
Sarah's chest heaved as she tried to catch her breath. Her thighs still shook on either side of Ted's head. The orgasm had hit so hard her mind felt blank for a second, nothing in it except the raw pulse between her legs and the sharp satisfaction of hearing Lester's phone keep ringing while she had used Ted's mouth. She braced one hand on the back of the couch and let her head tip forward, hair stuck to her damp cheek.

Then, Ted's hands moved.

Both of them clamped onto her hips and dragged her down hard. She made a short sound and tried to lift, but her legs were still weak. His cock was already there, curved and slick against her, and then the head pushed in. She was wet enough that it slid past the first resistance before she could get a word out, "Ted...wait...Ugnnh..."

He pulled her the rest of the way down. The thick curve of him filled her in one long push and her breath caught in her throat. She hadn't meant to let him fuck her. She'd meant to leave him shaking on the couch with blue balls. To teach him a lesson. Instead she was sitting on him, nightie bunched at her waist, his cock buried inside her while he stared up at her like he'd just won something.

"Jesus fucking christ almighty," he breathed. His hips jerked up once, testing. "You feel..."

"Shut up." Her voice came out weaker, the control she'd just had seemed to slip from her. She put both hands on his shoulders and tried to lift herself off. He held her down, his fingers digging into the soft skin at her hips and kept her there while he thrust up again. The stretch made her clench around him without meaning to. Her eyes threatened to roll back in her head.

Ted groaned and did it again. His belly pressed against her when he lifted. a sheen of sweat ran on his forehead and along the thin hair at his temples. He looked older like this, soft and desperate, but his grip was firm like a younger man and his cock was hitting the spot inside her that was still sensitive from coming on his tongue.

"Fuckkk...Ted...this wasn't....Hhhnnn..." she said, trying to keep her tone mean. It shook. "Oh fuck, you bastard...wait until I'm..."

He thrust harder. The sound of it was wet. she was already so fucking wet. Her breasts bounced with the motion, still bare, still wet from his mouth. One of his hands slid up and grabbed one, thumb rough over the nipple. She hissed and her hips rolled down onto him once before she caught herself.

"I watched you..." he grunted, voice rough. "Every night. Now I've got you...Sarah."

Sarah ground her teeth. She hated how easy it was for him to keep her seated. Her body was still open and throbbing, and every time he pushed up she felt the curve of him drag against the front wall of her pussy. The anger was still there. He was a creep who had filmed her through a motel window and jerked off to her countless times. She could smell him, sweat and old musk and the bitter taste of her own wetness still on his mouth. It should have turned her stomach.

Instead her thighs tightened around his hips and she rocked down to meet the next thrust. The friction made her breath stutter. She kept one hand on his shoulder and the other braced on the couch so she wouldn't lose her balance, and she told herself she was only moving so she could get off him. Her hips didn't listen. They kept meeting him, short rolls that let him sink deeper into her. "Hah... hah... mmm."

Ted's eyes stayed locked on her face, a manic grin plastered across. Like someone who had just won everything he'd ever wanted. Sweat ran into the collar of his shirt. His mouth was open and he kept making small, broken sounds every time she took him all the way. He was not trying to last. He was just taking what he'd wanted, holding her down and fucking up into her like the it was all he ever wanted. "That's it Mrs. Williams."

Sarah's head tipped back, her blonde hair falling around her shoulders. The ceiling blurred. She could still hear Lester's phone buzzing somewhere on the cushions, but the sound was getting farther away. Her body kept moving. The anger stayed in her chest. This was so frustrating but oh so fucking good. She'd never expected it could be this good, but her hips were already working in a steady rhythm and her mind was starting to lose the thread of why she was supposed to stop.

Sarah's hips kept moving even while her thoughts scrambled. *This is Ted. The neighbor. The one who stood in his window and watched me. He filmed you. He's soft and old and he smells like an old man and you are letting him fuck you on his couch while your mother is asleep next door.* The words stayed sharp in her head but her body promptly ignored them. Every upward thrust from him dragged the curve of his cock against the sensitive spot inside her and her thighs tightened around his hips. She needed that pressure. She needed the heat that was already climbing again in her belly. She braced both hands on his shoulders and rolled down harder to meet him, chasing it.

Ted's hand left her hip. He grabbed a fistful of her hair at the nape and pulled her face down. Sarah turned her head away. His mouth still caught the corner of hers. His tongue pushed in anyway, thick and wet, tasting like her own slick and the sour film of his mouth. She made a short sound against it and tried to pull back. His grip in her hair kept her there. His tongue licked deeper, sloppy, and her pussy clenched hard around his cock. The involuntary squeeze made him groan into her mouth and thrust up harder.

She stopped fighting the kiss, "Mhmmhmmmmffmmmm."

Her lips parted. She let his foul tongue in. his tongue pressed against hers, tasting her swirling around. Sarah's own pushed back and tasted him as she melted into the kiss. Their mouths stayed open and wet while he kept fucking up into her, the wet sound of it filling the space between their faces. Sarah's tongue moved against his once, then again. The anger was still there under everything, but her hips had found a rhythm that matched his and she was grinding down onto the thick curve of him with short, needy rolls. The couch springs creaked under them. Her breasts pressed against his shirt, nipples dragging over the damp cotton every time she moved.

"Knew you'd be like this," Ted said against her mouth. His voice was rough and close. "Always knew. Watching you out there with the girls. Wanted to walk right across the lawn and bend you over the patio table while they were in the house. Knew you'd love be fucking you."

Sarah's breath caught in her throat as the tongue swirled in mouth shirt sucking her breast. She pulled her mouth off his just enough to speak. "You're still a creep...ah...a fucking..hah...creep..." The words came out broken. He thrust up hard and the rest of the sentence turned into a gasp. Her head tipped and she rocked down to take him deeper. "Finally... finally manning up..."

Ted's hand stayed tight in her hair. He kissed her again, open and messy, tongue sliding against hers while he held her down and fucked up into her. "You feel so fucking tight. Two kids and you're still this fucking tight, Jesus." he muttered against her lips. "Been hard for years watching you. Those little skirts...those tight yoga pants... Now your mine..."

Sarah's mind kept spinning. She felt the stretch of his cock inside her, thicker than she'd ever expected from her gross old neighbor. The weird curve of his cock hitting exactly right every time he lifted his hips. The pressure in her body was building fast. The heat was spreading from where they were joined, up through her stomach, making her thighs shake again. She was not going to stop. She needed what was building up in her. She needed to come and feel it tear through her even if she hated him for taking it.

Her hips sped up. She braced one hand on the back of the couch and rode him in short, hard drops, chasing the pressure. Ted's other hand grabbed her bubble butt and pulled her down onto each thrust. His old fingers kneaded her ass. The wet slap of their bodies got louder. Sarah's mouth stayed open against his. Small, uncontrolled sounds kept slipping out of her every time he bottomed out. Her eyes stayed half-shut. She was close and she was not going to let anything pull her off him until she got what her body needed.

"Uh... uh... ahh...You filmed me..." Sarah said against his mouth. The words tumbled out. "Like a fucking creep."

Ted thrust up hard enough that the couch frame knocked the wall. "You liked it. You're soaking me right now."

"I don't like you." She rocked down onto him anyway, taking the full curve. The stretch made her breath catch. "You've always...Uhh... yesss... ahh... been that weird neighbor. I pitied you. Dan....fuck we both did."

"I'm in you now." His voice was low and pleased. He grabbed her hip and pulled her down onto the next upward stroke. "You clench when I say it."

Sarah's hips stuttered. She did clench. The heat low in her belly tightened and spread. She hated that he could feel it. He shouldn't feel this good. She shouldn't feel anything with him. She hated that the mean back-and-forth was making her wetter. His perverted comments. Her thighs shook. She braced both hands on his shoulders and ground down in short, hard circles, chasing the pressure that was building fast.

"Fuck... fuck... nnnh...Shut up," she half-moaned.

Ted pulled her face down again. His mouth covered hers again. His tongue pushed in thick and wet, tasting like sweat and her own slick. Sarah turned her head. His lips still caught hers. The kiss was sloppy and too deep. Disgust flashed through her and her body answered anyway. Her pussy clamped hard around his cock. Holding him tightly. She moaned into his mouth and fucked down harder, meeting every upward thrust.

Ted's hips pistoned under her. Short, eager strokes that drove the curved head against the front wall of her over and over. Hammering her g-spot. The wet sound of their fuckign filled the room. His belly pressed against her when he lifted. One hand stayed tight in her hair. The other gripped her ass and held her down so he could keep thrusting up into her tight het.a

"Feel that," he muttered against her lips. "So fucking full of me. Fucking raw"

Sarah's eyes fluttered closed. Her head dipped back and she thrust her chest out to him.. The angle let him sink deeper. The thick curve of him dragged exactly where she needed it. Her stomach went tight. The build rushed up so fast her thighs locked around his hips. with a sharp gasp and her back arched.

It hit.

"Fuck...yes...fuck me...AHHH..." Her whole body seized. The first pulse clenched hard around his cock and then the next one ripped through her, sharp. nerves lighting up from her stomach out to her fingers and toes. Her mouth opened and a raw sound tore out of her. She shook on top of him, hips jerking in helpless little snaps while her pussy fluttered and squeezed around the thick length still buried inside her. Sweat ran down her spine. Her breasts bounced with the force of

it. Ted kept thrusting up through the contractions, groaning, and every push made the pleasure spike again, meaner, until her vision went white, eyes rolling back into her head and her arms gave out. She dropped forward onto his chest, still pulsing, still cumming, the couch springs shrieking under them while her body kept locking and releasing around him. "Mmm... fuck..."

Sarah stayed slumped against Ted's chest, breath coming in short and uneven. Her thighs still trembled. The aftershocks kept twitching through her, small and sharp, every time his cock shifted inside her. Her mind felt slow and thick like molasses. She had just cum on her neighbor's couch. Ted. The man who'd pervily stared at her for years..

Her girls were asleep next door. Her mother was on the couch in her own living room. She needed to get off him. She needed to stand up, find her robe, and walk back through the gate before any of this got worse. She needed to get upstairs and pop one of her birth control pills for good measure.

Ted's hands tightened on her hips.

He thrust up hard, expectantly.. The curved head of his cock dragged deep and Sarah's vision sparked. A broken sound left her throat. "Unnnh..."

Her arms were still weak. She pushed at his chest with both palms, not hard, just enough to try and create space so she could lift off. Ted shifted under her. He rolled them. Her back hit the cushions and he followed, settling between her thighs with his weight on her. His cock never left her. He drove in again, deep, and the angle made her hips jerk.

"Ted...Uh... uh... ahh..."

He caught both her wrists and pinned them above her head against the arm of the couch. His grip was firm. Way firmer than she would have expected for someone his age. He started fucking her in long, heavy strokes, hips snapping forward, the wet sound of it loudly filling the quiet room. Sarah's hands flexed under his. She turned her face when his mouth came down again. His breath was hot and sour against her cheek. His putrid tongue dragged across her jaw. She kept her head turned. Her ankles were locked behind his ass anyway. Her hips lifted off the cushions to meet his next thrust, her ass pushing up so he could sink deeper. Her body answered even while her mind kept spinning.

Ted's mouth found hers again. This time she didn't turn away fast enough. His tongue pushed in deep. Slppily. Sarah made a small sound against it. Her arms went loose under his hands. He let her wrists go. She grabbed at his shoulders, then his upper arms, fingers digging into the soft skin there while he kept driving into her. Her tongue nspaping out her mouth and dancing into his, hgruly licking at him. "Mhmmhmmhfmhm."

The couch creaked under the force of their fucking. His belly pressed against hers on every stroke. He was desperate, urgent, fucking her hard and deep like he had waited years for the chance and was not going to waste it.

Sarah's head tipped back against the cushion. Her mouth stayed open under his. The heat inside her was already insistently climbing again., Flickers of it starting to tighten in her stomach every time the curve of his cock hit oh so wonderfully deep. Her hips kept rising to meet him. She could feel another orgasm building fast.

Ted's hip thrust harder. The rhythm turned rough and uneven. Animalistic. Driving his cock deep on every stroke. His tongue pushed sloppily into her mouth in frantic, wet slides, licking across hers. Her tongue returned, melding with his, messy and urgent. Sarah's breath broke against it. The thick curve of him stretched her open and dragged across the spot inside that made her stomach clench in its own. Heat flooded through her. Another orgasm was already climbing, sharp and fast, and she could barely suck in air between her neighbors rough thrusts.

"Fuck," she gasped against his mouth. "Ted..."

He pulled back just enough to speak, voice low and rough in a way she had never heard from him. "Fucking love hearing my name come out of those pretty lips," His hips slammed forward. The wet slap of skin filled the room. "I was waiting. You walked right into it."

Sarah's mind reeled. The quiet, nervous version of him from earlier was gone. He had been still and careful until she was weak and open on his couch, and then he had taken what he wanted. A viper laying in wait.. She had not seen it. Her hands gripped his shoulders tighter as he drove into her again, the head of his cock hitting deep and angled just right.

"Ah...fuck...god..." The sound tore out of her. Her hips lifted off the cushions to meet him, ass pushing up, ankles still locked behind his back. "Don't...don't stop...flick..."

Ted's breath was hot against her face. Sweat dripped from his forehead onto her cheek. He kept thrusting, hard and deep, the couch springs complaining under them. "I've wanted this for years," he said, voice thick and crase. "Fuck yo ufeel so good. I 'always knew youd be a hot fuck."

Small, broken sounds kept slipping out of her with desperatate hutd.

"Ted...please...fuck..ohh...mhmmm"

Her thighs shook. The pressure was building too fast. She could feel the heat of of his cock inside her. It was thick and curved amd exactly what she needed right now. He kept grinding against that spot over and over until her mind seemed to recede entirely, "Oh..fuckk..Don't you fucking stop..."

He leaned in close. His mouth brushed her ear, breath ragged. "You're going to cum on me again," he said, low and certain. "Right here. While I'm buried in you. I've waited too long to stop now. I can't wait to watch your pretty face get all screwed up for my cock."

The words slid straight into her. Sarah's whole body tightened. Her hips jerked up harder to meet his next thrust, a desperate sound breaking out of her as the orgasm rushed closer, so close she could already feel the first tight pull of it starting deep inside.

"Ahhh... fuck... yes... godfuck... ahhh..!" she cried. The orgasm hit before Sarah could brace for it.

Her whole body went stiff under him. Her back arched hard off the cushions and her thighs locked tight around his hips. Stars burst behind her eyes. Her pussy clenched around the thick curve of his cock in a sudden, violent grip, holding him deep while the first wave tore through her. She made a raw, broken sound that filled the room. The pulses came fast and hard after that, fluttering and squeezing around him in tight, wet spasms that would not stop. Every nerve lit up at once. Heat flooded her stomach and rushed out through her limbs. Her hips jerked in helpless little snaps against him, ass lifting off the couch, breasts bouncing with the force of it. Sweat ran down her sides. She could feel him still buried to his balls, the curved head pressed right against the spot that kept the pleasure spiking, and her fingers dug into his shoulders hard enough to leave marks.

Ted groaned above her. "Fuck, I can feel you cumming. So tight. That's it Sarah give it up to me."

He stayed deep and ground against her through the contractions, letting her pulse around him. His mouth dropped to her neck. He licked a long, wet stripe up the side of her throat, tasting the salt of her sweat, then moved lower. His tongue dragged across the top of one breast, then the other, slow and deliberate, savoring the skin. He sucked lightly at the curve of one and made a low, pleased sound against her. Sarah's chest heaved. Breaths rising up into his face. She was panting hard, her mouth open, head angled back against the cushions. The room spun above her. Her ears rang. She could still feel the aftershocks twitching through her, small sharp squeezes around his cock every few seconds.

Ted pulled out.

"Ugh," The sudden emptiness made her gasp. Cool air hit the wet heat between her legs. Sarah's hips sank back onto the cushions. Relief washed through her first, then disappointment followed right behind it, low and traitorous. Her body was still throbbing and the loss of the stretch felt wrong even while her mind screamed that she needed him gone. She lay there with her thighs spread, nightie bunched at her waist, trying to catch her breath. Her chest rose and fell in uneven breaths. Sweat cooled on her skin. The room smelled like sex and the faint sour edge of his breath still on her neck.

Her eyes closed. Her mind was slow and thick still trying to catch up to the heavy, satisfied thurm thoroughoutse in her body. She could hear him breathing above her. She did not know if he had cum.

“Wha...?” Sarah’s eyes flew open at the rough grip on her hips.

Ted’s hands were already turning her. She saw his face above her for a second, older and flushed, eyes dark with the same open hunger she had watched on Lester’s face so many times before and Dan’s face before that. She knew that look. It meant he was not finished. His cock hung heavy between her thighs, curved and ugly and alien, the head wet and shining in the low light. Her breath caught sharp in her throat.

“Ted...” she tried to prop herself up but he pulled her legs off the couch. Her knees hit the carpet. Her upper body stayed on the seat, nightie twisted at her waist, breasts pressed into the cushions. She tried to push up on her hands. The words she wanted came out weak, “Ted///you’re really going to...”

Ted lined himself up behind her. The head of his cock pressed against her still-open pussy. She gasped and the rest of her stenance died in her throat. “I’m going to cum in you like this,” he said, voice low. desperate.. “Thought about it for years. Being youover. Me finishing inside you.”

Without any more preamblem, He pushed in.

The stretch made her gasp into the cushion. He was thick and the ugly curve of his cock hit deep right away. Sarah’s fingers curled into the fabric of the ouch. She meant to tell him to stop. The sentence never finished. Ted’s hips thrust forward hard, driving his ugly ockc into her, and the wet slap of skin filled the room again. He fucked her in short, angry strokes, hands tight on her hips, pulling her back onto him every time. His hands went to her perfect ass, grabing greedy handfuls of like he was groping her for all he could.

Sarah’s mind went soft at the edges. She panted into the couch, mouth open against the cushion. Her ass pushed back to meet the next thrust. The angle let him sink deep, the curved head dragging across her till sensitiv gspote. Sweat ran down her spine. She could hear him breathing hard behind her, could feel the soft press of his belly against her ass when he bottomed out.

“Mmmph... fuck,” she breathed. The words came out shaky. Her hips kept moving, eager, taking him. She had thought he was just a sad old man who jerked off alone, pathetic. She had been wrong. He was fucking her like he had been waiting for the chance, and her body was answering every stroke, pushing back, wanting more of it. The realization sat heavy and hot in her chest while he drove into her again.

Sarah's cheek pressed into the couch cushion as Ted drove into her again. The wet slap of his hips against her ass filled the small living room. Sweat ran down the small of her back and pooled where his soft belly met her skin on every deep stroke. His old hands kneaded her ass cheeks as he pounded his cock into her tight pussy.

Her mind kept turning while her body moved.

If Lester had never shown up. If Dan had kept the old job and stayed home. She would still be walking the girls to the car in the mornings and catching Ted's blinds cracked across the yard. She would have rolled her eyes and gone inside. She never would have pointed at his window. She never would have crossed the grass in her nightie and walked into his house. He would still be standing there in the dark, hand on himself, watching. That was all he was ever supposed to be.

Ted's fingers dug harder into the soft flesh of her hips. He pulled her back onto the next thrust and the curved head of his cock dragged deep. Sarah's mouth opened against the cushion. A low, broken sound left her. Her ass pushed back to meet him, the motion automatic. She could feel every ugly veiny ridge of him sliding in and out, the wet heat of her own body coating him.

"Nnnh... oh god..." she breathed. Her breasts swayed under her with each impact, nipples dragging against the rough fabric of the cushion. Sweat made the nightie stick to her ribs where it had bunched.

Ted leaned over her. His chest pressed against her back. His breath was hot and foul against the side of her neck. "You feel that?" he said, voice rough. "Been thinking about this ass for years. Watching you bend over in the yard. Every fucking time you went to your car."

Sarah's hips jerked at his words.. She hated them. She hated that they made her clench around him. The slap of skin got louder. He was fucking her in short, hard strokes now, the head of his cock hitting the same deep spot over and over. Her thighs shook, dragging across the carpet. She could hear the wet sound of him moving inside her, could feel the coarse hair at the base of him brushing her when he bottomed out. His balls slapping against her thighs.

Ted's hands slid up her sides, rough palms dragging over her sweat-slick skin, and he thrust deeper. Sarah's back arched. A sharp gasp tore out of her. Her ass kept pushing back, eager, taking every inch. The pressure was building again low in her belly. She could taste salt on her own lip where she had bitten it. Ted's musk filled her nose. The couch creaked under them. She was not thinking about Dan or Lester anymore. She was thinking about how full she felt and how her body kept meeting him, and how good the next stroke was going to be.

Ted's hips slammed into her again. The wet slap was loud in the quiet house. Sarah's fingers clawed at the couch cushion. Her ass pushed back hard to meet him, the motion greedy. S

"Look at you," Ted said behind her. His voice was low and mean. "Pushing that ass back like you need it. I used to stand at the window and watch you in those little shorts. Now I've got you on your knees in my living room."

Sarah's breaths came hard. "Ahh....Shut up...you little....creep..." she gasped. The sentence broke when he thrust deep again. Her breasts swayed under her, nipples dragging against the rough fabric. A low moan slipped out of her anyway. "Ughnnn."

Ted's hands tightened on her hips. He pulled her back onto him harder, fucking her in short, rough strokes. The sound of skin on skin filled the room. His breath was ragged and hot against her shoulder. "You feel so fucking good around me Sarah. Tight. Wet. I've jerked off to you so many fucking times. Spilled my seed, now I'm gonna flood you with it."

Sarah's mind tried to push the words away. It failed. The pressure low in her belly was climbing fast, thick and heavy with every illicit word that left his deranged mouth. Every time the curved head of his cock hit deep she felt it spike, her thighs shook. She panted into the cushion, mouth open, small desperate sounds leaving her with every thrust.

"Ted..." Her voice came out thin and broken. "Fuck....don't stop"

He leaned over her. His chest pressed against her back. His tongue dragged a wet line up the side of her neck, tasting her. "Been waiting years for it to hear you say that.," he said against her ear.. "I'm gonna cum You're going to take every drop."

The words hit her at the same time the next thrust did. Sarah's whole body tightened. The orgasm was building massive and fast, a heavy pull deep inside her that made her hips jerk back harder against him. She was desperate for it. Her fingers dug into the cushion. Her ass pushed back in short, needy bounces chasing his ugly cock. She could feel him swelling inside her,, and she needed the rush more than she needed him to stop talking. Her breath came in sharp, uneven gasps. She was close. So close it hurt.

"Oh god....oh fuck....I'm...nnnhh...yessss!The orgasm crashed through Sarah before she could brace for it.

Her whole body locked. Her back arched hard and her thighs clamped tight as her knees pressed into the carpet. Stars burst white behind her eyes. Her pussy clenched around Ted's cock in a sudden, brutal grip, holding the thick curve deep while the first wave tore through her. A raw, broken sound ripped out of her throat. "Fuck...Ted...oh god...uhhmhmmm..."

The pulses came fast after that, hard and relentless. She fluttered and squeezed around him in tight, wet spasms that would not stop. Every nerve lit up. Heat flooded her stomach and rushed out through her limbs until her fingers and toes tingled. Her hips jerked in helpless quivers, ass pushing back against him, breasts swaying under her with the force of it. Sweat ran down her

sides. She could feel him still buried to the root, the curved head pressed right against that wonderful until her vision blurred and her arms gave out. She dropped forward onto the cushion, still coming, still pulsing around him.

"Uh," Ted groaned above her. His hips stuttered. She felt him swell inside her, the thick shaft getting harder, the heartbeat of his cock throbbing against her walls. The sensation was disgusting and it made her clench harder. They were locked together. She could feel every pulse of him.

"Gonna...." His voice broke into a rough grunt. "Fuck...yeah"

He thrust deep and stayed there. The first thick rope blasted into her, coating her insides. It was thick and hot and sticky and so fucking wrong.

Sarah's mouth opened against the cushion. Another wave of her own orgasm slammed through her at the same time, her pussy milking him in tight, greedy squeezes. She felt the next pulse of cum, then another, rope after thick rope flooding her while he kept grinding against her. His grunts were short and animalistic against her ear. His hands gripped her hips hard enough to bruise as he fucked her through it, short desperate strokes that pushed his cum deeper.

"Ah...fuck...yes...ohgodyes," Sarah's voice came out broken. Her body shook, clenching his cock. The second orgasm crashed down on her while he was still emptying himself inside her. Her pussy clamped and fluttered around his cock, pulling at him, taking every drop. The wet sound of it filled the room. Sweat dripped from his forehead onto her back. She could smell him, musk and sex and the sharp scent of his cum already leaking around the base of his ugly cock.

Ted kept moving until the last weak pulses faded. Then his weight dropped onto her. His chest pressed heavy against her back. He was breathing hard, ragged breaths of air right against her ear. His breath was sour on her face. Sarah's mind swam. She was full. She could feel the heat of his cum deep inside her, thick and wet, her own aftershocks still twitching around his softening cock. He planted a wet, open-mouthed kiss against her ear, tongue dragging once across the skin, and stayed there, collapsed on top of her, both of them panting in the quiet sweaty living room.

Lester's hands were tight on the steering wheel. Orange dust clung to his fingers from the bag he'd grabbed on the way out. He licked them clean one by one while the highway lights blurred past, tongue dragging over the salt and cheese. The taste sat wrong in his mouth. Everything sat wrong. She fuckign even made his cheetos taste bad, what the fuck!

She had sent him that video. Her mouth on some other cock. Her voice telling him she was too busy. Then the texts. *<i>Hes not already in me. Hes eating me right now</i>*. She was doing it on

purpose. Teasing him. Using some other man to get under his skin while he was still an hour out. What the fuck what she playing at.

"Fucking bitch," he said to the empty car. Lester scuffed pumped the roof his car several times. He did not care. "You don't get to do that. You don't get to...FUCK"

He cut himself off and pressed the gas. The engine climbed. A sedan in the right lane drifted too close to his bumper and he laid on the horn until the driver jerked over. Lester swung around it without signaling, tires humming on the line, his middle finger blazing into the air. His gut pressed against the wheel. Sweat stuck his shirt to the crease under his belly. He could not remember if he had locked the apartment door. It didn't matter. Nothing mattered except getting there.

She was his. He had swapped her fuckign pills. He had listened to her beg for it in that motel bed, voice wrecked, telling him to put a baby in her. He had planned every step for so fucking long.

She did not get to climb on some other man and send him pictures like it was a game. IT wasn't s fucking game. She belonged to him. The flat stomach she kept taunting him with was going to be his. Not anyone else's.

A truck sat in the middle lane doing the speed limit. Lester dropped into the left lane, then cut back across two more without looking over his shoulder, the wheel jerking under his sticky fingers. Horns blared behind him. He ignored them. His pulse hammered in his neck. He could still see the video on his phone, her tongue on that cock, the little wave at the camera. The image made his jaw tight. She was trying to make him angry. It was fuckign working. He was going to walk in there and remind her exactly whose cock she was supposed to be full of.

<i>fucking bitch.</i>

The exit sign for Middleton flashed ahead. Lester did not slow down. He cut across the final lane, tires squealing on the painted line, and took the ramp too fast. His SUV rocked. His hands stayed locked on the wheel, orange dust smeared into the leather, and he kept his foot down as the town lights came into view.

The off-ramp dumped Lester onto a quiet two-lane road lined with dark houses. He did not lift his foot off the pedal. The SUV stayed fast headlights cutting across sleeping lawns and parked cars. A stop sign flashed at the corner. He blew through it without looking either way.

He was late. The drive had taken too long. By the time he reached her street she could already be done. She better not have let him finish inside her. She better not have let him inside her at all. Lester's jaw stayed tight. The thought of another man's cum in her made his stomach hot and mean. Some motherfucking taking what he worked nad planend so fucking hard for. This is

why things worked better when he ekpt the womenain hsi apartment. He could control the variables.

He turned onto her street without slowing. The SUV rocked on the uneven pavement. Porch lights were off. Every windows was dark. The SUV's tries squealed when he cut the wheel hard and shot into Sarah's driveway, stopping crooked behind her car. The engine ticked and he killed it and shoved the door open.

The SUV shifted under his weight as he climbed out. His gut swung. His shirt stuck to his back. He did not bother closing the door all the way. His phone was already in his hand and he hit her name and listened to it ring while he plodded up the walk, heavy steps loud on the concrete. The call went to voicemail. He hung up and called again, thumb stabbing the screen, and started knocking on the front door with his other fist. Hard. The sound carried.

He did not care if it woke the kids. He did not care about anything except getting her to open the fuckign door and finding out what she had done.

"Sarah," he said to the door, still knocking. The phone kept ringing against his ear. "Open the fucking door."

The lock turned. The door cracked open.

Renee stood there in a robe, hair flattened on one side, eyes red and swollen from bviously crying. She blinked at him, confused, one hand still on the doorframe. "Lester? What are you doing here?" Her eyes flicked past him to the dark street, then back. "You can't just..."

He pushed past her into the house. The living room was dim with thetelevision off. The couchlooked a bit dented where she had apaprently been sleeping. He looked toward the stairs, then the kitchen, gut swinging with the turn. "Where is she?"

Renee shut the door behind him, quick and quiet. "Sarah? She's...you can't be here. What we did was a mistake. You need to leave Lester."

Lester was already moving toward the stairs. Renee caught his arm, fingers digging into the soft flesh above his elbow. "The girls are up there. Don't."

He shook her off and pulled his phone out again. Sarah's name lit the screen. He hit call. It rang befoere it went to voicemail. He ended it and tried again, listening to the flat beep while he stood in the middle of the room. No ringtone answered anywhere in the house. She was not here.

"Did she leave?" he asked whirling on reene.. He crossed to the front window and looked out at the window for a clue where shdes goen. Lester's jaw stayed tight.

Renee was at his side, voice hushed and unsteady. "You have to be quiet. This is over. I need to focus on my marriage. You can't just show up like this. Please..."

He barely heard her. The phone was still in his hand. He hit Sarah's name again without looking at the screen to see if it connected. Moonlight from the window cut across Renee's robe, the fabric hanging open enough to show the line of her throat and the shape of her breasts under it. He felt something stir and knew where to take his aggression out.

Lester grabbed her. One hand on her waist, the other at the back of her neck, and he pulled her in hard. His mouth covered hers, tongue pushing past her lips, darting into her mouth. She made a short sound of protest against him. He did not stop. He walked her backward, until her calves hit the couch and they both went down. The cushions gave under his weight. He landed half on top of her, still kissing her, phone forgotten somewhere on the floor, her robe twisted between them.

Renee moaned into his mouth, the sound low and broken against his tongue. "We shouldn't...Lester...this is wrong." Her hands pushed at his chest weakly, then gripped his shirt instead. "My husband...I can't...uh..."

Lester did not answer her. He kissed her harder, his tongue thick and wet, licking deep while his weight pinned her to the cushions. His hand found the tie of the robe and yanked it open. The fabric fell away from her breasts. He grabbed one and she arched under him with another shaky sound.

"Pleas...e," she said against his lips. "We can't do this again. I told myself..." The rest dissolved into a moan when he sucked at her throat. Her hips shifted under him.

He tore the panties down her thighs. The thin fabric ripped at one side. He shoved them the rest of the way off and tossed them. His sweats were already low. He shoved them down far enough to free his cock. It was heavy and thick against her stomach, the head already wet. Renee's breath caught. She looked down between them and her voice went thinner.

"Lester, wait...my husband doesn't know I'm...oh god...Lester"

He lined himself up. One hand gripped her hip hard enough to hold her still. The other braced on the cushion beside her head. He pushed in.

The head stretched her open slow at first, then not slow. She was wet. He sank deep in one long thrust, gut pressing against her, and her whole body answered him, pushing to him for more. Her back arched off the couch. A sharp, startled sound left her throat that turned into a moan halfway through. Her thighs fell out wider. Her hands grabbed at his arms, fingers digging in, and she rolled her hips up to take the rest of him even while her mouth kept trying to say something.

Lester stayed deep for a second, feeling her clench around the thick length of giant cock. Then he pulled back and drove in again. The wet sound of it was loud in the quiet house. Renee's breath broke against his shoulder. Her nails dug into his arms.

"We can't...." she said, voice shaky. "My husband...he'll....ah...mm..ohgod"

The word cut off when he thrust harder. Her hips lifted to meet him anyway. Lester's fat gut pressed against her stomach on every stroke. He was heavy on top of her, one hand still gripping her hip, the other braced so he could keep the angle deep. He did not speak. His breathing was rough and close to her ear. Sweat already stuck his shirt to his back.

Renee's head turned, her eyes were half-shut. "This is wrong," she whispered. The sentence shook. "I told myself I wouldn't...fuck..."

He fucked her in steady, heavy strokes. Each one pushed a small sound out of her. Her breasts moved under him, nipples hard. One of her hands slid up to the back of his neck and held on. The other stayed on his arm. She was still trying to talk and failing. The protests kept turning into gasps every time he bottomed out inside her.

Lester's jaw was tight. He needed this. Sarah was not here. Someone else had already had her tonight. Maube. Renee was under him, wet for him and he was going to take what was his. He shifted his weight and thrust deeper. The couch creaked. Her thighs tightened around his hips.

"Lester..." she breathed. Her voice had gone thinner. "Don't...don't stop. God. You feel...ohgod right here lester...." She cut herself off with a moan. Her hips rolled up harder to meet the next stroke. The wet slap of their bodies filled the space between them. Lester's hand left her hip and grabbed one breast, rough palm covering it, thumb dragging over the nipple while he kept fucking her. She arched into it. Her mouth stayed open. Small, broken sounds kept leaving her every time he sank all the way in.

He could feel her getting wetter around him. The tight heat of her pulsed each time he pulled back. His cock was thick enough that she stretched around every inch. He drove in again, slower this time, grinding deep, and her whole body answered with a sharp inhale. Her fingers tightened in his hair. She was not pushing him away anymore.

Renee's legs locked tighter behind him. The last of the protest left her voice. She pulled him in and held him there, hips rolling up to meet every stroke. Lester felt the shift. She had stopped fighting it.

He fucked her harder.

His hips snapped forward in short, angry thrusts, no pause between them. The wet slap of skin filled the room. His gut pressed heavy against her stomach each time he drove deep. Sweat ran

down his face and dripped onto her chest. He gripped her hips hard enough to leave marks and kept the pace brutal, burying the full thick length of his cock on every stroke. Renee's breath broke into sharp gasps against his shoulder. Her nails dug into his back through the shirt.

"Lester..." Her voice cracked. She was not telling him to stop anymore. Her thighs shook around his waist. She met him, taking it, the couch creaking under the force.

The orgasm hit her fast. Her whole body went tight under him. Her pussy clenched hard around his cock, fluttering and squeezing in sudden pulses that tried to hold him deep. A raw sound tore out of her throat. Then the crying started. It came in broken sobs mixed with the moans, her face pressed against his neck, tears hot on his skin. She shook through it, hips jerking in small helpless movements while she pulsed around him, conflicted and open at the same time. Her arms stayed locked around his shoulders, pulling him tight..

Lester did not slow. He kept thrusting through the contractions, hard and deep, grunting with the effort. Her crying filled his ear. The tight, wet grip of her around his cock made his jaw clench. He drove in again and felt her flutter harder, another wave ripping through her while the tears kept coming. Her body took every stroke.

The ringtone pulled Sarah out of the dream.

She had been on her knees again, Ted behind her, his hands on her hips. The sound of her phone somewhere close cut through it. Her eyes opened slow. The room was dark and unfamiliar for a second. Cold air touched her bare skin. She was naked. The couch under her smelled like sweat and sex. Her mind caught up in pieces. Ted's living room. The nightie on the floor somewhere. She had fallen asleep here after he finished inside her.

Her hand moved between her legs without thinking. Sore. Swollen. Wet. His cum was still leaking out of her, thick and warm against her fingers. Sarah swallowed. Nausea rolled through her stomach. She sat up too fast. The room tilted. Shame burned hot under her skin. She had let him fuck her. She had cum on him. More than once. Her girls were asleep next door. Her mother was in the house. She had walked over here angry and ended up on her knees with his cock in her.

The phone rang again.

Sarah fumbled for it. Her fingers found it wedged between the cushion and the arm of the couch. She answered without looking at the screen, still half-sitting, still trying to clear her head.

Sounds came through the speaker. Wet, rhythmic sounds. A man's low grunts. A woman's breath breaking into short, shaky moans. Sarah stared at the phone. Lester.

She looked up.

Through Ted's front window she could see her driveway. Lester's SUV was parked crooked behind her car, the driver's door still hanging open. The engine was off. No one was in it.

Sarah's gaze drifted across the dark yard to her own front window. She could see Lester's broad, heavy shape on the couch, gut hanging, hips moving in a steady rhythm. She could not make out what he was going. The grunts coming through the speaker matched the movement she was watching. It was him. Lester was in her house, on her couch, and the call she had answered was coming from right there.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat.

The phone stayed against her ear. Wet sounds. Lesters grunts. A woman's voice breaking into short, shaky moans. Across the yard Lester's heavy shape kept moving on her couch, gut shifting with each thrust. Her mind tried to line the two things up. The call had come from her house. Lester's SUV was in the driveway. He was on her couch. The pieces started to slide together...

Hands closed on her hips from behind.

Sarah lost her footing. She caught herself on the back of the couch, palms flat on the top edge, phone still clutched in one hand. Ted's body pressed against her. She felt the head of his curved cock, nudge between her legs. She tried to twist.

"Ted...wait...don't..."

He pushed in. His cum and her wetness let him slide deep in one smooth stroke. The stretch made her gasp. He was already moving, short thrusts that rocked her forward against the couch. The phone slipped lower against her ear. She could still hear the grunts from the other end, could still see Lester's broad back through the window his hips working.

The pieces clicked.

Lester was fucking her mother. She had been asleep on that couch. The woman's voice on the phone was hers. Thin. Broken. Saying his name between the sounds. Her mother saying Lester's name.

Sarah's mind screamed at her to pull away. To hang up. To shove Ted off and get out of the house. Her mouth opened. Nothing useful came out. Ted's next thrust drove deep and her breath left her in a sharp, involuntary inhale. Her hips pushed back to meet him before she could stop them. Her body gave in. Lester's grunts mixing with the wet slap of Ted fucking her from behind, and she stayed bent over the couch, taking it.

Ted's hand closed over hers and yanked the phone free. He tossed it onto the couch cushion beside them. The screen lit face-up, the speaker going on. The sounds poured out clear and close filling the quiet room

"Harder," Renee's voice came through, thin and broken. "Please...your cock...it's so big...don't stop...."

Lester's low growl answered her. "Take it. Beg for it."

"I am....fuck...deeper...fuckmedeeper...fill me..."

Sarah's fingers dug into the top of the couch. Ted's hips snapped forward in rapid, hard thrusts, driving his curved cock deep on every thrust. The wet slap of his body against her ass filled the room. She held on, her arms shaking. Every thrust dragged the head across the spot that made her stomach clench. It felt good. Too good. Her mind tried to stay on the phone, on her mother's voice begging, on Lester's heavy shape still moving in the window across the yard. The thoughts slipped.

She pushed back.

Her ass met him, soft and full, slapping against his hips with each thrust. The sound joined the wet rhythm coming from the speaker. Ted's hands gripped her waist tighter and he fucked her faster, short and rough, no pausing. Sarah's breasts swayed under her. Sweat ran down her spine. She could hear Renee moaning Lester's name, could hear the couch creaking on the other end, and her own hips kept answering Ted's ugly thrusts. The heat low in her belly climbed. She was fucking him back, greedy, lost in the slide of him inside her and the filthy sounds filling both rooms.

"Yes...right there...god, Lester...." Renee's voice cracked through the phone.

Sarah's breath came in sharp breaths. She knew how wrong it was. Her mother on her couch. Lester inside her. Ted behind her, using her again while she listened. The knowledge sat heavy and hot in her chest. It did not stop her hips from pushing back. Ted's next thrust drove deep and her thighs shook. She was getting close. The pressure built fast, and she held onto the couch and kept pushing back to meet him.

Ted's voice came rough behind her. "You hear that? Is that your mom's taking it. And you're pushing back on me like you need it too."

Sarah's fingers tightened on the couch. A low moan slipped out of her before she could stop it. Ted's hips kept thrusting forward the curved head of his cock dragging deep. The wet slap of his body against her ass was loud. She pushed back to meet him, the soft give of her ass meeting his hips again and again.

Through the speaker Renee's voice broke. "Don't stop....please...your cock feels so good...harder...."

Lester growled "Take every inch Renee."

Sarah's head dropped. Another moan left her, shaky and open. "Ughnn...Fuck....". Ted's hands gripped her hips tighter and he drove in faster. She could feel every ridge of him sliding through the mess of his earlier cum and her own wetness. Her breasts swayed under her with the force of it.

"Listen to her beg," Ted said, chuckling. His breath was hot against her shoulder. "You sound just like that when I'm in you."

"Ah...god....uh..." Sarah's voice cracked. She was lost in it. Her mind knew how wrong it was. Her body did not care. Another sharp moan tore out of her as he bottomed out again, and she held onto the couch and kept meeting every thrust.

The emotions hit Sarah all at once and would not sort themselves.

Confusion.. How had Lester gotten her mother under him so fast? Renee had been asleep on that couch when Sarah left. Now her voice poured through the speaker, begging. An ugly jealousy followed, sharp in Sarah's chest. Lester's attention was on her mother. wicked satisfaction. She had provoked him. The pictures and the video had worked. He had driven her furious. Fear cut through next. The girls were upstairs. Lester and Renee were not quiet. The grunts and the wet sounds carried. If either of them woke up they would hear everything. Pleasure pulsed under all of it from the way Ted was taking her, rough and deep, his hands tight on her hips, running up her back. Disgust sat beside the pleasure. She was listening to her mother get fucked while she pushed back on her creepy neighbor. The swirl made her dizzy. It also made her wetter.

Ted's cockslammed into her. The wet slap of his body against her ass was loud and steady. Sarah's arms shook where she braced on the back of the couch. She looked out the window across the driveway, eyes half-lidded and glassy. Lester's heavy shape moved on her couch. Gut hanging. Hairy back flexing. She had never seen him from this angle. The dominance of it did something to her stomach. He was fucking her mother hard, hips driving forward, and the sight made the heat in Sarah climb faster.

"Ah....god..what the...fuck..." The sound left her sharply. Her ass pushed back to meet Ted's next thrust. The curved head of his cock dragged deep and she clenched around him.

Through the speaker Renee's voice cracked higher. "Please....don't stop...your cock...it's so deep...please lester...harder...."

Lester's growl answered, low and rough. "Squeeze me Renee."

Ted grunted behind her, breath hot on her shoulder. "You're gripping me. You like hearing that. Don't you?"

Sarah's thighs shook. Another sharp inhale tore out of her when he bottomed out.

"God...Tedd...mhmmm" Her ass kept meeting, the soft slap of her ass against his stomach sounded filthy. Pressure was building inside of her and she started chasing it in earnest.. She could see Lester's broad back working, could hear her mother pleading, could feel Ted's cock stretching her on every stroke. The orgasm was right there, riding up inside her, massive and close, and she held onto the couch and kept fucking back to meet it.

The orgasm threatened to overwhelm her.

Sarah's reluctance and the disgust sat heavy in her chest, but her hips would not stop. Ted wouldn't stop/ She fucked back onto Ted hard, ass slapping against him, taking the full curved length of his ugly cock on every thrust. "Mhmm...don't stop," she gasped. The words came out desperate. "Fuck me....harder....please....ted...don't stop..."

Ted groaned and obliged. His hands tightened on her hips and he drove into her with abandon, rapid and deep, no rhythm left, just rough thrusts that rocked her forward against the couch. "Yeah. Take it Sarah. I'm gonna cum you in again."

Through the speaker Renee's voice climbed, broken and urgent. "I'm going to cum...don't stop...Lester...please...I'm cumming..."

Lester's low grunt answered, angry and thick. "Fuck...me too..take it/.."

The sounds pushed Sarah over the edge.

Her whole body locked. A raw scream tore out of her, uncontrolled and loud, as the orgasm crashed through her. Her pussy clenched hard around Ted's cock in violent pulses, fluttering and squeezing while stars burst behind her eyes. Heat flooded every nerve. Her hips jerked in helpless seizures, her ass pushing back, thighs shaking so hard her knees threatened to give. She kept screaming, the sound mixing with the wet slap of Ted still fucking her through it.

On the phone Renee cried out, voice shattered. Lester's grunt turned into a rough, drawn-out sound as he finished. Sarah heard it all while her own orgasm kept ripping through her, body on fire, pussy milking Ted in tight, greedy spasms.

Ted' stuttered. He buried himself deep and came hard, thick ropes blasting into her married pussy in hot pulses. "Fuck...Sarah..." His voice broke into ugly grunts as he kept thrusting through it, emptying himself inside her while she pulsed around him. The heat of his cum flooded her, coating her insides, and another sharp wave of her orgasm slammed through her at

the feeling. She shook against the couch, still cumming, still taking every drop and inch of ted,. The phone pouring out the fading sounds of her mother and Lester while Ted fucked the last of it into her.

Sarah's scream broke into ragged panting. Her arms gave out. She slumped forward onto the back of the couch, chest heaving, sweat cooling on her skin, Ted's cock still buried inside her as the aftershocks twitched through her body.

Renee's back pressed into the couch cushions as Lester drove into her again. The wet sound of it filled the quiet living room. His weight was heavy on top of her, gut pressing against her stomach with every thrust. Sweat from his chest dripped onto her breasts. She could smell him. He smelled like artificial cheese. Her robe was open and twisted under her. Her panties were gone. His cock was thick, thicker than James and deep of so wonderfully deep, stretching her open.

She had not expected him at the door. Not here. Not in Sarah's house with the girls upstairs. She had told herself the motel was a mistake she would not repeat. Then he had pushed inside and kissed her and walked her backward onto the couch, and her protest had turned into a moan.. Now he was fucking her in steady, heavy strokes and her hips kept lifting off the couch to meet him.

"Lester..." Her voice was weak. She meant to tell him to stop. Her thighs tightened around his waist instead. The stretch felt too good. She could feel every ridge of him sliding through her, the head dragging deep inside her. Her breasts moved under him with the impact, nipples tight and sensitive against his skin. A low sound left her throat. She hated how easily it came."Mhmmmmhmm."

Her marriage sat heavy in her chest. James was still at home, emotionally wrecked, waiting for an explanation or getting divorce papers ready. She had already broken his trust, once that he knew of. Letting Lester fuck her again, here, on her daughter's couch, was another nail in their marriage coffin. She knew that. The knowledge did not make her push him off. Her hands gripped his arms. Her heels dug into the cushion. She rolled her hips up to take the next thrust deeper and felt the shame burn hotter under the pleasure.

Lester's breathing was rough against her neck. His hips kept thrusting forward into her. Short and hard, the wet slap of his fat body against hers loud in the living room. Sweat ran down the side of his face and onto her collarbone. The coarse hair on his chest scraped her breasts when he leaned in. Renee's head groaned back. Her mouth opened, another shaky moan slipped out of her. She was confused. She didn't know why he had come here tonight or what he wanted. She only knew she could not make herself tell him to leave while he was inside her like this.

The pressure built inside of her. She felt it in her pussy and it climbed with every stroke. Her pussy clenched around him, pulling him in deeper. She could hear how wet she was. The sound embarrassed her and made her wetter at the same time. Her thighs shook. She wrapped her legs tighter around his hips and met him harder with her own ass bouncing off the couch. Sweat cooled on her skin where the air touched it. His ugly musk filled her nose. She tasted salt when she licked her lip.

"Don't..." The word came out broken. Lester thrust deep and stayed there for a second, grinding into her deeply. She inhaled sharply.. Her back arched off the cushion. Her breasts pressed against his fatty chest. She was putting another nail in the coffin and she knew it. Her hips kept moving for him anyway. The couch creaked under them. His weight pinned her down. The thick length of him filled her completely and she could not stop chasing the next of his thrusts, confused unable to make herself stop.

Renee's hips rolled up harder to meet him. "Harder," she breathed. The word came out thin and broken. "Please...your cock...it's so big...don't stop..."

Lester's hips rammed forward. He grunted against her neck. "Take it. Beg for it."

Renee's thighs tightened around his waist. She was dripping. She could hear it, the slick sound of him moving inside her. Shame burned her cheeks. "I am....fuck...deeper...fill me..."

He drove in harder, without pause. His giant gut pressed against her stomach. A shaky moan left her. Her hands gripped his arms. She met every thrust, ass lifting off the cushion, taking him all the way in, as deep as she possibly could. She could feel her orgasm quickly rising, ready to overtake her.

"Don't stop...please...your cock feels so good...harder...Lester." Her voice cracked. She was close. The conflict sat heavy but not enough to make her stop.

Lester's breathing turned rougher. "You're dripping. Take every inch."

Renee's whole body tightened. "I'm going to cum...don't stop...Lester...please...I'm cumming..."

It hit her hard. Her back arched off the couch. Her pussy clenched around his cock in sudden, violent pulses, fluttering and squeezing while heat flooded through her. A raw sound tore out of her throat. "Uhhnm....ah...."

Her thighs shook. Her hips jerked in helpless quivers, breasts bouncing under him, sweat running down her spine as the waves kept ripping through her.

Lester grunted, His hips thrust forward powerfully. She felt him swell inside her, throbbing hard. Then he drove deep and stayed there. "Fuck...me to...take it..."

The first thick rope blasted into her. Another followed, then another, pulse after pulse flooding her while he kept grinding deep into her. Renee's orgasm crashed harder at the feeling. Her pussy milked him in tight, wet spasms, pulling his cum deeper into her most private area. She shook under his weight, mouth open with small broken pathetic sounds leaving her as he emptied himself inside her. His gut pressed flush against her. Sweat dripped onto her chest. He thrust through the last of it, until the pulses faded and he collapsed forward, breathing hard against her neck, both of them locked together in an unholy union on the couch while she kept clenching around him.

Renee's body went heavy under Lester. The last pulses of her orgasm faded into small, weak twitches around his cock. Her arms slipped from his shoulders and fell to the cushions. Her legs loosened around his waist. She could still feel him inside her, his cum warm and leaking out around the base. His weight pressed her deeper into the couch.

Her eyes would not stay open. The room blurred. Her muscles felt liquid. The conflict that had sat in her chest all night...James, the marriage, Sarah upstairs, the girls...thinned out into something distant and unimportant. She was too tired to think about it. Too spent. The couch creaked once under Lester's bulk as he settled more fully on top of her. His gut was heavy against her stomach. a wet mess between her thighs.

Renee's turned her head against the cushion. A small sound left her throat, barely there. Her breathing slowed. The last thing she registered was the sticky heat of his cum still inside her and the steady, heavy rise of his chest against hers. Then the dark closed in and she was gone.

Sarah stayed bent over the couch, chest heaving. Ted's weight shifted behind her. He reached past her and picked up the phone, thumb ending the call. The sounds from her house cut off. He wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and leaned in, mouth brushing the side of her neck like he was about to intimately kiss her.

Sarah jerked.

She twisted hard and shoved at his chest. His cock slipped out of her. Cum leaked down her thigh in a warm rush. She stumbled back a step, legs unsteady, and caught herself on the arm of the couch. "Don't."

Ted's face changed. The intimate softness changed into something harder. "What the hell was that?"

Sarah spotted the nightie on the floor near the window. She bent and grabbed it, then the robe a few feet away. Her hands shook while she pulled the nightie over her head. The fabric stuck to

her damp skin. More of his cum slid out of her and ran down the inside of her leg. She hated the feel of it. It felt wrong.

"You're leaving?" Ted said. His voice had gone tight. "After that? You came over here. You got on your knees. You fucked me. And now you're just wleaving?"

Sarah tied the robe closed with clumsy fingers. "This was a mistake."

"Bullshit." He stayed on the couch, pants still around his thighs, watching her. "You were pushing back on me. You were moaning Sarah. You heard your mom and you still wanted it. Don't act like I forced you."

"I didn't say you forced me." Her voice came out flat. She could still taste the shame. It was sour in her throat. "I said it was a mistake. Stay away from me."

"You came to my door," Ted said. He stood, pulling his pants up. "You walked in here and put your mouth on me. And now I'm the problem?"

Sarah didn't answer. She turned and walked toward the back of the house, bare feet on the linoleum, robe clutched tight around her. Ted said something else behind her but she didn't stop. She opened the back door and stepped out. Cool night air hit her overheated skin, sharp against the sweat on her chest and the wet mess still leaking between her legs. She pulled the door shut behind her and kept walking.

Her mind wouldn't settle

Lester was inside her house. On her couch. Fucking her mother. She had heard her begging for it. She had watched his heavy shape moving through the window. The knowledge sat sick in her stomach. At the same time the afterglow still pulsed low between her legs, warm and heavy from the orgasms Ted had fucked out of her. Her nipples were tight and sensitive against the thin fabric of the nightie. Every small shift of the robe made them drag. The cool night air touched the sweat still drying on her skin and made her shiver.

She crossed the wet grass toward her own yard. The side gate stuck. She yanked it open and stepped through. Behind her, Ted's living room window showed a dark shape. He was standing there again. She felt his eyes on her back, on the way the robe clung, on the bare legs still streaked with his cum. She did not look. What a fucking creep.

In her own backyard she stopped. The sliding door to the kitchen was closed. Light leaked around the edge of the blinds inside. Sarah chewed her lip. She wanted to walk in and scream at Lester. Drag him off her mother. Tell him to get the fuck out of her house. But fear crept over her too. If she went in loud, the girls might wake up. They might come down the stairs and see

everything unfolding. They might hear whatever came out of her mouth, or out of Lester's, or out of her mother's. Secrets she wasn't ready to come out. Mever to her girl.

She paced through the dark yard. Fence to the patio. Patio to the dark strip under the maple. Her bare feet left prints in the damp grass. The ache between her legs throbbed with every step. Cum kept leaking, slow and warm, sticking her thighs together. She tried to brush it off but didn't want to touch Teds gross cum with her hands which was stupid since it was already fulling her insides. She wrapped the robe tighter and kept moving, back and forth, teeth pressed into her lip, trying to decide which disaster was ahead of her.

Then sliding door opened.

Sarah stood frozen on the grass.

Lester filled the doorway. His shirt was half-untucked, gut hanging over the waistband of his sweatpants. His face was flushed, his beady eyes locked on her. He looked pissed. He stepped out and the door slid shut behind him. Then he was moving, heavy steps down the short stairs, coming straight at her across the wet lawn.

Sarah's quivered but she put heat into it, "What the fuck did you do to my mother?"

Lester did not slow or answer her question. "There you fucking are."

He closed the distance in a few long strides. Sarah took a half step back and stopped. Her hands curled into fists at her sides. "Answer me. What did you do to her?"

"Nothing I haven't fucking done before." His voice was rough. He was close enough now that she could smell the sex on him, musk and sweat and her mother's scent mixed in.

Anger surged hot in Sarah's chest. She wanted to hit him. Her arm twitched with it. The tension pulled tight, her pulse hammering, the cool air sharp on her skin while he stood over her, broad and heavy and still breathing hard from what he had just done inside her house.

Lester grabbed her.

One hand caught her waist, the other the back of her neck, and he yanked her in. His mouth covered hers, his tongue pushing past her lips before she could turn her head. Sarah made a short, angry sound against him. Her hands came up and shoved at his chest. He did not let go. He kissed her deeper, walking her backward across the grass, and then his weight shifted and he pulled her down with him. They hit the wet lawn together, his body heavy over hers, the cold damp soaking through her robe as his mouth stayed on hers.

Cold soaked through the robe and the thin nightie under it. Lester's weight came down on her, his heavy gut pressing into her stomach. His mouth stayed on hers, tongue thicktasting like

cheetos. She shoved at his shoulders. Her hands slid on the damp fabric of his shirt. He did not move. The kiss was rough, open, his breath hot and sour against her face and she realized slowly that she was kissing him back, some small part of her welcoming him, happy that he still wanted her.

Her mind spun. She had wanted him angry. The pictures, the video, the texts. She had wanted him to come for her. She had not wanted this. Not for her mother to get fucked on her couch. She was upset. She was wet. Both things were true and her mind was so fucking confused.

Lester's fingers hooked the side of her panties. He yanked and the fabric tore. Then his hand was between her thighs, rough, spreading her. She was still slick from Ted, cum and her own wetness coating his fingers. Lester's face was angry and he lined himself up. The head of his cock pressed thick against her. He pushed in hard, spreading her easily with his massive god given cock.

She gasped into his mouth. He was bigger than Ted. Way bigger. way Thicker. He sank deep in one long thrust, fat gut flush against her, and started fucking her. No pause. Nothing romantic. Just short, heavy thrusts that drove her ass into the grass.

Rd. Sarah's breasts bounced under the nightie with every impact, nipples dragging against the fabric. She could smell a faint whiff of her mother's perfume. Her hands gripped his arms. She meant to push him but. Her hips rolled up to meet the next thrust instead. Her mind was so fucked from the events of the night. Events she had set in motion.

Lester's breathing was rough His hips snapped forward again, harder, the thick length of his meaty cock sliding through the mess already inside her. Sarah's head rolled back against the grass. A low sound left her throat. "ughmm."

Her thighs fell wider. The cold damp of the lawn soaked into her back while he fucked her.

Lester's thrust d forward harder. The wet slap of his body against hers cut through the quiet yard. Sarah's back slid on the damp grass with every thrust.. She lifted her ass off the grass to take him deeper, the motion greedy.

Lester fucked her angrily. Short, hard thrusts that didn't pause. Lester was breathing hard like he was about to collapse on her. His fingers dug into her hip hard enough to bruise, pinning her to the wet grass. . Sweat dripped from his face onto her collarbone. The coarse hair on his chest scraped her skin when he leaned in. "Ohhmmhmffffmmmm."

She fucked back harder, heels digging into the wet lawn, hips bursting off her lawn up to meet every thrust. The slap of skin got louder. Her pussy clenched around him on the deeper strokes, slick and hot, pulling him in. She hoped Ted couldn't see them. Or maybe she wanted him to see who should really have fucked her tonight.

The pressure built fast low in her belly. It swelled with every impact. Sarah's thighs started to shake. Her fingers tightened on his arms. She kept meeting him, ass lifting, taking the full heavy length of his glorious cock while the cold grass soaked her back and his weight pinned her down. Her breath came in short, uneven gasps. She was close.

The orgasm rocked through Sarah threatening to overwhelm her.

Her whole body seized under his massive form. Her back arched off the wet grass and her thighs clamped tight around his hips. A raw, broken sound tore out of her throat. Her pussy clenched around Lester's cock, fluttering and squeezing while heat flooded through her. Stars burst behind her eyes. Every nerve lit up across her entire body. Her hips jerked in helpless motions, ass lifting off the lawn to take him deeper as the waves kept ripping through her. Sweat and cold dew mixed on her skin. Her breasts bounced under the nightie with the force of it. She shook, mouth open, the thick length of his cock buried inside of her.

Lester grunted above her. She knew that grunt. She craved that grunt. His cock grew inside of her and the heavy shaft throbbed hard against her pussy walls. Then he drove deep and stayed there with a violent grunt.

The first thick rope blasted into her, creamily, coating her insides. Another followed, then another, pulse after pulse, rope after illicit rope flooding her. His gut pressed flush to her stomach. Sweat dripped from his face onto her throat. Ugly sounds left his throat with every spurt of his big cock.

Sarah's orgasm crashed harder at the feeling. Her pussy milked him, pulling at his cock, taking every drop deeper. Deeper into her pussy. The heat of his cum spreading inside her while the last waves tore through her body. Lester's hips gave a few more short, heavy thrusts, emptying the last of his balls contentedly into her, then he collapsed forward, breathing hard against her neck, both of them locked together on the lawn.

Sarah's chest heaved against Lester's weight. Cold grass soaked through the robe under her back. His cum was already leaking out around his cock, mixing with everything else still inside her. Mixing with what Ted had left inside of her. She shoved at his shoulder, voice rough and breathless. "What the fuck, Lester."

He pulled out a disgusted look on her face. The sudden emptiness made more of it spill, running down between her ass and onto the lawn. Lester sat back on his heels, gut hanging going up and down. His face was flushed and he looked just as pissed as before. Sweat shone over his skin.

"You fucked someone else," he said. The words came hard. "You sent me that shit on purpose. Then you weren't even here when I got here."

Sarah pushed herself up on her elbows. More cum slid out of her, sticky against her thigh. The nightie was twisted up around her waist. She could still feel the ache from both of them. Anger rose hot under the leftover pulse between her legs.

"You fucked my mother," she said. Her voice shook. "On my couch. While my kids were upstairs. I heard her. I saw you."

Lester's jaw worked into that ugly smirk. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "You wanted me pissed. You got it. Don't act like you didn't know what you were doing."

"I didn't tell you to go inside and fuck her." Sarah sat up the rest of the way. The robe fell open. Cold air hit her bare skin. Another slow leak of his cum or Ted's ran down and she hated the feel of it. "You walked into my house. You put your dick in my mom. And now you're out here cursing at me like I'm the one who..."

"What-the-fuck-ever" he cut in. He stood, pulling his sweats up over his still hard, thick cock. The fabric stuck to him "You sent me that video. You told me some other guy was with you. What the fuck did you think I was going to do?"

Sarah got to her feet. Her legs were unsteady. Cum kept trailing down the inside of her thigh, warm against the cool night air. She pulled the robe closed with shaking hands. "Not fuck my mom! Seriously what the fuck is wrong with you?"

Lester stared at her. His breathing was still rough as he tried to catch his breath. "Yeah. Well. You weren't here."

Lester's hand shot forward closed around Sarah's wrist.

She yanked back. His grip tightened. "Let go."

He did not. He turned and started walking, pulling her with him across the wet grass toward the side of the house. Back towards Ted's. Sarah's bare feet slipped on the damp lawn. She stumbled once and caught herself, robe falling open again.. More of cum leaked down her leg with the movement., she had no idea whose.

"Lester...stop..."

He kept going. They rounded the corner into the front yard. His SUV sat crooked in the driveway, driver's door still hanging open from when he had arrived. The interior light was on. Sarah dug her heels in on the concrete. He pulled harder. Her wrist ached under his fingers.

"Get in," he said, flinging her towards the door.

She tried to twist free. He opened the passenger door with his free hand and shoved her toward it. Sarah's hip hit the seat. She half-fell inside, robe tangling around her legs. The leather was

cold against her bare skin. Lester slammed the door shut. She reached for the handle. The lock clicked before she could pull it.

He came around the front of the SUV, gut swinging, and dropped into the driver's seat. The whole vehicle shifted under his weight. He yanked his door closed and started the engine. Sarah's hands were still on the lock button. It would not release.

"Where are we going? What the fuck are you thinking?" She cried. Cum was soaking into the seat under her. The nightie stuck to her stomach. She could smell sex and grass and his sweat filling the cab. "Lester?"

Lester didn't answer. He threw the SUV into reverse and backed out of the driveway fast, tires crunching over the edge of the lawn. Sarah braced a hand on the dash. The house slid past the window. Her front door. The dark living room where her mother was still inside. The girls upstairs. Ted's place across the way, blinds cracked.

He shifted into drive and hit the gas. The SUV jumped forward. Streetlights streaked across the windshield. Sarah's wrist still throbbed where he had grabbed her. She pulled the robe tighter with her free hand and stared out the window as her street disappeared behind them.

"Lester what the fuck are you doing?"

Dan woke with a start.

His heart slammed against his ribs like it was trying to get out. Sweat stuck his T-shirt to his chest and the sheets to his back. He was breathing hard, but couldn't fill his lungs. The hotel room was dark. The air conditioner hummed from across the room. For a second he did not know where he was. Then the shape of the dresser and the blackout curtains settled into place. Washington. The new job. A bed that was not his.

He fumbled for his phone on the nightstand. His fingers knocked the lamp once before they found it. The screen lit up too bright. He winced and squinted at the time. Too early. He had only been asleep a few hours. The numbers blurred and he blinked until they cleared.

Something was wrong.

The feeling sat in his gut. Not the usual worry. Not the pictures of Sarah with Lester that had kept him up on the flight. This was sharper. Deeper. Like something had already happened and the news had not reached him yet. His pulse wouldn't slow. Sweat cooled on his neck and made him shiver.

Dan swung his legs out of bed. The carpet was rough under his bare feet. He stood too fast and the room tilted. He caught himself on the edge of the mattress and waited until it steadied, then walked to the bathroom. The light was worse than the phone. He flipped it on anyway and leaned over the sink. Cold water from the tap hit his face in uneven splashes. He rubbed it over his eyes and the back of his neck. It helped a little. Not enough. His hands were still shaking when he turned the faucet off.

His mouth was dry. He bent and drank straight from the stream. Water ran down his chin and onto his shirt. He straightened and looked at himself in the mirror. He looked tired. There were bags under his eyes and hair stuck up on one side.

He went back to the bed and picked up the phone again. The screen was still bright. Sarah's thread sat at the top. The last messages were from earlier. He typed with his thumb.

D: Are you okay?

He stared at the words. His heart was still going too fast. The ominous feeling still in his gut. He hit send and set the phone face-up on the nightstand, screen glowing in the dark, and waited.

The man sat at the wide wooden desk and lifted the glass.

The office was quiet except for a distance rhythmic hum from further in the house.. Dark wood paneling ran the length of the walls. A single lamp threw a low circle of light across the polished surface of the desk. He took a slow sip from the glass. The liquid was dark, expensive. It was warm going down. He set the glass on its coaster.

The laptop in front of him showed two feeds side by side.

On the left, a dirty bedroom. A beautiful blonde woman on her back. A heavy man between her legs, gut hanging, hips moving in a steady rhythm. No blur this time. His team had pulled the file cleanly off the servers. He recognized the heavy man. Darkspire. The handle he had bought clips from before until the little man decided to hold out on him.. This one had not been for sale.

On the right, a second feed from another room, presumably next to the other.. A man stood at the wall, face close to a narrow peephole, watching the couple. His posture was rigid. One hand braced against the drywall. He had not moved in the minute the man had been looking. The two feeds ran together. The woman and Darkspire on one side, clearing fucking. What he assumed was the husband on the other, fixed in place while it happened.

The man reached for the glass again. He took another sip, longer, and held the alcohol on his tongue while he watched both screens. Music thrummed through the walls around him. Darkspire's hand gripped the woman's and she arched her back letting out a moan of pleasure..

The man on the right-hand feed moved.

His hand dropped from the wall. He shoved his pants down just far enough and wrapped his fist around himself. The strokes were short and tight. His face stayed close to the opening, eyes fixed on the other room. The woman on the left feed arched under Darkspire, turning to look at to her side. Maybe at whatever hole the man looked through. The husband kept stroking.

The corner of the older man's mouth lifted. A small, private smile. He watched for another few seconds, then reached out and paused both feeds. The screens froze. Darkspire mid-thrust. The husband with his hand still on his cock.

He thrummed his fingers once against the desk, then clicked the mouse. A screen grab of the woman's face, clear enough despite the angle. He scrubbed forward and took another. Then a third from earlier in the clip, when her head had turned toward the camera. Three stills. He saved them to a folder.

The laptop switched to a secure login. He typed the username Cronos and entered his password without looking at the keys. He opened another interface and dragged the three images into a new message, addressed to the team he used for this kind of work. The text was short.

Cronos: Need positive ID on the woman. By morning.

He hit send. The confirmation appeared. He closed the window, picked up the glass, and took another slow sip while the paused feeds stayed on the screen in front of him.

He logged out and closed the laptop.

He stood, the chair rolling back on its quiet wheels, and crossed to the wall switch. The lamp clicked off. The office dropped into shadow, only the city glow through the windows illuminating the room. He picked up the glass, finished what was left in one swallow, and set it on the desk. Then he opened the tall wooden doors and stepped into the hallway.

Sound reached him at once. Low music underneath voices and throaty laughter. And the wet rhythm of bodies. The hallway was wide, paneled in the same dark wood, lit by sconces turned low. He walked toward the sound. The noise grew clearer with every step. Moans. The slap of skin. A woman's voice breaking into a sharp cry that cut off into something breathless.

The main room opened at the end of the hall.

It was large. High ceilings. Candles on every surface, dozens of them, flames steady in the still air. People filled the space. Most were naked or close to it. All of them wore masks. Some were simple black. Others were more elaborate, horned or animal-faced, edges catching the candlelight. A woman on her knees near the center had a mask with a long snout. The man behind her wore one with curved points rising from the forehead. Their bodies moved together, unhurried. Nearby, two more figures were tangled on a low couch, masks pressed close, hands gripping on another. Further in, a loose circle had formed around a low table. A woman's body shifted in and out of view. No one looked toward the hallway.

The air smelled of wax, sweat, and sex. Candle smoke drifted near the ceiling. The older man stood at the edge of the room for a moment, glass still in his hand, and watched. A masked woman passed close to him, completely naked and at least a dozen years his junior. She didn't speak. She joined the circle. He set the empty glass on a side table and stepped farther in, . The sounds of the room closed around him, steady and unashamed, as he moved toward the nearest cluster of bodies.

Gordon sat at his desk with the coffee in front of him.

The cup was large and thankfully still steaming. He had poured it downstairs and carried it up before anyone else arrived. The office floor was empty. Lights off in the bullpen and his own door stood open. It was still early but people would be filtering into the office soon.

The monitor in front of him showed Dan Williams' personnel file on one side of the screen and the resume he had submitted on the other. Gordon scrolled slowly through the employment history. Nothing suspicious that jumped out to him.

He opened the background application the company used for new hires and entered Dan's name again. The search returned the expected addresses. An apartment in Chicago. A house in Middleton. Gordon highlighted both and ran a query for any notable activity tied to either location. The progress bar spun. He took a sip of the coffee. It was still too hot. He set it down and waited.

The legal filings program sat open in another window. He switched to it and typed Dan's name. One result came up near the top. A civil suit for workplace assault. The case had been withdrawn. Gordon clicked through to the details. The employer listed matched a line on Dan's resume. Same company.

Gordon flicked back to the resume and confirmed it. The lawsuit had not been mentioned in the interview. It had not been in the file. Withdrawn or not, it had existed.

He switched applications again. Sarah Williams' profile came up first. Then Richard Thornhill's. Gordon he has been a Hospital CEO in Middleton. Gordon already knew about the restaurant incident. He'd been there after all but now was filling in more of the picture he hadn't been aware of. Thornhill had been arrested that night. Public intoxication.

Sarah's LinkedIn showed the same hospital as her most recent employer. Thornhill's board photo and employment history lined up with the dates. They had worked together. Dan had sat across from Gordon at that dinner and said nothing about it. Not a word when Thornhill came at his wife. Not a word after. Omission, at least. Maybe more.

Gordon leaned back. The coffee had cooled enough to drink. He took another sip and looked out through the glass wall of his office. Across the bullpen the first lights were coming on. People were filtering in. Dan was among them, heading towards his own. He looked tired.

The background query finished.

Gordon turned to the monitor. The Chicago apartment address had a flag. A very recent one. An anonymous tip line report filed by an internal employee. Suspected illicit activity tied to a man named Lester Marshall. No hard evidence listed. Notes mentioned possible hacking, specifically at a hospital and other dark web activities. Gordon clicked the cross-reference. The hospital name matched the one on Sarah Williams' profile. Same place she had worked. Same place Thornhill had run. Additional notes listed other suspected activity, all unverified. The report had been logged and left open.

Gordon's eyes narrowed. He looked from the screen to the office where Dan was setting his bag down at his desk, then back to the flag on the apartment. The coffee sat forgotten beside the keyboard.