

hhhhmhmmtttttt,” Brooke moaned as she felt Saul’s tongue lick around the inside walls of her pussy. Hit fat tongue was hitting both walls at once.

“Fuck Saul,” Brooke moaned, “I need you inside me.”

“Music to my ears,” Saul smiled as he pulled his tongue out of the young wife and began climbing up on top of her. Brooke spread her hands out on the bedsheets. Her fingers tips running over the material, feeling like they needed a good wash.

For the third time since she Saul had fucked her in Mark’s office, Brooke found herself on her back in his bed. His dirty fucking bed in his dirty fucking house. Nothing had surprised her when she first came here. Everything in the apartment needed to be cleaned, vacuumed and wiped down. The place smelled of cigarettes and several ash trays were spread throughout the house. The scent surprisingly invigorated her for some reason making her instantly wetter than she had been walking in.

Now she was back in Saul’s unmade bed. Every surface in the room was cluttered with random objects that —

“Ohhuhhhuhhhhhhhhh,” Brooke moaned as Saul’s cock pushed inside of her, spreading her open. She moaned into the side of his dirty pillow as he pushed deeper and deeper into her, touching parts of her that her husband never had.

“Fuck that feels good,” Saul grunted from on top of her. Her lazy eyes opened and looked up at Saul’s ugly features. Part of her brain recoiled at his sharp vulture like features. A crooked nose and beady eyes on a fat head with a couple of chins wagging in front of her. She knew the smell of cigarettes that waffed off of him should be appalling to her. All of it should have been appealing to her. But she couldn’t help being insanly horny and filled with lust.

He ankles wrapped around his fat ass, pulling him deeper into her. Saul should have been at work but instead he was right where she needed him to be, right between her legs.

“Oh fuck Saul. You’re so fucking deep,” Brooke moaned.

“Mhmm-hmmmm,” Saul smirked, “Feels good?”

“Uh-huh,” Brooke nodded her head, “So fucking good.”

“I love fucking you like this. It’s my favorite position,” Saul said, “Do you know what this position is called?”

“Missionary,” Brooke blurted out, her eyes roaming over Saul’s fat torso as it shook with each thrust.

“No,” Saul smirked, holding back a chuckle, “This one is called the baby making position.”

Brooke's body shuddered his comment, remembering his words in Mark's office a few nights ago. Just the idea that he wanted to impregnate her...

"We'll have to do it like this the next time you and Mark and hoping to conceive," Saul snarled.

"Just shut up and fuck me," Brooke said, her arms encircling his neck and pulling his ugly, fat face down for a sloppy kiss. Saul's thrusts slowed as their tongues danced together, exploring each others mouths.

Brooke moaned into him as she tasted whatever cheap brand of cigarettes he smoked. Smoking would have been a deal breaker while she was dating and finding reasons not to date someone but right now she couldn't get enough of the dirty taste.

"Ughhh," Saul groaned, "I love it when you squeeze me like that."

"Like this?" Brooke clenched the muscles in her pussy around Saul's fat cock, gripping him tightly as it slowly thrust in and out of her.

"Yeah, just like that baby," Saul growled.

"I want you to think back to that first Christmas party. The one where you slapped me," Saul said. "Just imagine how pissed off you were that night."

"Okay," Brooke moaned, trying to pay attention to his words and not let herself get too lost in how fucking good his cock felt inside of her.

"Did you ever think that you'd be on your back in my bed letting me fuck? Sneaking out of your house to come over to get fucked by me?" Saul grunted.

Brooke could see the sweat beginning to bead down Saul's head, "No. Never." Brooke said.

"I wouldn't have thought it in a million years. I was so made. Especially after you pressed up against me. After I felt...your cock pushing into my ass. How good it felt for that brief moment on the dance floor. Maybe I should have just gone home with you that night so you could have shown me how fucking good it could feel."

"Oh I would have loved that. Taking you like that after you slapped me. That would have been delicious. Making you moan for my cock." Saul sneered, "I would have broken you. That angry face. Made you mine."

"Is that what your doing right now?" Brooke challenged, "Making me yours? You think you can break me?"

Saul just chuckled, "Brooke. I've already broken you. You're already mine."

“That’s not what my wedding ring says,” Brooke retorted as he hips pushed up off the mattress to match Saul’s thrusts. He began to push harder and faster into her, Brooke matching his pace with desperation.

“Details,” Saul snorted, “I don’t give a shit about the ring on your finger. All I know is that Mark is at work while his wife is on her back underneath me, squeezing my cock with her delicious pussy. I’m winning there.”

“I think I’m the one winning,” Brooke moaned, “I never knew it could be this fucking good.”

“What?” Saul said, “What could be this fucking good?”

“SEX,” Brooke moaned, her nails digging into Saul’s flabby biceps as her continued to thrust into her.

A dark smile spread across Saul’s face, “You weren’t having sex before this.”

Brooke bit her lip and looked up at his ugly features, waiting for him to continue.

“You never had a real cock before. You had to settle for what Mark had. But now you’re getting fucked the proper way.”

Saul’s hands gripped the back of her neck and her shoulder, pinning her to the mattress as he fucked her. Brooke rolled her head to the side as she tried in vain to catch her breath. Saul’s hand moved to hold her cheek, his fingers brushing past her lip.

Brooke’s mouth opened and she leaned up to take the tips of two of Saul’s fingers in her mouth. Saul eagerly pushed his fingers into her wet mouth until they were buried knuckle deep.

“Mhmmhmmmm,” Brooke moaned around his fingers, her tongue licking his fat fingers while sucking on them. She wished she could have his fat cock inside her mouth at the same time. Brooke clamped her eyes closed imagining Saul was fucking her and she was sucking his dirty cock at the same time. Letting two Saul’s take her.

Saul’s fingers started to rapidly thrust in and out of her mouth in time with the thrusts of his pelvis. Soon Brooke’s ass was bouncing off the bed in time with her head cranning to suck on his fingers. Saul kept pushing them into her mouth. Faster and faster, over and over. Harder and harder. Deeper and deeper but all Brooke did was moan around them.

Brooke tore her mouth off his fingers to catch her breath. She looked up at him with lustfilled eyes, hands going to his fat ass, urging him to give her more cock. Her manicured finger nails dug into his hairy ass cheeks, pulling him as hard as she could into him.

“GOD. FUCK. DON’T STOP SAUL.” Brooke moaned, “DON’T STOP YOU FUCKING BASTARD.”

Saul increased his tempo, watching Brooke’s face contorted into a beautiful ‘O’ in response. His hand snaked around the back of her head and pulled her up and his face descended, tongue out pushing its way into her mouth.

“Mmmhmmhmmmmmmmm,” Brooke moaned into his mouth again. Their tongues battled against each other, both looking to exploring the other’s mouth and dominate each other. Their kiss was hard and frenzied. Teeth clashed together but neither stopped to think about. They adjusted their heads and wet, slopping kissing sounds filled the room as they seemingly face fucked each other.

Their kiss deepened even further as Saul’s thrusts became more urgent. They moaned into each other’s embrace. Both realizing that Saul was going to empty his hefty balls into the young soon-to be mother.

Saul shifted his weight back, as his hands left her head and came up under her ass. His entire weight fell on top of her, pinning her again to the mattress. His fat gut wedging her toned legs apart. Both of Saul’s greasy hands grabbed an ass cheek and pulled her lower body up off the mattress.

Then he rammed his cock back into her. The new angle let his cock pound right into her sensitive G-Spot, eliciting a giant moan from the young wife, “OHH. UHHH. MHMMMMM. FUUCK. SHIT.....SAUL. DON’T. STOP. UGHHHHH.”

“That’s right baby. Saul is going to take care of you. Don’t stop now. Let me hear those sweet lips moan for me.”

“Oh fuck,” Brooke breathed as Saul relentless pounded her pussy. His fat cock hitting and dragging across her G-Spot. Then again. Then again. Over and over, sending minishockwaves of pleasure from it, throughout her body.

“Oh fuck,” Brooke moaned, “OH fuckkkkk Saul.”

“Oh Saul.....Saul. Uhhhh. Ohhhh...Yeahhhh. Righhht there...Pleeaasee.” Brooke moaned, her body thrashing off the bed to meet his thrusts, desperate for her release. “God. Saul. I’m so close. I’m going too.....I can’t.....”

Slow slowed down his pace, holding himself still inside of her. Brooke’s hips continued to thrash against his sweaty palms, manually stimulated herself on his cock. She bucked her hips so that her G-Spot would rub all over the head of Saul’s steady cock.

“Beg for me to let you cum,” Saul urged.

Brooke's eyes snapped open to look at him. His ugly features staring down at her, his face christend with sweat from their unholy union.

"Please. Please Saul," Brooke whined, "Please let me cum. I need it."

"Please," she continued, "Please Saul fuck me. Make me cum. I need you're cock."

"Ugh yeah I like that," Saul said, slowly thrusting into her again. His strokes slow and steady against her urgent, desperated grinding against him.

"I'm sooo close Saul. PLEASE," Brooke moaned, "Please."

"Beg for my cum now. We're going to cum at the same time again. I'm going to fill you up right when you cum for me," Saul grunted, thrusting into her sharply.

His thrust short-circuted Brooke's brain for a second. She couldn't catch her breath. Couldn't think straight. All she knew was that she desperately wanted to feel his cum fire into her. Splash against her G-Spot and rock her to her core.

"Fuck Saul. I need your cum. Give it to me," Brooke whined, her head thrashing on the pillow. Her nails digging into his ace, trying to increase the tempo of his thrusts to match her wild hips. "FUCK SAUL. I'm begging you. Fill me. Give me your cum. Do it. Do it Now. Oh GOD. PLEASE. UHHHHH. MHMMMMM. AH. AH. AH. AH. UHH. AH. UH. AH. UH. AHUHFUCK."

"Fuck yeah," Saul snarled and Brooke felt his balls slam against her little asshole as Saul bottome out inside of her. His cock pulsed and a torrent of his bitter cum shot into her. The first shot buried itself deep inside of her and her entire body tensed as a huge tsuanmi of an orgasmic rattled her body. Nothing was safe as it washed over her entire being. Brooke couldn't catch her breath and her entire body felt like it was in a furance as it lit up.

"OH GOD." Brooke screamed,

"SAUL," She wailed as her orgasmic continued to rock her to her very core. Brooke's eyes clenched tighty but she could still see stars behind her eye lids. There didn't seem to be any air whatsoever in her lungs. Every muscle was tightened beyond belief and every fiber of her being felt like it was full of exotic pleasure, filling to the brim, bursting at the seems

Saul grunted one last time as his last rope of cum emptied into her. He collapsed on top of her, his skin drenched in sweat. Brooke moaned softly, her hand still on his ass. She revelled in the feeling of being completly full of his hot, sticky cum.

Both of them laid there for several minutes, trying to catch their breaths. Eventually Saul grunted and heaved himself off of her, flopping next to her on the bed. Brooke just laid there in the afterglow of her intense orgasm, letting her mind focus on nothing else.

Eventually she drifted off to sleep in Saul's dirty bed.

She wasn't sure how much time had passed when she eventually opened her eyes. Saul wasn't next to her any longer.

As she was about to reach out and check the time on her cell phone. Fat plodding steps were growing closer. Brooke's eyes went as wide as saucers as Saul's saggy, overweight body rounded the doorframe. His face turned up in a malicious grin when he saw she was awake. Between his legs, Saul's cock quickly grew hard before her eyes until it looked like a baseball bat was dangling there.

He didn't stop. Saul quickly crossed the distance between them as his cock bounced with each step, growing closer to its prize.

"I'm not letting you go home yet," Saul said with a lustfilled gave, "Not without another deposit."

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"And how are you doing today Mark? How have things been in your life?" Doctor Malin Creed said through the computer. Mark sighed and contemplated his therapist's question, he looked around his office and took in all of the ongoing projects he had fallen behind on.

"You know. Things could be better but I've been feeling more like myself lately. Like I can actually focus again. It's almost like the past couple of months have been a fog and now I'm free of it for the first time."

"That's great," Doctor Creed clasped his hands together, "I'm glad to hear things are progressing well for you. Besides our therapy sessions, has anything notable changed for you that helped fix this, ah, 'fog' as you call it?"

"Not really. Maybe I've just been easier on myself. I've been getting more sleep since I stopped forcing myself to get up and workout every morning. Maybe that helped put me on the right direction. I still want to workout, eat well like drink my protein shakes regularly and all but for now I'm going to take a break from it all while I get my head on straight." Mark felt like a weight had been lifted these past few days. He wasn't even running to the bathroom anymore before his bowels exploded. Maybe it had been some kind of psychological issue and not something medical. Still, it was something he needed to keep track of.

"And what about your wife? I assume she's noticed the change too?" Doctor Creed said slowly.

Mark felt his face tense at the mention of Brooke. Things were icy between them lately and he wasn't entirely sure why. He knew it probably stemmed from his erectile issues and his lack of interest the past few months but hopefully he was getting past that.

"It's okay, we've been a bit distant lately but I think I can figure it out," Mark felt confident that he could. Things didn't seem as bleak as they had been just a week ago. They still hadn't had sex since the last time Mark had roleplayed being Saul. The thought sent a shiver down his spine.

"Well that's encouraging Mark but perhaps we should consider more proactive measures for the health of your relationship. Instead of just sitting back and hoping for the best there are some strategies we could look at," the doctor moved his hands into a steeple on the monitor, leaning in as if eagerly anticipating Mark's response.

"What would you suggest?" Mark asked. Now that he was able to focus properly, he felt that there was an undercurrent to the doctor's words. Almost like there was a secondary conversation he wasn't picking up on.

"There are a few methods we can try. They aren't for everyone though, just those who are prepared to go the distance to strengthen their relationships. Given your recent fantasy like leanings, perhaps we could have you and your wife visit me here in my office. There are techniques we could try such as role-playing scenarios that could prove beneficial," the older doctor said.

Something wasn't sitting right with Mark. This seemed to be quite the leap, even just the idea of involving Brooke in his therapy.

"Can you give me some more details on what this would entail?" Mark asked.

"Sure," Doctor Creed said leaning back into his chair, his fingers interlaced in front of him. "There are some common scenarios tailored to your desires to see your wife with another man that we could run through. Gauge both of your comfort levels with these fantasy elements and see how we move forward in your treatment."

The doctor sounded professional, almost clinical but even over the monitor Mark could pick up the eagerness in his eyes. Was it because the man wanted to get Brooke in his office? Maybe he just wanted to experiment on the couple for an academic paper or something. Either way, this wasn't sitting right with Mark.

"You know, I don't think so," Mark said.

"Are you sure? At this stage in your progress it is imperative that we move forward, otherwise there is severe risk that you could backslide, regress and be contr--"

“I think we’re good doctor,” Mark added. Only now was Mark seeing just how strange these therapy sessions were trending. It was time to go back to his old self and be more decisive. Who knows, maybe these therapy sessions had been beneficial to him after all, “In fact, I think it best if we end these sessions here. I feel confident in moving forward alone.”

“But Mark, you can’t quit just when you are beginning to see progress. That isn’t how therapy works at all. Please you must reconsider.” The doctor now looked somewhat panicked which only cemented Mark’s decision.

“I’ll contact you if anything changes Doctor. Thank you for all your help to this point,” Mark said. And the nice thing about doing all of this over the computer was...

“Mark!” Doctor Creed said, “We need to talk this decisions through, you can’t just –”

Ending the call whenever he wanted. Mark pressed the red hang up button. It was like his brain was back to working in its normal capacity. Before he hadn’t realized what a creep that doctor had been but several red flags had shot up during their chat today. Better to cut contact and move on.

Mark skimmed through his emails and looked around the office again. Thankfully the gross cigarette smell that had been lingering in his office was gone. He still wasn’t sure what that was about. Perhaps a janitor smoking indoors against the rules? Either way Mark had a mountain of work to conquer and he needed to figure out some way to deal with Saul. Both professional and personally.

It was time to get to work.

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Saul smirked as he stood in Debra’s small cubicle. He was pretending to look over her shoulder and help her with a computer issue. Instead she was gently rubbing the back of her hand against his crotch in a covert way so no one would notice.

It was just his luck that this middle-aged beauty was running a small side-business using company resources. Which was a fireable offense. Thanks to his access over all IT communications, Saul was able to reap the benefits of her pulling herself up by her bootstraps.

Her eyes were locked onto the monitor in front of her while Saul gave his pretend explanation. He was enjoying her light attentions. His explanation was bullshit but would be enough for anyone overhearing them speaking in low tones to buy. Now he just needed to find a way to escalate things with her...

Saul’s smirk deepened as he saw Mark hurry out of his office. He was walking at a brisk pace, with a determined look on his face. Heading to the bathroom for an uncontrollable

bout of diaherra no doubt, one of the unfortunate side effects of the medication he had been dosing him with.

Saul's smirk turned into a frown as Mark strode past the bathroom and entered the office of a colleague.

Much to her surprise and delight, Saul pushed Debra's hand away and left her cubicle. He casually walked past the office Mark had disappeared into and noticed the animated conversation within. His frown deepened. Mark hadn't acted this way for months. It was as if...

Saul picked up his pace and went into the kitchen. He opened the fridge and looked for Mark's protein shake. It wasn't there. Had Mark stopped taking it? If he wasn't drinking it.....

Saul needed to prepare things. If Mark was back to normal it would be a much more formidable adversary. And Saul's grip on Mark's libido and his extracurricular activities with his wife Brooke would be in jeopardy.

Saul hurried out of the kitchen and went straight to his car.

Less than half an hour later, Saul was waiting on the doorstep to Mark and Brooke's home, with his messenger bag. A cheshire grin spread across his face when the brunette beauty opened the door.

"Saul?" Brooke hissed looking up and down the street to see if anyone had noticed the portly man at her door. "What are you doing here? I thought it we were going to meet at your place?"

Saul pushed past Brooke, walking into the house as she quickly shut the door behind him.

"I'm sorry," Saul said spinning around and pinning Brooke to the door. His thigh pressed between her legs as his gut pressed into her stomach. Saul bit his lip and looked Brooke up and down. She clearly didn't plan on any visitors in cute little pajama like booty shorts and a plain white t-shirt. "I just couldn't stop thinking about you. I needed to come over and finish my work day here."

"That's....Saul....I," Brooke started before Saul's lips shushed hers with a wet sloppy kiss. Brooke's eyes closed and a soft moan escaped her lips as Saul's continued to maul hers. Saul's hands began roaming her body, roughly squeezing her breasts and ass. Brooke pushed her breasts into his hand as their kiss grew more intense, neither wanting it to end.

Finally Saul stepped back and wiped the saliva from his lips. He leered at Brooke and her body, his eyes danced over all her curves before settling on her slightly protruding stomach where his offspring was liekly growing. No, he knew for sure it was his. Mark wasn't capable of giving Brooke what she so desperately wanted.

"Saul, if Mark comes home early, Brooke started.

"If he comes home early, so what? He'll realize his biggest fantasy was being fullfilled?" Saul asked.

"It's just, we haven't exactly been keeping him in the loop with things. He's my husband and I've been lying to him about us," Brooke said looking down at the ground.

"He's lied to us!" Saul said throwing his arms up in the air, his messenger bag still slung around his shoulders. "He baited both of us into his office so we could watch us fuck remember? We both know there was a hidden camera in there. He's just too chicken shit to admit it. For all we know he already knows about us and is jerking off just thinking about it."

Brooke winced at the comment. That seemed to have struck a nerve.

"What?" Saul said, "Whats wrong?"

"It's nothing," Brooke said deflating.

Saul stepped up to her and held her cheeks in his fat, sweaty palms, "No, it isn't. Tell me whats wrong?"

"Its nothing. Its' jus that..." Brooke's voice cracked as she spoke, "He still hasn't touched me in what feels like forever. And the last time I tried to initiate anything he said he was busy but then I caught him looking at porn on his computer. I don't think he wants me anymore."

Tears formed at the corners of her eyes. Saul pulled her in close for a hug as he smelt her hair, "Well he's an idiot then. Its sad that he would sit at a computer watcing porn instead of making love to his sexy wife."

"Maybe things will change once the baby is born," Brooke said to herself.

"Who knows," Saul could feel his erection growing in his pants. He put a hand on Brooke's back to hold her in place and pushed his hips forward into hers. He heard a soft gasp escape Brooke's lips.

"I am more than happy to tend to you're needs while your husband drops the ball. I don't understand how he even goes to work. If you were my wife I'd never leave the house. We'd spend all day in bed together. We'd probably be poor as fuck but it would be worth it," Saul

said as he continued to grind his cock into her. Brooke didn't say anything, she just swayed in time with Saul as he rubbed his cock against her through their clothes.

"I have an idea," Saul said as he thumbed the strap of his messenger bag on his shoulder, "Lets go upstairs."

Without waiting for a response, his fingers encircled Brooke's and he led her upstairs.

"What are we doing?" She asked.

"Something wicked. You'll see," Saul led her down the hallway and pushed open the door to Mark's office.

"Saul. What are we doing in here?" Brooke's arms were crossed as she stood by the door. Saul was already inside unzipping his messenger bag and taking out his laptop. He didn't answer. Instead he set up his laptop on the desk and turned it on.

"Saul?"

"I told you, I'm going to work the rest of the day from here," Saul said.

Brooke just shook her head, "I don't....It's not a good idea. Mark could come home at anytime."

"And he'd probably love it like I said. But don't worry, he's still going to be at work for awhile."

"How do you know?" Brooke stepped into the room.

"Because he is in my next meeting," Saul said.

"What?" Brooke asked.

Saul opened Microsoft Teams on his computer and double checked that he had his background blurred.

"Saul what the fuck are you doing?" Brooke asked.

"My meeting is about to start. Its an important one with several directors and one of our customers," Saul said.

"Okay but why the hell are you taking the meeting in Mark's office?" Brooke asked.

Saul reached out and grabbed Brooke's hand and pulled her down onto his lap. She jumped feeling his hard cock press into her as he held her in place. His lips were on hers again, while his hands continued to roam over her body.

Brooke finally broke the kiss and looked over at the laptop worried, “Saul what are you –”
“I’m going to take his meeting here. My background is blurred so no one will know. I don’t even have to speak much just sit here. In the meantime,” Saul grabbed Brooke’s hand and guided down to his hard cock, “I think you should get on your knees and warm me up. Because once the meeting is over I’m going to fuck the shit out of you.”

Brooke gulped and stared at Saul for several seconds. Then a chime came from the computer.

“The meeting is going to start. Better get off the camera Brooke and onto your knees,” Saul grinned and leaned forward to kiss her lips again.

“You’re bad,” Brooke finally said.

“You love it,” Saul chuckled as he pushed her off his lap and down in front of him. Brooke just shook her head at him, with a look that said ‘I can’t believe your doing this but its fucking hot.’

Saul just smirked back and checked the camera. Brooke’s hand were already working on undoing his belt. Before he clicked the button to enter the meeting Saul said, “You know, plenty of people that work from home, take meetings without pants on. I think I should do the same.”

Brooke scoffed below him. Then he heard her make a soft moan as she pulled down his boxers and released his large cock. As Saul clicked the button to enter the meeting, Brooke’s hands wrapped around his shaft and started to stroke him. Saul angled the laptop up a bit so that the top of Brooke’s head didn’t appear in the camera frame.

“Hello everyone,” Saul said as more boxes with faces appeared on screen. One of which was Mark who appeared to be taking the meeting in his office. There were others like their superiors and the team from their client.

Saul muted himself as other voices emanated from the computer.

“I’m muted, so you can go to town Brooke,” Saul said running his fingers through her brunette locks.

With a sly smile on her face, Brooke licked up Saul’s shaft and let her tongue swirl around the head of his cock. Both of her hands wrapped around Saul’s shaft and began stroking him as her tongue kept dancing around his cock.

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“As you all can see from the graphs, we’re progressing on target,” Mark said into the camera. It felt good to be back leading a meeting without the mental fog that had been

plauging him for months. He gave everyone a chance to look at the large window on the screen of a bar graph. He took a second to look over all the attendees faces to try to gauge when they were ready for him to move on to the next slide.

His gaze lingered on Saul's ugly face taking up the monitor. The guy had the most unflattering camera angle imaginable, it was looking up at his face, showing off his double chin. He really should have had it angled right on his face, especially since this was a client meeting.

But there wasn't anything Mark could do about it now. He just couldn't believe that this ugly fucker had actually managed to put his hands on his wife.

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"Mhmhmmhmmmm," Brooke moaned around Saul's beefy cock as it slid in and out of her mouth.

"Was that Mark?" Brooke whispered, pulling her mouth off Saul's cock and looking up at him. Saul just nodded while keeping his eyes trained on the screen.

"It was," Saul said, "It's a good thing he doesn't know what you're doing right now or he'd probably stark jerking off on the conference call right now."

"This is so bad," Brooke said. Saul's hand came to rest on the back of her head. Brooke took the hint, closing her eyes and taking Saul's cock in her mouth again. Her hands stroked his girthy shaft as she tried to muffle the moans escaping her lips.

"Saul, hows the implementation of their system looking?" A voice said from the meeting.

Saul coughed, "All greenlights here. It's a fairly standard case so no major --"

"Uh Saul, I think you're muted," another participant said.

Saul shuffled around on the desk, "Yep, sorry about that. I was just saying that its a fairly standard implementation. Nothing to worry about. We are actually a bit ahead of schedule."

"Great," the voice said again before shifting to another topic.

Brooke let Saul's cock plop out of her mouth and ran her tongue up and down his shaft before delving down towards his balls, where she twirled her tongue around the dense patches of hair down there. She still couldn't believe she was on her knees, doing this while Saul was on a conference call. Let alone the fact that she was doing this with someone other than her husband.

But if this is what Mark was into, at least this way she could somewhat be connected to him. Even if he didn't find her attractive at the moment. But that wasn't a problem for Saul. His hard cock pulsed in her hand, letting her know how much he desired her. She put thoughts of Mark away for now and focused on the slovenly man in front of her.

"Yes it was," Saul said grabbing a handful of Brooke's hair, dragging her face around his ballsack.

"Mhmm," Brooke let out a soft moan, her tongue whirling around Saul's heavy balls. They were so large. She still couldn't believe how big his balls were, her hand could almost struggle to contain them in her palm.

Without thinking, she swirled her tongue around the base of his cock and inched her way back up his shaft. Saul stiffened as her tongue swirled around the head of his cock before she took his girthy cock into her mouth again.

"Mhmmmmmm," Brooke moaned against. His shaft, wet with her saliva let her hand easily stroke it up and down. Wet, squishing sounds filled her ears as she jerked his shaft and sucked every inch of him she could fit in her mouth.

"Excuse me," someone on the call said, "Whoever is slurping their drink or eating could you please mute yourself?"

Brooke froze but Saul's hand on the back of her head forced her down onto his cock. More and more of his cock pushed into the back of her mouth, making her almost gag but she managed to push down her body's reaction.

Saul's hand left her head and went back to the desk, "I'm muted again."

"Fuck," Brooke said taking her mouth off Saul's cock. "Are you sure?" She whispered, "They heard us."

"They did," Saul grunted thrusting his cock up, stabbing against her lip, "But there are plenty of people with their cameras off and their mics open. It could easily be one of them."

"Okay," Brooke said as she closed her eyes and her lips found the tip of Saul's cock again.

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What the fuck was that noise? Was someone drinking a big gulp while in their car? Mark shook his head at the many participants in the meeting without their cameras on. There had to be at least twelve of them. Large meetings like this often roped in tons of people who weren't critical to the meeting but the client and their side wanted all their bases covered in case a question came up.

Mark would have more talking to do after but at least for now he could zone out a little bit and try to figure out what the hell he was going to do about his personal life. His eyes drifted over to the ugly face of Saul on his screen. God he hated him.

“Enough of that,” Saul said, Pulling Brooke up by her hair. “I’m going to turn my camera off.”

“What? Why?” Brooke said disappointed, blowing Saul while he was on a call with a bunch of different strangers had turned her on to the point that she almost wished they could watch her. The fact that Mark was on the call too just made it even more taboo and erotic for her.

“I need to feel you,” Saul said scooting back from the desk.

“Saul, are you saying....”

“Yes,” Saul breathed and pulled her to her feet. Brooke glanced back at the laptop. The voices continued to drone on and on about whatever they were alking about. No one seemed to notice her standing there. She saw Mark’s face and he didn’t looked shocked. In the bottom of the screen she saw the video and microphone turned off.

Before she could realize what was happening, Saul tugged down her little booty shorts. They fell to her ankles and one of Saul’s hands were roughly mauling her ass while the other worked its way into her panties. His fat fingers pressed against her sex and she heard him chuckle.

“Already wet for me I see,” Saul said, “Well I’m going to be a gentlemen and not leave a lady waiting.”

With that, he tugged her panties down and spun her around so that she was facing the camera.

“Bend over Brooke, I’m going to put my cock inside of you. I need to feel you,” Saul grunted standing up from his chair.

“Right here? Now?” Brooke said.

“I can’t wait any longer,” Saul grunted stepping up behind her, his fat cock pressing against her lushious bubble butt.

“Oh fuck,” Brooke moaned feeling his hard cock against her ass. We’re really going to do this.

Brooke bit her lip and looked down at the screen in front of her. She could hear the people talking but not a word registered to her brain. With a smal shake of her head at how crazy

the situation was, Brooke leaned forward, pushing her ass back against Saul's cock and put her elbows on the desk in front of her.

Brooke moved to close the screen of the laptop.

"No. Leave it open," Saul said, as he lined his cock up with her wet pussy.

"But what if — UGH," Brooke grunted as Saul's cock pushed inside of her. She felt her body stretch to accommodate his girth. She went up on her tippy toes at the initial thrust but soon found her footing again.

"That's it. Take it Brooke," Saul grunted as he started fucking her slowly. Brooke felt her braless breasts swaying underneath her t-shirt.

"How's that feel?" Saul grunted from behind her. His fat hands holding onto her shapely hips.

"Ummmfuck Saul it feels good," Brooke moaned, "You're so fucking big. Feels so good."

"You'll have to tell Mark that one day," Saul said. Then he chuckled, "Well maybe today's the day."

Saul pushed his cock all the way into her, making her rest her head on the desk. Saul awkwardly stepped up and to the side while his cock was still buried inside of her and grabbed his laptop.

"What are you doing? Don't turn the camera on," Brooke pleaded, though even if he did she wasn't sure she would stop him from fucking her.

"There," Saul said as he put the laptop back down, "How's that?"

Brooke looked up at the screen and her face twisted in confusion and then resignation. Saul had blown up Mark's window so that it took up the entire screen. His face sat there in front of her, looking intently back through the screen. He nodded along encouragingly as someone else talked but had no idea his wife's eyes were locked onto his as Saul's cock was buried deep inside of her.

"Tell Mark how good it feels now that you've had a real cock," Saul said.

"Fuck," Brooke bit her lip staring at the face of her husband, "It feels so fucking good. So big. I'll never get enough of Saul's big cock."

"And I'll never get enough of this pussy," Saul grunted.

"Look at your husband," Saul said, "Sitting there at work while I get to fuck you. After all the shit he put me through, it looks like I'm the winner. And you know what my prize is?"

“Me,” Brooke grunted thrusting his ass back against Saul’s incoming thrust, “You won me.”

“Damn right,” Saul said as he pulled on her shirt. Brooke shifted and let him pull the shirt over the top of her body, “Lets get you naked for all of Mark’s coworkers to see.”

“Fuck Saul. Thats hot,” Brooke moaned, “Mhmmmmfuck. Uh. Uh. Mhm. Uh. Uh. Uh. Mhmmm.”

Saul kept up his relentless thrusts into the young soon to be mother. Brooke’s fingers splayed out on the desk in front of her. She clenched her eyes closed, bracing herself against Saul’s fucking. When she opened her eyes Mark’s face was looking back at her. His gaze piercing into her soul like he was watching her.

Fuck, the idea of Mark watching her cum on Saul’s cock was pushing her closer and closer to an mind-bending orgasm.

“Uh fuck. Saul. Keep. Mhmmm. Fucking....Don’t stop. I’m so close. Please fuck me,” Brooke whined.

She heard a light chuckle from behind her, “Say my name baby.”

“Saul. Oh fuck SAUL,” Brooke moaned.

“Tell Mark who fucks you the best,” Saul hammered into her, “Tell him.”

“Fuck. Mark. Saul fucks me soo good. The best. He’s the best I’ve ever fucking had,” Brooke knew the words were true the minute they left her mouth. It was so weird to admit it to Mark like this but it felt like a weight was lifted off her shoulders too.

“Thats right Marky-mark,” Saul grunted. His gut rubbing back and forth on the tops of Brooke’s perfect ass as he fucked her with abandon. “I’m the best. The best she ever fucking had.”

“Uhmhmm fuck Saul. You’re the best. The fucking best. Don’t stop fucking me. I’m so close. So fucking close. Don’t stop baby. Saul don’t stop,” Brooke moaned into the desk. Her eyes darted back up to look at Mark. A feeling of guilt spread over her body. She knew she had taken this fantasy too far. Doing these things behind Mark’s back. She felt justified in that Mark had wanted this but she knew she took things into her own hands. But right now she didn’t give a shit as long as Saul kept fucking her so she could cum.

“Brooke,” Saul grunted.

Brooke’s eyes were closed. She loved the way Saul was grunting her name. He was breathing hard. His lifestyle and cigarettes making sure he wasn’t the fittest man but he fucked her like he was training for a marathon.

“Brook?” Saul said again.

“What?” She looked over her shoulder at him. Her brain not understanding how good she was feeling in connection to the utter ugly bastard who was naked behind her. His body disgustingly proportioned but all that mattered was his hard cock inside of her.

“I need to tell you something,” Saul breathed hard. Sweat ran down from his hairline, down his cheek. “Something you should know.”

“What?” Brooke demanded. The sooner he finished talking the sooner she could focus on her impending release. “What is it?”

“On Halloween night. Mark wasn’t in the bedroom. It was just me. And you.” A wicked smile spread across Saul’s face, “Mark never fucked you that night. It was me. Twice. I emptied my balls into you. Filled you with my cum.”

“Oh fuck,” Brooke groaned her head going limp. Saul’s hard cock was thrusting into her at a rapid pace. She knew it wouldn’t be long before he came inside of her. She bit her lip and looked at the picture of her husband on the screen. They locked eyes and Brooke felt her orgasm about to rip her apart.

“No. No way,” Brooke grunted, her body pushing back on Saul’s cock, setting a new pace together. “It can’t be...” she moaned.

“It was. It was all me,” Saul chuckled.

“Do you know what that means?”

“You knocked me up,” Brooke moaned. Saul slammed his cock into her hard causing her head to hit the laptop screen. “You fucking got me pregnant.”

“Mark,” Saul paused for dramatic effect, channeling his best Jerry Springer. “You are not the father.”

“Tell Mark,” Saul said. “Look at his face and tell him who put a baby in you.”

This was too fucking much. Too fucked up and too hot for her. Brooke gritted her teeth and looked up at the laptop screen. She wasn’t sure what happened that night. Maybe Saul was just playing around. Sex talk. Saying this to turn her on but the idea of it....

“Mark,” Brooke said looking at her husband’s face in the laptop screen. This felt so fucked up but she couldn’t deny that she was lost in the moment. Lost in her lust. Ready to follow the flow of whatever happened. As long as Saul didn’t stop fucking her. “Fuck Mark, I’m so sorry. I didn’t know. I swear. I thought it was you. It was supposed to be you. But you weren’t

there. And Saul took advantage. Fuck. He fucked me soo good Mark. So fucking good. And he put a baby in me. He fucked a baby into me Mark.”

“Who put a baby in you Brooke?” Saul grunted. Brooke could feel the sweat on the fat mans body running down her ass crack. His hands gripped her hips tightly as she slammed back into him. Fuck she was so close. All this talk of getting knocked up by him was setting her body into high gear.

“Fuck Saul. You did. You did. You fucked a baby into me Saul you fucking bastard. Don’t stop Saul I’m so fucking close,” Brooke screamed into the laptop as her hips started to buck wildly against him. Saul’s thrusts became faster, more urgent. She knew he was going to blow his load into her soon too. Just the thought of feeling that inside of her....

“And I’m gonna be the one to knock you up next time too. Fill you with my cum and knock you up again,” Saul snarled.

“Ugh fuck. You promise?” Brooke whined, resting her head on the keyboard.

“Fuck yeah,” Saul grunted, “Shit I’m gonna cum Brooke. Gonna fill you the fuck up.”

“Ughhhhhmhmhhh Saul. SAUL. Give it to me. I want it. Give me all of it. Fill me up Saul. Fucking fill me. I want to feel it,” Brooke’s back arched and she pushed herself up off the desk with her hands as she felt Saul’s massive member quiver inside of her. His cock felt like it was expanding.

Brooke’s hand slammed down onto the laptop and her finger spread out as her orgasm rushed through her body.

“MMmmmmhmmAhhhhhhFuucucckkkkkk,” Brooke’s whole body tensed. Pulses of pleasure erupted from her pussy and cascaded throughout her entire being. Her muscles tightened further than she had ever experienced as waves of orgasmic bliss washed over her, “Uhhhhmmmmmmhmmmmuhhhhhhhhhhh.”

Spurts of Saul’s illicit cum shot into her. Slamming into her pussy. Each hot, sticky, shot of his cum intensified what she was experiencing. His guttural groan behind her fueled what she felt. Her heart was beating loudly in her chest, her skin felt flush and she couldn’t catch her breath. Euphoria rushed to her brain as her orgasm hit another level, like heaven had just been injected into her veins. Her pussy tightened around Saul’s cock, milking every last drop of his pleasure delivering seed.

“Ohhhhgod,” Brooke rested her head on the desk feeling completely content. Saul’s cock plopped out of her and she heard Mark’s office chair protest as his weight settled into it.

The meeting went silent for several seconds before Saul turned his camera back on. His face looked red and he seemed out of breath for some reason. The fat ass had probably been away from his computer and had to run to it when he heard his name.

His lips started moving, forgetting he was on camera again.

“Saul,” the same speaker said, “You’re muted again. Whats with the messages in the chat?”

“Sorry,” Saul breathed, “My pussy cat was on the desk and was banging on the keyboard. It won’t happen again.”

“Okay. As long as you are okay. Moving on....”

Mark sighed in relief as he pulled into his driveway. It had been a long day, made even longer by the never ending meeting with one of their clients. It had gone as expected, with plenty of reiterating the same things over and over. One the few blessings was that Saul hadn’t spoken much.

Mark wasn’t sure that he would have been able to hide the disdain on his face. It was one thing for them to interact privately but publically like that in front of his colleagues, Mark didn’t think he would be able to hide his contempt.

Not that he should have to. That fucker was taking liberties with his wife and exploiting a video of his wife from a night Mark could barely remember. He gripped the steering wheel tightly before letting out a long breath to try and calm himself down.

Getting worked up wasn’t going to help his situation but he still couldn’t find a solution to it. Even though the brain fog had been lifted, he still didn’t have an ace up his sleeve to deal with his manipulative coworker.

Maybe it was time to come clean to Brooke and see what they could figure out together. It would be a hard conversation though, one he didn’t even know how to begin.

Mark got out of the car and headed inside his house. Brooke was sitting at the kitchen table, staring down at the cup of coffee in front of her. She looked up at him with red-tinged eyes and gave him a flat smile – communicating the distance between them.

“Hey,” Mark said putting his things down and walking over to her. With each step, he worried that he would scare her off and she would run upstairs. But she stayed there, waiting for him.

“Are you okay?” Mark asked taking a seat next to her. He wanted to reach out and take her hand but he wasn’t sure how she was going to react.

“I don’t know,” Brooke said, “I’m just....thinking about things.”

Mark sighed inwardly. He knew things hadn’t been great between them these past few weeks. He knew she must be feeling lonely and she didn’t understand why he couldn’t get it up for her. He didn’t know why either but lately he was feeling better about it. He was sure he could get it up without the whole fucked up Saul thing. But what was she thinking about? Not a divorce, right?

“Listen, I know things haven’t been great around here lately. And I know a large part of that is on me. I’ve just been out of it lately but I think I’m finally getting past all of it. I feel like I’m getting back to normal, you know? I know I can’t take back the past couple of months but I want to show you that I’m still here. I’m still here in this with you and I don’t want to be anywhere else,” The words flowed out of Mark before he could think up something eloquent to say. He just hoped they were enough to appease her concerns.

“It’s not....that,” Brooke started, “Thank you. It has been hard and I feel like we’ve been drifting apart for awhile. I don’t know if we can go back to how things were before yet but I want to get back to that too. I don’t know what that looks like or how we do it but I want us to be like we were before...before all this.”

“Me too,” Mark said with a flat smile, “I love you Brooke.”

“I love you too,” Brooke sighed. There was something else she wanted to say. Mark tentatively reached out and grasped her hand. His heart jumped when Brooke squeezed his in return. He tried to put an encouraging look on his face, to let her know she could say whatever she wanted. That he was there for her.

Mark braced himself, waiting for her speak.

“How....how do you see Saul fitting into this? With us?” Brooke whispered not meeting his eye.

Mark felt his face grow flush at the mention of his coworker. What the fuck did he have to do with any of this?

“I don’t know what you mean,” Mark tried to keep his anger from seething through. But he must be doing a poor job of it as he saw Brooke wince, “What does he have to do with us? Why are you even bringing him up?”

A look of confusion and hurt spread over Brooke’s face, “Because of everything going on with....well you know.”

“Brooke,” Mark said squeezing her hand and looking her in the eye, “I have no idea what you are talking about. Has Saul been trying to contact you?”

Mark wouldn't put it past the guy to try to reach out to his wife. Especially after all the things that had happened. But he still wasn't connecting the dots here. A sinking feeling was developing in the pit of his stomach and he was on pins and needles waiting for Brooke to say something more substantial.

"Mark," Brooke said in a more serious tone, "We both know about this fantasy of yours. How its the only way you can, well...perform lately. And I wanted to be supportive of it. Even when you pushed for other things to happen, I went along with it for you. I just. I guess I don't know how you want things to be going forward. Do you still want me to see Saul? Do you want to watch him with me? I just don't know how you want us to act going forward. Do I stop seeing him all together. What about –"

"What?" Mark said no longer trying to control his voice, "What do you mean 'still see Saul'? And what you and him to what? Brooke? What the fuck are you talking about?"

"How can you even ask me that?" Brooke said clearly hurt, "After everything. Turning me down. Watching gross porn instead of being with me. Pushing me and him together so you can get off. I am a good wife and I've done everything I can to make you happy so don't try to shame me."

Mark took a deep breath and didn't let go of her hands, even though she tried to pull back from him, "Brooke. I honestly have no idea what you are talking about. What is going on?"

Brooke scoffed and just shook her head, "I know you've been wanting to be arms length from all this but honestly, pretending not to know? Really? We're having a serious conversation about our future and you'll playing that card?"

"Brooke," Mark felt the back of his neck heat up, "When was the last time you saw Saul?"

Something was seriously fucking wrong. What the fuck was she talking about?

"Earlier today," Brooke said meeting his gaze, "He was over here earlier during his conference call. The one you were on."

"WHAT THE FUCK? He was here! In our home? Again? Brooke what the fuck are you talking about?" Mark couldn't control himself anymore. He knew there had been something weird going on with Saul on the call.

"Oh my fucking god," Brooke put her face in her hands, "Are you serious right now? Okay so maybe we didn't give you a heads up about today. I'm sorry but you've been pushing us together for months. Even making Saul uncomfortable with it. You can't have been naive enough to think nothing would happen. Especially since you were so hands off about it when we were together."

“Together!? No. Brooke, you can’t mean. Brooke are you talking about fucking him?” Mark said, his boiling anger roiling inside of him as he felt his stomach drop and a deep sense of betrayal seep in. “Brooke did Saul fuck you?”

“Why the fuck are you so mad at me? This is what you wanted. You’ve been pulling the strings this whole fucking time. At first I didn’t get it but now I don’t know. Its been good.”

“GOOD?” Mark shouted “Brooke what the fuck!? It’s been good? And you’ve been fucking Saul behind my back? I’m not some fucking puppet master I don’t even know what the hell you’re talking about.”

Brooke got up from table and walked away, “I can’t do this right now Mark! Just leave me alone. Its bad for the baby.”

That gave Mark pause. He didn’t want to stress her out and do something detrimental to the baby. They had tried for so long to get pregnant and he knew that stress could be seriously bad and lead to unwanted complications.

He moved after her and caught up to her as she was about to step into the stairs. Grabbing her hand he looked at her with pleading eyes, “Brooke. I’m sorry that things got heated. I didn’t mean to upset you and thats not what I want. I just don’t understand anything thats going on right now. Please can you help me understand. I promise I won’t get mad and yell anymore, okay?”

Brooke closed her eyes and shook her head. A sigh escaped from her lips. Finally she opened her eyes and looked at the ceiling, almost like she was hoping the perfect response was written up there.

“For the past month or so, even since your company Christmas party, we’ve been playing with this fucked up fantasy with Saul. At first, I thought it was disgusting but I saw how much it turned you on so I went along with it. And then it grew into something more than that,” Brooke said looking down at him. “Stop me when any of this sounds familiar. Since that night I’ve had a several encounters with Saul, most of them because you asked me too.”

“Brooke,” Mark said sternly causing her to raise and eyebrow and rest a hand on her stomach. He closed his eyes and let out a long breath, trying again to calm himself down, “Brooke, I genuienlly have no recollection about any of this. About asking you and Saul to be together. Can you help me understand or remember?”

Had he asked for her to do something like this when his brain was fogged up? Maybe she had misunderstood something.

Brooke just rolled her eyes and pulled out her phone. After a few seconds, she handed it to him, “Look, here are the texts you sent. Telling me he was coming over. Keep scrolling there are others where we talk about what could happen and what you want.”

Mark stared at the texts. His brows furrowed as he read through the conversation. Some of it seemed familiar but other parts....

“Hold on,” Mark said turning away from her and rushing back to the table where he left his phone. It was his number Brooke had been texting, that was true. He grabbed his phone and opened it, pulling up their conversation.

Brooke walked up behind him peering over his shoulder, “What is it?”

“These conversations are different,” Mark said turning towards her with both phones, “Look. See here on mine, I’m missing messages on mine. I never sent you those texts and I never got the ones you sent in response. It’s like your phone has an entirely different conversation going at times than mine does.”

“This doesn’t make any sense,” Brooke said looking between both phones. “We talked about this. I know we did. And when I would see Saul, sometimes it was like he had already talked to you about things...”

A lightbulb finally went off in Mark’s head, “That, Mother Fucker!”

Rage swirled in Mark’s head as clarity finally crashed down on him, “All this fucking time.”

“What?” Brooke said, “ Mark what is going on?”

“Saul,” Mark seethed. “That fucking asshole. I’m going to fucking kill him.”

“Mark, what are you talking about? What about Saul? Mark tell me whats going on?” Brooke pleaded.

Mark grabbed his phone from her hand and waved it in front of her, “This is a fucking company phone. It belongs to the company. Saul is in control of IT. He can probably control this thing. He even threatened me when I confronted him about fucking me over by planting fake incriminating emails from me. Brooke, somehow he fucking sent you messages while making sure I never saw them. I never sent any of these.”

“Oh my god,” Brooke’s hand went to her mouth as she processed the information, “I don’t...Mark I don’t understand. He didn’t. But you were pushing for this too. You were into this.”

Mark felt like punching the wall but restrained himself. An act of violence like that might startle Brooke and the baby. He took another deep breath before speaking, “Saul has been

blackmailing me at work. He has a video of us from Halloween night. At that party. He threatened to send it to everyone we know if I didn't go along with it. It was fucked up things that I thought was just him being a pervert and trying to control me but my mind hasn't been right for awhile. I didn't see it all together. Like he wanted to dance with you at the Christmas party. Then to role-play with you, me pretending to be him. He made me record the audio to prove I did it.

Brooke looked on with a horrified expression.

"I tried stopping it. Tried stopping him. But I just couldn't think straight. Everytime he got the better of me and he threat to leak the video. I couldn't let that happen Brooke. I'm sorry, I should have told you but I thought I was protecting you from all of this. But now....fuck. I didn't know he was doing this too. Doing this too you. Fuck."

Brooke sat back down at the table. Silent.

"All this time," she finally muttered. Mark saw her visibly shutter. Then she got up and walked into the kitchen. Mark watched as she grabbed a bottle of wine and then silently cursed and put it back in the cupboard.

Mark stuffed down the burning questions he had. For her sake he couldn't ask them. Right now she needed to process all this, and he did too. He didn't ask how many times Saul had fucked her. Where he had fucked her. What else they had done. Had she enjoyed it. What was it like? How did it compare to him? Fuck, he couldn't ask any of that. Not right now. This wound was still too fresh. Besides she might think he got off on these questions. This situation required a delicate touch. He was just thankful his brain was clear enough that he could approach it properly.

Not like these past couple of months where he couldn't even think straight. That and the difficulty controlling his bowels. Between all of that and this underhanded shit with Saul the past few months had been.....

"Wait," Mark said getting Brooke's attention.

"What?" Brooke asked from the kitchen.

"No..." Mark stood up and started pacing as his mind was grasping at something.

"Mark what is it?" Brooke said looking worried. Like she was bracing for another gut punch of information.

Mark put his hand out, telling her to give him a second. He continued pacing. All of his symptoms, the lack of an erection, the issues with his stomach, the brain fog. Had all of it

happened at the same time as the other stuff with Saul? Was that a coincidence or was it something more?

“The issues I’ve been having,” Mark said pacing back and forth. He looked up at Brooke, “My erectile dysfunction. The shits I’ve been having my brain being foggy. When did all of that start? It was after Halloween right?”

“Yes,” Brooke said slowly, “Maybe it was late November or early December.”

“Right around the same time Saul showed me the video of you,” Mark said.

“Wait, you don’t think...” Brooke said her eyes going wide, “That was around the same time all this Saul stuff started. You don’t think he had something to do with it do you?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know. I mean, I don’t know how it would. It could just be a coincidence. But it feels like he has something to do with it. My gut is telling me he played some kind of part in it,” Mark said.

“Like how? Maybe the stress you were under from work and all this crap with him?” Brooke asked.

“Maybe. I don’t know,” Mark sat down in the chair and ran his hands through his hair, “Could be it maybe. The doctor’s couldn’t find anything wrong, thats why they sent me to that shrink. They thought it was psychological. But maybe theres something more to it.”

“You said you were feeling better. Honestly it does seem like you are a lot better than you have been. Right now you’re like a light bulb shining bright. This is the Mark I know. The past few weeks it felt like that bulb dimmed. I just thought it was because you didn’t want me anymore and were avoiding me.”

“Hey,” Mark said standing up and grasping her upper arms. He looked into her eyes, “Brooke, no way. No fucking way. I love you and I will never not want you. You mean everything to me.”

“Oh, Mark,” Brooke said as she pressed herself into him, her head resting on her chest as she held back tears. “I’ve missed you so much. I don’t know if I would have done what I did if I hadn’t felt like this.”

“Shhh. Its okay. We’ll figure it out together, okay?” Mark said.

Brooke looked up at him, “Okay.” She looked up at his face, “So what happened? What changed? Why are you back to normal? Did something happen?”

“Honestly I have no idea.” Mark shrugged, “I’m not sure what changed. I did the therapy stuff but honestly I don’t think it made any difference. Everything is the same. The only thing

thats different is I've been getting more sleep. Since I haven't been going to the gym everyday."

"So stress and sleep maybe?" Brooke asked. "Did anything change at work?"

"No. Nothing. It's all been the same. I mean, I've been getting in a bit later because I haven't been going to the gym. Heck my last protein shake is still probably in the fridge there."

"Maybe its all the extra sleep then like you said. But your shake is gross, you should really empty it. If you don't it'll probably give you the runs all over again."

Mark smiled and shook his head at such a strange turn the conversation had taken. From serious topics to the idea that his protein shake would make his bowels empty. He scrunched up his eyebrows.

That couldn't be it, could it? Mark went to the otherside of the kitchen and crouched down to open a lower cabinet. He found his large jar of protein powder. After opening it, he gave it a sniffed.

"What is it?" Brooke asked peering over the counter top.

"I was just wondering if my protein powder had gone bad. Maybe that caused all the stomach issues," Mark put the jar of protein back in the cabinet and stood up, "But it smells fine. I don't think thats it."

"Well do you wash it out everytime or just keep refilling it? Could be some bacteria or something in it if you just let it sit there." Brooke asked.

"I always wash it out and dry it. I mix together and put it in the fridge at work before going down to the gym. Then I drink it when I get back upstairs and rinse it out after," Mark said.

"Well I have no idea then. Maybe you just had a bug that was hard to get rid of. Unles..." Brooke trailed off.

"Unless what?" Mark asked.

"When you go down to the gym, its ealry right? Is anyone else usually in the office at that time?" Brooke asked.

"Not really. Only a handful of people. Why?" Mark shrugged.

"I'm not saying this is true or not but last week on Instagram I saw a story about this girl who worked in an office and her food kept being stolen. So she put a bunch of exlax in some brownies she made and quickly figured out who was stealing her food because the other lady kept running the bathroom. I guess it doesn't really make sense here since no

one was drinking your protein powder. Not that they'd want to, that stuff tastes like garbage" Brooke shook her head.

Mark just stared at her for several seconds.

"What?" Brooke asked.

"Saul is one of the people who are usually in the office early," Mark said. "He would have had the time to put something in my shake."

"Thats...." Brooke trailed off as she bit her lip and looked out the window, "That can't be a coincidence."

"I don't think it is," Mark agreed.

"Did....did you see the video? The one you said from Halloween?" Brooke said quietly.

"Yeah. Part of it at least," Mark said.

"What....um...happens in the video?" Brooke whispered.

"It's hard to make out everything but its of us having sex," Mark said.

Brooke let out a long breath and some of the tension relaxed from her shoulders, "Okay. Thats good. I mean, its not good. I don't like that he has a video of me in the act. It actually creeps me out. But I'm just.....its good that...you know, its just a video of us."

"Yeah," Mark started not really understanding what she was getting at.

"So in the video, you see me?" Brooke asked.

"Yeah," Mark said as he felt a fresh wave of anger begin to rise from within himself. He clenched his jaw, trying to suppress another outburst.

"And you?" Brooke asked, "Did you see yourself in the video?"

"Yes Brooke I saw me in the video....well...." Now that Mark was thinking about it, had he seen himself in the video? He was so fixated on Brooke being in the video and overwhelmed by being blackmailed that some of the details weren't entirely clear.

"Mark, what is it?" Brooke spun back towards him, tears in the corners of her eyes.

"I only saw it for a few seconds. And I'm sure it was me in the video. I just can't, can't exactly recall seeing myself."

"How do you know for certain it was you in the video?" Brooke asked.

“Who else would it be Brooke? Who else would be having sex with you back on Halloween?” Mark said.

Brooke just looked at him, her eyes staring at the floor. “Saul,” she whispered.

Mark just stared at his wife. She took a deep breath and continued, “Earlier today...when he was here. He said that you didn’t have sex with me that night at the party. That it was him. That he fucked me. He said it was him who got me pregnant, not you.....”

“That...can’t be true,” Mark’s brain was going a mile a minute thinking about what Brooke just said. Trying to put the timeline together. The more he thought about it, the more his horror only grew at the possibility. Most of his recollection of that night was pieced together by other people’s stories. One of which was Saul who had clearly been in the bedroom while Brooke was having sex. Close enough to record it. But why would Mark allow that? There was no way that Saul had fucked Brooke that night....could there be?”

“I thought it was just..uh...sex talk,” Brooke said looking away from him, “But now I don’t know.”

Brooke’s hands went to her stomach, “Mark this baby is yours right? It has to be? I can’t –”

“Shhh,” Mark pushed the rage in his stomach down and stood up and consoled his wife, taking her into his arms, “He was just being an asshole. We both know that baby is mine. Don’t let him get in your head.”

“Mark what are we going to do?” Brooke pleaded.

“I don’t know,” Mark lied, “We’ll think of something.”

.....
“Uh fuck,” Saul groaned, “I’m going blow.”

“Ughhhh,” Saul grunted as his cum shot out of his cock into Debra’s mouth. Fuck that feels amazing.

Saul ran his hands through Debra’s hair affectionately as she kneeled under his desk. Saul made sure that she had swallowed the last drops of his cum before he let her stand up. The woman didn’t look at him but quickly put herself together, smoothing out her dress and exiting his office.

Soon, he would fuck her too. For now she was still just coming to understand how much control he had over her. There were even a few other candidates he found in the office that might be ripe for the picking. Based on their emails he suspected he could tip things in his favor.

Saul just chuckled to himself at the idea of turning the office into his own personal harem. Sleeping with coworkers or coworkers wives.

But his favorite conquest would always be Brooke. Knocking Mark down a few pegs had been sweet. But not as sweet as thrusting his raw cock inside of Mark's wife and having her cream on his cock. He couldn't wait to fuck her again, he just needed to figure out where Mark's head was at now that he wasn't drinking his protein powder concoction.

Whatever. Saul had them completely in his pocket. He pulled up his pants and secured his belt, then opened a drawer on his desk and grabbed a pack of cigarettes. Nothing like a smoke after a fresh fuck.

Saul slid out of his office and made his way towards the obscured back stairwell. He passed Debra's desk, and she made a point of not looking up at him. Saul just grinned, envisioning what her face would look like once he stuck his cock into her.

He passed by several other cubicles until he found himself walking down the back hallway that didn't see much use. He checked over his shoulders again to see if anyone was watching him before he ducked into the stairwell, closing the door behind him.

A couple flicks of his lighter, and Saul was inhaling that sweet nicotine deep into his lungs. Maybe he'd get Debra to blow him in here while he had a smoke next time. Saul only managed to take a few more drags from the cigarette before the door to the hallway opened.

Saul jumped, worried about being caught smoking inside but he quickly relaxed when he saw who it was.

"What do you want Mark?" Saul sneered turning his attention back to his cigarette.

"I know what you did asshole," Mark stomped up to him as the door closed behind him with a thud. Mark towed over him, staring daggers at him.

Saul took a step back and found himself in the corner of the stairwell. Mark kept pressing into his personal space.

"You're going to have to be more specific," Saul said stepping around Mark to give himself some breathing room. He took another long drag of his cigarette before turning back to the enraged husband.

"All of it. You mother fucker. You spiked my drinks didn't you?" Mark whispered hoarsely.

Saul couldn't help himself. A sly grin spread onto his face, "Now where would you get an idea like that? Trying to record me again and incriminate me?"

“No,” Mark smiled. The smile made Saul uneasy, it didn’t reach Mark’s eyes but he didn’t understand what Mark was getting at. Mark continued to stalk him in circles around the small landing. Saul passed the stairs going up to the next floor, then the stairs leading down before he found his back close to the concrete wall.

“All this time. Brooke told me what you said to her. That video you made on Halloween night. Tell me, who was in it? Who was fucking my wife?” Mark seethed.

“Well I’m impressed. It seems like you finally figured some things out. Bravo,” Saul said, “It doesn’t change anything though.”

“So it was you,” Mark’s hands were clenched in fists at his side, “You fucked her that night.”

“And several times since then,” Saul sneered at him as they continued to move around the landing. Saul wasn’t about to be intimidated by this little shit. Not when he controlled everything that happened at this place now, “Each and everytime I’ve had your wife moaning my name. She even said that I’m packing more than you down there. How does it feel knowing I’ve touched parts of your wife that you’ll never reach?”

“Just give me the fucking video Saul. Now,” Mark said.

“No. I don’t have it on me,” Saul decided to twist the knife a bit more, “Besides you haven’t even seen the real video. The one you saw was lets just say PG-13. You should see the R-rated one I have at home. Brooke really knows what shes doing — AHHH.”

Mark’s hands were on Saul’s shoulders. Mark grunted and pushed Saul backwards. Saul fell backwards but his feet couldn’t find the ground. His visions shifted and he was looking up at the bottom of the staircase above him, his brain not understanding what was happening.

CRUNCH

Saul heard a nauseating sound that hit his brain at the same time as a wave of pain. Then everything went black.

Mark looked down the staircase at the crumpled body on the next landing. He had been worried he would feel regret or shame at his actions. Instead he felt completely justified. I wonder what Doctor Creed would say about this?

Mark took in the image of Saul’s broken body, twisted at the bottom of the staircase. He watched as Saul’s wheezing breath slowed and then eventually stopped. Mark hurried

down the staircase and went through Saul's pockets. He took out Saul's keys and cellphone, using Saul's face to unlock the device.

Then he hurried back up the stairs and exited the stairwell. Thankfully no one was there in that deserted hallway past the bathrooms. Mark took a deep breath and slowed his heart rate, sliding Saul's keys into his pocket as he casually walked back to his office.

No one stopped him along the way. Mark quickly closed his door and dove into Saul's phone. Within a few minutes he had figured out Saul's home address and had deleted the video of Brooke off Saul's phone. In Saul's hubris or laziness, Mark also found the application that let him text with Brooke pretending to be Mark.

As he read through the messages his blood began to boil again. Mark deleted the conversation with Brooke but let several other suspicious messages on the device. There were no cameras in the stairwell or in the hallway leading to it. Mark had triple checked that.

He waited with baited breath to see if Saul's body would be discovered before the end of the day. When five o'clock came, his coworkers began filtering out of the office. Mark followed his coworkers to the banks of elevators and headed down. Some people would take the front staircase that lead out onto the parking lot but he doubted many would take the back one.

Mark didn't drive home. Instead he headed towards Saul's place. He parked a few blocks away and pulled on a hat and hoodie before making his way to Saul's house. He let himself in and quietly stalked through Saul's house. He passed the bedroom with the dirty bed and imagined Brooke laying there on her back, moaning in pleasure while Saul fucked her senseless. He couldn't let himself get distracted.

Soon enough he found the small office he was looking for. Inside there was a small desk and a computer. Being careful not to leave any fingerprints, Mark was happy to see that the computer wasn't password protected. He did a quick scan through the media files on it but didn't find the video with Brooke.

Mark looked through the desk drawers until he found a portable hard drive with 'Brooke' scribbled on it.

Not wanting to linger there longer than he had to. He took the harddrive, wiped down everything he touched and left the house. Mark walked the opposite way from his car, cutting down back alleys while ditching the hoodie and hat before circling back to his car.

In the morning he would head into work early like normal and put Saul's phone and keys in his desk. Hopefully the body wouldn't be discovered by then.

For now it was time to head home.

That night, Mark looked at the files on the portable hard drive. Sure enough there were two videos. The edited one Saul had shown him before and a much longer, unedited version that showed it was clearly Saul fucking Brooke on Halloween night. Mark had to steady the rage boiling under his skin as he skipped through the videos and heard the familiar sound of his wife experiencing orgasmic bliss. But he had never heard her cum so hard as she had that night with Saul.

He wanted to be mad at her but he was really mad at Saul and himself. Saul for taking that step and putting them on this path and himself for letting it happen.

Mark unplugged the hard drive and went downstairs to where Brooke was curled up on the couch watching TV.

“It’s over,” Mark said.

“What do you mean?” Brooke paused the show she was watching, “Whats over?”

“Everything with Saul,” Mark said laying the hard drive down on the table. “He won’t be bothering us again.”

“Really?” Brooke cringed seeing her name on the hard drive. “What did he say? What happened?”

“Listen,” Mark said, “Let’s never talk about him again, okay? Its better if I don’t give you all the details. I’m sure you may hear something soon but you need to keep a lid on all of this. We can’t ever speak about it.”

“Mark, what did you do?” Brooke asked.

“What I had to do,” Mark said, “For us. For our family.”

Brooke stared at him for several seconds before she stood up and hugged him. They held each other like that for awhile before she broke the hug and grasped the hard drive. She marched into the kitchen and threw it in the garbage.

“Let’s go upstairs,” Brooke grabbed him by the hand and lead him up to their bedroom. He made a mental note to fish the hard drive out of the garbage tomorrow and wipe the files from it.

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The rest of Brooke's pregnancy was uneventful. Everything went off without a hitch. Mark had been worried about the actual birth experience but it went smoothly and both Brooke and their son were healthy.

A few weeks after the birth of their baby boy. Mark was in the nursery, rocking him back and forth as the baby's eyes started to flutter and close. Brooke was in the bath, taking a much needed break.

Alone in the nursery, Mark held the baby and scanned the child's features. His heart dropped yet again when he didn't see any of himself in the boy. The baby had Brooke's eyes and complexion but the large, slightly hooked nose told Mark the truth.

Everytime the baby smiled, Mark's stomach turned in knots. He saw his old coworker's sneer in that smile. The one who had tragically fallen in the stairwell while sneaking a cigarette. The same coworker whose misdeeds are quietly been covered up after they were discovered.

But Mark had committed himself to loving this child. It was an extension of Brooke, no matter what and he wasn't going to stop loving her. Both of them knew the truth but neither would outright acknowledge it. They had already talked about having a second child one day and Mark would damn well make sure he was there for the conception.

Mark shifted and leaned over the crib, setting his son down. He backed out of the room slowly, easing the door closed and pausing to listen for any sign of him stirring. After a few minutes he finally breathed out and let himself slink away.

Mark retreated to the bedroom and flopped onto the bed to check his work emails. Sounds of the bathtub filling from their ensuite bathroom filled the room, even though the door was closed. Brooke was likely adding more water to keep it warm for herself. But he could swear he heard something else.

Mark sat up, putting his phone down to listen closer. He could swear there were soft moans interspersed with the sounds of the tub. Mark tip-toed to the bathroom door and put his ear against it.

His mind must be playing tricks on him. Maybe he was just extra horny, since they hadn't really been together since the birth. All he could hear was the sound of the bath filling up and –

“Mhmmm,” a soft moan from Brooke barely audible over the sounds of the bath filling up again.

Mark grinned and gripped the door handle. If Brooke was in the mood he would be more than happy to step up with his husbandly duties and oblige her. He slowly twisted the door knob and edged the door handle open.

Warm steam hit his face, but he quickly got his bearings. The mirror was fogged up but his eyes locked onto his beautiful young, brunette wife in the tub. Her back was to the door and she was slouched down so her head was just above the water.

She probably didn't hear him enter over the sound of the roaring water. Or maybe it was the AirPods in her ears. Mark stood frozen at the door watching his wife.

"Mhmmmmmm," she moaned softly to herself, bubbles hiding her naked flesh from view. Mark felt his heart drop as he saw the screen of the iPad she was holding. He recognized the video playing.

"Mmmhmm fffuck," Brooke moaned low again as the water shifted. Something was going on below the water and Mark easily guessed what it was.

Saul's ugly face was on the screen, his tongue pushing into a sleepy looking Brooke's mouth, as his face contorted in pleasure. The older man was fucking her on Halloween night and Brooke seemed to be loving every second of it.

Mark took in the scene for a few more seconds before stepping back and easing the door shut.

I thought we threw that hard drive out. If she has that video on her iPad.....she had to have gone into the garbage to get it and transferred the video over.

Mark was still gripping the doorknob, unsure what to do when a sound snapped him out of his trance.

"Oh ffuck. Saul. I'm cumming. Mmmhmmmmffffuucckk," Brooke moaned from the other side of the bathroom door.

Mark let go of the doorknob and slowly retreated out of the bedroom. He needed to go to the kitchen and make himself a stiff drink.