

Tainted Conception by Don Silver

Chapter 3

It's New Year's Eve, and Mark and Brooke are holding a party for their closest coworkers and friends. Unfortunately, Saul has his own plans and decides to crash the party.

Thank you to everyone who has contributed great ideas to this story as well as my lovely editors. Roxy as always for the medical advice.

I'm very curious to know what you all think about this story and the direction it is taking, I am currently deciding on what the future of this series will be like. I have lots of directions I could take it but I don't want it to overstay its welcome either - please let me know what you think!

Here it is my friends,

A series of unread emails displayed on Mark's monitor. His attention was torn away from his work and onto his wife Brooke's incoming text messages on his phone.

> I just finished picking up all the booze and food we need tonight.

> I'll start laying things out in the backyard when I get home.

The young couple were hosting a New Year's Eve party in their backyard tonight. It wasn't going to be as large or crazy as Dave's Halloween party, but they still expected a couple dozen friends and coworkers to attend.

Mark was looking forward to relaxing and throwing back a few drinks in the safety of his own home. The last few weeks at work had been incredibly stressful for him. Since he had given in to Saul's demands, his personal and professional life had been thrown into complete disarray.

Saul now had an unchecked level of authority at work that he wasn't afraid to throw around. He had recently enacted new security protocols. Both Mark and Dave had each felt the sting of Saul's new position. Privately, Dave had rightly placed some of the blame on Mark for letting the asshole steamroll him without putting up a fight. Dave couldn't understand why Mark had endorsed Saul over email several weeks ago.

He couldn't tell his best friend about Saul's compromising material on Brooke. He also couldn't tell him about the wrench Saul had thrown into their marriage and the liberties he had taken with her at the company Christmas party. Mark wasn't even clear himself on everything Saul had done with Brooke. When she tried to tell him, he'd shut down. He knew the extent of what happened but couldn't bear to hear the details.

His sweet, loving wife now thought Mark had some weird fetish about seeing her with another man. Namely his workplace rival Saul. It broke his heart to keep lying to her to protect her, only to see her continue to support his supposed fantasy. She had been so caring, patient and understanding while he struggled to get the scripted words out.

She'd even gone so far as to dance with Saul at the Christmas party. She told him afterwards that Saul had taken her off the dance floor and had touched her, and she had touched him. She had done it for Mark, assuming he was nearby and watching. That she was seeking his approval by telling him what they'd done twisted the knife even further.

Unfortunately, Mark was doubled over in the bathroom while she was alone with Saul. He had seen them on the dance floor and had found himself sporting a massive erection, something he hadn't been able to achieve in the weeks prior. Getting hard while seeing his wife in the arms of another man didn't make sense. He wondered if the impending responsibilities of fatherhood had short-circuited his sex drive. The only times he'd felt his cock stir recently was picturing Brooke with Saul. Mark was worried that recent events with Saul had stained his mind.

His doctor couldn't find anything wrong with him. She'd run a battery of tests, but everything came back clean. She thought his erectile dysfunction and frequent trips to the bathroom were likely the result of stress and anxiety. Mark had left the doctor's office with a referral to a psychiatrist with whom he would follow up in the new year.

Mark shook his head, trying to dislodge the thoughts. He just needed to get through a few more meetings, and then he would be back home and could relax and have a good time at the party. He thumbed a response to Brooke.

> Awesome, thanks for that babe. I'm going to duck out of here early. I should be home around 5:30. We'll set up everything and get some food on the grill before everyone arrives.

> I love you, babe.

He smiled as he saw three little dots appear on the screen. Brooke was typing a response.

> I love you too, baby. More than anything. Well, maybe the little one in my tummy has you beat ;)

> Come home to me soon. ❤️

For a moment, everything else seemed to melt away. He couldn't wait to leave work behind and spend time alone with Brooke before the party. Mark hoped that if he was lucky, his dick would cooperate, and they could have fun before their guests arrived.

Clicking away from his emails, Mark stood up and slid his phone into his suit jacket pocket. He took one last swig of his protein powder and headed out of his office and down the hall to a conference for his next meeting.

Saul watched Mark from the crack in his office door. He saw the man enter a conference room at the end of the hall. Saul gently closed his door, shuffled back around his desk and turned his attention to his computer.

While his new position had led to increased responsibility and some additional recent direct reports, the best thing about it was the access. Upon assuming his new role, Saul immediately fired the only other person at the company who understood how their network and devices worked. He now had access to everything and no one to keep him in check or rat him out.

His eyes gleamed as he read through the text exchange between Mark and Brooke. Mark stupidly got rid of his personal device when the company offered to pay for his phone plan and gave him a new smartphone.

Saul now had access to every mobile device in the company and could easily monitor everything Mark did, including his communications. Mark had agreed to the company having this level of access to his data when he accepted the phone, after all.

> I love you too, baby. More than anything. Well, maybe the little one in my tummy has you beat ;)

> Come home to me soon. ❤️

A smile spread across Saul's face at the acknowledgement of the child growing in Brooke's belly. He was positive that the child was his after his encounter with Brooke on Halloween night.

He clicked on a few prompts on the monitor before him, enabling the real-time communication software to which he had recently upgraded the company. He had buried this upgrade purchase in his budget, wondering if anyone would approve of its capabilities.

It allowed him to put anyone's device into a sandbox environment, allowing Saul to control all communications that ultimately passed through it. He had been thinking about this since the night of the Christmas party, and now it was time to try it out.

With Mark's device in the sandbox, he could text Brooke from Mark's number. Her messages would never reach Mark's phone unless he wanted them to.

He typed up a message and pressed send.

Brooke walked up the sidewalk to her front steps, purposely ignoring the stares of the teenage boys across the street. They had been talking loudly and shouting but had gone quiet as soon as she'd appeared. She could feel their eyes on her. She couldn't blame them. She knew she looked appealing today, sporting a dark pink tank top and a pair of maternity Lululemon pants. Even though her brunette hair was thrown up in a messy bun, she still felt sexy.

The young men's eyes roaming her body further confirmed that men still found her attractive, even though her husband didn't seem to. Ever since she revealed she was pregnant, it was like a switch had gone off in his brain: he couldn't get it up for her anymore, no matter how much effort she put into arousing him.

He claimed it was work stress, but she just knew it was about her. Everything else about their life was fine, but she'd never felt more alone. The attention from the neighborhood boys invigorated her. She knew her hormones were out of whack due to the pregnancy, but she was so horny lately that any kind of male attention seemed to make her weak in the knees.

Her phone buzzed in her purse as she closed the front door behind her. Brooke set the grocery bags and booze on the kitchen counter and pulled out her phone. There was a new message from Mark.

Brooke's eyes grew wide as she read her husband's message.

> Should I invite Saul?

She felt her heart immediately start to beat heavily in her chest. She had tried not to think about Mark's coworker, but he kept slipping into her thoughts. The events of the Christmas party and Mark's admissions of his secret fantasy were still fresh in her memory. Brooke closed her eyes and thought back to Saul's cock jutting out from between her thighs as she had stroked it and rubbed it against herself. It had left a considerable amount of cum on the floor in front of her because of her.

She knew it was wrong to think about. It was abhorrent. She was married and a soon-to-be mother. Saul was much older than her and wasn't her type at all; quite the opposite. He was a smoker and didn't take care of himself. He wasn't the least bit pleasant to look at.

But she had wanted to support Mark's sexual interests, which seemed to make him hard for her. She just wished he could get hard for her without this messed-up fantasy of his. Maybe after the baby was born, things would be different.

Still, she couldn't help but find herself somewhat drawn to the idea of Saul. That man being in their home should not happen. It was so utterly against what Mark should want. Then again, she was learning about a new side to her husband she had not previously been aware of.

The fact that Mark was bringing up Saul made her happy. It meant he was thinking sexually about her, a thing he hadn't seemed interested in since the night after the Christmas party. She tried to frame this as a season in their long life together, a phase they could work through and be done with. She wanted to make her husband happy and fulfill his fantasies. She decided to lean in and try to be flirtatious with Mark.

She typed back.

> Mark.....if you invite him....who would I kiss at midnight when the ball drops?

Brooke wanted to put her groceries away, but her eyes stayed glued to her phone, wondering how her husband would respond. It took forever before his response finally appeared. Oddly the usual three dots indicating he was typing never displayed.

> May the best man win

Brooke smirked; she loved Mark, but he was terrible at flirting. She would have to pull what Mark really wanted out of him.

> What if he gets to me first? Would you really want Saul to kiss me in front of all our friends? In front of your coworkers?

It didn't take Mark as long to respond this time.

> Well, maybe you'll have to give him a kiss in private. Like, maybe in the bedroom?

Brooke's mouth dropped open. Mark had gone from barely flirting to full-on suggesting she hook up with his coworker. She didn't think she was ready for that, but she didn't want to dash her husband's hopes either and kill the sexual interest he was showing in her.

> Mark. Are you seriously thinking about inviting him tonight? Won't your coworkers find that weird? I thought you hated the guy.

She tried to distract herself and put some groceries into the fridge. When she turned her attention back to the phone, another message from Mark was waiting for her.

> I am inviting him. They don't need to know he is there. Everyone will be out in the backyard. I'll keep everyone entertained outside while you keep him entertained upstairs.

Brooke couldn't believe what she was reading. Was Mark really suggesting this? She was ashamed to find that she was growing wet. She thumbed a message back.

> Is this really what you want?

She couldn't wait for a reply. She pressed the phone button and called Mark. It went straight to voicemail. A message popped up as she put her phone down on the counter.

> Sorry, stuck in a little meeting. I do want this, more than you know. Before the ball drops, head up to the bedroom. I'll let Saul know. Part of what's hot for me is the idea of you kind of stepping out. Let's not talk about this anymore until after the party. We should act naturally around everyone and let the fun play out. It'll be so hot being at the party, being the only one who knows what you are doing with Saul upstairs.

Brooke looked longingly at the booze on the counter. She had just gotten used to the idea of not drinking or doing anything ("having any fun," as she called it in her head) to affect the baby, but Mark's message had seriously rocked her. Sighing, Brooke focused on her breathing exercises. She needed to settle herself down. She bit her lip and typed a response to her husband.

> Okay. I'll do it. I don't know if I'm ready to give myself to someone else but I'll 'entertain' him. I love you. ❤️❤️❤️

Brooke stood admiring her appearance in her bedroom's full-length mirror. She looked at her impressive breasts held up by her burgundy lace bra. She loved how her freshly curled hair hung down next to her breasts, framing her face and cleavage.

She twisted to look at her ass. Her matching panties hugged her shapely backside. She thought her body looked great, but a seed of doubt still ate away at her. She hadn't felt like this before she got pregnant. Mark usually drooled over her and couldn't keep his hands off her, but lately, it seemed he wasn't interested in her. She composed herself and focused on her face, putting on the same confident appearance she'd worn for most of her adult life. Only now, it felt hollow and insincere.

Brooke padded across the warm carpet and entered her walk-in closet. She ran her hands over her clothes until she found it the perfect dress for their New Year's party tonight.

She stepped back out into the bedroom and checked her phone. Mark still wasn't home less than an hour before people started arriving. He'd promised to come home early after his meetings were done, but now he was running late. She didn't want to read too much into that and had to focus on getting ready. She'd spent too much time preparing for the party without her husband, and now she was running behind.

Glancing at herself in her underwear one last time, Brooke turned her attention to the burgundy sequin dress on the bed. She loved this dress and how it made her feel. Whenever she wore it, all eyes were inevitably drawn to her. She gently eased the hanger out and pulled the dress over her head. She pulled it tightly down her body and turned to appraise herself.

The dress ran down to her mid-thighs, just a few inches below her panties. It hugged her hips and made her ass look even shapelier than usual. It was tight around her chest, her breasts pushing against the fabric. The dress came up to her collarbone, and the loose sleeves ran down to her wrists. While the cut on her upper torso might be considered conservative, the way it shaped her body was anything but.

After putting on her wedding ring and earrings from her nightstand, the only thing left was to find her matching heels in her closet and zip her dress up. As she started to look through her shoe box, she heard the door open and close downstairs.

Her heart skipped a beat. It better be Mark coming home to get ready for the party, but she worried it might be his coworker Saul arriving early. She didn't know what she would do if that happened, trying to entertain him while her guests were due to show up any minute.

She moved to the hallway and looked down the banister to see Mark ascending the staircase.

"Sorry. I know. I'm late. I got held up with an urgent task that popped up unexpectedly," Mark said, raising his hands defensively. "I'm going to jump in the shower quickly, then I'll get changed and help get things set up out back..."

He stopped in his tracks as his brain finally registered what his wife was wearing, "Wow. Brooke. You look amazing. That dress is...just wow." His eyes traced the curves of her body, ogling her up and down.

Brooke beamed at the compliment, despite the nagging voice telling her it wasn't sincere, "It's been a while since I've worn it. I figured you might like showing me off tonight."

Mark finished climbing the stairs and stood right in front of his wife. "The ball in Time Square tonight couldn't hold a candle to you in that dress, babe."

He leaned in and kissed her. Brooke felt her knees bend involuntarily as she returned his kiss. She reluctantly broke it a few seconds later to look up at her husband. "People are going to be here soon. You need to jump in the shower, and I need to find my shoes and double-check everything downstairs."

She hurried into the bedroom and across to the closet. Mark followed her and started disrobing as he headed on into their adjoining bathroom. Brooke found the pair of heels she wanted and sat on the bed to slip them on.

The sound of the shower starting caught her attention. "Mark?" she called.

Her husband popped his head out from behind the door, "Yeah? What's up?"

"Are you sure?" Brooke asked as she finished tying the leather lace behind her heel. "I mean, about tonight?"

"Yeah," Mark replied nonchalantly, "of course, I mean, too late to back out now, right?"

Mark's head disappeared, and she heard him getting into the shower.

"Yeah," Brooke said uncertainly as she looked at herself in the mirror one last time. As she left the bedroom and headed downstairs, she thought about what might happen around midnight. It disturbed her that the wife she saw in the mirror seemed to be looking forward to it.

Mark dried himself off as he walked into the bedroom. He thought he'd had his work day on autopilot, but by the time he'd gotten out of his back-to-back meetings, he'd been hit with several urgent emails all at once.

If he hadn't known better, he'd have thought the senders had conspired to send him their requests simultaneously. He'd only had to stay a little later than planned while he tried to bang out all the replies. But then he'd hit a ton of traffic on the way home, greatly extending his commute.

He sat down on the bed next to the ironed clothes Brooke had laid out for him. Mark breathed slowly, trying to expel the stresses of the day. Things at work weren't great at the moment, but he was determined to figure out how to get through them.

His brain still felt foggy; he hoped that his impending meeting with the psychiatrist might help alleviate his issues, or at least help him see beyond them. Until then, he planned on having a couple of extra drinks tonight to self-medicate.

Just as he finished getting dressed and was about to head downstairs to help his wife, he felt his stomach gurgle, and he quickly retreated into the bathroom.

The first guests began to arrive a few minutes after Mark finally came downstairs. Brooke played hostess in the backyard as other partygoers started to filter in. Some entered through the side gate as instructed, while others came in through the front door, which they had left unlocked for the time being.

Brooke glanced over at Mark, who was beginning to get some burgers and hotdogs on the grill. Thank goodness they lived in Southern California and not New York. The people on the TV under the patio looked like they were freezing their butts off in Time Square.

It wasn't lost on Brooke that her dress was drawing the eye of many men and some women in attendance. She pretended not to notice as she navigated the crowd, engaging in some small talk with each guest while she was giving them directions to the beverage cooler and other amenities for the night. The attention she was receiving gave her some confidence that the issues she and Mark had been having in bed were not due to any loss of her looks.

She was thankful that she hadn't seen Saul yet. Part of her wondered whether he would actually make an appearance or if Mark was just teasing her. Almost like a fantasy foreplay to them messing around tonight.

Brooke decided it was a good time to check on the food. While there was plenty of pasta salad, regular salad and other munchies, she still wanted to see how Mark was making out on the grill. She casually strolled up behind her husband as he was flipping a patty. Mark sipped on a beer as he talked with his friend Dave from work.

"It's just annoying, man. It's like, for the past month, that douchebag has just been on a meteoric rise at the company. I still can't quite figure out how no one sees through his complete bullshit," Dave complained as Mark nodded.

"He is so self-righteous over email and in meetings too, I can't believe people don't see through it. He's always putting up some dog and pony show for the execs. It's like he's overcompensating for lacking in other areas."

"What do you mean?" Mark asked, sounding a little confused.

Brooke knew her husband was off his game lately. He'd complained of brain fog, but she was concerned that he wasn't picking up on the obvious innuendo from Dave. She slid up behind him and dropped herself into the conversation.

"He means," she said in a low voice that only they could hear, "that he thinks your coworker isn't packing much below the belt, dear."

"Oh," Mark chuckled. "Yeah, Dave, you're probably right about that."

"What do you think, Brooke? Women's intuition and all that?" Dave asked. "Do you think Saul has a smaller weenie than the one Mark's grilling right now?"

Brooke blushed and tried to hide her embarrassment, knowing full well exactly how much Saul was packing after their encounter at the Christmas party. She smiled and said slightly louder, "The only package I think about is my husband's. Besides, it's not proper for the lady of the house to comment on such small, trivial matters."

Dave laughed a little too loudly. He must have consumed a few drinks without her noticing. She winked at her husband, then sauntered off to speak to a new couple that had just arrived.

Several hours into the party, everyone aside from Brooke seemed to enjoy the free alcohol. The sun had set hours ago, and now the backyard was only illuminated by some orange Edison bulbs hanging from fixtures over their patio and by the hazy streetlights beyond their fenceline. Everyone talked at slightly exaggerated volumes, letting loose precisely as the couple had planned. Brooke wished she could engage in the festivities more thoroughly, but she couldn't drink for another eight months.

She smiled, looking around. The party was already a success and was unfolding without any further real intervention being required from her. Brooke glanced at her phone and saw that midnight was only thirty minutes away. She kept scanning the crowd but still hadn't seen Saul yet. If he wasn't here yet, she was probably in the clear. Still, she couldn't help but feel an anxious dread, which she refused to admit might be compounded with anticipation.

Brooke made her way through the crowd and finally caught sight of her husband telling an animated story to a group of his coworkers. She knew there would be a big laugh in a few minutes and everyone in the backyard would turn their heads to see what caused it. Mark was a master storyteller and knew how to hold an audience's attention in the palm of his hand.

They locked eyes, but Mark never missed a beat in telling his story. He nodded to her and smiled. Brooke nodded back, forcing herself to grin. She took this exchange as her cue.

<i>Mark must realize what time it is as well.</i>

She took a deep breath, turned on her heel, and returned to the house.

Brooke felt her heart beating rapidly as she headed into the house and closed the patio door behind her. The music and sounds of the party muted themselves as she made her way through the darkened first floor. She'd strategically left the light on to the main floor bathroom, making it seem occupied to discourage people from spending time inside. She hated cleaning up after a party.

She still hadn't seen Saul make an appearance. Part of her wondered whether he would show up at all; maybe Mark was just messing with her, and this would all turn out to be part of some elaborate roleplay of his.

Either way, she felt her body heating up as she climbed the staircase towards the upper level. She crept down the hallway until she was outside her bedroom door. She steadied herself and took a deep breath before opening the door and peering in.

The bedroom was empty. She sighed, walked in and sat down on the bed. Brooke listened to the revelry outside and wondered what she was doing up here alone. The countdown would happen soon; she didn't want to miss all the excitement.

As she thought about getting up and returning to the party, she smelled it. Her nostrils itched at the scent of cheap gas station cologne and old cigarettes. Her eyes immediately went to the door as it slowly swung open.

Standing there at the threshold to her marital bedroom was Mark's hated coworker, Saul. He stood there in a pair of oversized pants and a wrinkled dress shirt, looking like he had come directly from the office. His beady eyes stared at her, his pockmarked face wearing an expression of lust.

<i>This is really going to happen.</i> Brooke's breath caught in her throat. She didn't know what to say or how to engage with this man. At the Christmas party, the dance floor had led to things getting carried away and going too far, and now here he was in her bedroom.

"Mark told me you'd be up here waiting for me," Saul said, his eyes never leaving her as he stepped into the bedroom. "He said you had something you wanted to show me."

Time stood still for Brooke as she watched this ugly, older man cross her bedroom floor until he was standing right in front of her. She hated the smell of cigarettes wafting off of him and couldn't understand why she felt her body responding to it. But respond it did; she blinked slowly as she felt herself getting more aroused.

"I wasn't sure if you'd actually show up.." Brooke said.

"Mark is a fool for letting you come up here alone." Saul laughed, his eyes feasting on her delicious body.

Brooke didn't respond and just locked eyes with this sloth of a man.

"So what is it you want to show me?" Saul asked.

Brooke's brain was still trying to process how to respond. She had been wondering if this would happen all day but, now that it was really happening, she found herself incapable of speech.

He extended his hand out to her. "I think I might know, come here."

Brooke tentatively took his hand and he pulled her up into a standing position. Suddenly, she was entirely too close to him: he was so far inside her personal space that the scent of his cologne was inescapable. He took a step back, still holding her hand as he slowly twirled her around. She felt his eyes running across her body, first over her breasts, pressing against the sequin dress, then over her ass as it jutted out and then on down her smooth toned bare legs. His unapologetic appraisal made her a little more excited.

"Hmmm, not quite, I think," Saul said as he stopped her mid-spin, with her back facing him. She felt him close the gap and press himself against her backside. His cock was just barely touching her, she mostly felt his gut pressing into her lower back. She wondered if her memory was accurate if her recollection of the size of his cock from the Christmas party could possibly be correct. She had to have exaggerated it -- her pregnancy hormones responded to anything remotely sexual in unpredictable ways.

"There," he whispered into her ear as he started to tug the zipper down her back. Brooke froze as she felt the zipper descend and her naked back become exposed to the air in the room. Exposed to Saul. As the zipper continued down her back, she felt Saul's hands on her shoulders, pushing the dress down her arms. A loud laugh erupted from the party below, reminding Brooke she was alone with this man as he undressed her.

Before she knew it, her dress was lying in a pile around her ankles. She stood in her bedroom before her husband's workplace rival in just her burgundy bra and panties.

She could almost feel Saul smiling from behind her. He delicately turned her around, saying, "There, that's what I think Mark wanted me to see." His grin was wide and toothy as if he were about to devour a bag of his favorite candy.

He gently nudged her back a step. The back of her knees connected with the bed and she plopped down onto it in a seated position while Saul loomed over her like a vulture.

"Mark has something he wanted me to show you, too," Saul said as he started to undo his worn belt. "Do you want to see it?"

Brooke was breathing quickly. Her breasts were rapidly rising and falling. She looked at herself in the full-length mirror and was shocked to see how turned on she looked. Her skin was flushed, and her lips looked full. Her eyes glanced back to Saul's crotch, at the belt finally coming undone and the bulge beneath it.

She looked back up into his beady eyes and gave him the most subtle of nods.

Saul didn't miss it. With a yellow grin, he let his pants drop to the floor and stepped out of them. Brooke saw the swell of Saul's large cock in his briefs. It was bent forward and down to the left, creating a gap between his leg and the taut fabric. She could see part of the tip in that gap and how it strained to be free. Saul looped his thumbs across the waistline of his white fruit of the loom underwear and slid them down.

Brooke gasped as Saul's rigid cock sprang out of his underwear. Its angry, purple head was pointing right at her. She'd seen his cock at the Christmas party, but not like this. Not at eye level, staring right back at her. It looked bigger than it had that night when she'd stroked it. When it came all over her hands. It twitched in the air, as if it too, remembered their last encounter.

"It's bigger than I remember.." Brooke whispered in awe. She was baffled how a man so unattractive could excite her body so much.

"Don't be so shy," Saul said as he took a step forward. His cock jutted closer to her. "I haven't forgotten the way you stroked this against you at the Christmas party. How you moaned my name as you came. As you begged for my cock to cum. I can see how much you want it now." Under the cologne she could smell the blunt masculine odor of Saul's crotch.

"This is so fucked up," Brooke said to herself. "It's wrong. I shouldn't be up here with you."

"But you are," Saul said as he bent over and grabbed her left hand. Without any resistance, Sarah let him guide her hand to his cock. She wrapped her fingers around his shaft and held it, the diamond in her wedding band catching the light. The heat coming off of Saul's member added another layer of reality to the situation. The contact with his skin sped her breathing up a little, and she was suddenly aware of how urgently her nipples pressed against her bra.

Saul held her hand in place and started moving his hips forward, his cock running against her fingers as his cock head inched closer and closer to her face.

"I want this. Mark wants this. And I know you want this." Saul said. "There's nothing to feel bad about here."

Brooke glanced up at the older man staring down at her, and she shifted her gaze back to the purple cock head inches in front of her. He was right. Mark did want this, he had pretty much told her so again before his shower. Saul clearly wanted it. And as much as it pained Brooke to admit it, just having this huge, hard cock in front of her was driving her crazy. Absently, she nodded her head at his words. She had convinced herself that it was probably best to give everyone what they wanted.

She slowly opened her mouth and extended her tongue until it came in contact with the salty flow dribbling out of Saul's cock.

"Uhhh," he moaned, feeling her wet tongue make contact with him. This was going better than he could have planned. Her soft kisses made him almost painfully hard, but he knew she would take care of that brief discomfort shortly.

Brooke looked up at him, the doubt and nervousness disappearing from her features. She had decided to lean in and embrace Mark's fantasy and not to feel guilty about enjoying it. She whipped her tongue over the head of his cock and then held it, looking back into Saul's eyes. "Is this what you wanted? To have Mark's wife in front of you with your cock in her hand?"

"Oh, I want much more than just my cock in your hand," Saul coughed as he ran his hand across Brooke's smooth cheek and behind her head. He pulled her head towards his cock. She immediately opened her

mouth and engulfed his cock. She worked her neck as she sucked him deeper, trying to make his shaft disappear. That she could still see enough of his cock to get her hand around made her realize she'd have to practice if she wanted to swallow him whole.

She felt his cock fill her mouth, causing her lips to stretch around it. Her tongue ran under his length as she tasted her husband's coworker. She tried to cover her teeth with her lips but Saul's cock was not as manageable a size as her husband's. She sucked on the head and breathed in more of Saul's cigarette-tinged body odor. Even as she repeated to herself just how much she hated the smell of a smoker, she felt a flood of wetness come from inside her, soaking her panties.

Saul groaned as he guided Brooke's mouth into a rhythm on his cock. "I've wanted my cock in your mouth for a long time. Ever since I saw you on the dance floor last year, I knew you'd be a good cocksucker."

Saul slid his cock back out of her mouth. Brooke leaned towards it as he stepped back, pulling it slightly away from her eager mouth. She looked up at him, confused at the interruption, panting hard. Saul put his hand over hers and spoke as they both stroked him, "Do you remember it? How you pushed me away and slapped me on the dance floor, just for daring to dance with you? I bet you never thought you'd be here sucking my cock."

Brooke tightened her grip on Saul's massive tool and kept stroking him. "Maybe if you'd just taken this out that night and showed it to me, I would have fallen on my knees right then and there." She glanced at his heavy ball sack and in her mind she again visualized the large puddle of cum she coaxed it into erupting onto the floor earlier that month.

"I would have loved to have seen that," Saul grunted, grinning. "And to have seen the look on Mark's face. I know you felt my cock that night, though, pressing into your sweet ass. You ground back against it. You enjoyed it, too." Brooke's scent of arousal was now obvious to both of them, her panties damp and fragrant with her hormonal secretions.

"I thought you were Mark," Brooke said, looking defiantly up at him.

A wide smile spread across Saul's face. <i>She'd thought that on Halloween night, too, while I fucked her and knocked her up.</i>

"I think you knew," Saul snorted. "Look at this cock, could you really mistake it for Mark's?"

Brooke said nothing and looked away for a second. When she met his eyes again, her expression was different; lustful and determined. She lowered herself off the bed and closed the gap between herself and the member Saul still held at bay. She sank to her knees on the carpet, her mouth reconnecting with his cock. She moaned slightly as she felt the head press firmly against her waiting tongue.

Saul let go of her head and put his hands on his hips as he watched his workplace rival's wife start licking up and down the length of his shaft.

"Oh, fuck," Saul said. Brooke looked like a woman on a mission. She was stroking his shaft with both of her hands, turning them in opposing directions as her tongue lowered and started making circles on his hairy balls.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned into the skin of his ballsack. "No way."

Saul was in bliss and didn't understand what she was saying. "No way? 'No way' to what?" he questioned.

She looked up at him with the most lustful eyes Saul had ever seen as she said, "There's no way I could mistake this thing for Mark's."

With that she licked up the length of his shaft until she reached the head of his cock. She swirled her tongue around the top before lowering her mouth around it.

For the next several minutes, Saul stood there feeling increasingly woozy from the power of watching Mark's wife kneeling before him. He felt triumphant. Not only was he finally dominating Mark at work but now his wife was worshipping his cock in their own bedroom. That she had just willfully insulted the size of her husband's cock while sucking the larger member of his hated coworker off was the cherry on top.

He felt Brooke's hands clutching his thighs. She was gripping him tightly, directing him towards the bed. Her mouth refused to let Saul's cock free as he shimmed around her to sit down on the edge of the bed. He stared at his reflection in the mirror behind Brooke.

His flabby, ugly body was in stark contrast to the fit young woman frantically bobbing her head up and down on his cock. Her heart-shaped ass looked amazing in the mirror as she knelt before him, her cheeks trembling from the vigor of her sucking. He wished he hadn't left his phone in his pants, he would have loved to take a video of this. Brooke was making moaning and sighing sounds as she worked her mouth on him, letting Saul know the pleasure wasn't all his.

Saul reached down and unclasped the back of Brooke's bra. She never stopped stroking his cock but she leaned back to help him take her bra off. She was on her knees there, staring up at him, her bare breasts on display for him. Her chest was rapidly rising and falling, spit and sweat beginning to accumulate on them.

"Jesus Christ," Saul muttered, staring at her chest. Her teardrop-shaped breasts were flawless, with slightly puffy erect nipples. They moved naturally and trembled seductively as she pleased him. Saul was in disbelief: Brooke's tits seemed even larger when freed from her bra; he couldn't tear his eyes away. She looked sexy as hell naked, better than anything he'd seen on the computer in years. "Y-your tits, let me fuck them."

Brooke didn't miss a beat. Pulling her mouth off his cock, she dropped her hands and pressed her breasts together around Saul's massive member. As his cock disappeared between her tits, Saul intuitively laid back on the bed. Brooke drooled down her chin to lubricate her cleavage as she fucked her chest onto the large man's cock.

"Mhmmmm," Brooke moaned, feeling Saul's cock running up and down her chest, against her bare skin. Her nipples were being stimulated by the hairy skin of his swollen thighs. She extended her tongue to try to licking the head of his cock as it appeared from between her tits but in her frenzy she was having trouble maintaining her balance.

Saul picked up on her efforts, matching the thrust of his cock up to the timing of her efforts. His cockhead met the next lap of her tongue. She managed to lick a decent length along his shaft and give a flick to his head. With his next thrust she caught him in her mouth, the tip of his cock disappearing from sight. As he tried to drop his hips back down, Brooke sucked hard on his cock, holding him in place, forcing him to groan in pleasure. He could feel and hear her breath shooting from her nostrils as she savored the prize she had captured.

Brooke released his cock from her mouth and let go of her breasts. She didn't want him to fuck her chest anymore, she needed to stroke and suck his cock. She didn't know why, but she was tortured by the memory of Saul's cock exploding at the party. She needed to make it erupt for her again. She dived back down onto his cock. Dropping down to the base of his cock, she twirled her tongue around his balls like they were big round candies and then, with one long lick, her tongue ran from the base of his cock all the way back up to the head. She flickered her tongue there, teasingly, at the tip of his cock as precum oozed out of it; she stroked his shaft rapidly with both hands, trying to get more out.

Saul felt his balls begin to tingle. He could feel Brooke's expert mouth milking the cum out of him. But he didn't want to cum just yet, not exactly like this.

He sat up, shifting his weight. Brooke was too preoccupied with her task to notice how he was rearranging himself until Saul pushed back on her shoulders and, much to her dismay, her mouth's connection with his cock was disrupted again.

Saul scooted himself back up the bed, until his head was resting on Mark's pillow. "Get up here."

Brooke crawled across the bed until she had brought herself face to face with Saul's cock again. She started to lower her head back down towards it.

"No," Saul said, "come up here and give me a kiss."

Brooke bit her lip and looked up at the man, her left hand finding Saul's shaft and stroking it.

"You want me to kiss you, in the bed that I share with my husband?" Sarah asked slowly and huskily. There was no disbelief in her voice -- she spoke as if she was just clarifying his instructions.

"Get up here and make it a good one," Saul said. He watched as the young wife crawled sexily up his body toward him, the hand bearing her ring never leaving his cock. She kept stroking it as her beautiful brown eyes stared down into Saul's beady ones.

He stayed still, wanting her to make the first move. He could feel his balls swelling, he just hoped he could hold off cumming when they kissed. He didn't want to cum in her hand again.

This close, Brooke could smell the cigarette odor emanating from his mouth. She closed her eyes and leaned forward, her soft lips connecting with his rough, chapped ones. His hungry tongue immediately pushed its way into her mouth. Brooke reflexively started stroking Saul faster as her tongue danced with his.

"Mhmmmm," she moaned into the older man's mouth. His hand had roughly grabbed one of her ass cheeks as he pulled her body down onto his. She kept stroking his cock with one hand, pumping it, the veins of his cock pulsing in her delicate hands. Saul's pre-cum flowed freely, lubricating her efforts.

Saul finally broke their kiss. Brooke was panting, staring down at the man her husband loathed.

"You taste amazing. God, you're so fucking sexy. I can't believe I have you in your own bed. You are such a bad girl."

"Ohhhh," Sarah moaned, his cock throbbing in her hand as she took in Saul's words. She broke free of his grasp and started to lower herself back towards her prize. She wanted to feel this cock in her mouth, to make it cum. She needed to know she could do it.

"Maybe," she said, as her tongue found the underside of his cock, "I'm just a devoted wife, doing whatever it takes to make her husband happy."

Saul didn't like that, he wanted her to bend to his cock and worship him. He wanted to take her from Mark and leave him in ruin.

He flipped onto his side, pushing Brooke onto her side with him. He held the back of her head and pulled her mouth down while thrusting his hips, until his cock was hitting the back of her throat.

"Mmmppmmhffff," Brooke gagged on the sudden intrusion. She quickly shifted and adapted to the large cock filling her mouth. Saul shifted and pressed one of his legs between hers. He pushed against her pussy, gently rubbing it against her clit.

Brooke was so preoccupied with accommodating the cock in her mouth that she didn't realize that her body had started to press back against Saul's leg. As she adjusted to the cock in her mouth she felt the first hints of feeling begin to bloom in her vagina. She gasped around Saul's cock as she realized she was forcefully grinding her hips back and forth on his leg.

She pulled her mouth free from his cock, continuing to stroke it with one hand. "Mhmmmm, oh, you are so bad." She eyed him, smiling. Saul had given her the only two orgasms she'd had from a man since she'd gotten pregnant. She knew he was determined to get her there again.

"I just want you to realize you are doing this for more than just Mark. You're enjoying yourself, too. Admit it," Saul demanded, as he pushed his leg against her sex, eliciting a still harder push from Brooke in return.

The angle of Saul's leg and the situation she found herself in were combining to have a magical effect on her body. The bliss was ratcheting up, surpassing all her previous experiences. She looked up at Saul with her big, innocent eyes. "I never said I wasn't enjoying myself."

She seductively extended her tongue and swirled it around the head of his cock as her fist continued to pump it. She barely registered the glint of her wedding ring as her fingers glided up and down the shaft. "I enjoy having this big cock of yours to play with." She sucked the tip of his penis into her mouth as she stared hungrily into his eyes.

"Ugh, fuck," Saul moaned. Hearing this woman, who had previously pushed him away and denigrated him, now stroking his cock and talking to him in this way was getting to be too much. He could feel a churning in his balls, an explosion was imminent.

"God, this cock is bigger than I remember. It feels so strong in my hands. So powerful," Brooke moaned as she put her mouth back on his cock, her tongue caressing his girthy shaft. She could hear the sounds from outside in the backyard beginning to get louder. The crowd was chanting something. It must be the countdown.

She wanted to feel Saul's cock pulse in her hands. Brooke wanted to feel him cum, she wanted to make him cum. The memory of his torrents of cum drove her desire to greater heights. She needed to hurry. She knew that, once midnight hit, people would start to filter out and her absence from the party would be noticed. She didn't want anyone to find her with this horrible man.

She knew enough about Saul from what Mark had told her. She'd met so many men in her life just like Saul, she was confident she could push his buttons and make him cum. Granted, most men lacked the equipment to cum like Saul could.

She looked up at him with her innocent, lust-filled eyes. "Mhmmmm, is that what you want to hear, Saul? How powerful this feels? God, you walk around at work with this thing swinging between your legs? No wonder you're taking over at work."

"Mark, eerr, uh, tell you that? That I'm taking over?" Saul said through gritted teeth, trying to hold on and not cum all over this sexy wife quite yet. He'd been abstaining throughout the week, saving up a huge load just for her.

The crowd outside was getting louder, counting backwards in time with the crowd on the TV.

Brooke sucked on Saul's cock for several seconds and then came up for air, gasping, "Oh yes, he says you are dominating things. Taking things over. Just like you're dominating his wife right now, hmmm?"

"Fuck," Saul groaned as his balls began to tighten. "God, I'm going to cum soon."

Brooke was now grinding herself against Saul's leg with abandon, her own orgasm quickly bubbling up from beneath the surface, threatening to consume her.

"Give it to me," Brooke moaned around his cock, "give me your cum, Saul, give me all of it. I want it. Cum for me. Don't stop."

Saul roughly grabbed the back of Brooke's head and pulled her mouth down onto his cock. She gripped the base of his cock for support as he started to face fuck her, pulling her deeper onto his cock.

Her body loved how he just roughly took what he wanted. Her thighs tightened around his leg as she humped herself against him. There it was, her orgasm was just there, right there. About to explode. She was so close she could feel it.

Saul's cock was running over the entire length of her tongue, the angry head pressing against the back of her throat. The invasion of her mouth was pouring fuel on the fire of her building orgasm. From somewhere distant, she thought she heard voices shouting the word 'FIVE.'

<i>So close. So fucking close, don't stop.</i> Sarah ground herself against his fat hairy calf that she held trapped between her thighs, refusing to let it go. Saul's nails dug into the back of her head as he jammed her down onto his cock.

'FOUR'

Saul grunted, pumping his hips forward. His cock disappearing into his coworker's wife's mouth. He could feel sweat running down his lower back and across his forehead.

'THREE'

Brooke's clit was running against the fabric of her panties and against Saul's lower leg. She was drenched with her own emissions as she slid and slithered up and down against him. She could feel the impending wave of her orgasm building up to uncontrollable heights, about to crash down and consume her.

'TWO'

Saul opened his eyes and stared into the mirror. His ugly face looked back at him as this beautiful creature's head bounced erratically up and down between his thighs, her perfect ass bucking against his leg. The two of them formed the ultimate contrast but they were lost in lust together. Brooke's throat opened around him as she pushed herself down, trying to fit his whole cock in her mouth.

'ONE'

"Gaaaagh!" Saul groaned loudly as the crowd outside began to cheer and applaud, his balls tightening as they unleashed a massive torrent of his cum. It exploded out of his cock and plastered the back of Brooke's mouth and throat. The feeling of the hot cum jetting out of his massive tool, filling her mouth and shooting down her throat was too much for Brooke to handle.

The air was sucked out of the room and the walls of her marital sanctum seemed to collapse around her as her orgasm shook her entire being. Her legs wrapped tightly around Saul's leg as her pussy throbbed, her

clit crushed up against the sopping lace of her panties, the pleasure radiating out of her vagina, causing the hairs on her body to stand on end.

"Mhmmmmmm," she moaned in orgasmic bliss as another stream of cum shot out and filled her mouth. Without any deliberation, she immediately swallowed Saul's thick cum.

Saul's hot cum continued to blast ropes into her mouth. Brooke had been holding her breath during the first part of her orgasm and was in frantic need of air. She desperately swallowed another load that seemed bigger than any she'd ever taken before.

Pulling herself off Saul's cock, she moaned, "Mhmm oh fuckk." She breathed in deeply, the sudden relief adding another wave to her ecstasy.

Another load of cum blasted out of his cock and landed directly on her face, hitting her in the eyebrow before it ran down across the bridge of her nose and eye. The sensation of hot cum on her skin amplified her orgasm's reverberation. Her toes curled and her whole body convulsed as she rode the waves of pleasure.

Another spurt landed on her cheek, and another hit her square in the nose. For that moment Brooke relished the feeling: there was something that was so primal, so fulfilling, so right about what was happening. Her face was such a better target for Saul's cum than wasting it on the floor.

Saul lay back, panting, the last bit of cum dripping from his cock. Brooke lay in the afterglow of the most powerful orgasm she had felt since the Christmas party, languishing with Saul's semen obscuring most of her face. She opened the one eye not covered in cum and looked lustfully upon the unlikely person catching his breath next to her. She looked down at his massive tool and saw the cum leaking from it.

Without question or hesitation, she leaned forward and licked the milky ooze clean off of it. Saul moaned in response. Again she returned to sucking his meaty cockhead, ensuring no semen was left inside.

The sliding door to the back patio opened and the raucous sounds of the party spilled into the house. Brooke disengaged, sat up and darted to the bathroom to clean her face.

Saul knew this was his cue to make himself scarce. He didn't want to have to answer any questions from coworkers or draw unwanted scrutiny to himself. He hastily cleaned his cock with the bedsheets, got dressed and headed toward the stairs.

Riding the buzz from several beers, Mark looked around his backyard as their guests began to count backwards from ten to signal the new year. He scanned the crowd, looking for Brooke in that spectacular red sequin dress.

As the countdown finished, Mark began working his way through the crowd, trying to find his wife. Couples were embracing one another around him while others clinked glasses and drank. He couldn't find Brooke anywhere.

After a few minutes of walking around his backyard and exchanging small talk with passing party guests, he finally decided to head inside and see if Brooke had snuck away from the party for some reason.

He followed a group of women through the back patio door. They headed in the direction of the kitchen while Mark made his way to the front of the house to go upstairs. As he rounded the corner of the hallway he stopped dead in his tracks.

Saul was looking back at him from the front doorway with one foot on the porch. They locked eyes. Saul gave him a smirk accompanied by a wry smile before stepping fully out into the night. As the door shut behind him, a waft of air stale with his scent was propelled into the house.

Mark rushed down the hallway and sped up the stairs to their bedroom. It was empty but the comforter on the bed looked rumpled and Brooke's red sequin dress lay in a pile on the floor. He heard the toilet flush as Brooke emerged from the bathroom in her undergarments.

"There you are," Brooke smiled lovingly. "I was wondering how long it was going to take you to get up here."

"You missed the big finale to the night," Mark watched her as she crossed in front of him, grabbed her dress and started putting it back on.

"Oh, I think I got the big finale up here, Mark," Brooke said, looking over her shoulder and winking at him as she adjusted the dress around her body. "I'll tell you about it afterwards. Right now I want to get downstairs

and see everybody out. I didn't want to be up here so long but, you know, some things take time." She grinned knowingly at him, as she recalled her own explosive countdown to midnight. "Zip me up?"

She presented her back to him. With shaking hands, Mark zipped up her dress.

"What happened up here?" Mark asked sheepishly.

"I did what you wanted," Brooke looked at herself in the mirror and adjusted her hair. Sounds from the main floor indicated more people were filtering into the house, likely wanting to say goodbye to their hosts. "I entertained your coworker."

"Did..." Mark was having trouble giving life to the question, "Did you sleep with him?"

"No," Brooke said as she stepped up to her husband and ran her hands over his crotch, "I just made very sure that he left satisfied."

She punctuated the sentence by licking her lips. The innuendo wasn't lost on Mark this time.

"Come on," Brooke said, grabbing his arm, "I know you're probably going crazy with curiosity right now, but let's get downstairs and say goodbye to everyone."

Mark was in a daze, his thoughts swimming. He felt like he didn't know which way was up. As he let Brooke guide him down the stairs, he had to mentally command his fists to unclench themselves and force his face to relax as they said their goodbyes to the first wave of departing guests.

After the front room was clear, Brooke and Mark headed back to the patio to check on any stragglers. Mark was still seething that Saul had violated his home and growing family. He found his friend Dave half awake on a chaise lounge.

"Little dick fucker! Why do you let him push us around? Why did you write that email?" Mark knew Dave was upset about his hand in Saul's rise. Dave's inebriation was just bringing it to the forefront. "I mean- I love you, man. Look at what you've got here!" Dave gestured broadly to the yard around him, "Look at Brooke! How could you just roll over and take it from that asshole?" Dave then lapsed into silence, an exaggerated frown on his face as his chin rested on his chest.

Dave's words stung; Mark knew his friend was right. He should have dealt with Saul as the gnat he was instead of capitulating to this point. His own wife had 'entertained' and 'satisfied' the man in their bedroom on New Year's. The only thing keeping Mark from exploding were the few other guests still getting their things together and the realization that he needed to call a car for his drunken colleague.

"You're right, man. You're right. It's a new year, I'll make things right." Mark pulled out his phone and arranged a ride for Dave in an app. When he was done, he looked back at his friend who was still eyeing him sullenly.

"Fuck that guy, man. Dude can blow me."

Mark winced at that and walked back into the house. He'd lost track of his wife when they went outside and he still had a conversation to finish.

He found Brooke in the bedroom, passed out on the bed. She looked content in her sleep and he didn't want to wake her up for what would doubtless turn into a serious and difficult conversation. He still loved her deeply despite this whole ordeal and they could talk later. Mark almost felt at peace about the situation, but as he moved to leave the room, he noted the faint smell of Saul's awful cologne and cigarettes in the air. Gritting his teeth, Mark went downstairs and helped Dave into the ride that had arrived for him. Dave gave his friend a baleful look as he went away, still wanting to know how the fuck things had gotten to this point.

Mark trudged back inside, the last of the guests gone. He'd clean up the yard in the morning. And tonight he'd sleep on the downstairs couch. The thought of sleeping in that stench infuriated him.

Mark closed his office door and started to walk across the building. He had a mission to accomplish today and even though his brain still didn't feel as sharp as it should, he needed to take action.

Things had gotten out of hand on New Year's and he needed to reign all this in. Brooke had told him what happened. She seemed too pleased with herself, that she was making a sacrifice for him and his fantasy.

Only it wasn't his fantasy, it was a debilitating situation in which he found himself. He needed to find a way out for his sake and for Brooke's. He didn't want to crush her spirits. They had talked about what happened

at the New Year's party but Mark had cut the conversation short. He didn't want to keep hearing about it, it made him too angry and he didn't want to upset Brooke.

If she knew the truth she might blow up and Saul would release the videos of her from Halloween. He had been keeping all this to himself to protect her, but he needed to find a way to get Saul to stop once and for all.

Now he had a plan. He opened his phone's voice memo app, turned it on and slid it back into the breast pocket of his blazer. Then he stopped walking and knocked on the door to Saul's office.

"Come in," he heard from the other side of the door.

The vulture-like man was hunched over his computer as Mark stepped into his office. Saul looked up confused, "Mark. What are you doing here?"

Mark closed the door behind him and walked up and stood on the other side of Saul's desk, "I want to talk about what's going on. It's time to stop. Just because you have a video of my wife doesn't mean you can just blackmail us and keep putting her in compromising positions."

Saul sat back in his chair, his fingers making a steeple in front of his face as his beady eyes met Mark's. He stayed silent for several seconds before leaning forward and saying, "Mark, I'm not quite sure what you're referring to."

Enraged, Mark shouted, "You know exactly what I'm talking about! You have a video of Brooke and you've been holding it over me, affecting my job and my personal life!"

"Sorry, Mark," Saul said calmly, "I'm afraid I have no idea what you're talking about."

Saul stood up and walked past Mark to open the door to his office, "If you'll excuse me, I have to run to another meeting."

The fake niceties made Mark's blood boil. He turned around, shoved past Saul and went back to his office. He sat there, ignoring the emails coming in. He took out his phone and stopped the recording before throwing his phone across his desk.

Mark turned the lights off, sat in his chair and closed his eyes, massaging the bridge of his nose' searching for a way out of this predicament. He needed to come clean to Brooke or maybe enlist Dave to help. He felt so alone, he needed someone else to help him figure this out.

A knock at the door dashed his thoughts. Before he had a chance to respond, the door opened and Saul poked his head in.

"Mark," he said loudly enough for others to hear, "I thought we could continue our conversation from earlier. Let's go for a little walk and stretch our legs."

Saul leaned in and said in a lower voice, "Oh, and leave your phone where it is."

Mark glanced at his phone lying facedown on his desk. He sighed and stood up to follow Saul out of his office. Saul led him down a row of cubicles, past the storage room and down another hallway until he pushed open the door the the stairway.

Mark had never been in the stairway before and couldn't think of anyone ever mentioning it. The door fell shut behind him.

Saul leaned against the fallway and fished in his pocket until he retrieved a lighter and cigarette. He didn't ask Mark if he'd mind, instead he lit the cigarette and took a long drag from it. Mark ironically noticed the 'No Smoking' sign on the wall behind Saul.

"Nice try," Saul said as he blew a cloud of smoke up into the air, "you almost had me for a second there."

Mark stayed silent, not wanting to participate in whatever game Saul was playing.

"The silent treatment, huh?" Saul shrugged, "Well, if you really wanted to make a recording today, how about this? I want you to make a recording for me. Sometime this week, when you go home and make love to that sweet, sweet wife of yours, I want you to use your phone. in the same way you just tried to entrap me, but instead I want you to record the sound of your sex session with the wife. Only this time I want you to do a bit of roleplay and dirty talk. Why don't you pretend that you're me, fucking that wife of yours and making her moan my name, how about that?"

"Fuck you," Mark spat, "I'm not going to do that. What if I just go talk to the police or see what HR thinks of all of this?"

Saul smiled, "Try it. You know, thanks to that promotion you helped me get, I have all sorts of wonderful new things I can do. Like, did you know I can access all the mail servers and alter the email logs? It's funny – I can even send emails addressed by the CEO. That's a lot of power, don't you think? Before you start threatening me, just think how bad it would look if you've sent me threatening emails? Almost like a pattern of abuse. I wonder if the police or HR would trust your story in light of that."

"Bastard," Mark stared daggers at Saul, "Fucking bastard."

Mark turned, threw open the door and slammed it behind himself.

Saul let out a slow breath as smoke poured from his nostrils. Mark was getting very aggravated, so Saul would need to be extra careful. He couldn't be sure what Mark would try next. It might be a good idea to get out of the office and try to claim his prize earlier than he had planned.

He slid his phone out of his pocket and opened up the app that allowed him to text Brooke from Mark's number.

Brooke stared at her phone in disbelief. She had just gotten home from her yoga class. She was wearing a tight pair of pink Lululemon pants and a black and pink tank top. Her brunette locks were pulled back into a tight ponytail. She almost spit out the water she was drinking as she finished reading Mark's text.

> Babe, I really want you to sleep with Saul. I know it's crazy, but I need this and I think you do too. Just knowing it is happening is enough to drive me wild. The idea of you 'cheating' is just so hot to me....that's why I asked Saul to go pick up something at the house right now. He's on his way.

Brooke was flabbergasted. It had only been a few days since she had sucked Saul's cock on New Year's. Mark hadn't seemed all that excited by what had happened and they hadn't talked about it too much. But, all of a sudden, now he wanted her to escalate things and actually have sex with Saul? It was all happening so fast, she wasn't ready for this.

She had assumed that, if anything were to happen, Mark would want to be present to watch. But maybe she didn't fully understand this fantasy of his. Maybe he wanted to know she was sexually satisfied even if he wasn't able to perform for her himself.

The thought of Saul, naked and coming towards her with his cock pointing at her, made her realize she was already wet. She shouldn't think like this. Things shouldn't be like this right now, but somehow she found herself thinking about Mark's older coworker.

She wondered what the sex would actually be like with someone like that. She couldn't imagine he had any kind of stamina. Yes, his cock might be big and strong but she didn't really expect him to know how to use it.

Memories of her time on the dance floor with Saul and the way he had roughly fucked her mouth on New Year's Eve came flooding back into her mind. Maybe he did know what he was doing. A quieter voice in the back of her mind formed a thought.

<i>No one else has made you cum in months. </i>

Still, this was all too much too fast. She tried calling Mark but there was no answer. Just as she was typing a message to her husband, the doorbell rang.

Brooke froze. She stood in her kitchen with her phone in her hand, wondering if she'd actually just heard the doorbell or if she'd imagined it. She didn't dare to take a breath..

When the doorbell rang a second time, Brooke set her phone down on the counter and sheepishly walked towards the hallway to glance at the door. She knew she had to answer it. She longed to see what was behind the door.

Brooke turned the handle on the door and opened it. Her husband's coworker Saul was standing accompanied by his usual odor of dirty cigarettes. He looked as sloppily put together as always, with his oversized dress clothes that needed to be rethought or at least ironed.

He slowly leered at her from her feet to her chest in a way that she would normally make her cringe. When his gaze finally broke from the allure of her breasts, clad in their close-fitting sports bra, he looked up into her eyes. "Mark, uh, heh, he sent me here to get something, he said. Do you know what he could have meant?"

Brooke tried to come up with a response that would help her gauge what Mark really wanted to happen right now but her brain wasn't providing her with an answer. Her feet shuffled as her wetness became more obvious to her.

Sensing her reluctance, Saul stepped into Brooke's home and eased the door shut behind him.

He ran his eyes over her body again. Her generous chest was rapidly rising and falling, her face appeared flush. Her arms were crossed over her chest as she tried to hide her budding arousal and project an appearance of control.

"So," Saul said, taking a step toward her with a stupid grin on his face, "do you know what Mark sent me here to get?"

Brooke sensed her personal boundaries shrinking. She inadvertently glanced down at Saul's crotch. Even with the baggy pants she could see his cock beginning to rise in response to her presence.

"Not really!" Brooke said as she weaved away from Saul. She backed down the hallway, maintaining eye contact with the man. Even though she didn't know how to handle this situation, her innately polite and courteous nature still resisted the idea of offending him. "Let me just text Mark and I'll see if I can find out whatever it is he sent you here for."

Brooke rounded the corner into her kitchen and scrambled to grab her phone. As she unlocked the screen she could hear Saul's footsteps approaching her. She kept her focus on the screen, opening her conversation with Mark until she felt Saul press himself against her backside. His hands ran down her bare arms until they came to rest on the phone in her hands. He gently lowered it to the counter, her conversation with Mark still displayed on the screen.

"I think you know exactly what Mark sent me here for," Saul whispered in her ear. The smell of cigarettes thickened along with the tension in the air of the kitchen.

Brooke closed her eyes as she felt Saul's hard cock pressing into her perfect ass. It was a full minute before she realized her body was gently swaying side to side in time with his hips.

"Uh," the soft moan escaped her lips, betraying her. Saul grinned as he ground his cock into Mark's perfect little wife.

Saul let go of her arms as his hands began to explore her sweet responsive sex-starved body. His hands caressing her chest caused Brooke's breath to catch in her throat. Saul gently mauled and caressed her supple breasts over her sports bra. He leaned forward and sniffed her hair.

"Yum, you smell like strawberries," he complimented her. His hands left her breasts and ran down the sides of her body until his thumbs hooked under the waistband of her Lululemon pants. He gently started to tug them down.

Brooke bit her lip but didn't resist as the foul man behind her lowered her pants, exposing her. She knew that he would soon be greeted by the sight of her ass in a little purple thong. She knew how wrong this was, that she should stop it here and now. But this was what Mark wanted, right? She was fulfilling one of her husband's ultimate fantasies. Deep down, she didn't want to admit to herself how much she was longing for a truly satisfying fuck. It had been so long since Mark had been able to make her cum at all.

Saul started running one hand over her bare ass cheeks as his other hand worked on undoing his belt. Brooke heard the buckle clatter off the marble tile floor of her kitchen as she felt Saul's naked cock press itself between her ass cheeks, running up and down.

Brooke opened her eyes and stared across the island, into the living room beyond and through the large bay windows that looked out onto the street. She saw her neighbors walking past on the sidewalk in front of her house, oblivious to the impending violation of the sanctity of her marriage.

"Tell me you haven't thought about this," Saul said from behind her. He slid his cock down her ass crack until it started poking between her thighs. He pushed forward until his long pole was resting against her thong-covered pussy, much the same way it had during the Christmas party. "Oh, you're fucking soaked now, aren't you? Tell me you haven't thought about this."

"I have," Brooke said, barely able to get the words out. She was breathing too hard. "I've thought about it."

Saul gripped her thong and moved it to one side. His bare cock was now touching her unprotected pussy. Saul began to push himself forward, running his length against her pussy lips, her dampness easing away any friction.

"When was the first time?" Saul asked. "When was the first time that you thought about what it would be like to fuck me?"

"Ugh, mhmhm," Brooke mewed as she felt the large cock running against her sopping slit. "The Christmas party."

"That was a good night, you sure had your hands full," Saul chuckled as he pulled his cock back, dipped his hips and began to line up his cock with her wet, waiting entrance.

"Not..." Brooke moaned as she felt Saul's cock head press directly against her opening, "not that Christmas party..."

Saul was stunned. "You mean the year before? The one where you got me in shit for dancing with you?"

"Yes..." Brooke hung her head at the admission. "I felt how big you were. I wondered what it would be like to feel it. In me."

Saul leaned forward and stuck his mouth next to her ear, "Well, now you won't have to wonder anymore." Brooke felt Saul's cock swell and spread out against her upper thighs. If he managed to fit it inside her at all, it would be very tight.

Saul grabbed hold of her hips and shoulder and thrust his entire length into Brooke's married pussy.

There were times in her life that Brooke would never forget. Meeting, then marrying her husband; her first kiss; finding, then owning the house she stood in now; losing her virginity; a car accident she walked away from in her early teens. This moment eclipsed them all. She knew as she felt Saul's cockhead burst into her pussy that this would be what all of her other sexual experiences would be measured against from now on.

"Oh, fuck," Brooke shouted as her hands gripped onto the counter for leverage. It was as if it were her first time all over again, except this time she could tell her partner knew what he was doing. With his first thrust, Saul stretched her pussy open and pushed his cock all the way in against her cervix. It knocked the wind out of the defiled bride. Brooke's eyes lost their ability to focus for a few moments.

Saul pulled his entire cock back until just the head was still embedded in her pussy and then pushed himself fully back into her. He increased his pace and kept pulling all the way out before slamming himself back in again.

"Oh shit. Oh fuck. Fuck," Brooke moaned from the relentless fucking Saul was giving her. This is what she had been needing, what she had been craving for months now. Saul pushed on the small of her back, forcing her torso down onto the counter. Brooke held on for dear life as Saul fucked her harder than she had ever been fucked before. And yet, even though she wasn't sure how, she felt a sense of déjà vu. It was as if she had, in fact, been fucked by a cock this large and this skilled, sometime recently. Saul's cock moved within her at a faster rate as the memory caused her pussy to flood.

"I want you naked," Saul said through gritted teeth as he pounded Mark's wife. He tugged at her sports bra. "Take this off."

Without any debate, Brooke reached over herself and pulled the sports bra up over her head. It fell somewhere on the floor nearby. Saul pushed her back down onto the counter, her bare breasts pressing against the cold granite.

Saul gripped her tanned hips with one hand and pistoned his cock in and out of the young wife splayed out before him. This is what he had wanted all this time, for Mark's wife to let him fuck her.

Her pussy was gripping his cock hard, her hips were pushing back onto his cock. He could tell she was working herself up towards an orgasm. A milky substance had begun to appear on the top of his pistoning shaft. He'd heard about women creaming on a cock but he'd never seen it until now.

"Mhmhmhm," Brooke moaned as Saul's bare cock spread her wide open. The head of his cock pressed hard against her sensitive area. She could feel her body growing warmer. She pushed back hard against Saul's cock, trying to take more of it into her body. She could feel it building inside of her, her orgasm ready

to unleash itself. It felt like a long lost friend, something she hadn't experienced in a long time. And the acrid stench of his cologne and cigarettes, far from revolting her, was sending her to a higher place. To a place where a mind-shattering orgasm from a hard cock awaited her.

As these thoughts were swirling around in her head and she was focusing on her impending release, Saul slowed his pace and stopped pushing into her as rapidly.

"Wha? What? Why'd you stop?" Brooke asked, as she felt her orgasm slowly fading, falling away from her grasp.

"I want to hear you beg me for it. Beg your husband's coworker for his cock. Tell me how much you want it." Saul sneered delightfully as he watched Brooke's perfect ass push back towards him, seeking his cock.

"Ugh," Brooke moaned. She just needed to feel that orgasm rack itself across her body. She'd say anything if it meant Saul would slam his cock back into her. "Fuck, Saul. I need it. Give it to me. Give me your big, nasty cock. I want it in me right now. Please Saul, fuck me with that gorgeous cock of yours....."

Before Brooke could finish her sentence, Saul abruptly slammed his entire length back into her, holding it firm, knowing the thick base of his shaft would open her up further.

"Fuck," Brooke gasped, renewing her hold on the counter. "Oh fuck. Don't stop. Don't fucking stop."

Saul merely grunted in reply. He pounded the young wife with his cock as sweat started dripping off his forehead. Feeling her pussy milk his cock reminded him of how sweet it had felt to fuck her on Halloween night, when she had thought it was her husband.

Now there was no mask and no illusions. She knew it was Saul fucking her.

"Ughhhh," Brooke moaned. Her orgasm was rapidly recovering, roaring back to life, faster than she would have thought it possible. For some reason, her memory served up an image from a horror movie she'd seen long ago: somehow there was a mask involved. And maybe a witch? Before she could fully retrieve the memory, Saul's tempo reached an even higher pitch, battering her pussy with a frantic series of deep thrusts.

Brooke spread her palms out wide against the counter as she pushed herself up and arched her back, her large breasts swaying free for any passersby to see, "Fffuuuuck. Oh, oh my fffuuucking..."

The orgasm ripped through her body igniting every nerve ending on fire. She stood on her tippy toes as her entire body grew stiff and her mouth hung agape.

"Uhhhhh, mmhmmmm," she moaned as her body gripped Saul's cock, locking it in place, ensuring she wrung her full pleasure from it. She never wanted this orgasm to end.

Saul watched enthralled as her body quivered on his cock. He was unable to keep thrusting; her pussy held his cock clamped in a death grip, compressing it into immobility. Breathing hard, he managed one final push into her clenching pussy, showing her she couldn't deny him, even in her pleasure. The quaking wife screamed as the contracting walls of her sex were pierced by Saul's huge cock.

He stood there catching his breath as he watched the young brunette goddess in front of him come down from her orgasm. His rigid cock was still inside of her.

"Holy shit," Brooke panted as she breathed for the first time since her orgasm had started, "Holy shit that was amazing."

Her ass started to push back onto Saul's cock, eager to elicit another orgasm from his tool. Saul pulled himself fully out of the young wife, much to her shock.

He bent down and grabbed her legs around her knees and another arm wrapped around her back as he picked her up. Brooke was caught completely off guard as she found herself being carried through her house by Saul. She looked up into his pockmarked face and beady eyes. "What the hell are you doing?" she demanded.

She couldn't tell if her angry tone was due to the indignity of being picked up or the fact that it was interrupting his fucking her to another orgasm.

"Taking you upstairs," Saul wheezed as he ascended the staircase. He wasn't used to this much physical exertion.

Saul carried Brooke up the stairs and kicked open the bedroom door. He held her as they crossed the threshold into the bedroom she shared with Mark. He delicately dropped her onto the bed that he was growing more familiar with and crawled on top of her, breathing heavily.

Brooke immediately opened her legs as Saul crawled between them. He looked down and smiled at the sight before him. Mark's wife was willingly opening her legs for him, her naked breasts were on display for him, shining with sweat. Her beautiful face wore a mask of lust as she stared up at him intently. She nodded insistently, telling him to continue fucking her immediately.

Saul shifted his hips and pushed his cock into her waiting pussy. It was still perfectly snug and obscenely wet. She moaned in satisfaction and welcomed him in by wrapping her long legs around his hips, pulling as much of his cock into her as possible. Saul collapsed onto his elbows as his lips pressed against hers. Brooke moaned into his mouth as she opened hers, letting his cigarette-laden tongue creep in.

Saul groaned as he felt Brooke's tongue dancing with his, feeling her fingers digging into his lower back as she beckoned him to continue. He was in heaven, not only was Brooke the sexiest woman he had ever been with, but she was also the youngest. It had been a long time since he had slept with any woman. And the fact that she was Mark's wife was just icing on the cake. He'd finally won. He'd thoroughly dominated Mark in every way imaginable.

He broke their passionate kiss, pulling himself up to stare into her pretty eyes, "What would Mark say if he was here right now?"

"Mhm," Brooke grunted as she thrust her body back onto Saul's massive cock. "He'd probably tell you to shut up and keep fucking me."

"Heh," Saul smiled as he felt his cock sliding in and out of Brooke's wet pussy. She was so tight down there, the muscles inside of her were expertly gripping his cock, pulling him deeper into her, unwilling to let him go. "What would you tell him if he were here?"

Brooke could feel another orgasm building up inside of her. Every part of her body felt hypersensitive. Her nipples dragged across Saul's flabby chest each time he thrust himself back into her. "I'd tell him to sit down and watch me. Watch your asshole coworker fuck the shit out of me like you haven't been able to. No offense." She kissed him, thrusting her tongue into the rank taste of his mouth, the flavor only adding to her exhilaration.

Saul nearly contained his grin, but the sides of his mouth began quirking into a smile. His planning and dosing of Mark's protein shakes had worked even better than expected. Breaking the kiss, he crowed, "Mark's not giving you what you want lately? Don't worry, Uncle Saul will take good care of you."

"Ughhh, fuck me, Saul," Brooke moaned. She spread her fingers out over his back, her nails digging into his skin and she pulled him deeper into herself. "Keep going, don't stop. Don't stop."

Saul was panting. Not just from the physical exertion, but from the build-up inside of himself: he was getting so close. He could feel his balls starting to tighten as they prepared to unleash a massive amount of cum.

"Beg me to cum, Brooke. It won't be long now," Saul grunted.

"Cum. Cum for me. Cum for me," Brooke squealed as her body started to increase its tempo, thrusting back against Saul's relentless cock.

"Whose cum do you want, baby?" Sweat was dripping off of Saul's forehead, falling onto Brooke's heaving chest. "Say it."

"Yours, Saul." Brooke moaned as her hands fell to her chest and started massaging her breasts. Her eyes were closed as she spoke, "I want your cum. Saul. Saul, give me your cum. Fuck, don't stop. Give it to me. Please give to me, Saul. Ugh, God. Oh fuck. Fuck. Saaau!!!"

Brooke's toes curled and her eyes rolled back in her head as she arched her back and thrust her chest into the air. A powerful orgasm radiated out from her pussy as it gripped Saul's cock, washing over her entire being. Her torso turned from side to side uncontrollably as the ecstasy spread from where they were joined together.

"Fuck. Here it comes, Brooke, take my load," Saul exclaimed as he pushed forward and his balls unclenched. A torrent of semen first built up in his balls, then shot upwards, filling his long shaft. As he finished his downstroke, the tidal wave of cum blasted out of his cock and sprayed the naked insides of his coworker's wife.

Brooke felt the hot, heavy cum filling her up as Saul's cock continued to expand, shooting more and more of it inside of her. Feeling another man's cum flooding her pussy seemed to unlock something in her. Her orgasm twisted and morphed and slammed back down on her as it rolled into a second larger explosion that crescendoed as her pussy milked more and more cum from Saul's cock.

Saul gritted his teeth and continued to pump his cock into Mark's wife, wanting to feed her every last drop of his seed. Her pussy gripped his cock and took everything he had to offer. Again, he pushed through her clamping youthful walls, sending them both into seizures of bliss.

They lay together, connected and panting for several minutes before Saul rolled off of her. As much as Brooke wanted to just collapse and fall asleep, she swung her legs off the bed and awkwardly moved to the bathroom, trying not to spill Saul's cum on her carpeted floor. She chuckled to herself, deciding that Saul's cum was in a much more welcoming place now than the floor.

She closed the bathroom door and went about cleaning herself. Saul lay in the bed with a shit-eating grin on his face. He knew he was lying in the spot where Mark would sleep tonight. He smiled at the thought. *I wonder if I can maneuver this so I sleep up here with Brooke and Mark has to take the couch. That would be something.*

He did wonder just how far he could push Mark before he snapped. Fucking his wife in their marital bed might just do the trick. He'd have to gauge the man's reaction with care. Maybe it would be wise to dial things back a bit in case Mark started connecting certain dots that Saul didn't want connected.

After twenty minutes of Brooke being in the bathroom, Saul started to get the hint that she might be hiding in there waiting for him to leave. He got dressed and headed downstairs.

As he was opening the door, he heard footsteps on the stairs behind him. Brooke was coming down the stairs, holding a white bed sheet around herself. She slowed her pace as she saw Saul standing there, waiting.

"Coming to wish me goodbye?" Saul asked, his shoulders hunched over, reminding Brooke of a vulture's stance.

"Just wanted to make sure the door was locked behind you," Brooke said.

Saul let go of the door and stepped up to Brooke. She didn't move. He ran a hand behind her and grabbed a handful of her ass as he pulled her to him.

"Give me a kiss for the road," Saul said as he leaned forward, pressing his lips together. To her own surprise, Brooke leaned forward and kissed him. Their lips blended together, their mouths exchanging saliva. Their tongues politely, almost lovingly, caressed one another.

Brooke eventually broke the kiss, looking embarrassed.

Saul trotted over to the door, saying, "I'll can't wait for next time."

"Who said there's going to be a next time?" Brooke tried to stay in the shadows so her neighbors wouldn't see her state of undress.

Saul looked down at her erect nipples poking out from behind the bedsheets. He nodded to them, causing Brooke to look down and try to cover them with one hand while holding up the bedsheet.

"Oh, I'm sure there's going to be a next time," Saul said, pulling the door closed behind him.

Brooke quickly ran up to the door and locked it. She turned, leaned her back against the door, and let out a long breath. Her brain was still processing the events of the afternoon. She wanted to go back to the kitchen, find her phone and update Mark, but what she really needed was a warm shower and to zone out.

Brooke held the bed sheets to her breasts to retain her modesty and went upstairs to start the shower.

Mark gripped the steering wheel tightly as he drove down the freeway towards his home. He needed to figure out a way to get out of this mess, he just wasn't sure how far he was willing to go to get there.

He looked down at his phone mounted on his dashboard. The unsuccessful recording of Saul earlier in the day still stung. He couldn't bear the idea of recording himself role-playing as Saul with his wife. Now, Saul

could not only expose the earlier video of Brooke but he could do serious damage to Mark's professional reputation. Saul had successfully foiled the only plan Mark had been able to muster up.

Mark shook his head as he drove home, trying to dislodge the fuzziness he had been experiencing. Hopefully, the shrink could help him clear it up; he was going to need to think straight to figure out his next steps.

For now, he slumped his shoulders and decided he might have to make the recording Saul wanted, at least to buy himself some time.