart, sophisticated mother riding the cock of some basement dwelling loser who only saw sunlight twice a year.

Dan couldn't look away from the erotic horror taking place next to him. Sarah's hands slide down Lester's body until they connected with her thighs. She ran them up her stomach and held her own breasts for a few seconds, squeezing them. Her hands continued to travel up until she ran her fingers through her blonde hair. She let out a soft moan, arching her back and thrusting out her breasts.

Lester took the offering and leant forward, fat mouth open. His ugly tongue stuck out like a larder, obese frong and it swirled around Sarah's nipple. Dan's stomach twisted again as Lester's gross lips closed around one of Sarah's nipples.

"Uhhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned, eyes closed, head back in clear ecstasy. He couldn't fathom who she was enjoying this but there she was, mother of his children riding Lester and savoring every second of it, "Nnnnnmhhhhmmmm."

Dan couldn't pry his eyes from his loving wife. He noticed for the first time that her hair was messy and her whatever makeup she had on looked smudged. Still, she radiated confident, sexual energy that made Dan feel like he was in the presence of some kind of sex goddess.

And his presence seemed to diminish more by the second. Again he felt like he was the third wheel here, a perverted voyeur to this unholy union. Dan cleared his throat, finally finding some words.

"The window...." Dan said, his eyes darting between the open curtains and Sarah. He knew she was a fairly private person and wouldn't want their neighbors seeing what was happening. Sarah's opened her half-lidded eyes and looked at him, her gaze unfocused.

"What?" Sarah said softly, her mouth contorting into an 'O' shape as she slide herself back down on Lester's cock.

"The windows are still open," Dan said in a low voice.

“Who cares,” Lester said dismissively, taking his mouth off Sarah’s tit. He leaned back in the couch, his eyes roaming over Sarah’s tight body. “Let them watch. Let them see who the new man of the house is.”

Dan shifted on the couch, maybe he could find the willpower to get up and close the curtains and from there he could regain some control over this situation.

“Be careful,” Lester chuckled, “If your neighbors see you standing by while your wife rides my cock, they’ll know your a little cuck.”

“What do you say Sarah? Lets keep the windows open and put on a show,” Lester thrust his hips up off the couch, making the coffee table screech as it moved across the floor.

“Fffuuck,” Sarah moaned dropping her head. She pressed her forehead against Lester’s. “Leave them open. Let them watch.”

It was so out of character. Where was his normally private wife? The woman who would run back upstairs if the windows were open and she walked by in her pajaams without a bra on?

With their foreheads touching, Sarah stared into Lester’s eyes, “I want them to watch.”

A shiver ran down Dan’s spine. He always loved when she was hyper sexual like this but usually it was with him. His head swam and he tried to grasp onto any fleeting thought and make it solid. Lester turned his head up and kissed Sarah softly on the lips.

She returned the kiss. What started as light little pecks turned into something deeper. Sarah slide the rest of her naked body forward, her heavy breasts mashing against Lesters flabby chest. His hairy arms entwined her smooth back she she feel deeper into the troll’s embrace. Dan watched them both move their heads as their tongues explored each other’s mouth. He just sat there as wet, smacking sounds filled the room. Their lips and their privates connecting with one another.

When they finally broke their kiss, they stared into each other’s eyes for a long time. Lester smiled. The first time Dan had seen a genuine, non shit talking smile on his face.

“Mhmm...uhhhmmm. Uh Lester....feels so good,” Sarah whispered.

“I’m loving this new relationship we have,” Lester said, loud enough for Dan to hear.

“Me too,” Sarah said breathlessly as she rode Lester’s fat cock.

“I love being inside you,” Lester whispered.

“I love feeling you inside me,” Sarah said breathlessly. Lester leaned up and kissed Sarah again on the lips. There wasn’t any tongue this time. It looked almost, affectionate.

“All good relationships need love to work,” Lester breathed his hands running down Sarah’s back until they each clasped one of her asscheeks. He wasn’t grabbing them as roughly as he normally did, he was caressing them, “Don’t you think.”

Sarah gave Dan a furtive look out of the corner of her eye, “I do.”

“I love you Sarah,” Lester whispered as he tucked a stray strand of hair behind her ear. Sarah drew in a sharp breath. Lester rose his hips off the couch a few times, sliding his cock deeper into Sarah. Her mouth hung open and she sucked in more air with each thrust.

"I....," Sarah started, her eyes closed as she focused on the sensations of Lester's cock sliding into her. Dan's chest felt heavy as he waited with bated breath to hear her reply. His dick hurt, without taking his eyes off Sarah's face he knew that he was somehow hard again. All this fucked up situation getting to his head.

"I...." Sarah repeated as she bit her bottom lip, "I love you too Lester."

At her admission, Sarah buried her face into Lester's. Her blonde hair obscuring Dan's vision as they sensually made out again.

The walls felt like they were closing in around Dan. He needed air again. He couldn't just sit here any more. He stood up and blinked. He tried to breathe but he wasn't getting enough air. The house suddenly felt so small and suffocating. He willed his feet to move and stumbled past the grotesque lovemaking.

Movement from behind her snapped Sarah out of her reverie. She pulled back from the kiss and looked at Lester's face. She didn't find it as unattractive as she used to. Lester's cock felt so good inside her. She loved it. And in her own fucked up twisted way, she loved him. She knew it wasn't the same love she had for Dan or for the kids but she got butterflies in her stomach the moment he said those three words and she felt her heart wanting to lurch out of her chest.

Footsteps hit the wood floor beside her. Sarah turned and saw Dan slowly shuffling by them. His dick tenting in his boxers. That surprised her since he had exploded all over their bedroom door less than an hour earlier. He never could get it up more than once a night.

"Dan? Where are you going?" Sarah said as he walked away from them.

"I just need to get some air," Dan said.

"Let him go," Lester said, "He needs some space."

Dan put his hand on the banister and Sarah froze, eyes going wide. She didn't want him going upstairs. To see the open door to the girls room. To see what she had done.

"Dan, wait," Sarah said, reluctantly pulling herself off Lester. She was afraid he wasn't going to let her go but his large hands slid off her ass she struggled to free herself from his impaled cock.

Dan stood, one hand on the banister, not turning around to her. Sarah moved towards her husband, "Not upstairs. Please. I want to clean up first..."

She trailed off, not sounding convincing. Dan let go of the banister and looked around, searching for somewhere else to go. His eyes locked on the front door for a second but seemed to change his mind.

"Are you okay?" Sarah whispered.

"I...I just need some space," Dan said as he moved towards the door to the basement, "It's a lot."

"I know," Sarah said as she thought back to her declaration of love for Lester. She'd gotten lost in the moment and hadn't thought through how her words would impact Dan. It had been sex talk but it was more than that too. And he probably picked up on it, "We'll talk about it, okay?"

"This cock ain't gonna fuck itself," Lester said, half-joking half serious from behind her.

Dan opened the basement door and flicked on the light. He took a few steps down, hand on the railing to steady himself. Sarah stood at the top of the stairs, watching as her husband walked mechanically down the stairs. She really wanted to go back to Lester and finish. He hadn't cum yet and she needed to make that happen. But she also felt an overwhelming desire to comfort Dan and reassure him.

"Close the door," Lester said from the couch. Sarah's hand gripped the side of the door. Her mind flashed back to earlier in the night when Lester had banished Dan from the bedroom. How Dan had still exploded all over the bedroom door. She glanced down at his tenting erection and convinced herself maybe this was what he needed on some level she didn't understand yet.

Dan turned and locked his gaze on hers as she slowly shut the door on him.

Sarah breathed, one hand on the closed door.

"Sarah," Lester said.

Sarah let out a breath and walked back over to Lester. When his obese form and his fat cock jutting up into the air came into view, Sarah felt her anxiety wash away. She quickly cornered the couch and mounted Lester's cock, breathing a steadying breath as she lowered herself back onto it.

"Seemed like Dan's little buddy made a surprise showing," Lester said in a whisper, "Did you see that?"

"I saw it," Sarah said, her breath unsteady.

"Didn't he just blow his wad upstairs? Does he usually get it back up that fast?" Lester asked mockingly.

"No. Never," Sarah said.

"Then what changed? Why do you think his little guy was all hard and angry again?" Lester said.

Sarah let her mind wander and the only conclusion she could come to was because of what was happening right in front of her. Seeing her with Lester. Hearing her declare her love for the obscene man. Talking down to Dan and talking about his penis. Lester had been right, Dan did get off on all of this. She could put away any lingering guilt. Her actions were justified. Even if he looked shell-shocked going down the stairs, on some level he enjoyed and wanted all of this.

"Because of us. Seeing us. Hearing us. Together," Sarah breathed as she stared into Lester's beady eyes.

That ugly grin spread over his face, "Exactly. I told you. This relationship benefits all three of us. We gave him something he's probably been craving his entire life."

Lester flexed his cock inside of her. Sarah let out a low moan in response.

"You feel that?" Lester asked.

"Fuck. Yes I felt it," Sarah said.

"Can Dan's penis do that?"

"No."

"When you saw his little worm poking out, did you want it inside you?"

"Not right then," Sarah breathed staring into Lester's eyes, "I had a real cock inside me."

“Call it a little worm,” Lester said.

“Dan doesn’t have a cock like you Lester,” Sarah bit her bottom lip, wondering if Dan could hear any of this. He might be listening at the basement door or hearing all through the vents, “He has a little worm.”

“Why did you marry someone like that? All night he’s acted weak and pathetic just like that little thing in his pants.”

“I...I don’t know,” Sarah said, she knew she loved Dan. She knew he was a great husband and good father but tonight he’d been a shell of himself. She hoped he’d come back around.

“A sexy woman like you, you shouldn’t have just let anyone impregnate you. You should have waited around for a real man to do it,” Lester said as he licked her breasts.

“Maybe your right. Maybe I just didn’t know what I was missing until a real man came along and showed me. A real man with a big, fat, gorgorous, cock.” Sarah smiled down at Lester, “Not a little worm.”

The grin broke onto his face as he lapped at her nipple. Sarah’s hands went to Lester’s shoulders and she pushed him back against the couch. Her eyes wild, she wanted to push Lester. She wanted to play into his fantasy and finally make him cum. No more games, she wanted him to cum. She needed to make him cum. And she needed to feel it explode inside of her.

She ground her hips down on his cock and planted her knees firmly on either side of him. She pulled her knees together, locking them against his hips. She leant over him, letting her naked breasts sway over his chest. His nipples just getting a bit of stimulated from his skin. She saw her reflection in the open window and didn’t recognize herself.

Sarah lowered her lips to Lester’s ear. She stuck out a tongue and licked it before whispering, “It’s too bad that the real man I found with his amazing cock is fixed.”

“What...what do you mean?” Lester stumbled over his words. Sarah smiled wickedly, knowing she had him eating out of the palm of her hands.

“It’s too bad you’re fixed,” Sarah said, hot breath on Lester’s neck. She bit her earlobe.

“Whys that?” Lester blurted out, his hands running up her back. She could feel his cock stiffen inside of her. She ground down on it, squeezing it with her pussy. She bit her lip as her eyes threatened to roll back in her skull again. She loved toying with him. She was getting herself off doing it.

And knowing that Dan might be listening was just the cherry on top. She knew the orgasm building inside of her was a big one. She’d been stoking it earlier before Dan left and now she was going to fucking claim it.

“Because,” Sarah said leaning back to look Lester in the eyes, “Now you can’t explode into me with the real thing. With all those little swimmers desperate to knock me up. Mhmmm that would be fun, wouldn’t it? A nice, slow baby making session? You’re DNA, mixing with my DNA.....”

“Fuckkk,” Lester mumbled.

Sarah just smiled wickedly down at him, “Like you said, I’ve only ever been impregnated by a little worm.....I wonder what it would feel like having a nice, juicy big cock like yours give it to me.”

She chuckled, "I bet it would feel like a firehose sparying down my egg. It's too bad we'll never know."

"Jesus christ," Lester muttered staring up at her, eyes wide, "I fucking love you."

Sarah smiled and lowered her head to his. Her lips pressing hard against his fat lips, "Then cum for me. Cum in me. Make me feel what it would be like. Unleash in me. Give it to me Lester."

Lester grabbed her face and stuck his tongue into her mouth.

"Mhmmhmmhmm," Sarah moaned around his tongue, her own dancing against his as their bodies collidating with one another. Sarah was slamming her ass down onto Lester's cock while he was thrusting up with abandon. She pulled back, wanting to stare down at her husband's roommate as he came.

Lester's face was beet red as he stared up her reverently.

"Tell me you love me," Lester said.

"I love you Lester. Fuck I love you and your big fat fucking cock," Sarah said.

"I don't think Dan could hear you. I don't think your neighbors could hear you. Say it again," Lester said, his hands gripping her ass hard as he pulled her body back down onto ihis cock.

Sarah could feel the damn welling inside of her, threatening to burst. She knew that it was going to happen any fucking secod now.

"If I do that..."Sarah started, "I'm gonan cum."

"Do it. I'm gonna cum too. I'm going to fill you up until it pours out of you," Lester spat.

"Fuck," Sarah groaned as her pussy squeezed his cock. Sarah could feel it threatening to go off inside of her. Heat ran up her back. Her crotch and legs were slick with sex and sweat. She slammed her pussy down, letting Lester's entire length slide into her making her gasp. Her nails dug into Lester's shoulders and she locked eyes with him.

"I love you Lester. I fucking Love you. Do you hear me? I LOVE YOU. FUCK ME. I LOVE YOU LESTER. FUCK GIVE IT TO ME. I LOVE YOU. LESTER. LESTER. UGH. FUCK. GOD. LESTER...I....I....LOVE...UGHHMMHMMMMNNNNN," The damn broke inside of her she felt a torrent of electricity course through her body. Lester's cock spawsmmed inside of her. She felt his balls lift up and then a geyser of cum exploded up and into her.

Lester groaned through gritted teeth. Sarah sucked in a deep breath and clenched her pussy around his cock. He was so deep inside of her as his cum continued to explode, showering her insides with its wet, sticky white goodness. Sarah's body rocked and her eyes involuntarily fluttered closed. Her jaw hung open as her entire body quivered and shook.

The electric current of pleasure ran through her, coarsing over ever nerve like she just stuck her tongue in a socket. Sarah couldn't help but let out a primal, guttural groan as he body went limp, falling against Lester's fat form.

They sat there like that, two sweaty intertwined bodies. Both trying and failing to catch their breaths. Sarah's eyes didn't want to open. She was already so exhausted from the marahton fucking that she let sleep take her.

Lester groaned and tried to inhale. Something was heavy on his chest, obstructing his breathing. He blinked, forcing his eyes open. It took him a few seconds to understand his surroundings before a smirk spread onto his face.

He pulled Sarah off his cock and gently lowered her on to the couch next to him. She made a disappointed groan in her sleep but didn't wake up. Lester pulled himself to his feet and looked around at the mess he had made of the William's home. It looked like a bomb had exploded and he knew the upstairs was the same.

He glanced at the closed basement door and couldn't help but chuckle at how easily Dan had folded and retreated to protect his delicate little psyche.

Lester spent the next few minutes finding his clothes and getting dressed. He put a blanket over Sarah to keep up appearances then found his phone. He typed short message to Renee, mentioning he was concerned about Dan and that she should check in on them. She didn't respond, it was shy of 5am after all. His dick still swelled with the prospect of one day sliding his cock into Sarah's mother.

Lester took out his phone and flipped it horizontally, starting a video. He slowly spun around the room, documenting everything. He recorded Sarah while she slept and crept up the stairs to record the aftermath of the events then.

When he was done, he slipped his phone into his pocket and left through the front door.

Pain stirred Dan awake. He grimaced, and rolled into a more comfortable position. He was vaguely aware of voices somewhere distant. He grunted and slowly opened his eyes looking at the exposed beams of the basement.

When he laid down on the futon last night, it hadn't been so uncomfortable. He'd even tried reminiscing about his first time with Sarah on it way back in the day. But her moans and screams had quickly dislodged memories of their clumsy first time together.

Once the couple above him had quieted down, he hadn't been able to sleep. His mind was still foggy but it raced with errant thoughts, trying to process just what the fuck had happened. Had he let things go too far? Was it possible for him to wrest back control of himself and the situation like he had in the past?

The only way to silence his thoughts and actually get some much needed sleep was for him to jerk off again. He hated doing it. Shame filled him, especially as he mentally played back the scene on the couch and those three little words leaving Sarah's lips as she stared lovingly into Lester's eyes.

Someone was shouting upstairs. Dan snapped awake and stood up, making his way up the stairs. He didn't recognize the voice at first, not without his coffee. Maybe Lester and Sarah were having a lover's spat? Would it all have worked out on its own?

If Lester was out of the picture, so was any hope of their family staying afloat.

Dan slowly opened the basement door and peered out. Sarah's parents were standing in the foyer looking shocked. Her dad's face looked like a tomatoe as he yelled at Sarah, who had the smallest of robes wrapped around her body.

“What the hell happened here?” James said, arms spreading wide, “I looks like you guys had a party or a home invasion, which was it?”

Dan’s eyes followed his father in laws. The coffee table was off center, and he knew the dining room and kitchen were probably a mess from the night before, unless Sarah had gotten to it.

“It smells like BO,” Renee said coverng her nose.

“Everything is fine,” Sarah shouted back at her parents, “Why are you here? We were gonna come pick up the girls.”

“We were in the neighborhood,” James said dismissively, “Whats the fucking smell? Did you have sex party?”

“Dad!” Sarah said through clenched teeth, “Shut up. The girls will hear you.”

As if on cue two sets of footsteps bounded down the stairs.

“Mom!,” [daughter 1] said, “There’s a hole in the wall!”

“A hole?” Renee asked, “Where?”

“The hallway!” [daughter two] said, “Right outside our room. It looks like someone slept in our bed!”

James shot an accustary glance at Sarah but bit his lip. The door clicked closed behind Dan and all eyes turned to him.

“Daddy!” Both daughters yelled, they ran over and wrapped their arms around his waist. Dan returned their hugs under the glares of James and Renee.

“There’s a lot going on that Sarah and I need to sort out,” Dan said prying himself from his daughters grips and walked up next to Sarah, “Thanks for waching the girls, we really appreciate it. As you can see we have a lot of cleaning up to do.”

James was about to speak when the doorbell rang behind him. Dan furrowed his brow and exchanged a look with Sarah. Neither knew who it could be. Dan braced himself for Lester to show up at the worst possible moment.

“Excuse me,” Sarah said pushing past her parents and opening the door.

A man Dan didn’t recognize was standing there with a clipboard in his hand.

“I have a delivery for uh,” he looked down at the clipboard, “Dan Williams?”

“Thats us,” Sarah said gesturing over her shoudler to Dan. The guy gave him a nod, “ I’ll be right back.”

“What is it?” Renee said turning to Dan. He didn’t want to tell her the truth, that he didn’t know. He didn’t need to add to the confusion.

“We’ll see,” is all he could respond with.

The driver and his partner walked up the driveway carrying something large and brown. As they got closer Dan thought it looked like leather. James and Renee moved out of the way as the men brought it into the house.

It looked like a comfortable brown leather chair. Dan shared a look with Sarah who made a face indicating she had no idea what it was.

“Bedroom up the stairs?” the man carrying the chair asked.

“Yeah, why?” Dan asked.

“Work order says we are supposed to move it up into the bedroom. You want to show us where you want it?” the guy asked.

“Sure,” Dan said as the men started up the stairs, straining and groaning as they went. He was eager to get away from James and Renee. The men pivoted the chair as they reached the top and Dan followed. One of them pushed something into the girl’s room.

He paused at his daughter’s door and saw the comforter and sheets on the one bed all messed up. He felt his anger boil beneath his skin, knowing what had probably happened the previous night. His office chair was in here, evidently it was the thing the man had pushed out of his way.

Just as [daughter 1] had said, there was a large hole in the dry wall further up the all. Further up the hall he looked into his office and saw the chair missing. How it ended up in the hallway, he could only guess.

As he followed the men into his bedroom, he winced at the cum stain he’d left on the door the previous night.

“Where do you want it?” the man asked out of breath.

“There’s fine,” Dan said pointing to where the men stood. They set the chair down and gave Dan the clipboard to sign. The other man took a picture of the chair on his phone. Dan signed the paper and the man shook his hand and made his way back into the hallway with his partner. The partner gestured to the cum stain on the door and both shared a disgusted look with one another.

Dan looked down at the unfamiliar chair that had been deposited in his bedroom. He didn’t remember ordering a chair and Sarah seemed just as confused as he had.

When he finally went back downstairs, both the men and James and Renee had left.

“They just can’t mind their own business,” Sarah said exhaspterated. The girls were in the living room watching something on TV. “I hate when they just show up out of the blue,” Sarah continued, “We were supposed to pick up the girls. I feel like a teenager with my parents barging in to look for porn or weed or something.”

“It’s a little much. Still, I wish they hadn’t seen it like this,” Dan said.

Sarah’s phone beeped and she looked at.

“What is it?” Dan asked.

Sarah handed him the phone. On it was text message from Lester with a picture of the brown leather chair. Dan squinted and it looked like the picture the delivery guy just took in their bedroom upstairs. Lester had captioned it, “Dan’s new cuckseat.”