Sarah kept her eyes closed for most of the Uber ride home. She'd had too much to drink, and she welcomed the escape of sleep to mute the vivid memories of the bar's bathroom stall. She hadn't expected any of that to happen.

She should have known better. Lester never did anything without a reason. He'd known that hole in the wall was there when he recommended the bar to them. And she'd loved every second of it. Again, Lester knew what she needed better than even she herself did.

Sarah groggily opened her eyes and looked at her mom. To her surprise, her mother was blankly staring out the window, her eyes unfocused.

"You okay?" Sarah asked.

Her mother didn't respond.

"Mom?" Sarah said louder.

"Hmmm?" Her mother blinked, "Sorry, what?"

"Are you okay?" Sarah repeated.

"Yes. I'm fine," Her mother slurred her words, "Just thinking about something."

"Something good or bad?" Sarah asked as the streets of Chicago blurred by the window. She closed her eyes, trying not to get the spins.

"I don't know," her mother said softly. Sarah let herself drift until the Uber pulled up in front of Dan's apartment building. They both stumbled into the elevator and made their way up to Lester's apartment.

Her mother quickly found the couch and face planted onto it. Sarah dazedly laughed at seeing her mother in such a state. She looked around and found a blanket to drape over her. There weren't any extra pillows or linens in the apartment, the way she had them back at home for guests. Sarah's mind let the thought go as she stumbled down the hallway, passing the bathroom and flung open the door to Dan's room. She side-eyed the anime poster Lester had put up on the wall and kicked the door shut. The small, uncomfortable bed called to her. Lester's was much more comfortable, but she couldn't indulge him with her mom in the apartment.

She got under the covers and, with a deep sigh, quickly passed out.

***

Lester tailed the Uber through the dark Chicago streets. He had hoped Renee would have touched him through the glory hole, but she didn't take the bait. It wasn't a surprise. He had

barely begun to work on her. But he saw the signs. The same signs he'd seen with Sarah. He knew he could have her if he put in the work. But the opportunities with her were much less frequent than he'd had with Sarah. He was especially lacking that extra leverage factor of having Dan's fantasy to exploit.

It was a fun side project, but he didn't want to get too distracted. He'd been back in the city for only a few hours before he let himself be dragged out into the world to push Sarah's boundaries. He hadn't even had time to secure his network before outside parties were already trying to penetrate it.

The irony of the situation wasn't lost on him. If Dan had taken better care to secure his marriage and relationship with his wife, he wouldn't find himself in his current predicament. He didn't want to end up like Dan.

As he pulled his car into the apartment's parking lot, he vowed to go upstairs and secure his shit. He parked and watched as the women stumbled out of the Uber and didn't even look in his direction. It was almost too easy.

Lester killed the SUV's engine as the Uber pulled away. He got out, walked across the dark parking lot to the back door, and went inside. The digital sign above the elevator showed the car had stopped at his floor. He pressed the button to call it back down and, on a whim, walked over to the bank of metal mailboxes along the wall. He opened his unit and fished out several envelopes, then froze. His lips turned upwards when he felt the two packages waiting for him.

He fished them out, and his dark, ugly smile grew even wider. Both contained addresses from his mail forwarding service. The one he used to route packages from the dark web. Excellent. Lester felt a surge of energy and rushed to the elevator as the doors slid open.

He rode it up and quickly made his way to his apartment. He hovered at the door, keys in hand, as he listened. He couldn't hear anything from the other side of the door. Still, he waited, not wanting to walk in on the women. Judging by their state of inebriation, it wouldn't be long before they'd pass out. He considered himself an expert on the subject after extensive monitoring and research of his prior roommates.

After waiting for exactly five more minutes, Lester slid his key into the lock and opened the door. The apartment was dark, just as he expected. He took extra care to close the door quietly and stood in the darkness, listening.

The apartment was silent, except for quiet inhales and exhales coming from the couch. Lester took care as he walked across the floor to the back of the sofa, leaned over and peered down at the form of Renee splayed out there.

He felt his cock harden and press into the back of the couch. *Excellent.*

Temptation rose within him, but he pushed it back down, relying on his credo of patience that had served him so well. Everything in time.

Lester licked his lips and tore his eyes from Sarah's sleeping mother. He looked down the dark hallway, wondering where his bride-to-be was. In his room, waiting for him? Dan's? Or passed out in the bathroom? She was predictable, just like her husband. She'd be in Dan's room.

Lester started towards the hallway but stopped, turning back to the sleeping beauty on the couch. He walked around next to her, stopping to hover by her head. She was on her back, hand draped behind her head as a makeshift pillow. The blanket she had been using had slipped down to her waist, giving Lester a clear view of her upper body.

Lester grinned and reached out, cupping one of her generous breasts. Renee didn't stir. He pressed his thumb in and found her nipple and gently applied some pressure to it while he made tiny circles with his finger. That elicited a soft, almost indistinguishable moan from Sarah's mother. Lester's smile broadened as he glanced over his shoulder at the electrical outlet camera embedded in the wall, a nod to his future shelf.

Lester licked his lips and let up the pressure on her breasts. His fingers trailed up the exposed skin of her chest and neck. The smile disappeared from his face as his eyes focused on the older woman. Still, so youthful and beautiful, ready to be conquered by him. His hand cupped her face, and he lovingly stroked it, pushing a lock of her hair back behind her ear. Lesterl licked his lips again and ran his thumb over her pink lips. Then he pushed the tip of his thumb, just past them, parting them. Renee didn't respond, but Lester sucked in a breath when he touched her teeth. He knew going further would push things into the realm of disturbing her, so he held himself back.

He hadn't been watching her consumption of drinks like he had Sarah's. He didn't know what she'd consumed when he'd taken her daughter in the bathroom stall. Still, he couldn't resist just pushing a bit more.

He licked his lips and pressed them against Renee's. Her body shifted slightly, but she didn't respond otherwise. Lester pulled back and slowly licked the side of her face. She jerked away, but Lester held her in place and left another trail of saliva on her, marking her.

Lester stood up and adjusted himself. He wanted more but decided against it. He grabbed his letters and packages from the coffee table and headed to his lair. The bathroom door was open while Dan's was shut. Predictable.

He closed his bedroom door behind him, running the bolt closed. He fired up his battle station and dug into the packages as it came online. The pale light of the monitor illuminated his obese form as he ripped the packaging open. His cock twitched, and a smile spread onto his face.

<I>*Perfect.*</i>

Lester quickly typed in his password. The monitor shifted to his familiar desktop. In the corner of the screen, a red blinking icon caught his eye. A critical issue with his network's security needed his attention. He needed to address the attempted attack by Cronos and his lackeys. His mouse hovered over the icon, but his eyes drifted to the package in front of him.

He ignored the blinking icon and shifted the mouse to his folders, pulling up the picture he'd snapped of Sarah's birth control packaging. In the bright light of the computer, Lester's grin looked uglier than usual.

He held up the blister package he'd just received and compared it to the one on the screen. Identical. Lester's cock swelled. He opened up his cameras and his eyes locked on Sarah's sleeping form on Dan's bed. Soon.

Lester licked his lips and focused on the other package in front of him. He opened it carefully, revealing the blank pill bottle. Unscrewing the cap, he dumped a handful of the pills out into his hand, then looked between them and the monitor. Again, a perfect match. And Lester had even had these verified by an independent, discrete lab. Nothing harmful, just placebos.

He would need to wait until the morning to finalize these. He needed to put the pills in the blister pack and then seal the aluminum backing with the heat from a hair dryer. The noise would just wake up the women.

Lester still planned on trying to convince Sarah to get off the pills altogether. But multiple layers and contingencies were just part of good planning.

He pushed the packages aside and finally clicked the blinking icon. He frowned. The expected intrusions into his network were there waiting for him. But he hadn't expected the additional alerts.

The ones tracking inquiries into himself, Sarah and Dan. The alerts he set up for his other conquests and previous roommates were all normal. But someone out there was looking into Sarah, Dan and himself. Jesse perhaps? Or did that little shit open his mouth? The fact that all of them had elevated inquiries was an issue. Someone was looking into all three of them.

He ran down the lists of potential perpetrators in his mind. The list wasn't long. Only a handful of people would know to look at all three of them. Someone like Vernon, Jessie or even Otis. Maybe one of the D&D guys. Not many people had seen the three of them together. Jesse, of course. Perhaps his shitbag boss, Byron. Anyone else? And why were they looking into them?

Lester's mind hovered on Byron. There was something there. Something he needed to look further into.

Movement caught his eye. Renee was beginning to stir. Bad timing. His gaze strayed to the woman's form shifting on the couch. The blanket fell away from her body. Lester was never one to let an opportunity go to waste.

He quickly locked his computer and struggled out of his shirt before dropping his oversized pants to the ground. His ratty boxers quickly followed before the computer's monitor illuminated his naked form.

Easing the door open, Lester stepped out into the dark hallway. He suppressed a grin as he passed Dan's door. Sarah was asleep in there while he played. It was just too good an opportunity to pass up. Another seed, begging to be planted. He stopped, hovering at the entrance to the living room, listening to Sarah's mother stirring. She was making light, little groans as she began to wake.

Lester wondered what she was dreaming about. She had quite the stimulating night, after all. Renee let out one last unsatisfied groan, and he heard the telltale sounds of a shuffling blanket and movement on the couch. Lester waited in the shadows of the hallway, watching.

Renee's darkened form sat up on the couch. She sat there for several seconds before rising and feeling her way around the sofa. Lester planned on accidentally bumping into her on her presumed way to the bathroom.

On shaky legs, Renee moved around the couch, pausing to balance herself. Instead of the bathroom, she headed in the direction of the kitchen and flicked the lights on.

She disappeared from sight, and Lester heard the fridge and cupboards opening. Without waiting, he plodded across the living room floor, taking special care to make his presence known.

Lester slowed his breath, trying not to let his phallic excitement show. He pushed his way into the kitchen and felt his balls contract at the sight of Renee bending over slightly as she looked in the fridge. Her dark blue denim jeans had no business looking that good.

His decision to buy a fridge with the freezer on top was paying off yet again.

"Need something?" Lester said as he stepped forward.

"Uh, um, just looking for your water," Renee said, still peering into the refrigerator. Lester stepped closer, put a hand on the fridge door, and eased it open, letting him move in.

"The tap is over there," Lester said.

Renee stood up and turned towards him, "You don't have any bottles or filtered water or a…"

Renee trailed off, her eyes going wide as she turned fully towards him. She swayed slightly as she locked eyes with him, then her gaze took in his naked torso.

Lester grinned internally as Renee's gaze lowered to his crotch. When confronted with a naked man, women always looked. Always.

Renee took in a sharp breath, and her jaw dropped. Lester knew the best move here was to pretend not to notice. He stepped closer to her, essentially trapping her between himself and the wall behind her. He reached into the fridge and said, "Nope. Just the tap water, sorry. Bottles are bad for the environment."

He reached into the fridge to grab a can of Coke, pretending not to notice the still flabbergasted look on Renee's face. When he pulled back up to his full height, he tilted his head at her, "Is everything okay? Did you girls drink too much?"

"Uhhmmmm," Renee sputtered as she looked at the ceiling. Lester looked as well, following her gaze upward.

"Something wrong with the ceiling?" He asked nonchalantly. He knew he couldn't press too hard. Not yet. So he moved a few paces away to the cupboard where his Cheetos were. He watched Renee from the mirror on the wall, and caught her breaking her gaze with the ceiling to sneak another glance at his crotch.

"No, uh, it's just that—" Renee said, "You're uh, naked."

"Oh, shit," Lester feigned ignorance, "Sorry. I'm not used to having anyone besides Dan. I completely forgot."

Lester pulled out the big bag of Cheetos and turned fully towards Renee, letting his cock slap against her leg.

"Could you do me a favor?" Lester asked Renee who was looking anywhere but at him.

"Uhm, maybe. What favor?" She said carefully, but Lester still caught the slight slur in her words.

"Could we keep my little snafu between us? Sarah would probably yell at me if she knew I did this again," Lester said.

"Sure, yeah. No problem," Renee said, meeting his eye with an awkward smile before quickly averting her gaze again.

"Thank you. I'm sorry again. Sarah was caught off guard last time she caught me like this in the middle of the night," Lester smiled and left the kitchen. Renee let out a long breath.

Lester quickly turned around and stepped back into the kitchen, cock on full display.

Renee's eyes immediately locked on his cock, eyes going wide again, and she fumbled to close the fridge door.

"Oh, and Renee?" Lester said.

"Y-Yes, Lester?" Renee bumbled.

"Have a great night. Let me know if you need anything. Anything at all," Lester said. Before she could respond, Lester turned and marched back to his room.

He closed the door but didn't bolt it. Setting down his Cheetos and Coke, he quickly keyed in his password and watched Renee on the camera. She was still standing in the same place he had left her, with the same shocked expression on her face. It was cute, and Lester let himself grow to full mast.

His naked form had rattled her. And now she knew what he was packing. He hadn't planned the comment about Sarah, but he wondered what she would do with it. Sometimes, the best things in life came from unexpected directions.

Renee steadied herself on the counter before grabbing a glass and filling it with water. She emptied the entire glass in a few swallows, filled it up again and headed back to the couch.

She pulled the blankets up over her and turned away from the camera. Lester watched, hoping for some action, but it looked like the blonde bombshell just went to sleep. Hopefully, she hadn't drunk so much that she wouldn't remember their late-night encounter.

Lester pulled the camera feed to his second monitor, cracked open his Coke and fired up World of Warcraft.

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Renee lay there with her eyes closed, replaying the events of the night in her mind. Not only had she willingly stayed in the washroom and touched herself during an illicit public threesome, but she had actively gone back to that stall and stared at the giant cock that had come through the wall, almost reaching out to touch it.

Now, not even a few hours later, her entire mind was trying to do the mental math to understand how someone so short and unappealing like Dan's roommate, Lester, could have one of the biggest penises she had ever seen in her life. She would have said the biggest, but the one at the bar had been huge too. She wondered which was larger.

She closed her eyes tightly, trying to will sleep to take her again and bring her away from these lewd, perverse thoughts. It wasn't right. She was married. And yet, already being in Chicago less than twenty-four hours, she had already seen the private parts of two other men, who weren't her husband.

Lester's cock, hanging limply among the patch of his dense pubic hair, was almost longer than her husband when he was fully erect. James' penis already felt so big and full inside of her. She couldn't imagine how something like Lester's would feel.

Then she realized with a squirm that she had just thought about having sex with Lester. She closed her eyes tighter and started to recite the Lord's Prayer in her head to distract herself.

***

Dan felt his stomach twisting into knots again as he stared into his refrigerator. Even after going grocery shopping the night before, his fridge's interior looked pretty bare. It wasn't just the declined credit cards; a dollar just didn't go as far as it used to.

He hated everything about his current financial situation. He was supposed to be the provider. The one to put his wife and kids' lives on easy street and leave them wanting for nothing. To be a man and provide. Instead, he felt like a failure, circling the drain, watching his life spiral out of control.

And now, somehow, things were worse than ever. Lester, who was supposed to be a short-term, temporary roommate, somehow weasled his way into every facet of their lives. The obese, ugly man was someone now part of his relationship with Sarah. A throuple, whatever the hell that was.

Dan still didn't understand it himself or how to navigate it. It was easier just to shut it out, not acknowledge it, and pretend everything was okay. His brain was happy to accept this strategy and protect his ego.

The girls were playing upstairs in their room, but their little laughs still echoed down to him. He needed to make them breakfast. He wanted to do something special, like his parents used to for him; eggs, bacon, sausage and a whole great breakfast spread. But the fridge didn't have those things. The best he could do for his girls was cereal or toast.

He calmed his breathing and shoved two pieces of bread into the toaster. He'd make the best damn peanut butter toast the girls had ever had.

Still, the public embarrassment of having his cards declined and having to cut his grocery trip down still weighed on him. He needed money. He needed things with Sentinel Securities to ramp off. He needed his side business to ramp up. He needed to find himself and Sarah new jobs to bring in more cash.

He wished Sarah hadn't left. He was still pissed with her. Still pissed at himself, at the whole situation. But he still wanted her. Still wanted her to be there with him. After such a long time apart, they should try to spend as much time together as possible. Try to chart the future of their lives together.

Instead, she was at her parents and he was home with an empty fridge and an empty wallet. He needed help. At least Lester was covering his rent, mortgage, and other bills, giving him some breathing room.

He didn't like it, but he'd take advantage of —

Lester.

Lester wanted to be part of their lives and help cover some of their expenses. The motherfucker (literally) was supposed to help them pay for groceries. It was the least fucking thing he could do after all the liberties he'd taken with Sarah.

Dan pulled out his phone and shot Lester a quick text:

D: Lester. Time to hold up your end of the bargain. Send over $300 for groceries. Please and thank you.

It was an irritating few minutes before Lester replied.

L: New Phone. Who dis.

D: You know damn well who it is

L: Oh, right, the cuck. How's the new chair? Comfy? Can't wait to watch you use it next time I'm in town.

D: Good one. Now about that $300? You can Venmo it.

L: I could, but I won't.

D: Surprise, surprise. Going back on your word.

L: I'm not a blank cheque to cover your inadequacies, Dan. I'm not just going to fork over $300. You'll probably blow it on something stupid. I want to make sure Sarah is taken care of, and your girls are fed and looked after. What do you want to buy?

Dan typed out a scathing response about Lester's inadequacies but erased it.

D: Groceries.

L: Yes, obviously. But like what? I’m not going to just drop cash on a bunch of sad, ready-made meals for you.

D: Says the guy who lives off Chetoos.

L: Don’t disparage Cheetos. And it's my money. I can spend it how I want.

Dan gritted his teeth and typed in a response to try to end this conversation.

D: Lunch meat, buns. Vegetables, eggs, milk, and cookies for the kids. Bananas, Apples, and a few pounds of ground beef. Chicken thighs. Refilling some of our spices. Stuff like that.

L: What kind of vegetables?

Dan squeezed his cellphone in frustration before typing:

D: Broccoli, carrots, celery, lettuce, mushrooms.
L: Gross.

Dan stared at Lester’s last message, waiting for him to say something else. When nothing came through, Dan finally replied.

D: Yep, but kids need to get used to it. So the $300?

L: I want you to send me the bill afterwards so I can see it.

Dan rolled his eyes. Lester was toying with him, and he wanted to wring the shorter man’s neck.

D: Sure. Whatever you need.

L: Great.

Dan stared at the words, again waiting for more from his snivelling roommate. He opened the Venmo app and refreshed it, waiting for the money to come through. It never did.

D: Lester. The $300? Are you sending it?

L: Nope.

D: What the fuck? We just had this big talk about it. This is part of the stupid arrangement. You’re supposed to hold up your end of the bargain.

L: I never said I won't. I just want Sarah to ask me.

D: Why? Why does that matter?

L: Because I want to make sure everything is on the up and up. That there aren't any secrets between us three.

D: That's rich coming from you.

L: Oh well.Whatever. When Sarah wakes up, tell her that you need her new strapping man to buy groceries to feed her kids.

D: Fuck you.
L: No thanks, I'll stick with fucking Sarah. Probably why she is sleeping in so late…

Dan reread Lester's words. Was Sarah in Chicago? With Lester? She went without telling him? Or was he fucking with her? He pushed his cellphone out of his reach, not wanting to look at it.

The smell of burnt toast hit Dan's nose. "Fuck."

The toast for the girls was black and crispy. At some point during his texting with Lester, they'd popped, and he hadn't noticed. They sat too long against the grills.

He retrieved them, threw them out, and put two new pieces in. He made a point to ignore his phone and make sure he didn't fuck up the toast again. After the girls ate and went back upstairs. Dan was just about to reach for his cellphone, bracing for any more texts from Lester.

The doorbell rang, distracting him. Thankfully, the girls didn't run down to see who was there. They were busy playing. Dan crossed the short distance to the front door and opened it, revealing his father-in-law, James.

"Hey, James," Dan said, grip tight on the door. He didn't need this. Not right now. "What's up?"

Dan stood in the doorway, holding the door slightly ajar, not letting his father-in-law just walk in. James gestured to the bucket in his hand. There were a couple of scraper tools on it.

"Here to fix that hole in your drywall upstairs," James said. Dan's shoulders slumped at the reminder of Lester's wild night with his wife. He'd never gotten a clear answer as to how that hole had been created. James wouldn't take no for an answer, not when he had shown up with all his tools already.

Dan stepped back and gestured into the house, "Come on in. And thank you for your help."

“Sure. Figured I might as well. I didn’t think it’d get done anytime soon. With the girls gone, I figured I might as well,” James stepped in. Dan closed the door and processed what his father-in-law had just said. <I>What did he mean the girls were gone?</i>

He couldn’t just ask. Not without coming out and revealing more of his marital issues to his Father-in-Law. Instead, he said, “How are the girls doing? I haven’t heard from Sarah this morning yet.

“Neither have I. I think they had a late night last night. You know, I’m not sure what is going on with you and Sarah, but you need to fix it. You made a vow to keep her happy, and I don’t think you’re living up to it,” James said.

“You know, James, some things aren’t really your business. We’re working through some things, but I’m doing the best I can here,” Dan said.

“Is that why I’m here, patching the hole for you?” James asked.

“The hole isn’t beautiful, but it's not at the top of my list of things to take care of. I’d rather spend my time looking for a new job or working on building up my client base,” Dan tried not to let himself get worked up. Getting into a shouting match with his Father-in-law would do wonders for his marriage.

“How's that going? The job hunt?” James asked as he headed up the stairs, bucket of putty and scraper tools in his hands.

“It’s going,” Dan said as he debated whether to follow and help his James or just get back to doing his own thing. With a sigh, he climbed up the stairs after the man, ready to endure more veiled criticism.

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There was a little man with a pickaxe chipping away at the inside of Sarah’s skull. At least, that's how it felt as she slowly woke up. She groaned and pulled the covers over her eyes to block out the bright sun from the window. She knew it was late. The sun was too bright. But she didn’t have anywhere to be, and the kids were with Dan.

The pounding wouldn’t stop, and she couldn’t fall back asleep. With an effort of Herculean will, she pushed back the covers, covering her eyes and sat up in the bed.

She hadn’t been counting her drinks last night. How much had she had to feel this fucking bad? The events of the previous night came back to her. Of Lester in the bathroom stall with her. Of the yellow brick road mural on the wall. Of the black cock sticking through, begging to be touched. Of everything she did.

Sarah groaned again as she stood, her head pounding intensified. She wasn't sure how she felt about what had happened. She knew she should feel guilty. She also knew that deep down, she had been incredibly turned on by it. She pushed those thoughts to the back of her head and struggled to the door.

Those thoughts were for future Sarah to figure out. The one who didn't have a splitting fucking headache. She pulled open the door and stepped into the blessedly, darker hallway and crossed to the bathroom to find some Tylenol. When she did, she quickly downed two of them and drank water from the tap.

She needed more water. She knew she was dehydrated. It happened to patients all the time in the hospital. Sarah reluctantly left the dark bathroom and went down the hallway, crossing the living room to the kitchen. A quick, wincing glance showed her mother still fast asleep on the couch.

Sarah grabbed a glass and filled it with water from the tap. She downed it and filled another. She must have been loud because her mother stirred and groaned from the other room. Sarah poured herself another glass, along with her mother and went out to the living room.

"Thank you," Renee said, taking the glass Sarah offered. Her mother's eyes were bloodshot, and her hair was a mess. Otherwise, Sarah envied how good her mother looked after a late-night out.

Unfortunately, her shirt didn't look as good. It was covered in wine and splotches of other colors from the night before. Renee's eyes followed Sarah's, and she looked down at her shirt.

"Crap. I love this shirt," Renee said, dismayed.

"I'll put a load in later. Hopefully, I can get those stains out. Otherwise, Dad might question how much we had to drink," Sarah chuckled.

Renee returned the smile over her glass of water.

"It's been a long time since I've had that much to drink. Last night was something else," Renee said, trailing off in thought.

Sarah's heart skipped a beat. Her nerves felt frayed at the idea that her mom had overheard everything that happened in the bathroom and knew it was her. It wasn't a logical leap to make. She'd gone to the bathroom just before. And her mom had been making comments about her time at the adult theatre and other criticisms.

With a shaking breath, Sarah asked, "What do you mean?"

Renee just waved her hand, “Not important. Just that I don’t usually drink like that, you should really think about stocking that fridge with water bottles or a Brita or something, too. Last night I got up to get a glass of water…”

A sheepish grin appeared on her mother’s face and she shook her head, “And you should tell Dan to tell his roommate to put on a housecoat or something when there are visitor’s staying over.”

Sarah’s head hammered, “What? What do you mean?”

With dawning horror, Sarah knew what her mother meant. She waited in agony as her mother continued.

“Lester walked into the kitchen last night in his birthday suit. I’m not going to tell your father about it because he will make a big issue out of it, but someone needs to talk to that man. It's not appropriate. Especially when there are female guests at the apartment, it made me uncomfortable.” Renee said.

“He was naked?” Sarah said, feeling the anger seethe inside of her. “Did he try anything? Did anything happen?”

“Goodness no. Sarah, come on. Nothing like that, no. That’s gross. I didn’t drink that much, thank you very much. He just shows up and talks for a bit before leaving.”

“Talked about what mom?” Sarah said. She was both furious with Lester and had a raging desire to stomp into his room and throttle him, while another part of her needed to ride him.

Sarah shivered at her worrying thoughts, but her mother didn’t seem to notice.

“Nothing, Sarah. You’re making a mountain out of a molehill. I was looking for water, and he told me it was just from the tap. He apologized for being naked and then went back to bed,” Renee said.

“I’m going to kill him,” Sarah muttered.

“You won’t even mention it,” Renee said, “He’s probably horribly embarrassed. Leave the poor man alone.”

Sarah was ready to retort something about Lester’s true character and that he, in fact, would not be embarrassed at all. And wouldn’t be embarrassed, not with what he was packing. But she couldn’t say that to her mom. She didn’t even want to know if her mother had seen what hung between Lester’s legs.

“I’m sure he’s fine,” Sarah said, standing up, “I’m gonna go check my phone. After I get a coffee and wake up, I’ll run down to the basement and put your shirt in the laundry.”

“Thank you. Coffee sounds good too,” Renee said, wincing as she stood up and headed to the bathroom.

Sarah went back to the bedroom and found her phone unplugged on the nightstand. On the screen was a message from Dan.

D: Our cards got declined at the grocery store last night. I could only buy a few things. It was embarrassing. Lester is being a dick. Can you make sure he hold up his end of things. I need $300 for groceries. To feed our daughters.

D: Your dad told me you're not at his house. Girls' trip into the city? Are you staying at the apartment?

“Fuck,” Sarah muttered and slumped down on the bed holding her phone. She hadn’t been deliberately hiding the fact that she was in Chicago from Dan. She hadn’t felt the need to tell him, not after their blow-up fight. But she didn’t like him finding out like this either and putting her on the spot.

S: I’ll talk to him.
S: Yes, my mom and I are at the apartment.

Sarah stared at the screen, waiting for a response. She watched for the three little dots of Dan replying. She stared at the screen for a full minute, but nothing appeared. She put her phone face down on the table with a clearer conscience. She’d told me, and she’d waited for a response. She even waited a full minute. But I didn’t add anything about Lester being here or about their night out.

Sarah stood up and walked out of Dan’s room, leaving her phone on the table. After making coffee and handing a mug to her mom, she couldn’t help but think about Lester’s closed door. She had a reason to talk to him, besides just wanting to be in his room. But she couldn’t let her mom hear their conversation.

“This probably isn’t good for my head, but I need it,” Renee said as she sipped her mug. “What do you want to do today? After I sleep and get rid of this headache.”

“First, I’ll get that shirt in the wash,” Sarah said trying not to look down the hallway, “From there, I don’t know. We could look up a play, maybe? Or find another restaurant to go to. I don’t want to go to that same bar tonight. Is there anything on your list for Chicago?”

“A play could be okay, but it would have to be a good show we’re interested in. Honestly, I want to go somewhere great for dinner. Maybe somewhere scenic. Besides that, I don’t really know,” her mom set her coffee down on the table, grabbed her glass of water and took a drink.

“But right now, I just want to close my eyes and get rid of this headache. Do you have any aspirin?” Renee asked.

“I’ll go look in the bathroom,” Sarah said, “Or ask Lester. Switch shirts really quick before you lie down so I can wash them.”

Sarah’s head was splitting as she walked towards the bathroom. Her mom unzipped her luggage and switched shirts before lying back on the couch, an arm draped over her eyes. Sarah stole one last glance over her shoulder. And, satisfied that her mom was indisposed for the moment, she walked back down the hallway towards the bathroom. She opened the medicine cabinet and pocketed the Tylenol, making enough noise for her mom to hear. Then she crossed the hallway and softly knocked on Lester’s door.

No answer. She knocked again, a little louder.

“Yeah,” Lester’s voice said through the door. Sarah turned the knob and opened the door. It was dark inside, and she squinted to see. The light from the hallway cast over piles of clothes and other debris littering the floor.

Something moved from where Sarah knew the bed was. It was a weird shape, but the fat worm character from Dan’s Star Wars movies immediately popped into her head.

“Mhmm Sarah, come to daddy,” Lester’s voice said from the darkness much louder than Sarah wanted. Her neck whipped to look down the hallway towards the living room.

She hadn’t wanted to step into the room. She didn’t want her mom to hear the latch of the door close. But she stepped in anyway, carefully closing the door silently behind her, “Ssshh, Lester. Keep it down.”

“Oh, come on,” Lester chuckled. Sarah could hear the sounds of sheets ruffling but couldn’t see anything in the darkness.

“You were plenty loud last night in that dirty bathroom. Your mom heard you then. Why try to be quiet now?” Lester said at the same level of volume. His voice had shifted from a different direction. Sarah felt her heartbeat quicken, like prey being stalked by a lion at night.

“T-Thats…dammmit Lester you know thats not the same thing. Stop trying to throw me off –”

“On the contrary, I’m trying to mount you again. Been too long since I’ve had you in my bed,” Lester growled.

Sarah felt herself getting wet at his simple words. When had it become so easy for her to just drip like this? “Lester…we can’t…my mom..”

“Was in the room with us last night,” Lester said, his voice closer, “It didn’t stop you from letting me fuck you then. It didn’t stop you from putting that cock in your mouth either and loving every fucking second of it.”

“It’s not the same,” Sarah’s voice wavered before she added some steel to it, “And you know it.”

“Bah,” Lester said.

“Dan text me,” Sarah changed the subject.

“Oh? And what does everyone’s favorite cuck want now?” Lester snickered.

“He asked,” Sarah hesitated, “If you can send us money for groceries. Like you said, like we agreed to.”

She felt Lester’s warm breath on her face before she knew he was there. His fat stomach pushed into her. His breath was foul and lingering. “Tell me,” he started, “How does it feel to ask another man to provide for your family? To go to another man for help instead of your husband?”

“I don’t know,” Sarah said, “I haven’t thought about it. Can you please just send the money?”

“Tell me how it feels and I will,” Lester commanded.

“Uh. It’s weird, Lester,” Sarah started, “It’s really fucking weird. It’s like watching a fucked up movie, but I’m in it. I never expected to be in this position. It’s wrong. It’s not right. We shouldn’t have to do it. But..”

Sarah trailed off.

“But?” Lester said, pushing his gut into her, pinning her against the back of the door. Sarah suppressed a light moan, worried it might travel down the hallway.

“But…I don’t know…there’s something fucked up about it that I like,” Sarah breathed, the words tumbling out of her.

“Like? You like that your husband isn’t man enough to provide for his family? That someone like me has to take care of you? Take care of your kids? Step into that role that Dan has fucked up so badly?” Lester’s hands were on her arms, caressing them. His hot breath was on her neck, and she desperately wanted to feel his wet lips and tongue on her.

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed. “I don’t know….I can’t…I haven’t thought about it like that.”

“Well lets do some thinking about it right now,” Lester said as his lips touched her neck. Sarah’s knees went limp, and she almost fell into him.

“Lester,” Sarah hissed, but didn’t hear the conviction in her own voice anymore, “We can’t…not here…not now…not again…not with her here.”

“Come on, that's no fun. I know how much you crave fucked up experiences, what’s one more?” Lester’s breath was hot. She craned her neck closer, desperate for more of him. She shouldn’t be indulging this. Why did she bend so easily for him?

His fat, stubby fingers were lightly drawing circles on her arm, sending shivers down her spine.

“Lester…please,” Sarah said weakly.

“You know how much I like it when you beg,” Lester growled and nibbled on her earlobe. One hand left her arm and kneaded her breast through her shirt. Sarah bit her lip, her mind trying to grab onto something solid to slow things down.

“Lester. Stop. We can’t do this. Not now,” Sarah said with a sharp intake of breath. “I just came to ask about the money. The, uh, mhmm, agreement.”

“The agreement that I provide for you while getting to fuck you whenever I want?” Lester asked.

Sarah recognized the trap. She’d used similiar ones before to great effect, “That wasn’t the exact agreement. We both –”

“We both know,” Lester cut in, “That’s pretty much the gist of our agreement. When you get right down to it.”

Sarah’s hips pushed against Lester, seeking contact with him. But while her body rebelled against reason, part of her was still in control. The part of her that didn’t want to see her life spiral more than it had already. She fumbled on the door, looking for the knob and turned it.

Light crept back into the room, cascading across the piles of dirty mess everywhere. She felt like she could breathe. She expected Lester to slink back in the light but he held his crowd, pressing himself hard against her. The door almost swung back shut but their bodies slid to the side.

“I…we can’t. My mom is expecting me to come back with Tylenol for her. Lester. Please.” Sarah said but she didn’t mean it. A war was raging inside of her and part of her so badly wanted to indulge. He’d just fucked her the night before. She probably still had his cum inside of her but she wanted more.

Lester hand moved off her other arm, lessening the pressure on her. Sarah reluectantly took the opportunity to side step Lester and dart out of the room. In the bathroom she grabbed the aspirin and hurried back down the hallway. A quick glance over her shoulder showed Lester standing at the gap in the door, scowling at her. His naked cock hanging down between his legs. The image burned into her psyche.

Not just his cock, but the dangerous look on his face. It reminded her one of the faces that showed up on Netflix true crime documentaries about criminals or killers. She shuddered at the thought.

“Took me a second to find it,” Sarah said as she poured a pill out and handed it to her mother. Renee took it back with a sip of water and put her head back down on the couch with a quick thank you.

Sarah grabbed her mother’s soiled shirt and made herself a coffee. She was antsy, shifting her weight between each foot, trying not to think about going back to Lester’s room. She couldn’t stay in the kitchen forever and couldn’t put on a show in the living room to distract herself. She found herself going back down the hallway towards Dan’s room. If she was going to head to the basement to wash her mom’s top, she might as well throw in her clothes from last night as well.

Sarah stepped into Dan’s bedroom, threw a dirty look at the large breasted anime poster on the wall and scooped up her clothes from last night. She returned to the hall to head downstairs but a hand grabbed her arm and pulled her back.

Sarah stumbled into Lester’s face hairy arms and she silenced a squeal of surprise. Her mom was just down the hallway resting but probably not unconcious.

Lester looked down at her with an evil grin and held his finger up to his lips. Off balance, Sarah was pulled back towards the recesses of Lester’s room.

She squirmed in his arms despite her rapidly beating heart. They passed by the ajar door, and Sarah’s vision was flanked by darkness. The only light came from the sliver of the open door.

“Lester,” Sarah hissed, “What are you doing?”

“We weren’t done our conversation,” Lester whispered, and then his fat lips were on hers. Sarah’s breath caught in her throat, making her lips momentarily part. Lester took full advantage, pushing his oversized tongue into the young mother’s mouth.

“Mhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned into the kiss, her knees buckling and her weight shifting onto Lester’s frame. He stumbled back but quickly regained his footing, his lips never breaking from hers. Lester’s hands greedily roamed over her body, and it responded in kind. She arched her back as Lester palmed her breast, pushing her chest into it. His fat tongue continued to spread

her pretty little lips and mashed against hers. She tasted his foul breath on his tongue, but it didn't deter her. Somehow seemed to pull her deeper under his influence.

Lester awkwardly lowered them down until Sarah was lying amongst the filth on Lester's floor. Her hair and head laid on something soft, maybe old, unwashed clothing of his. Something hard dug into her back, and Sarah absently shifted it to the side with her free hand. Her legs were propped up at an awkward angle, riding up a mound of something she couldn't determine.

Lester pushed his mass down on top of her. His tongue never left her mouth, sloppily needling into every crevice.

"Mhmmmmmmm," Sarah just moaned back into Lester's open mouth as his tongue probed her. Her nipples were hard against her simple cotton bra, ready to be ripped free. Lester's hands were all over her, grabbing her breasts, caressing her bare arms, grabbing a double handful of her butt cheeks.

Sarah's body betrayed her. Her hips lifted off the ground, seeking contact with Lester's smothering body. She couldn't catch her breath; her lungs wouldn't fill with Lester's mass on top of her. He shifted, and his thigh buried itself between her legs. Sarah moaned harder now that her clit had something to rub against.

Finally, she rolled her head to the side, panting and broke the kiss. The door was still ajar with a sliver of light shining in, illuminating part of them. But the rest of their entwined bodies were buried in the darkness. She didn't know how loud they'd been. She almost entirely forgot about her mother just down the hall.

Lester went for her lips again, but Sarah turned her head to the other side. She bit her bottom lip as Lester's tongue left another trail of saliva on her neck.

"You're mine now," Lester whispered, "All mine."

Sarah let the dance in her ears, loving the way they sounded. It was final. So dominating. She needed more.

Lester grinned as he licked the flesh of Sarah's neck. Gone were her previous objections. Her body under his was responding as he knew it would. She craved him now. His months of conditioning and incremental dialling up of their experiences have made her crave what only he can give her. She may deny, she may object, but she needs him.

Lester's smile grew wider as he ran his hands over the young mother's body. He couldn't help but think of their first meeting and how unlikely this outcome would have been. Entirely impossible from her viewpoint, he was sure.

He didn't know what to do with Renee. With any luck, she'd join them. But in the cold, sober light of day, he doubted that would happen. But her anger and interruption could spoil everything.

Lester quickly flipped the button on her jeans and peeled down the zipper.

"Lester," Sarah whispered, one of her dainty hands pressing on his, a silent gesture to slow down ot cease. Lester had no intention of stopping.

The blister pack and the pills were here. His ultimate plan, despite all the enjoyable detours, was almost at a close. The only question was how much juice he could squeeze to make his achievement that much better. Lester licked his lips and swatted her hand away.

Sarah grunted as Lester tugged her pants down. Her long, slender legs were exposed to the cold of Lester's floor, spreading goosebumps over her. She tried again, half-heartedly, to bat Lester away, but she wanted him to keep going.

Lester tugged again, and her pants were completely off, thrown into the dark amongst the piles of other shit on Lester's dirty floor. <I>You're on the floor</I> Sarah thought to herself. She was down amongst the grime and filth, living in it. When had her life fallen to this point, and why, why did she fucking love it so much? The thought of Dan drifted into her head, but she quickly let it go. Things were falling apart all around her. She didn't want to focus on what hurt. She wanted to focus on what made her feel good. What felt right.

Sarah let out a whimper when Lester's hot breath touched her legs. She squirmed in his arms, biting her fist to suppress a loud moan.

Lester peered up from between Sarah's legs, with an evil grin plastered to his face. With a lick of his lips, he yanked down her little white panties, causing her to cry out from around her fist. The panties were added to the shadowy refuse of his floor, and he teased her. His warm breath spreading across her bare pussy, making her quiver.

His shit-eating grin grew wide at the subtly shifting of Sarah's legs. How they parted every slow slight, inviting him deeper. Her butt pushed off the ground, and he knew he had her. Even with the ever-present danger of her mother in the apartment and the threat it posed, Sarah was still under his thumb. He could push her into anything now.

Lester let his long, fat tongue droop from his mouth and licked her inner thigh. Her body bucked, and she turned her hips towards his face, desperate for his hungry tongue to connect with her sweet pussy. Lester just grinned and licked her other thigh and settled his fat mass between her legs, pushing them apart.

He settled onto the ground, his stomach resting on something soft. His arms circled under her legs and swiftly pulled them apart.

“Uhhh,” Sarah groaned at the unexpected movement. Her legs being pried apart, letting herself open up to Lester. She knew it was wrong. Knew it was a bad idea. But she fucking needed him.

Sarah bit her bottom lip hard, feeling the heat of Lester’s breath on her pussy. He flicked his tongue again over her inner thigh, making her squirm with lust. She wanted to scream out to him, beg him to lick her, but just bit her lip harder, trying to stay quiet.

Lester’s tongue flicked over her other thigh, this time closer to her pussy. He smiled as her body rocked towards him again. He tilted his head and licked the other thigh. Sarah’s desperate, muffled groans worked for him. His cock swelled under him, pushing down against the floor.

Lester held his tongue in his mouth and waited, letting his steaming breath wash over Sarah’s pussy. Her hands were in his hair, trying to pull him down onto her. He let the delicious torture last a few more seconds before sticking his tongue out and licking up Sarah’s slit, flicking his tongue over her clit.

“Uh fuck,” Sarah said louder than she should have. Lester repeated the movement again, and Sarah’s ass bounced off the floor, wanting him to do it again. So he did. Her thighs clamped around his fat face. Lester started bobbing his head in time with his tongue.

“Goddd,” Sarah moaned, throwing one arm over her mouth to try to stifle herself. The problem was that she needed to breathe. But Lester’s tongue just felt too fucking good. Sarah’s other hand left Lester’s greasy hair and fell to her side onto a soft pile of clothing. Her fingers pulled the itchy fabric into a tight fist as Lester’s tongue slowly went up and down her slit, paying special attention to her clit. Sarah closed her eyes and let the world melt away, and enjoyed Lester’s attention on her. It was so wrong, but it felt so fucking right.

The young mother was in ecstasy and didn’t see the cold, calculating stare of Lester’s beady eyes peering up at her. She was his. Her body was. Her emotions were, now she just needed her mind to catch up and realize it.

Lester’s hips moved back and forth, teasing his cock on the ground and clothes beneath him. He wanted to climb up and fuck her again, but needed to be a little careful. Fucking Renee was an unpredictable variable, and he didn’t know how the die would be cast if she stumbled upon them. But he wanted to push Sarah’s boundaries a bit with her here.

He closed his mouth around her clit and sucked.

“Uhhfucck,” Sarah moaned into her arm. Lester sucked and sucked, and while he did, he flicked his tongue out, adding an extra sensation to her clti’s manipulation. A primal growl escaped Sarah’s throat as she writhed on the ground.

Sarah's ass pushed off the ground as she tried to grind her pussy into Lester's face. Lester increased the tempo of his sucks on her clit. Her thighs pressed against the sides of his head, locking him in place like an oversized tomato in a vice.

Lester's hands left her thighs and snaked up her body, running under her shirt. His fat fingers pushed on her skin, going under her bra until both of his palms cupped one of her breasts.

"Mmmhmmfff," Sarah gasped as Lester grabbed her breasts, her hard nipples pushing into his palms. His fingers gripped her hard, roughly groping her just the way she liked. She liked being manhandled, and she loved it when Lester just took what he wanted. Sarah arched her back, pressing herself into wandering hands. She felt like a wanton slut lying in trash while she was manipulated to the verge of orgasm.

Her head lolled to the side as Lester sucked and touched her body. Her mind drifted and focused on nothing but the electric signals of pleasure flooding her brain. Lester struggled to breathe through his nose with Sarah's thighs clamped tight around his head. She kept thrusting her pelvis up towards his face. Each time she did, the skin above her pussy would push into his nostrils.

Lester timed his breathing and sucking accordingly. He never broke the pace of his sucks. His lips were planted around Sarah's clit like a vacuum cleaner, and they wouldn't detach until she gave him a big O. He grabbed her breasts roughly, pulling on them, squeezing them, sliding his fingers to pinch both nipples at once, eliciting a muffled moan from Sarah.

Sarah's leg involuntarily kicked out as Lester's tongue dragged across her clit. She lolled her head side to side, breath coming shallower and shallower. She opened her eyes and saw nothing but blackness around her. Her body was on fire. Lester's lips and tongue were driving her to the point of no return. She grabbed at the piles of clothing around her, holding onto them.

Her hips pushed off the ground, grinding her pussy into Lester's face. She bit down on her lips hard, trying not to make a sound. She felt warmth seeping out of her bottom lip and knew she must have bit down too hard.

Lester started to hum something with his lips still planted around her pussy. The vibration of the hum ran over the skin around her slit and pulsated across her clit. She vaguely recognized whatever tune he was humming, but the thought escaped her as her brain was entirely focused on the explosions about to happen.

With a whine, she raised her hips right in the air, pushing hard against Lester's lips and tongue. She knew she needed to be quiet. She was about to cum. Her body was about to explode. She was going to scream. She knew she wouldn't be able to stop herself. She was going to scream so loud her mother would come running.

As she felt all the muscles in her body begin to tighten, that magical glow began to wash over her skin. Sarah grabbed something soft from the dark, bunched it up and shoved it into her mouth.

Lester felt Sarah buck under his face; her thighs somehow squeezed his face even tighter. Her little feet kicked out, spasming, and he heard her muffled scream.

“OOHHFFUUUCCMMUHMMMMMMM,” Sarah screamed through the unknown clothing in her mouth. She held in place with one hand while the other slapped Lester on top of the head and held him firmly in place by his thinning, greasy hair. Lester felt his hair being pulled from his scalp, but pressed on, ensuring the blonde bombshell currently lying in the filth on his floor came as hard as possible.

Sarah’s eyes rolled back in their sockets, and all she saw were stars as her body convulsed from Lester’s lips and tongue. Everything was simultaneously numb yet on fire and electric at the same time. Her mind touched on a higher form of human function, in which she was acutely aware of every part of her body at once. She felt parts of her body on fire, rippling with pleasure that she was normally only vaguely aware of.

The spasms of her kicks eventually slowed, and Sarah’s ass fell to the floor. She gasped for breath, pulling the rag or whatever it was from her mouth. Her hands went over her shirt, onto Lester’s underneth, and she rode out the last waves of pleasure flooding into her.

“Ummm,” Sarah groaned, “Fuck. Lester.. You’re so good at that.”

Lester chuckled. Sarah sucked in as she felt it via his connected lips. With a whimper from her, his lips finally let go of her as he said, “So much for being quiet.”

Fear spiked in Sarah, and she dropped her hands to Lester’s head, holding him in place. She let her thighs go slack around his head as she listened intently for any sound from the apartment. In her throes of orgasm, she’d forgotten all about her mother.

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed, sitting up. She couldn’t be caught in her. Couldn’t be caught in this position. Lester’s hands fell from her breasts, and she shuffled back away from him, her ass pressing into whatever piles of shit were scattered across his floor.

“I need to go,” Sarah scrambled to her feet. Somewhere in front of her, she heard a disgruntled groan like an old man, and Lester moved in the shadows.

“Cumming and running?” Lester quipped, “I haven’t given you my load yet.”

“I…we can’t…” Sarah said, bending over as she searched the ground for her missing clothes and underwear. All she could find were piles of clothes and other things in the dark. But she

didn't dare turn on the light. She felt like that would equate to being discovered. At least in the dark, she could still hide.

"We will," Lester said. His hand brushed her thigh in the dark, making Sarah jump. She shuffled to the floor, trying not to trip on anything. She poked her head out, looking down the hallway. No sign of her mother.

Lester watched as Sarah head cut off the light to the room. She wasn't about to deny him what was rightfully his.

In a dash, Sarah stepped into the hallway and scooped up the clothing she'd dropped there when Lester pulled her into his lair. She darted into Dan's room, quickly found new panties and sweatpants, and put them on. When she returned to the hall, she cautiously looked back towards Lester's room, ready for him to try and pull her in again. All she saw was the slit of darkness and the unknown of his room beyond.

Her heart hammered in her chest as she went down the hallway and peered over the couch at her mom.

"Mom?" Sarah asked, worried that she had been heard. The door had been open, even if it was just a sliver.

Nothing. Her mom was breathing softly from the couch.

"Mom?" Sarah said, leaning closer. Still nothing. Sarah let her hackles fall, and her heart finally began beating normally. She silently thanked god that her mother had fallen asleep. Sarah tiptoted to the door and headed towards the elevator.

Lester sat naked on his computer, replaying the recently recorded footage. He loved the way Sarah's body seemed possessed when he had her in his grasp. The way it moved desperately to get more of him. He watched in perfect color clarity as Sarah grabbed a handful of one of his old, discarded boxers and shoved them into her mouth as she came. It was a hot image, and he quickly took several zoomed-in screenshots. Lester didn't even recognize the pair of boxers; it had been so long.

He logged out and looked around on the floor for a pair of sweats and a t-shirt to throw on. He wanted to cum. Sarah wasn't the only one about to put a load in. He pulled his door shut and marched down to the living room. He pulled his black Crocs from the closet and slipped them on. Before leaving, he peered over the couch at Renee, silently sleeping. He watched her breasts rise and fall as she slept. Pulling his phone out of his pocket. He snapped several pics and videos. Even with the socket camera, Lester always loved different camera angles. They really added something new to the experience.

With an evil smirk, Lester pulled out his cock and stroked it while peering down at Sarah's mother. He desperately wanted to drop it onto her sleeping face, but she'd already been up once. He was a lucky man, but it wasn't that lucky. Still, it seemed like such a wasted opportunity.

With a shake of his head, he pulled his pants back up, tucking his hard cock into the waistband of his sweatpants and following Sarah to the laundry room.

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Dan stood there uselessly as James knelt in front of the hole in the drywall. He'd put another smaller cut-out piece of drywall into it and was mudding the seams.

"See how I'm spreading it out in a wide arc? That's how you blend it in to be seamless. The last thing you want is for the patch to be noticeable. This way it won't even if you walk by it and look for it. You really gotta give this a shot next time and see how it goes," James said while he knelt and used the scraper to apply the mud.

"Next time I will," Dan said, trying to keep his voice level.

"Dan," James said.

"Yeah, James?"

"We should talk about Sarah. I'm not sure what's going on with you two. Part of me really doesn't want to know, but I'm worried you're pressuring her into things she shouldn't be doing."

"It's not like —"

James looked at his patch job and stood up, then turned to Dan, "You need to stop. Whatever it is, it's not right. For heaven's sake, she was at a sex club. And then whatever the fuck this was the other night. If you don't stop things and fix your shit, I will."

Dan sighed and gritted his teeth, "You know James. It's really none of your fucking business."

"She's my daughter. And they," He pointed down the hall at the girls' bedroom, "Are my granddaughters. Family. They are my business. And I'll do whatever I have to to protect them."

"I get that. So will I," Dan said.

"Then stop," James said, angrily grabbing his bucket of mud and setting off down the hallway. "Fix your shit before it's too late."

Dan stood alone in the hallway, both hands balled into fists. He didn't move until he heard the front door close. He almost threw a punch through the drywall next to him, but instead let out a silent rage-filled scream.

***

Sarah closed the washing machine door, put in her coins and started the cycle. The load was mixed with darks and colors. She'd prefer to have separated them, but she didn't want to wait around for two loads.

Her mind drifted back to taking Lester's load in her pussy last night and the black cock exploding in her mouth. She shook her head, trying to dislodge the thoughts and looked around the dingy laundry room.

She'd never liked doing laundry in Dan's building. For all the rest of its modern amenities, the laundry room was tucked away in a dimly lit basement with old foundation walls. It reminded her of a bygone era. Many of the updated units actually had their own laundry machines. For whatever reason, Dan and Lester did not. It was probably why Lester's floor was littered with old clothes. He was too lazy and too much of a slob to make the trek down here.

She finally had a second to herself just to stop and think. Her mind went to the area in her body holding on too tightly. Her stomach and chest were where all her stress was held. Her stress had a name, and it was Dan. She loved him. She loved their marriage, and she wanted things to get better, but the last few months had been hard. And their latest blow-up had been even harder. They bickered more than they ever had before, and she knew a large part of that was on her. Maybe he was right, perhaps she should —

The click of the laundry room door snapped Sarah out of her thoughts, and she glanced up. The door opened, and Lester's oodly proportioned body stepped into the room. He smiled widely as he closed the door behind him.

"Lester, what, uh, are you doing here?" Sarah asked.

Lester's shit eating grin just grew wider, "Here to put in a load."

Sarah gulped and felt her cheeks flush. Lester wasn't carrying a laundry basket.

"Your mom's asleep upstairs, we don't have to worry about her hearing us," Lester said, stepping past the row of dryers.

"Lester…." Sarah started. Her heart was hammering in her chest again. "It's a common area….anyone could just walk in."

Lester chuckled and closed the distance between them. Even though she was taller than him, she felt small. The way his predatory eyes sized her up like she was nothing more than something for him to conquer.

“Like you care about that,” Lester said and pressed himself up against her. He ground his crotch into her. “You love being watched. I’m going to fuck you in here. I’m going to dump my load into you. And I bet you’d cum even harder for an audience, wouldn’t you?”

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed and closed her eyes as Lester’s mouth touched her neck. She was still soaking wet from the way Lester had made her cum less than fifteen minutes ago. Her skin was still extra sensitive as Lester ground into her. He was picking up right where they left off when she ran out of the room. She knew he wasn’t going to take no for an answer. And Sarah did want to feel his big cock slide into her again.

Sarah grabbed the bottom of Lester’s ratty, hole-filled shirt and pulled it up over his head. Her eyes drank in his oddly proportioned body: his flabby arms lacking any definition, his man-boobs, his large hairy belly. She needed to have him.

Lester’s mouth was on hers, and Sarah melted into him. Lester tugged Sarah’s shirt off her and broke the kiss. His lips and tongue were on the nape of her neck, working their way down to her chest. Sarah couldn’t hold herself back. Her hand went to his crotch and felt his growing cock through his stained sweatpants. She moaned, either from finally feeling that powerful cock in her hand or because of the way his tongue was tickling the tops of her chest. Lester’s hairy knuckles grazed the skin on her back as he quickly unclasped her bra. He pulled the straps from her shoulders as he did oh so long ago on that fateful night in the apartment when she and Dan crossed that line for the first.

Lester stopped licking her long enough to pull the bra completely off her and drop it to the floor. His tongue went back to her chest, licking down her heavy breasts until it swirled around her nipple. Sarah threw her head back, arching her chest into Lester’s hungry mouth. She didn’t realize she was tugging at the waistband of his sweatpants until they were halfway down his thighs, along with his disgustingly discolored boxers. She pushed them a bit further down before she couldn’t wait any longer and reached out and found his swelling cock and grabbed it. A shiver ran through her body, feeling how hot and hard it already was. Sarah moaned and heard it echo back at her from the hard surfaces of the dark and dank basement.

Lester’s tongue swirled around her nipple. He took it into his mouth and sucked on it. Sarah groaned as she pumped his cock with her hand. She was pumping it fast.

“Fuck. Lester, I need it,” Sarah’s voice was hoarse, desperate. “ I need your cock.”

Lester had her ass pinned to the washing machine she’d just started. The washing machine with her mother’s shirt in it. The cycle was starting to ramp up. The suds and water were spinning

around, slowly sloshing everything inside. She could feel the rhythmic motions of the machine against her ass.

“I know,” Lester said with a smirk, thinking of Han Solo. He pumped his cock into Sarah’s hand, causing a new course of moans to ring out from her throat. Lester loved and craved the power he held over her. It was so much sweeter than any of his previous conquests. The willingness. The fall. The corruption. The power.

Lester reached down, grabbed the crotch of Sarah’s panties in his fist and twisted it. Sarah yipped as her panties tightened around her. Lester kept twisting and pulling. Sarah bit her lip again as the fabric tore from he hips.

Lester pulled the ripped fabric up to his face and inhaled Sarah’s scent. She looked up at him with a mix of horror and arousal that just made him smirk. He dropped the ruined panties onto the cold stone floor of the laundry room and awkwardly shuffled out of the pants at his ankles. Lester growled and pushed himself up against Sarah, brushing past her hands and jutting the shaft of his cock up against her slit. He bent his knees and pushed up, running his cock up and down her slit, teasing her clit.

“Uhhmhmmm, fuck Lester,” Sarah moaned.

“Heh, so much for you caring about someone walking in,” Lester chuckled, “You’re already dripping wet for me.”

Sarah needed his cock. After cumming upstairs on the floor of his disgusting room, she was left wanting more. And there was only one thing in this world that she knew of that could give her what she needed. Lester’s big, thick cock, buried deep inside of her.

“I don’t fucking care. I don’t care. Fuck Lester. Please,” Sarah whined as she ground herself against Lester’s cock. She needed him to just dip down and line up the head with her entrance and push in.

Lester’s face was buried in her breasts, licking and fondling them with his hands. Sarah was growing desperate and frustrated. She put her hands on the edge of the washing machine and tried to push herself up onto it. She needed to get higher. To get above Lester’s cock so she could lower herself onto it. Sarah squirmed against the pulsing washing machine, but Lester held her in place, keeping her from moving.

“Fuck Lester,” Sarah panted, “Put it in me.”

“You really don’t care if someone comes in and catches us fucking?” Lester licked up her chest to her shoulder, swirling his tongue around her clavicle.

“I don’t fucking care, Lester!” Sarah shouted, trying to prove her point. She just needed his cock.

Lester just kept teasing her, dipping his knees and running himself along her slit, driving her insane. “Deep down, you want someone to come in. I know how much you like performing for an audience. At the theatre. With my D&D group. That homeless guy…It makes you so worked up and wet. You love showing off how big a slut you are, even when you're supposed to be some good little mommy.”

Sarah only responds with a grunt as she tried to push her bubble butt off the washer and onto his cock. The load inside the washer was ramping up, the spin cycle increasing.

“Yes,” Sarah breathed, desperate to agree. She’d agree to anything as long as he just fucked her.

“What kind of guy would you want to walk in? Young? Old? Black? White? Arab? Maybe a woman?” Lester raised an eyebrow and chuckled into her neck.

“Not a woman,” Sarah said, pushing on Lester’s forearms, trying to get him to loosen his grip so that she could get free and mount him. “Doesn’t matter,” she was breathing hard already from struggling against Lester. “Doesn’t matter who. As long as they have a cock.”

“Such low standards,” Lester chuckled.

“But I doubt any of them would have a cock like this,” Lester said, digging his grubby, fat fingers into the flawless skin of Sarah’s waist and spinning her around.

Sarah’s eyes went wide at the sudden action. She was turned to face the stone wall. Lester pushed forward with his body, pressing his cock into one of Sarah’s luscious ass cheeks. Sarah’s body was pinned between Lester’s mass and the still-spinning washing machine. Sarah’s pussy pressed up hard against the machine’s cool surface. She cocked an eyebrow as she felt its pulsating rhythm against her clit. She closed her eyes and let herself get lost in the rhythmic cycle as it spun around and around, vibrating against her.

“No one…” Sarah breathed as she let the washing machine’s cycle course into her, “Has a cock like yours. No one.”

Lester just smirked, grabbed his cock by its base and pulled it down her ass cheek until he lined it up with her entrance. Sarah whimped and wiggled her ass backwards. Lester pressed the head of his cock against her open slit, and her body shuddered in time with the washing machine’s cycle. Lester eased the pressure of his body on her, and Sarah was finally able to push her ass back and take Lester’s cock inside of her.

“Mhmmmfuck,” Sarah breathed as the head of Lester’s cock disappeared inside of her. She dropped her hands to the cool surface of the washing machine, letting it rumble under her. She

hung her head and pushed back more, taking another inch of him into her. She couldn't believe how full he made her feel.

Lester still couldn't believe how fucking tight Sarah was. After all this time, she still felt like a virgin, and Lester could know. He'd deflowered several. Even after being fucked just last night by his big cock, she was still super tight. Lester groaned as Sarah pushed back and took another half inch, feeling her warm embrace wrap around him. He loved sinking himself into her; she felt so fucking good. She fit him like a warm, tight glove.

"Leeeestter," Sarah grunted, taking more of him into her, "Holyshit. God. Fuck you're so big."

"I love that you always sound surprised by that," Lester chortled and finally pushed his cock forward, giving her another few inches.

"Ah…Ohfuckme," Sarah pante,d sounding delusional. Lester pushed forward slowly, eliciting more moans of pleasure from his lover. She whined and held herself still as Lester fully buried his cock inside of her. His heavy, hairy balls came to rest at her entrance.

"Fuck I love this," Sarah breathed, "I love how full…how full you feel inside of me."

"Just wait until I put a load in," Lester chuckled and slid himself halfway out before slowly sliding it back in. Sarah's pussy clamped around him. Lester's hands were on her hips, and he took in how sexy the muscles in her back looked as they contracted. Sarah's blonde mane spilled down her back and around her dipped head. He trailed one of his hands up her back until he gripped her shoulder for leverage. Then he pulled out to his cock head and slammed himself into her hard.

"Ahfuck," Sarah grunted as her body lurched forward, Lester's fuck fully embedded inside of her. The washing machine hummed against her clit. Sarah was vaguely aware that her mouth was hanging open as she struggled to draw breath. Her fingers splayed out on the washing machine, enjoying her new friend.

"Shit, you're so fucking tight," Lester grunted as a bead of sweat ran down the side of his face. "You know what would make you feel even more full?"

"W-what?" Sarah cried impatiently, not wanting to talk. She just wanted to fuck. She reached forward and grabbed hold of the side and back of the machine where the dials were and pushed her bubble back onto Lester's cock, trying to take control of the tempo.

"If I filled you with a baby," Lester grunted.

"Uhhfucklester," Sarah whined at their well-tread fantasy. She knew he liked talking like this, ever since he broke up with his girlfriend, whatever her name was. Sarah knew that there was something seriously wrong with her. She knew because the idea of carrying Lester's illicit

bastard seed turned her on in a primal fucking way that she'd never felt before. It tore against her reality and her presumptions of who she was supposed to be. The idea of being impregnated by someone so much lower than herself, like Lester, made her want to cum right then and there.

"You like that idea, don't you?" Lester sneered as he grabbed a handful of her bountiful ass. "I felt you're pussy squeeze me real hard just now. You like it. Thinking about me filling you and knocking you up. Impregnating you. Impregnating Dan's wife."

"Fffffffff," Sarah moaned as she pushed herself back onto his amazing cock.

"Carrying my seed inside of you. Nurturing it. I'd love to see the look on Dan's face. You holding my child to your breast. He'd be even more impotent than he is now," Lester said through gritted teeth as he pumped into Sarah, "Our own little family."

Sarah didn't say anything, but Lester's words painted a mental picture in her head. One that she couldn't unsee. Of herself, gently rocking back and forth in a nursery rocking chair, Dan at the door with slumped shoulders and bloodshot eyes. Sarah's whole attention on the boy she clung against her breast. Lester's boy.

Sarah gulped and closed her eyes. Lester's cock pumped into her from behind while the washing machine vibrated and cycled, teasing her clit. The idea kept playing over and over in her head. Her stomach growing in size. All those happy firsts; the ultrasound, the first kick, all of it tainted by Lester's presence looming over her. How wrong it would be. How deliciously wrong it would be.

The washing machine kicked into a higher cycle, and the vibrations increased. Lester's cock pulled back and pumped in. Back and in. In and out.

"Ohh…ummmm…mhmmm…ffuuu," Sarah moaned and let the moment carry her away. Lester's chubby fingers dug into her shoulder, "You're close. Do it. Cum on my cock. Cum for me, Sarah. Cum thinking about our child."

"Fffuuuu…..mmmhmmmmm…..Lesteerr…" Sarah panted as her orgasm built up inside of her. The pressure was steadily increasing; she didn't know how much more she could take before she erupted. The washing machine spun. Lester pushed into her. Lester dragged himself out. Lester pushed into her deep, touching the nerves there.

"Oh…fuck….me…Lester…mhmmmm…..god," Sarah panted, unable to catch her breath.

"Cum. Cum thinking about me knocking you up. About Sarah Williams, loving wife and happy mother of two, who was impregnated by Lester. Of my cum drenching you and claiming you and making you mine and giving you the boy your limp dick husband never could," Lester growled, fingers digging into Sarah's flesh, "Cum to that, Sarah."

Lester's words dug into Sarah's ears like an earworm, taking control of her brain. Mental images flashed behind her eyes of the conception, of their family, of Dan, of Lester. The pressure built inside of her. She couldn't breathe. Then it all came crashing down.

The damn inside of her broke, and Sarah's pussy clenched like a vice around Lester's cock, "FFFFFUUUUUCCCMMHMMMHHMMMMM."

An explosive burst of pleasure swelled inside of Sarah's pussy and streamed out into her body, riding and igniting her nerves as it coursed through and filled her. Sarah's body went limp as she came, her breasts and head falling to the cool surface of the washing machine as her whole world just became wrapped up in her orgasm. Nothing else existed.

Pleasure danced over her sensitive skin; her chest was hot on the washing machine as it rhythmically stimulated her clit. A bit of drool dripped from her open mouth as she tried to breathe through her clenched muscles. She stood up on the tips of her toes as her body took complete control.

More beads of sweat ran down Lester's face and back. He couldn't move. Sarah held him like a vice. He wanted to keep pumping into her, but it felt like his cock was stuck in a steel trap. The muscles on her back contracted, and then just as fast as it happened, they all relaxed, and Sarah slumped over the washing machine. The vice around his cock was gone, and he heard his lover, the young mother of two, panting hard as the washing machine continued to spin under her.

Lester took a second for himself. Standing with his cock embedded into her, as he too tried to catch his breath. His fat chest rose and fell in time with Sarah's heavy breathing.

As they both sat there, connected to each other and recovering, the door to the laundry room creaked open.

Lester's head snapped around at the sudden noise. Sarah groggily raised her head, her eyes obscured by her blonde hair. Standing at the door holding a full laundry basket was an elderly man who had to be in his late seventies or early eighties. He stood there, gawking at them with eyes behind his coke bottle glasses.

All three of them just stood there frozen for a moment until Lester felt Sarah's pussy squeeze his cock. Without breaking eye contact with the geriatric old man, Lester thrust his hips forward, making Sarah squeal out in pleasure.

"You're welcome to watch," Lester said to the man.

WHAP

His fat hand came down hard on Sarah's exposed ass cheek, leaving a red imprint behind. The old man's eyebrows raised to his non-existent hairline.

"She likes it when people watch her. Just close the door behind you," Lester said.

Without waiting for the man to reply, Lester turned his attention back to Sarah. He raised his hand to the nape of her neck, grabbed her roughly and pinned her head down to the vibrating washing machine.

Lester heard the door close but didn't care enough to look over his shoulder. The only thing he cared about was the sweet, sweet pussy wrapped around his cock and the mewing moans of pleasure he was causing from Sarah.

Lester held her head down against the washing machine, and Sarah couldn't look back at the door to know whether that old man was still there. She heard the door shut, but all she could see was the outdated washing machine next to hers and the stone wall next to it. She didn't even try to push herself up. Lester's cock was sliding in and out of her at a steady rhythm, effectively pinning her to the vibrating washing machine. The clothes inside continued to spin in a circular cycle that Sarah was very aware of. She was still recovering from her last orgasm, but the rhythmic motions pressing up against her clit were working her back up.

There was a shuffling of feet. Lester looked over to see the old man setting his laundry basket down onto another washing machine, never taking his eyes off Sarah's naked, bent over form.

Lester just smirked, held Sarah in place, and said, "We have an audience, my love. Time to put on a show."

His words made Sarah shudder. She weakly raised her head, rolling onto her forearms. Peering through her swaying hair, she saw the old man standing several feet away next to his laundry basket, staring at her. She gulped, feeling the intensity build in her again. Nothing worked her up like Lester's cock, but having an audience watch her take it was close.

"Fuck me," Sarah said out loud, "Lester, don't stop. Don't stop fucking me."

Before, she was content just to let him take her. To get off to his beautiful cock while the washing machine stimulated her clit. But Lester was right. She wanted to put on a show. She wanted to work this old man up. And delight in his awkward pleasure.

"You ever see a specimen like this?" Lester asked the old man. He didn't give a shit what he said; Lester just knew that interacting with him in some way would push Sarah to another orgasm.

"Umm-er, not in person," the old man stuttered, still planted several feet away from them. "I haven't seen a woman her age in that state of undress for close to fifty years, give or take."

“Well, today’s your lucky day. She likes to show off,” Lester said, emphasizing his comment with a sharp thrust into Sarah that made her squeal and jump forward. Lester held Sarah by the back of the neck and made sure her head was turned towards the old man.

“Sarah, be a dear and make eye contact with our friend here. I want him to see your face while you get fucked,” Lester said, pulling the hair from her face and tucking it behind her ear. Sarah stared into the old man’s eyes and watched his mouth open agape as he stared at it. This man was way older than her father. And for him to be watching her… it was so fucked up. So wrong. She shouldn’t be enjoying it as much as she did. What the fuck was wrong with her?

“Lick your lips,” Lester said, “Slowly.”

Sarah did as her lover commanded. Without breaking eye contact with the old man, she slowly and sensually licked her lips. She saw a shudder run through him, and he rested a hand on his washing machine to steady himself.

Then he looked down at his crotch with a surprised expression, ”Well, I’ll be.”

A crooked smile appeared on the man’s face, “That hasn’t worked without a pill for years. Even then, haven’t had the desire to…but….” His eyes went back up to Sarah, “You’re something else.”

“She is,” Lester grunted and started hammering away at Sarah in earnest. His mind was back to his packages upstairs. The pills and the blister packaging. He’d be knocking her up soon. He just hoped he could get her on board with it. His natural instinct was to be deceptive and manipulative, but what if he could get her on board…

The thought caused him to pump into the young mother faster. Sliding his oversized cock in and out of her at a rapid pace.

“Mhmmhmm….fffuummmckkkk,” Sarah moaned. She hadn’t stopped looking at the old man. Lester hadn’t told her she had to keep looking at him, but Sarah was enjoying watching the man’s face. Knowing how long it had been since he’d seen a woman her age naked. Sarah wanted to show him more.

“Hey, bud,” Lester chuckled, “See my pants over there in the floor? Grab my phone.”

The old man shuffled his feet, trying not to take his eyes off Sarah as he bent over with some effort and retrieved Lester’s phone. He eagerly took the opportunity to get closer to the coupling. Lester snatched the phone from his hand without ceasing his pounding, “You’re gonna be our camera guy, got it?”

“Um, sure, I guess,” the old man said, taking the phone back, “Wait? What's this? Are you calling someone?”

“Yup, but it's a video call. Her husband.”

“Excuse me?”

***

Dan was sitting on his, letting his eyes unfocus as his mind processed everything. It was screaming at him to do something. To take some kind of action. He needed forward momentum. He needed–

His phone started buzzing in his pocket. Pulling it out, it said Lester was calling. Lester never called. Dan hesitated, wondering what Sarah had done to make Lester act so fast about the groceries. He closed the bedroom door, engaging the lock and answered the phone.

His screen flashed and connected to a video call. It took his brain a second to register what he was seeing. Sarah was bent over a laundry machine in a dingy basement somewhere, Lester pounding into her from behind. After a second, he realized it was the basement in the apartment building. Sarah was wailing on Lester’s cock, her blonde hair spilling down her.

The camera was shaky, and Dan saw both of Lester’s hands on Sarah. Someone else was filming. Renee?

Lester cocked his head to the camera, and the shit-eating grin spread over his face.

“Just your wife holding up her end of the agreement for groceries. The things she does for you,” Lester chuckled and pulled back slightly, letting Dan see his long cock before he slowly slid it into his wife. Sarah’s body shuddered, her hand gripping the side of the machine. She opened her glossy eyes and looked at the camera, her face a mix of deep desire, anguish, guilt and pure unadulterated pleasure.

“See,” Lester said as he pounded into Sarah. The sound of smacking flesh echoed in the small room. “I always thought it was the man’s place in the relationship to earn for his family. But that seems to be Sarah’s job today.”

The camera was still shaking, and Dan’s mind raced, wondering who was holding it.

“Well, I guess we’re actually supposed to be in this together, throuple and all. I mean…” Lester chuckled, “Not you, obviously, but that's why I dialled you. So you can see how hard Sarah works.”

“Isn’t that right, Sarah?” Lester said, licking his lips and started pounding into Sarah hard, bucking her thighs against the machine. “Let Dan hear it.”

“FfffFUCK,” Sarah moaned.

“Say hi to hubby,” Lester said, then shook his head, “Or am I hubby? Is he ex-hubby? It’s so confusing these days.”

“She’s married to him?” an old, unfamiliar voice said.

“It’s complicated,” Lester said, running his hands over Sarah’s naked body, “Let’s just say its more of a legal thing at this point.”

Dan felt his stomach turn, but he couldn’t pry his eyes away from the screen in front of him. Shame and arousal coursed through his veins as he saw Sarah being taken like this. Shame at his own hardening cock and how far his life has fallen. His mind raced, wondering how they came to be there in the basement with an audience watching them. What led them to this point? Who was this guy? What the hell was happening?

He was tempted to race to Chicago, but he couldn’t leave the girls. So he sat there, weak and immobile like he always did.

Sarah’s mouth hung open as she moaned for Lester. The fat man was feeding her his meat, sliding it in and out of her with wet, squelching sounds. Dan felt impotent as he watched Sarah pushing back into Lester. Her body rocking back to meet his thrusting cock as she braced herself on the washing machine.

“God fuck Lester,” Sarah panted. The camera continued to shake in the cameraman’s hand. Art of Dan wanted to scream out at him to get closer for a better angle, but the words were lost in his throat. He couldn’t willingly encourage this. Lester meant to hurt him. He should just turn the feed off, but he couldn’t.

Lester smirked at the camera, “Who fucks you the best, Sarah?”

“Mhmmm, you,” Sarah purred, “You fucking do. I can’t get enough of what you do to me.”

“I fuck her way better than him,” Lester said to the cameraman, “He isn’t equipped for the job.”

There was a nervous chuckle from the cameraman.

“She’s squeezing me so tight,” Lester threw his head back with a groan.

“Take it,” Sarah panted onto the top of the dryer, “Take it, Lester.”

“I love the way you say my name,” Lester grunted.

“Lester….” Sarah moaned into the steel top of the washing machine,
“Lester…Lester….fuck…take me….Lester….do it.”

Lester winked at the camera, “You know, when you first moved in, I fantasized about hearing those words on your wife’s lips. Funny how things work out.”

Sweat was dripping down Lester’s back. He was breathing hard and slowed his pace. Sarah whined, thrusting herself back onto his cock, “Please….please don’t slow down right now. I want…I need it…fuck Lester…I need that magic cock now. Don’t stop.”

“I can’t believe she’s his wife…” the old voice muttered again.

“She’s mine,” Lester corrected, “Tell him, Sarah. Say it.”

“I’m…his,” Sarah moaned, her bottom lip dropping open. “I’m all his. Fuck. I need him in me all the time. He just feels so fucking good. Mhmmmm.
Lester….god….hmm….uhhh…mhmmm….ahhhmhmmm.”

“That’s why she’s here with me, instead of home with him,” Lester chuckled, “She left her kids and him to jump on my cock.”

“Thats….not…” Sarah panted.

WHAP

Lester slapped her ass hard. “Don’t interrupt the men when they're talking.”

“Ughhh…..fuck,” Sarah grunted.

“Apologize to our friend,” Lester said.

Sarah raised her head to look at the man behind the camera. Dan wondered if she even remembered he was there watching.

“Sorry,” Sarah said, biting her bottom lip. “Sorry,” she panted again, thrusting her ass back on Lester’s cock. “Fuck…so…fucking sorry…ughmmmhmmmmm.”

“Good girl,” Lester snorted, then waved the man over. “Get a little closer for this next part.”

The camera swayed, and Dan saw the tile floor before Sarah came back into view. “Close up on her face,” Lester said from off camera. Dan heard Lester whispering into Sarah’s ear, and a shudder passed through her body.

“Tell him,” Lester encouraged.

The camera stayed locked on Sarah’s face, her eyes unfocused, her blonde hair swaying around her face. Dan couldn’t see Lester, but Sarah’s head kept rocking out of frame as he fucked her.

Sarah sucked in a breath and slowly said, “You lost Dan. Lester won. He–he’s claimed me. I’m his…all his…fuck…mhmmm….he fucks me so good….better–better than I’ve ever had in my life…I’m never not going to want him…I crave him…uhh…mhmmmm.”

Sarah closed her eyes and trailed off.

“UHHMHHH,” Sarah grunted as Lester pushed into her hard, “Fuck…crave him and his thick cock. Fuck I love that…monster…uhh…mhmmm…ahhhmhmm….”

“He’s…gonna fill me,” Sarah bit her lip, closing her eyes as if anticipating that moment, “God, he’s going to fill me up so much…but…”

Her eyes opened, and she looked at the screen with her seductive ‘fuck me’ eyes. The ones that only Dan used to see.

“You’re not going to get to see it,” Sarah moaned as if the words themselves gave her pleasure.

“Bye, Dan,” Sarah moaned as she reached towards the phone. And then the screen went black on Dan’s hand. He just sat there staring at it. Anger, arousal and shame flooded his system. Arousal at the denial. Shame for letting himself be pulled into it and losing himself in the video. Anger at himself, Sarah, Lester and everything.

He was breathing hard with an unfulfilled hard dick, holding his phone limply in his hand.

She pushed down on the washing machine with her hands, defying Lester’s grip on her neck. He let the pressure ease as Sarah rose up to her full height. Lester kept her pinned against the washing machine, and Sarah didn’t want to lose its sweet vibrations against her.

She kept both hands firmly planted on the washing machine, but thrust out of her chest. The old man moved closer with tentative steps to get a better look. He took in a sharp intake of breath as his eyes marvelled at Sarah’s heavy breasts, rising and falling as she breathed. Rocking back and forth with each of Lester’s powerful thrusts.

“Jesus…” the old man muttered. Sarah could see his skin slightly hanging loose on his arms and jowls, and the liver spots dotting his bald head. There were wisps of hair on it like he was sadly trying to hold onto whatever bit of youth he had left.

“You think that's good,” Lester said, “Just wait and see how hot she is when she cums.” Lester put both hands on Sarah’s hips, pushing his chunky fingers into her. He wiped sweat from his forehead and started pounding into Sarah. Sarah’s jaw hung open, and her eyes unfocused for a second. Lester was slamming into her with everything the fat man had.

When she got back control of her eyes, Sarah saw the old man was lightly touching himself over his pants. His eyes were locked on her breasts and then up at her face. The clothes in the washing machine spun over and over, thrumming against Sarah’s clit. She closed her eyes and dropped her head.

“Look at him,” Lester grunted through clenched teeth as he pounded into her. His voice was strained, and she felt her bubble butt bouncing against his fat, hairy gut as she fucked him back.

Sarah’s eyes snapped open, and she turned her head back to their observer.

“Don’t be shy,” Lester said, “Tell us how it feels, Sarah.”

“Ffffuck,” Sarah whined, mouth hanging open in pleasure. She could feel the twist in her face as she rode the pleasure Lester was driving into her. Her body needed to cum again. Desperately.

“Feels good,” Sarah panted, her hands gripping the washing machine as she thrust her ass back onto Lester’s cock. His cock felt so big inside of her that she thought he might split her in two, “So fucking good. God. Jesus. Christ. Lester. Fuck me. Don’t stop.”

“Tell him,” Lester started, “Tell him what you are.”

“I’m his slut,” Sarah said without hesitation. Part of her brain screamed at her outbursts, but her mouth was working on its own, “I’m his dirty little fucking married slut.”

“And she kisses her kids with that mouth too,” Lester chuckled through a pant. Sarah felt her face flush and the heat spread to her chest. She didn’t like people knowing too much about her, but now this old man had seen her naked, seen her getting fucked and knew she was a mom too. It was depraved. And intoxicating.

The old man didn’t say anything, just stared at her, watching their coupling. Sarah could see the bulge under his hand and wondered how long it had been since he’d had an erection. He’d been surprised by it. Sarah had literally revived this old man’s cock without the need for Viagra.

The washing machine thrummed against her clit. Sarah closed her eyes and bit her bottom lip again, tasting the dried blood from earlier. Lester pulled his cock back, all the way to the head and slammed into her with all the force she could muster. He was breathing hard.

He repeated it.

“Umhmmffmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned with an open mouth as Lester pouneded her pussy, “Uhh…mhmmm…uhhh….ummm..mhmmmm..mhmmmmm…fffuumhmmm..ohhhh. OHHH.”

The machine's cycle kept rocking. Lester kept pounding into her. Pulling almost all the way out before slamming back in. Sarah lazily opened her eyes and saw the old man staring at her with a mix of amazement and ecstasy on his face. She locked gazes with his old, milky white eyes and felt her next orgasm surge up inside of her. She wanted him to see her cum.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah panted, “Lester. Fuck. I’m gonna cum.”

She squeezed her pussy around Lester’s cock, milking him for all she was worth. Lester’s full ballsack slammed against Sarah’s entrance. They were tight and full. Lester let out a loud groan and threw his head back, staring at the dark ceiling above as he let Sarah milk his cock. Her pussy was tight around his shaft, and he knew it was time.

He let everything go, letting his body do its thing and slammed his cock into Sarah’s tight pussy grip over and over.

“I’m gonna fill you up, Sarah,” Lester growled, “Gonna give you all of it.”

“Give it to me!” Sarah screamed, “Fucking give it to me, Lester. Fuck. Cum in me. Cum. Cum for me!”

“Watch our friend, let him see you cum,” Lester growled.

Sarah pried her eyes open and stared deep into the old man’s eyes, and she felt it. Her pussy clamped down on Lester’s cock, unwilling to let him go. Her ass pushed back as far as it could as she felt the fireworks start in her pussy. The first one went off, making her catch her breath in her throat. It only grew and grew until it seemed to wash over her entire body, making her muscles grow taut. Sarah’s jaw hung open as she stared at the old man’s amazed face.

Lester’s cock expanded inside of her. She felt a hot blast of cum shot from it and drench the inside walls of her pussy. She shuddered as the firework exploding inside of her somehow intensified and popped several more times. More illicit cum battered her insides, and Sarah let out a quiet weep. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and she knew the old man was witnessing the most beautiful and profound sight of his long life.

Lester grunted and pressed his gut onto Sarah’s back as he struggled to catch his breath. Sarah finally stopped moving under him. Her ass was covered in both of their sweat. Sarah finally broke eye contact with the old man, closed her eyes and just focused on revelling in her post orgasmic bliss.

The old man just stood there, watching, unable to react.

With a grunt, Lester pulled his cock out of Sarah with an audible plop, like a cork from a wine bottle. His cum immediately began to drip down her thigh, but Sarah was just doubled over, catching her breath on the washing machine. It hummed once more, beeped, and the cycle was finished.

Lester stumbled back to the row of dryers behind him, and grabbed his phone from the old man. He snapped a pic of Sarah's form on the washing machine and her leaking pussy.

He smiled and looked over at the old man, "Want to get in the pic?"

It took the old man a second to understand. Only after Lester repeated himself did the old man eagerly step forward and stand awkwardly next to Sarah.

"What are you doing?" Sarah asked as she raised her head and turned around.

"Just making memories," Lester said as he snapped a pic.

"Don't be shy, give that ass a squeeze," Lester said. The old man's face spread into a wide grin, and he reached behind with his bony, liver-spotted hands and grabbed a handful of Sarah's ass.

Sarah looked between them, offended, shocked and turned on. She hadn't asked for this. Lester just acted like he was her property. Maybe she was. Without prompting, the old man grabbed one of her breasts, and a cry caught in his throat when he felt its weight.

"How about a little kiss?" Lester snickered.

Before Sarah knew it, the old man's lips were on hers as he fondled her. She almost gagged on his old breath and horrid tongue as she pushed it into her mouth. Yet she couldn't help but return the kiss.

"Alright," Lester said, "That's enough."

Sarah pulled away from the old man, who looked extremely disappointed. His pants were still tented, and Sarah could see a damp mark on them.

Lester was toying with his phone, and Sarah quickly found her clothes and pulled them on. She couldn't find her underwear.

"Lester," Sarah said, "What are you doing with those pictures? Please don't…"

"Relax," Lester said and looked at the old man, "I just sent them to her husband. She had to earn their groceries. You know how it is."

Sarah’s face went beet-red. She quickly grabbed her clothes from the wash and threw them in the open dryer.

“I’m going to kill you,” Sarah muttered to Lester as they left the old man in the laundry room and headed towards the elevator up.

“Don’t worry,” Lester said, “I sent them to you, too. You could really make some money off these.”