

As the elevator doors opened, Dan felt a familiar nervous anxiety run through his body. It had been quite a while since Sarah had been to the apartment in Chicago. A lot had happened between the three of them since then, much of which he was still trying to process. He wasn't sure which direction things were progressing in; all he was sure of was that this apartment had been the catalyst to all of this—the apartment and the beast who lay within.

He exhaled and tried to steady his increased rate of breathing. The anticipation of the unknown made his mind race, and he started sweating. He knew that Lester was definitely going to try something. And he knew that Sarah would almost certainly be open to it. That both horrified and aroused him in equal measure. When they'd first come to this apartment, there was no way in hell she would've ever given someone like Lester the time of day. But now, over the course of months, he had somehow wormed his way into their lives, and Sarah was okay with it. More than okay with it. She wanted to keep exploring this side of herself.

He still didn't know how to reconcile that. He just knew that he needed to embrace it and try to be a part of that. That way, he could keep one hand on the steering wheel. Would she stop if he asked her to? He knew that she would. But deep down, he was afraid she wouldn't want to. And he was afraid to confront that. So he didn't ask. Not yet. Part of Dan didn't want her to claw back on this completely. It had been such an injection of adrenaline into their relationship. But Dan wasn't always in control. That was both exhilarating and terrifying.

Sarah's fingers interlaced with her husband's as they stepped out of the elevator and walked down the hallway towards his apartment. He couldn't shake the image of her trembling under the janitor at the hospital. The way her body thrashed under him as she came, her eyes rolling back as he emptied himself inside of her. How the fuck did we get here? Some creep like Otis, emptying himself inside Sarah. Unprotected, risky sex like that. Thank god she's on the pill.

"You okay?" she smiled at him. Dan couldn't help but smile back. Her smile reminded him of all of their shared memories, the loving relationship they'd grown into, and the life they built together. It stung his heart seeing her smile like that at anyone else. His dick involuntary stirred at the suggestion.

"Yeah," Dan said, "I'm fine."

"You've been quiet. Ever since we got into Chicago," Sarah's grip tightened around his fingers.

"Just got a lot on my mind. Work stuff. I'm wondering what's going to happen when I go to Washington," Dan said, cherishing his wife's touch. The warmth of her fingers interlaced with his. Dan didn't want to go to D.C., not now. Not when they were supposed to be packing up his life in Chicago. Not when he would be leaving Sarah alone here. He wished her parents weren't coming, so she could just drive home and leave this behind. But now they wanted to make a weekend out of this. And Dan needed to keep what was now his main client happy. Fuck.

"Are you wondering what's going to happen in Washington or what's going to happen in Chicago?" Sarah said. Dan let out a long breath and saw Sarah's mischievous smile gracing her face. She was teasing him, but she also seemed to be testing the waters. With her parents in town, hopefully that might put a damper on any raunchy escapades with Lester.

He decided to sidestep the question: “I think I’ll survive missing dinner with your folks.”

Sarah slapped him on the arm, “You know that’s not what I was talking about.”

“I know,” Dan said as they turned a corner. The doorway to the apartment came into view. He tried to think up something to say, some way to talk about what she did with Lester without putting his own heart on the line. He knew he wanted to watch it happen, to see her in that situation again, but he was so afraid to lose control. The more he looked into Lester and treated him like an adversary instead of just his gross roommate, the more intense all of this had become. The more intense his feelings towards their grotesque coupling. It was wholly fucked and he felt fucked in the head and he could feel himself slipping. It was more than just the whole Beauty and the Beast fantasy thing. Now it felt like he was actively participating in letting an enemy steal away his most precious possession. Dan’s heart was beating out of his fucking chest, he felt his face flush as they stepped up to the apartment door.

He opened his mouth to say something. Anything. But no words came out. His throat was dry, and he didn’t know what he wanted to say.

Sarah slid the key out of her purse and put it into the lock. She gave him a painfully sexy, teasing smile and said, “Don’t worry, I’ll be good this whole weekend. Even with your little trip, I’ll make sure you know what’s happening.”

“And,” she added as she turned the key, “I want to try something tonight. Something for me. I hope you like it and that you’ll go along with it.”

Dan didn’t move for several seconds as his brain had a flash meltdown. What was she talking about? Sarah smiled at his reaction and pushed open the door to the apartment. She was already taking off her shoes by the time Dan’s brain finally seemed to wake up. He quickly followed her into the apartment, shutting the door behind him.

Dan stood and looked around the living room. It looked like it always did, the same new furniture and decorations that had mysteriously just appeared one day. But now Dan was seeing it for what it really was – a facade hiding the creature at the end of the hall. How intentional had all of this been? Maybe Sarah was right, that Dan was spiraling, looking at everything as some complex Machiavellian plan. He tried to shove that instinct down. After their last big conversation back home, he wanted to support Sarah and be here for her, with her. But he couldn’t help it. His gut instinct was screaming at him that this was all wrong.

Dan tried to suppress his feelings for the moment. He took his suitcase and Sarah’s into the bedroom while she settled into the living room. When Dan returned to his wife, he was surprised to see that she already had a glass of red wine in her hand.

“Where’d that come from?” Dan asked.

“Lester must have picked it up,” Sarah said. “He doesn’t usually drink wine, so I’m guessing it’s for me, for us.”

“He...knew you were coming?” Dan asked.

“It came up while we were at work,” Sarah said. “Nothing like that,” she was responding to the look of concern that marked Dan’s face. “Just weekend plans sort of thing. But I’m sure he would be clever enough to have a bottle on hand regardless.”

Dan felt his skin begin to crawl. He hadn’t known that Lester was expecting them. That would’ve given him time to plan. Dan suddenly felt at a disadvantage again. He took a deep breath and tried to center himself, trying to will these anxious feelings away. All this suspicion and doubt couldn’t be good for his relationship.

“It’s okay,” Sarah shook her head and smiled at him, “Pour yourself a glass and come sit with me. I can already see the gears turning in your head. You need to relax.”

“It’s hard to relax,” Dan said as he walked to the kitchen, “With all the shit going on work wise.”

Dan poured himself a healthy glass of wine before joining Sarah back in the living room. He sat down next to her on the couch.

“Talk to me,” Sarah said.

“It just feels like it did the last time I got laid off. I know Walt said it was just a temporary thing and I want to believe him but I know that it’s bullshit. So I need to double down on working for my clients, but I hate traveling so much.” Dan said, looking down at the floor.

“The fact that you already have your own book of clients is impressive,” Sarah said, “You’re doing good. Things will grow there. It might seem bleak now, but maybe all of this is for the best. You’ll have more time now to dedicate to your clients and spare time to attract new ones.”

“Yeah. I know. It makes sense on paper, but I won’t feel good about it until it translates into money in the bank,” Dan sighed.

Sarah gave him a sad smile, scrunched her eyebrows in sympathy, and put her hand on his thigh. “Maybe we should go talk to an employment lawyer and sue the pants off them.”

“Illinois is an at-will state,” Dan shook his head, “They can let us go whenever they want.”

“Still, it can’t hurt to talk to someone,” Sarah said, “When you lay it out on the table, it sounds promising. An ex-employee who was fired comes back in and harasses a current employee in good standing? Then they fire the good employee because the other guy is a friend’s son?”

“Sure, but then Jesse gets his day in court to talk about you and us, and it just gets messier and messier and messier. Things are already messy as they are,” Dan said, gesturing to the apartment around him.

“Things are messy, they are,” Sarah said, taking a large gulp of her wine and stroking his thigh. “But we should try to make the most of these messy moments. At some point, life will be back to neat and normal for us, and all of this will just be a distant memory.”

Dan eyed her suspiciously. “What exactly are you planning?”

Sarah gave him a wicked smile and raised her eyebrows, “You’ll see.”

Dan felt his cock stir. She spoke in her sultry voice and looked at him with those wild eyes. Those eyes that were unpredictable. Maybe he should just give in and embrace whatever it was she wanted to do. Just enjoy it like she said. But he was still uneasy. He couldn't shake the feeling that he was being boxed in.

"You scare me sometimes, you know that?" Dan said. He wasn't lying. He truly was beginning to wonder where the line was for his wife. He thought he'd known, back before all this shit started but now he wasn't as sure. The sneaking around and spontaneous sessions with Lester were gradually driving him crazy. "It's like this wild side of you has been unleashed."

Sarah gave him a predatory smile, "Maybe it has." Her hand rose up his thigh and began running up the length of his cock through his pants, "Mhmm, but it feels like you enjoy me like this."

"My dick might," Dan said, exhaling, "But the rest of me still isn't so sure."

"Well," Sarah said, biting her lip and leaning into Dan's ear. With a whisper she continued, "Maybe for tonight it would be best if you thought with your dick." She squeezed his crotch firmly.

Sarah pulled back and gave Dan a deep kiss on the lips. Dan kissed her back, but his mind was pulled out of the moment by the plodding of fat footsteps on the floor. Dan broke the kiss and turned to look over his shoulder from his seat on the couch.

Dan's eyes narrowed, and he felt his jaw clench. Lester, his short, overweight roommate, was standing in the hallway watching the two of them. The only item of clothing he had on was a ratty pair of previously white boxers, his large stomach hanging over the waistband. Dan subtly shook his head, taking in the sight of Lester's disheveled form. Dark hair covered most of his body. He was unshaven, and his hair shone with a greasy sheen.

"Am I interrupting something?" Lester chuckled before stepping into the living room with them.

Dan stared daggers at his unkempt roommate. Sarah patted him on the chest, "Now, let's play nice, okay? For me, hmmm? Lester, why don't you grab another glass of cab and come join us?"

Dan shot Sarah a look as Lester chuckled and walked behind them to the kitchen.

"What?" Sarah asked sheepishly.

"Join us?" Dan whispered back.

Sarah leaned in and bit Dan's earlobe, "Please Dan, I want you guys to try and get along."

"Really?" Dan whispered back, "Why?"

"Would that be so bad? With everything else going on, do you really want more conflict? Besides, it could spill over to me at work; you know how Lester is. It's better to try and clear the air and have him on our side."

"The only side Lester will ever be on is his own," Dan said.

Before Sarah could respond, Lester emerged from the kitchen holding a full glass of wine along with another bottle. He looked so out of place nearly naked holding the wine glass but nothing seemed to bother him.

“So what are we talking about?” Lester moved around the couch and sat down in one of the chairs opposite Dan and Sarah. The same chair Dan had sat in so many times, and watched them together.

Sarah didn’t pull her hand from Dan’s crotch, but she turned to face Lester before taking a sip of her wine.

“Oh, this and that,” Sarah said, “How have you been, Lester? It was a quiet week at work.”

“I’m getting better by the second,” Lester took a sip of his wine, and his face briefly twisted in revulsion. He looked between the glass and Sarah a few times, then took a large gulp before belching.

Sarah shook her head, “Always the gentleman.”

“I’m no gentleman. That’s what you like so much about me,” Lester quipped.

Sarah scoffed and looked at Dan, shaking her head, “I guess it does hold a certain appeal.”

Lester sat in the chair with his legs splayed wide open. The air in the room was thick with tension. Beneath the small talk, all of them were on edge, trying to discern what was going to happen next. Dan didn’t know what Sarah had planned, but he felt his heart beating out of his chest with anticipation. His dick was already hard as a rock but the sight of Lester across from him repulsed him. It was a strange, heady cocktail of emotions that Dan was just beginning to understand – revulsion and arousal playing together in his mind.

“What are we doing here, Sarah?” Dan heard himself breathe in. Sarah bit her lip and tentatively looked between the two men.

“There’s something I want to talk to both of you about,” Sarah said. She looked at Lester, “Lester you’ve been kind of an asshole. And I know you like messing with Dan. I want that to stop.”

Lester sighed heavily and raised his chin indignantly, “I don’t know what you mean.”

Sarah looked at Lester flatly. “Please, Lester, don’t insult my intelligence. How about the whole hotel room thing with Jesse, for starters?”

Dan felt a pang in his chest at Jesse’s name on Sarah’s lips. A stupid smirk spread across Lester’s face, and he held up his hands, palms out in front of him, “Okay. Guilty. But I’m not seeing where this is going.”

“My… our life is getting complicated and messy,” Sarah said, “And I don’t like messy. Neither does Dan. This is all supposed to be fun, and I want to keep it that way. That’s why I’m asking that you two stop being so hard on each other.”

Dan wanted to ask why any of this mattered. They were here to grab the last of their things from the apartment. But he knew better than to say that out loud. There was no point in giving Lester more information freely. Besides, a courtesy place to sleep could be convenient to take advantage of after late meetings with clients in the city. Unless... Sarah intended to continue things with Lester regardless.

“And start getting hard for me,” Sarah breathed as she stroked Dan over his pants in full view of Lester. She turned her head back towards Dan and planted a wet, sloppy kiss on his lips. Dan’s mind froze as it was overwhelmed with the sensation of her lips, tongue, and touch. Dan kissed Sarah back hard, even though it was weirdly uncomfortable doing this under Lester’s watch again.

Before his mind could focus on one thought, Sarah broke the kiss and gave him a sly smile. Her hand slowly pulled away from his aching dick and she turned her body towards Lester. Dan’s eyes widened as Sarah stood up, and her hips swayed back and forth. She slowly and seductively walked towards the slovenly creep in the chair. She threw Dan a sexy look over her shoulders, perhaps looking at him for reassurance or perhaps just gauging his reaction to what she was about to do.

Dan’s dick throbbed in his pants and he felt himself stop breathing as Sarah sat on Lester’s leg and planted her immaculate lips on his. Her beautiful, flawless face against his ugly features. Her blonde hair cascaded over his slumped shoulders.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah moaned loudly as Lester eagerly began kissing her back. Dan’s ogre-like roommate didn’t waste any time, his fat hands grabbing the flesh of Sarah’s ass, pulling her further into him. As if on instinct, Sarah’s hand dropped to Lester’s boxer-clad crotch and started massaging it. Lester’s cock quickly sprang to life as Sarah stroked him through the flimsy fraying material. She let out another muffled moan as her fingers wrapped around the boxer-covered shaft of Lester’s impressive outline.

The taboo coupling across from him continued for several minutes. Dan watched in disgusted arousal as his loving wife, mother of his children, made out with this degraded pervert of a man, freely moaning into his mouth and stroking him between his legs. He had been here so many fucking times. Witnessing this, powerless to stop it. He had tried to cut himself off, but somehow he always found himself right back here, witnessing and thereby participating in the degradation of his life partner and their marriage.

It was such an incongruent, bizarre display that he couldn’t look away. Her tight, toned body against his flabby, hairy one. How the hell had they gotten to this place? After what felt like an eternity, Sarah finally broke her kiss with Lester. She tried to push herself off of him, but Lester held her tightly. She wiggled out of his grip and forced herself to her feet.

She flashed Dan a guilty look before composing herself, taking a few deep breaths.

“Okay, boys. I’ve been doing some thinking,” Sarah said, looking between them, “Dan, I’ve embraced this fantasy of yours, going further than I ever thought possible. Lester, you’ve pushed me to do things that I know get you off. Things that I never would have dreamed of on my own. Frankly, I’m discovering a new side of myself that is equal parts exciting and terrifying. But the point is, I’ve done a lot for both of you.”

Sarah unzipped her hoodie and threw it at Lester’s chest.

“It’s time that both of you do something for me,” Sarah walked past Dan, brushing her hand against his chest. “It’s time you make one of my fantasies come true and learn how to cooperate.”

Sarah walked towards the hallway and turned to look back at both men, who were still seated, staring at her. She pulled her shirt over her head exposing her flawless, white skin and a lacy, blood red bra that emphasized her impressive bust. Dan felt his jaw drop open as Sarah bent at the waist, pulling her pants down her long, toned legs. The top of her breasts was purposely on display for both of them. When she stood back up, Dan’s eyes finally noticed the matching blood red lacy panties his wife was wearing.

He did the mental math. She would have had to put that on before they left home. She had been planning this all this time. Sarah ran her hand tantalizingly slowly up the door frame and licked her lips, a gesture Dan associated with Lester as she stared back at them with a dangerous glint in her eyes.

“Coming, boys?” Sarah said in a sultry tone before turning around and walking down the dark hallway. Dan watched her perfect bubble butt disappear into the darkness. Before Dan could process exactly where Sarah was leading things, Lester was on his feet.

They locked eyes. Dan sat uncomfortably on the couch while Lester’s grotesque body towered over him. The shorter man’s frame seemed to fill the room. Dan wanted to stand, to square his shoulders and push past Lester, but he didn’t. He flinched.

Lester stared hard at Dan for several seconds, as if trying to read Dan’s mind. Those intense beady eyes made Dan shift in his seat and break eye contact.

“Listen, Lester...” Dan started.

“It doesn’t matter.” Lester glanced down the hallway. “We’re not friends. This is all for her. You should just stay at the peephole where you belong. You’re not going to be able to keep up with me.”

Dan opened his mouth to speak before his brain could come up with something to say. Without caring what Dan wanted to say, Lester pushed past him. His boxer clad cock eye to eye with Dan as Lester shuffled past the couch and plodded into the hallway.

Dan sat, transfixed, watching the darkness for several seconds by himself. He felt the familiar immobilization, his mind detaching from his body. Preferring to be a spectator. Maybe it was some kind of mental defense mechanism, he wasn’t sure. Dan balled his fists and powered through the blanket of helpless feeling.

He stood and marched down the hallway after them, forcing one foot after the other. Dan felt his heart beating in his chest. His face felt flush and warm. He tried to steady his breathing as he walked down the dark hallway into the unknown. Sounds came from ahead of him, but he didn’t know where they were. He knew what the sounds were, but his mind was disassociating again, demanding he confirm the event with his own eyes.

He pushed open the door to his room. It was dark in here too. He didn’t know why he opened this door. He knew they wouldn’t be in here. That Sarah wouldn’t be in here. She had bypassed this room and gone to Lester’s. Dan tried not to read too much into that.

With tentative steps, he stood in front of Lester's closed door. That bastard had obviously closed it behind him. Dan reached out and grasped the doorknob, bracing himself for the inevitable resistance of it being locked. To his surprise the knob turned all the way.

The door pushed open, and the room was dark, except for the pale glow of the computer monitor. Even in the low light, Dan's eyes widened at the sight before him. Lester's massive, unclothed frame had his wife's lithe body pinned against the foot of his bed. She was still slightly taller than him, but his obese girth threatened to overwhelm her. It was hard to see Sarah, but her bra straps were already hanging limply around her biceps. His roommate's hands gripped her ass roughly, pulling her against him.

Dan stepped into the room, and his foot touched something. He managed to break his gaze away from the unholy sight in front of him to Lester's pair of discarded boxes in front of him. Only then did Dan realize that the floor was littered with all sorts of dirty clothes, boxes and other assorted trash. And in the middle of it all, his prim and proper wife was being groped and slobbered on by this cretin of a man. She seemed to be loving every moment of it.

Dan steeled his nerves and walked further into the room, scanning his surroundings. He saw the taped-over hole in the wall where Dan had watched several of their couplings before. The computer seemed very high-end and possibly custom-made. The bed was large and looked impressively expensive, even though it was unmade, and crumbs and other filth could be seen on the sheets. It didn't quite fit with the rest of the room.

"Dan," Sarah's throaty voice snapped his attention back to the scene in front of him. She had a hand on Lester's hairy chest, temporarily holding him at bay. The obese man didn't look happy about it, but Sarah held her hand out towards her husband. Dan stepped towards her to take her hand, but she grabbed his shirt and tugged it up.

Holy shit. This is what she wants. Both of us. At once. Together. Dan shuddered at the thought. His arousal for his wife, battling with the abhorrence of being so close to Lester's naked body.

Dan pulled his shirt over his head. Before he'd even pulled it all the way off, Sarah's hand was already expertly loosening his belt and tugging on it. Dan dropped his shirt to the floor, where it landed amongst the disparate piles of Lester's refuse. There was some kind of symbolism to that, but his mind didn't want to work through it. Sarah had his belt off and undid the button. Dan gritted his teeth and pulled his pants and boxers down in one fluid motion.

He was naked, standing in Lester's room, next to Lester's naked body. The comparison was uncanny. Dan's above-average build stood out against Lester's obese body. But his moment of confidence turned to a dread of inferiority when Sarah grasped both of their cocks. Her fist wrapped around Dan's entire shaft while several inches of Lester's prodded out from her other hand. The distinction was evident to everyone present.

"I've wanted this for so long," Sarah breathed, "To have both of you. At the same time."

Dan glanced at Lester, who had a stupid, smirking grin on his face as Sarah lowered herself onto her knees in front of them. She licked her lips and stared at the two cocks in front of her. To Dan's relief, his wife leaned towards him first and pulled his pole into her mouth.

“Mmhmmm,” Sarah moaned around Dan’s shaft. Her grip tightened around his shaft, and Dan suppressed a groan as her tongue ran under his organ’s head. Her wet, warm mouth felt amazing around his dick. Sarah had always given him excellent blowjobs but seeing her kneeling here amongst all this filth holding...no stroking Lester’s cock at the same time was nearly overwhelming.

Dan’s eyes kept shifting between Sarah’s angelic face, eyes closed, concentrating on pleasuring him, and her other hand, stroking up and down Lester’s thick, veiny shaft.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah moaned again, lost in what she was doing. Sarah was slurping up and down Dan’s dick while her other hand furiously stroked Lester. Dan steadied himself at the sight. It had been a long time since he was in a room in a vulnerable state like this with Lester. Seeing his wife moan like this and act like such a wanton slut was staggering to an incredible degree. He knew he should be processing this moment in some manageable way but all rational thought seemed overridden by his lust.

Sarah pulled her mouth off Dan’s dick and dropped her head low, licking his balls while stroking his engorged shaft. Her soft tongue running over his clean shaven balls before slurping up and down his shaft. Sarah couldn’t help but moan to herself as she licked her husband.

That’s when Lester grew impatient, no longer satisfied with merely being jacked off by Sarah’s hand. He stepped forward, Sarah’s hand still stroking his cock, and he butted its head against her cheek. Sarah didn’t waste any time, her tongue left Dan’s dick and planted itself against Lester’s hulking shaft, licking up his length before taking the enormous head into her mouth.

“Mhmmhmmm,” Sarah groaned as Lester’s cock pushed into her mouth. She still stroked Dan’s dick but now seemed less enthusiastic than a second ago. Wet slurping sounds filled the room as Sarah’s head eagerly bobbed up and down on Lester’s massive cock. But Lester wasn’t content to just stand there and let her worship him. His fat fingers gripped her hair into a ponytail and he pulled her head down onto his cock.

Sarah’s grip tightened around Dan’s shaft and her stroking slowed. Her hand held still onto him for support as more and more of Lester’s thick meat pushed into her mouth. Dan’s eyes widened as Sarah’s nose pushed into the thick patch of pubic hair at the base of Lester’s cock. How had she taken so much of his cock into her mouth? There was no way that was possible...

Lester roughly pulled on Sarah’s pony tail, the elongated shaft of his cock slid out of her mouth for a few seconds before the brute pulled her head all the way down onto his cock again. A gag escaped Sarah’s lips quickly followed by a soft plaintive moan.

Sarah’s hand still held Dan’s cock but she wasn’t stroking him.

“Gllucckk, gluucckk, gllaaack!” strange noises erupted from Sarah’s throat as Lester’s cock pistoned in and out of her mouth like a wild runaway freight train. Sarah’s hand desperately stroked Lester’s thrusting shaft each time in the brief moments it was exposed from between her lips, before the rest of his cock quickly buried itself again in her mouth.

“Mhmmhmm,.. Gluuck, mhmm, gluuckk. Mhmmmm,” Sarah was making wild moans and noises, her hips seemingly humping the air around her. Her body was thrusting in time with Lester’s cock pistoning into her mouth, deftly pushing into her throat. And she was loving every second of it. Her bra

clad breasts were bouncing up and down in time with her cock-sucking face, while several lines of drooling spit dribbled onto her quivering tits.

Dan wondered whether he himself could manage pushing his cock all the way to the back of Sarah's mouth and into her throat like Lester was doing effortlessly. Sarah seemed to be losing herself to his actions. Was this thorough drilling something Dan could ever possibly give her? His cock twitched at the mere thought.

Sarah pulled her face off Lester's unyielding cock and took a huge breath, fresh teardrops dotted the corners of her eyes. Her hand never stopped stroking his ugly cock right in front of her reddened face. Sarah turned back to look at Dan's dick and grabbing it, pulled him towards her. Dan obliged, stepping forward as she yanked on his tumescent dick. Her lips parted, and she took it into her mouth for several seconds, bobbing up and down on it, making sure his shaft was properly coated in her copious saliva so her hand could move up and down it freely.

Then she turned and her mouth was back on Lester's enormous cock. He wasn't gripping her by the hair anymore, allowing her to bob her head up and down on his cock in a near manic frenzy.

"Mhmmhmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's cock as it shot over her tongue. Lester let out a groan and placed both hands on his hips, staring down at Dan's beautiful wife worshipping his fat slimy cock.

Sarah's hand was still lazily stroking Dan's shaft but her full attention seemed devoted to the oversized cock in her mouth.

"Lick... lick, nng, lick my nuts," Lester croaked. With the words not even out of his mouth for a full second, Sarah gasped as she pulled Lester's cock out of her mouth, a single drooping line of saliva running between his cock and her lips. Sarah flashed Lester a devilish smile before dropping her nose down below his girthy shaft. Her face disappeared into the fetid jungle of his knotted and unkempt, neglected pubic hair around his balls.

"Mhmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned into Lester's nuts, her tongue pushing past the matted public hair to dance across the sensitive skin.

"That's it, Sarah," Lester grunted, "Just like that. That feels good, baby."

Sarah just moaned in response. Sarah's perfect blonde hair draped over Lester's coarse, dark pubic hair, creating such a strange contrast to Dan. He couldn't quite put his finger on why it was so succinctly odd. Maybe it was because of Sarah's dedication and care in her hair, or the length of time she spent on it before going out. But now to be intermingling with hair that might not have been touched by water or soap this week, if not the one before, was such a wild, insane contradiction.

Sarah lapped at Lester's nuts with extreme dedication, dragging her tongue across each different part of his colossal ball sack while her hand never stopped furiously stroking Lester's equally huge cock. Her other hand around Dan's shaft was still by comparison.

Sarah licked up Lester's shaft and flicked her tongue across the bottom of his flared pulsing cock head. As she was about to dive back down onto his cock, she looked back over at Dan. It was almost like she'd forgotten he was there for a second. Her hand resumed stroking him in time, and her other hand stroked Lester. She turned her head to move back to Dan's cock.

“No. Not yet,” Lester grunted while grabbing the back of her head and pulling her back to his cock. His fat cock head split open her lips and pushed into her mouth again. The unexpected force of the action caused Sarah to involuntarily moan again, “Mhmmhmhmmmmmm.”

“That’s right,” Lester licked his lips, “Suck my fat cock in front of your husband. You like showing him what a slut you are, don’t you? You’re not done yet.”

“Mhmmmm-hmmmm,” Sarah moaned in agreement. Her eyes flicked to Dan’s. Her stare bore deep into his soul, and he felt a deep, involuntary shudder. She looked wild. “I’m not. And I do,” Sarah said, addressing Lester after pulling her mouth off his. “I love showing off for him.”

Lester frowned, “Stop it. Stop for a second.”

Sarah looked up at him confused, as he’d just interrupted her from putting her mouth back on his cock.

“Put both your hands at the bases of our cocks,” Lester said. Sarah slid her fists down both of their shafts until the bottoms of her two pinkies rested against each man’s pubic skin. Sarah looked up at her lover expectantly.

“Ok, now bring each of your hands up at the same time.” Lester had fixed Sarah with his glare, and they stared into each other’s eyes. The short man blinked slowly, enjoying Sarah’s lingering caress. “Ah, yeah, that’s good.” Dan was enjoying his wife’s touch as well when her hand slipped off the end of his dick. Sarah and Dan both looked down at the loss of contact. The hand she had on Lester’s cock had not yet reached its swollen head.

“Oops. Sorry hon. Let’s try that again.” Dan blushed slightly with embarrassment. Yet he could tell he’d gotten even harder than before in the last few moments.

The young mother sensuously returned her hands to their starting positions on the two men’s organs. She leaned over and gently kissed the tip of her husband’s dick as her hands began to move up again. Seeing the gesture, Lester put his hand on the back of Sarah’s head and pulled her in, away from Dan, inserting his meaty cockhead into her welcoming mouth. Sarah began delightedly sucking so intently that, once again, Dan’s dick had slipped out of his wife’s hand before Lester’s could. Lester abruptly pulled himself out of her mouth, and all three looked at the results.

Sarah’s hand was now just below Dan’s dick, not touching him, the organ still hard as an iron bar. Her other hand remained on his roommate’s bigger veiny cock, which inexplicably seemed larger than it had moments earlier. Lester coughed and cleared his throat. “Aw man, it happened again. Alright, Sarah, let’s try this one more time. Put your hands back... ah, ah yeah, right there.” Sarah’s hands went back around the bases of both men. She encouragingly squeezed each of them, a playful grin on her lips.

“Now slowly, very slowly, bring them up at the same time.” Lester said. Sarah’s grip felt amazing on Dan’s dick as she deliberately, teasingly slid her hand up his shaft. Dan watched as Sarah did the same to Lester. Dan felt desperate for Sarah to put her mouth back on him.

“Stop. Right there,” Lester coughed. Dan looked down, Sarah’s hand was sitting firmly beneath the head of his cock.

“Notice a difference?” Lester asked Sarah. Dan’s wife looked between both dicks, her mouth hanging open with anticipation.

“I...” Sarah started. Dan could read the conflicted emotions on her face.

“Say it,” Lester barked.

“It’s bigger,” Sarah said looking at Lester’s cock. Sarah’s hand was only part of the way up Lester’s shaft. More of his shaft and his ugly cock head was still sticking past her enclosed fist. The length left sticking out was almost as long as Dan at his hardest.

“See that Dan? See all of that thick cock not in her hand? That’s how deep I can get into your wife, how full she gets of me. My cock touches places you’ve never even been to. I’ve touched sensitive parts inside your wife you’ve never known and never will. Unexplored fertile, married ground that only my cock can have.” Lester said, “Isn’t that right Sarah? When we fuck, my cock goes deeper and makes you cum harder because of it.”

“Okay, okay, enough Lester. Sarah and I aren’t stupid. We’ve read about this. What you’re saying is all a myth.” It felt weird to make this point while Sarah still held both of their manhoods in her hands, and Dan wilted a little while he explained. “Size doesn’t really matter in whether or not a woman has a good time in bed with a man. That’s just a porn trope, it’s not real.” He’d been speaking directly to his roommate, and he turned to his wife for confirmation.

It wasn’t quite clear that Sarah had heard him, silently still looking with fascination at what she held in her hands.

"Sure bud, size doesn't matter. I guess I'd say the same thing if I were you." Lester replied with a withering look.

Dan didn’t say anything. Couldn’t say anything. Lester was right. As much as his brain desperately tried to think of a face-saving rebuttal, it came up completely blank.

“Lester please –” Sarah started.

“Do you believe that horseshit?” Lester was talking to Sarah. He’d gotten through to her, breaking her reverie.

“You are supposed to be civil,” Sarah admonished Lester, “And cooperate. Get along.”

“This is me getting along,” Lester’s ugly face smiled at her. “You know he likes this shit and gets off on it. I’m just giving him what he wants,” he shrugged.

“It’s just...you’re so mean sometimes. It makes me feel like I’m ...” Sarah trailed off as she looked at Dan and then back to Lester, uncertain. She seemed to be waiting for some kind of reaction from Dan, but he felt his hand slip from the steering wheel.

“What’s it like?” Lester asked.

“What’s ‘what’ like?” Sarah said.

“Having a real cock in your hand,” Lester said. “Squeeze me. Look at it. You can see the difference. For so long, you had to be satisfied with something less than. Inadequate. But now you know what a real cock is like, how it feels. You’ll never have to be stuck wondering if you’re even going to cum ever again.”

Sarah let out a long, haughty breath and stared at Lester’s gigantic cock. The hand on his shaft started stroking it again while her eyes stared at the cock head as if she were being hypnotized.

“It’s, it’s absolutely amazing,” Sarah whispered, “Before all of this, I never knew....never understood how much difference size actually makes. Never knew how wonderful it could be.”

It felt like a cold jab to Dan’s heart.

“Look at your husband, tell him what you want tonight.” Lester breathed.

Sarah parted her lips and took Lester’s cock into her mouth. She moaned around the shaft and closed her eyes. Her hand on Dan’s cock slowly began stroking it again, while the one on Lester’s pumped him in time with her mouth. Sarah thoroughly tongued Lester’s cock, licking up the vein crossed shaft before swirling her tongue all around his bulbous cock head. Then she looked up at Dan.

“Dan, my love. Tonight in this room, I want a real cock to fuck me,” Sarah trembled as the words escaped her lips. She breathed hard and looked down at Dan’s cock. She gripped it tightly in her fist as she pumped his shaft, “I’m sorry, honey, I really, really am...”

“...but I don’t think your dick is going to cut it tonight,” Sarah’s eyes snapped up to Dan’s, “I know it’s not fair. Don’t hate me, but I need a real cock.”

The combination of Sarah’s sultry, traitorous words, her firm grip on his shaft, and every erotic second leading up to this moment proved to be too much for Dan. He didn’t even know he was so close to cumming.

His body tensed and he grunted as a long rope of cum shot out of his dick. Sarah moved to intercept it with her mouth, but Lester’s hand was already there waiting, gripping the back of her hair, holding her in place. Dan’s cum shot onto the floor between them as Sarah slowly pumped his pulsing shaft.

Dan let out an exasperated breath as the last drops of his spent seed hit the floor, disappearing into the scattered refuse below.

“Heh,” Lester chuckled, “And you know that I last longer than that.”

Sarah kept stroking both of their cocks for a few more seconds. Her hand on Dan’s shaft slowed and stopped. She removed it, reached down and wiped the dripping cum off on a random article of clothing on the floor. She turned back to Lester’s throbbing cock in her other hand and bit her bottom lip. Her eyes turned up to look at Lester’s ugly face.

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed, each pump of her fist on his shaft seemingly arousing them both further and further, “I need it inside me.”

Lester smirked, "Give it a nice kiss then. You know how."

Sarah puckered her lips and leaned forward. The lips that kissed Dan's daughters' foreheads goodnight touched the slit of Lester's cockhead and pressed against it. This was a tender, loving kiss, but deep, urgent moans still escaped from Sarah's throat. Her tongue tentatively licked at his cock slit while she continued to plant small affectionate kisses against the head of his expanding cock. Sarah's eyes opened, and she looked up at Lester expectantly.

"Now tell me how much you want it. Ask it nicely and don't forget to say please," Lester breathed.

Dan felt disgusted at himself and the lewd display in front of him. How could he have let this happen? His post-nut clarity was beginning to unfreeze his brain, and the scene unfolding before him was just beginning to fully register for him. It was so extremely depraved, there was no way a strong, independent woman like Sarah would just bow down and say the shit that Lester want—

"Please," Sarah said, staring at Lester's cock like it was alive with a mind of its own, as if it would answer back. Her manicured fingers ran up and down its shaft. The hand that had previously been stroking Dan had joined the other on Lester's cock. "God, I want you so badly. I want you inside of me. Please. Please, I want you inside of me. I want to feel you inside of me. Filling me all the way up. God, I need it. Please, please fuck me."

Sarah licked her lips and leaned in, planting more kisses on the head of Lester's cock, whispering to it now, "Please. Please. Give me what I need. Please." Sarah planted more ardent kisses. Each one seemed more desperate than the last. Her pleas grew louder and more anguished, "Please! I want to feel you inside of me. God, I want all of you in me. The whole fucking thing. Fuck, please. Please! I'm begging you!"

A familiar shit eating grin spread across Lester's face. He put a hand to her chin and pulled her to her feet.

"Take it off," Lester growled. He flicked his wrist indicating he meant her scandalous red lingerie panties.

Dan's wife didn't even bother to look at him. She shrugged out of her unclasped bra and let it drop to the floor, fully revealing her perfect, heaving breasts. She was breathing hard, causing them to rise and fall. Without breaking eye contact with Lester, Sarah quickly dropped her panties to the ground.

"God, I'm gonna enjoy this," Lester spat the words out as he stepped forward. Sarah held her ground and soon Lester's portly body was pushed up against hers. His hard cock jutting into her thigh as his hand grabbed her ass and the other pushed on her back, smushing her flawless breasts against his flabby ones. Lester's lips pressed into hers and they hungrily devoured each other. The sounds of wet, smacking mouths filled the room. Silence only heard in the brief moments that their lips momentarily parted for their tongues to entwine and play against one another.

Lester continued stepping forward until Sarah's ass pressed against the high foot of his bed. Lester let out an animalistic growl and broke the kiss, using his hands on her hips to impetuously turn Sarah around to face the bed. One of his meaty hands gripped the back of her neck and bent her over as his other hand grasped his fully erect cock.

“Uhhmhmhhh,” Sarah grunted at the sudden imposition. Her hands braced themselves on the bed, her neck bent as Lester held it in an iron grip. Then the fat man ran his solid heated cock up and down her copiously dripping slit from behind.

“Say it again, tell us all what you want,” Lester snarled as Sarah’s ass wiggled and pushed back, seeking more connection to his cock.

“Fuck me. I want your cock. I need it. Please Lester. Please fuck me,” Sarah whined.

“Now tell Dan,” Lester said.

“Umm,” Sarah hesitated. “Uhhh...Dan. I need it. I need a real cock. Lester’s real cock. I’m sorry baby but I, I can’t help it. I can’t help it at all. I need it. I need it – oh god Lester just shove it into me. Fuck.” Sarah cried out.

“That’s my good girl,” Lester smiled and gave her ass a hard slap.

WHAP

Sarah lunged forward in pain. At the same instant Lester forcefully rammed the full length of his cock into Dan’s wife, giving her the feeling of nearly being split in two.

“Ahmhmhmhahhmm,” Sarah shrieked, her feet going onto the balls of her toes. Her fingers splayed out on the bed, then tightly gripped the bed sheets.

“Oh God,” Sarah moaned, Lester’s meaty hand still holding her down at the neck. He gripped it tightly and with his next thrust, pulled back on her neck, impaling his cock as far into her as possible.

Lester stayed connected but didn’t pull back. He had her thighs pinned between himself and the bed. He swayed from side to side, still buried deep inside of her.

“Do you feel how deep my cock is?” Lester sneered.

“YESSS,” Sarah said out of breath.

“Yeah? Dan has never touched you here, has he?” Lester said.

“No.....never,” Sarah cried.

Dan felt his cock stir back to life at her response. The disgust he felt was combined with his sudden arousal. He was experiencing too many emotions at once, and all of them were now being colored by the erotic scene in front of him. He worried about the long-term ramifications to his psyche. But in this moment, here, tonight, nothing else mattered.

Lester let go of Sarah’s neck, and both of his hands gripped her hips. He leaned down and licked up her spine before standing upright and pulling his cock almost all the way out of her before recklessly slamming it completely back in.

“Ahh,” Sarah cried, “Uh! Mhmmfuckmee, uhh!”

Dan couldn't see Sarah's face. Her luscious blonde locks hung all around her head, obscuring her expression. He desperately wanted to see her face.

“God, so fucking big,” Sarah panted. She was already out of breath, “Oh my god! Oh. Mhmm. Yess! Oh god YES!”

Lester licked his lips and bucked his hips back and forth at a relentless tempo. The skin on Sarah's bubble butt rippled pliantly with each thrust. She desperately grabbed the bed sheets for leverage, anything to hold onto to keep herself upright.

Dan's eye caught sight of Sarah's wedding band sparkling in the low light from the computer monitor.

“Fucking hell,” Lester muttered, “You feel so fucking good. So goddamn tight. I'll never get tired of this. Never.”

“Fuck I want this all day, everyday,” Sarah grunted, “God Lester you fill me up so fucking good.”

“I don't think Dan can hear you; you need to get louder,” Lester barked, a bead of sweat traveling down his cheek.

“FUCK ME!” Sarah wailed, throwing her head back. She looked over her shoulder, her eyes briefly connecting with Dan's before shitting back to Lester, “Fuck me Lester. Jesus, please give it to me. Give me every fucking thing you have.”

“I love your cock,” Sarah whined, “I fucking love it. I love your huge cock Lester. Don't stop! Don't fucking stop! I'm close. Oh god, please.”

“I'm not stopping, no fucking way,” Lester grunted, “I want to feel you cum for me. Cum on my fat cock. Is that what you want?”

Fff-fffuck,” Sarah moaned, rolling her head lazily, “I want it. I want to cum on your fat cock. God, I want to feel you explode inside of me.”

“Do you remember when Dan tried to make us wear condoms again?” Lester chuckled.

Sarah let out a breathy laugh and looked at Dan, “I'm sorry, baby, but that isn't ever happening again.”

Lester picked up his pace and started rapidly pistoning his cock in and out of Sarah. “Oh fuck. Lester. Please! Don't. Don't stop! I need it. I'm so close. So close. Oh god! Yes! Yes! Lester. Lester!”

“Give it to me, baby. Cream on my cock, really let go,” Lester blurted.

“LESTER! OH GOD! OH MY FUCKING GOOOOOD! LESTER!” Sarah screamed again. Her back arched, breasts swaying freely as all the muscles in her body went tight, locking up all at once. It felt as if a dam burst inside of her as she came. Her pussy clenched airtight around Lester's cock as her fingers splayed out on the bed. A low, dangerous moan escaped her lips as her eyes squinched shut. Fireworks exploded throughout her body and colors flashed behind her eyelids as Lester groaned in her ear,

feeling her sweet pussy grip him so incredibly tightly as she came. Wave after wave of bedazzling pleasure washed over her.

Both Sarah and Lester were panting as if in a heated competition. Their frenzied fucking slowed as they caught their breaths. Sweat dripped down Lester's fat body and ran onto the rounded cheeks of Sarah's perfect ass. Her gorgeous face was flush from holding her breast as she came. She felt deliriously light headed.

Dan watched all of this, watched every single debauched second, his breath matching theirs as he took in the scene. Lester and Sarah were breathing entirely in unison. Their bodies seemingly connected on some unseen deeper level. A stray thought occurred to him wondering whether their brain frequencies were in sync as well. It was like Dan was witnessing some primal fateful affair. Both of them operating on their most basic levels.

This was his moment. Dan's dick was now hard as a rock again. He could sit back like he always did or he could change the game and step up and take action. He shook off his earlier failures and his premature ejaculation from only a few minutes ago. He took a step forward, "Move. My turn."

Both Sarah and Lester looked at him slightly surprised. Neither saying anything for a moment. Dan was worried that he was about to be rejected. That his wife wouldn't let him in on the fun. That her fantasy of a threesome had gone out the window the moment Lester's thick cock had entered her.

"Take a break Lester," Sarah breathed. Anger flashed on Lester's face and he didn't pull out.

"Lester," Sarah said more sternly. Lester grunted and stepped back, his large cock plopping out Dan's wife, coated and dripping with her juices. Dan didn't hesitate. He stepped up behind his wife and pushed his firm dick into her.

"Uhh," Sarah moaned. Dan gripped her hips just like Lester had and began fucking his wife. He needed to show both of them that he could do just as good a job as his fat fuck of a roommate. Dan didn't waste any time, pumping fully into Sarah, trying to mimic the same thrusting tempo that Lester had been delivering.

Dan's thighs slapped loudly against Sarah's ass, making her perfect ass jiggle. Soft moans escaped Sarah's lips but Dan couldn't see her face. Her head hung low between her shoulders as she thrust back into him.

Dan felt uneasy about Lester being somewhere behind him, out of his view. He didn't think Lester would hurt him but his roommate had proven to be unpredictable. He looked over his shoulder and saw Lester sitting in his computer chair, arms crossed with a scowl on his face. This is what Dan needed to start doing. Putting Lester in his place. Properly showing Lester who was in charge of all of this. And showing Sarah that she didn't need someone like Lester, that Dan could fulfill all her fantasies and desires.

"Mhm," Sarah moaned encouragingly. Her pussy squeezed his dick and Dan felt his face contort in pleasure. God, she was amazing. Dan kept up his momentum, hoping to bring his wife to an orgasm soon. He was thrusting hard and fast into her just like Lester had. The way she liked it. He grabbed the back of her neck tightly and held her in place before pulling her back further onto his pole, making sure to slam every inch of himself into her.

Dan heard a sound from behind him. Turning, he saw his roommate's disgusting naked backside. Lester had gotten up and was facing away from them over by the wall. Dan tried not to let it bother him that Lester wasn't seeing this. He redoubled his effort to make it clear who was doing the fucking now.

He was grunting deeply as he pounded her.

"Mhm," Sarah moaned again softly. Her hands were still on the bed, but they weren't bunching up the sheets fiercely like they had been a few minutes ago. Sarah was eagerly pushing her ass back against him but it didn't seem as intensely frenetic as before. Maybe she needed a few minutes to work herself back up into that frenzied pre-orgasm state.

"You're doing it wrong," Lester's voice chuckled from behind him. He'd returned to his chair, watching the married couple together.

Dan ignored his roommate and kept fucking into his wife. His wife. Not Lester's. He knew her better than anyone else. Knew what she needed and how she needed it.

"That's not how she likes it," Lester said in a low voice.

"Whatever," Dan said over his shoulder, "I, I didn't say anything when you were doing this."

"Lester he's my husband and it's —"

"Hey, Sarah wants us to cooperate. I'm just giving you some pointers," Lester said.

"I don't need your pointers, Lester. I know how to fuck my own wife," Dan said rolling his eyes. His thrusting had slowed from the distraction and now it looked like Sarah was just standing there bent over, not passionately thrusting back onto his cock as she had before.

"Sure," Lester said quietly. He didn't say anything else, but the echo of his words hung in the air all around them. The words wormed their way into Dan's head, and the seeds of self-doubt began to creep in.

"Sarah, let's, ah, let's change it up," Dan said, "Let's get onto the bed."

"Okay," Sarah said as Dan pulled himself out of her. Sarah crawled up onto the bed and laid down, "Which way do you want me?"

"On your back," Dan said as Sarah complied, nodding.

"Tsk," Lester made the sound from his chair, but Dan ignored his chiding.

Dan was going to fuck his wife on Lester's bed the same way that that asshole had done in their marital bed. He climbed up and joined his wife, who calmly opened her legs up to him. Dan slid himself inside of her.

“Ohh,” Sarah moaned softly as Dan buried his dick in Sarah’s welcoming pussy. He bent over her and kissed and licked her neck in the areas he knew usually set her off. He kept a slow and deliberate pace with his thrusts. Sarah’s eyes were closed, and her mouth hung slightly open.

Lester’s words were still rattling around in his head. Everything was being colored by the tone of his comments. Was she not breathing fast enough? Did that mean she wasn’t enjoying it? Her face looked almost blank, not ecstatically contorted in pleasure. Her hips were pushing up off the bed to meet his thrusts, but he felt like she was just making a token effort.

“You’re being too gentle,” Lester said from his chair.

“Lester please,” Sarah said looking at the rotund man.

“Shut up, man,” Dan said.

“I’m just trying to help,” Lester said.

“It’s not helping,” Dan said, “Just be quiet.”

“Hey, Sarah wants us both involved here tonight,” Lester said, “I’m just trying to make her fantasy come true and the best that it can be.”

Dan gritted his teeth and ignored his obese roommate. The chair squeaked, and Lester stood up. Dan saw him standing there in the low light out of the corner of his eyes.

“What are you doing?” Dan said.

“Sarah wants us both at once,” Lester said, walking towards the bed.

Dan didn’t slow his pace but kept a wary eye on the fat man as he approached the bed. Sarah’s eyes opened, and his wife silently watched Lester’s approach. Lester was absently stroking his raging hard cock staring down at Sarah.

“I know what she needs,” Lester said, “What she craves.”

“Lester –” Dan started as Lester got onto the bed, kneeling next to Sarah’s head. His cock was pointing right at her face. Before Dan could utter another word, Sarah’s hand left his bicep and grasped Lester’s thick cock and brought it to her mouth.

“Mmmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned around Lester’s cock. Her hips started bucking up off the bed against Dan. Sarah’s fist wrapped around Lester’s shaft as she sucked on him, bathing his cock with her tongue.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned again as her head bobbed on Lester’s cock. Sarah’s hips continued to increase their delicious tempo. Almost like her body was coming alive for the first time since Dan put himself inside of her.

“That’s a good girl Sarah, gooood girl. Suck my cock, suck on it. Yeah just like that baby,” Lester said as he stroked Sarah’s hair. “Now fuck her deeper Dan, give our girl what she needs.”

Dan started pushing as hard into Sarah as he could. Her hips were bucking off the bed at an incredible speed and Dan was trying to keep up with the pace.

“Use your hips to drive into her, don’t just push up with your legs like some kind of clumsy teenager,” Lester said as he stroked Sarah’s cheek. His hips were rocking forward, effortlessly pushing his cock deeper into Sarah’s mouth. Her unseeing eyes rolled back in her head, she seemed to be revelling in the two men’s attentions.

“Mhmmhmmhmm,” she moaned like a wanton slut around Lester’s glistening cock.

“Lester just shut the fuck up, I know what I’m doing,” Dan said as he moved up into a kneeling position, trying to get his face away from the spectacle of Lester’s fat thrusting cock.

“We’re in this together,” Lester said, “Giving Sarah what she wants. Yeah girl, suck my cock, take it deep. Don’t be so sensitive. I’m just trying to make sure she gets what she needs.”

“I know what I’m doing,” Dan said, “I’ve been with her for years, remember?”

“Ah yeah,” Lester shook his head balefully, “Years of one orgasm a week, maybe, if she was lucky. Come on, really work your hips, I’m just trying to help.”

Sarah’s torso fully turned to face Lester, her hand and mouth wrapped around his cock, eyes closed as she focused on pleasing Dan’s fat roommate. Her other hand reached down between her legs and was stroking and flicking her clit as Dan pounded into her.

“Mhmmhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned again, louder than before. Louder than earlier when Dan had just been fucking her solo. This, here and now, this is what she wanted right? Both of their cocks inside her together at the same time. That had to be why she was moaning so loudly. It wasn’t only because of Lester here. Right?? Every reaction from his wife was magnified now, bigger. With each thrust Dan made, he could tell he was overanalyzing her every reaction. He tried to push deeper into her, but she didn’t react to it. Her hips were grinding up against him, and his thrusts were matching the same tempo.

Lester was looking at him out of the corner of his eye and grinning. What the hell was that about?

“That’s it, give her what she wants, Dan,” Lester said dryly. Sarah pulled her mouth off Lester’s cock and started licking up and down his shaft. From Dan’s angle, it looked like she was cleaning a particularly large ear of succulent corn. Trying to lick all the spread butter off of it. She looked like a woman possessed by need. Could she even remember he was here?

Sarah’s face disappeared into the gelatinous heft of Lester’s nutsack, this jungle of black public hair obscuring her beautiful face. She never stopped constantly stroking Lester’s cock. Her plunging fingers on her clit were massaging herself quickly, like she was trying to get herself off. Like her husband’s cock inside her wasn’t enough.

Dan couldn’t help but feel like a third-party observer again. Just a passenger watching as someone else drove the car to their destination. Dan grunted perfunctorily

and slowly pulled his dick out of Sarah.

Fuck. Dan's dick was presently only semi-hard. No wonder Sarah wasn't getting anything out of it. What the actual fuck was going on with him? Lester's earlier words kept playing in his head, and his self-confidence was entirely shot. Can I really not give my wife what she needs?

"Mhmmmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned again and lapped at Lester's sagging nuts with her tongue. She stroked Lester's giant cock and turned her face back to Dan. She looked slightly confused at why he wasn't still inside of her and then she looked down and saw his soft dick lying in his open hands. A conflicted display of emotions played rapidly across her face.

"That's not on you, baby," Lester said to her, then to Dan "It happens to a lot of guys. Don't worry, buddy, it happens to the best of us."

"Honestly, just shut up, Lester, really," Dan said.

"Come on now. Don't be like that. This is supposed to be a special night for Sarah." Lester said. It was awkward. They were both looking at him and his increasingly flaccid cock.

"Dan, it's okay, really," Sarah said.

"Yeah, just give it a second, we'll wait for you to catch up," Lester said with what Dan heard as fake encouragement. Dan tried tugging on his own cock but their stares and the mental soundtrack of total inadequacy was blaring on a loop in his head.

"It was feeling good with Danny, right, Sarah? It sure looked like it." Lester asked her.

"Y-Yes, yeah, it was, baby. You felt great inside of me. Amazing. I need it again. When you're ready." Sarah said to Dan. She let go of Lester's cock and turned her body fully towards her husband. She reached out and grabbed his dick. She tugged on it, trying to will it back to life. But Dan knew it wouldn't work. Seeing her try to coax it back up made him feel more impotent. Sarah bent down and her warm mouth took in his cock. She was so singularly beautiful, and she was trying so fervently to get him hard again. But the more she tried to revive his erection, the more flaccid he became. It felt humiliating, and he didn't know why it wasn't working. It looked like Sarah was sucking on a soft piece of noodle from his vantage point, a snapshot of the mental image played on a billboard in his brain. No matter what he did to try and dislodge his thoughts and power through this, he found it wasn't enough.

"You already came once," Lester said, "Maybe that's why."

Dan shook his head, trying not to focus on Lester's words, but his mind echoed them repeatedly. A deep sense of inadequacy ran coldly through his veins.

Sarah stopped sucking Dan's cock and looked up at him. Defeat was apparent on her face, and sadness had crept into her eyes. "It's okay, baby. Lester's right. You already came. Usually one's enough for you."

The words stung. They were the absolute last thing he needed to hear. She was trying to be sweet and reassuring but the unsaid meaning of the words fucking harshly stung. The look of disappointment and

vulnerability on her face was now burned into his brain. The idea that she might feel that she wasn't turning him on fucking sucked and made any chance of his getting another erection less than zero.

"Don't worry, buddy, I'll tag in," Lester said. Lester brutishly grabbed at Sarah's legs and flipped her over onto her back.

Sarah grunted delightedly at being manhandled, but Lester's obese form was already crawling over her with purpose. He spread her legs with his fat hips, "I'll give Sarah what she really needs."

Dan wanted to say something, but he didn't know what would be right—something that could act as a silver bullet to solve this entire situation. But before his brain could figure out what that might be, Lester shifted forward decisively, causing Sarah to moan in coital bliss.

"Ughnnnn," Sarah moaned as her legs splayed out to the sides and Lester's familiar weight pressed down onto her hips and chest. His fat frame looked like it was crushing her. Unlike Dan, Lester's knees were bent at the sides, up next to Sarah's ass as he pumped his enormous cock into her. Her long white legs wrapped around Lester's hairy ass. She hooked her ankles together and held Lester in place.

With a wicked smile, Lester turned his attention down on Sarah. He lasciviously licked his lips then grabbed both of her wrists and pinned them to the bed.

"Let's show Danny how it's done," Lester chuckled, then his hips started to rapidly piston forward and back, thrusting his immense meaty cock into Sarah's drenched pussy. The sodden wife's breasts bounced up and down with each thrust. Her hips rising off the bed to meet Lester's cock.

"Mhmmmmgod," Sarah moaned, her head lolling from side to side. She opened her eyes and looked up at Lester dreamily. "Fuck, Lester you feel so, sooo fucking good."

"That's what a real cock feels like," Lester chuckled back before dipping his head down and kissing her. Sarah moaned and returned the sloppy kiss. Lester let go of one of her wrists and grabbed the back of her head, holding her in place, dictating how they would feast on each other. They both broke the slobbery kiss and took a breath as they continued to fuck enthusiastically. Lester licked his lips and stuck his tongue out as it slowly descended down into Sarah's mouth.

Her lips parted in anticipation as Lester's fat tongue disappeared inside her waiting mouth.

"Mhmmm," A throaty moan escaped Dan's wife's lips as Lester's tongue swirled around her mouth, running over her tongue. Both of their tongues danced together, battling one another, each savoring the other.

"Tell me how much you like having a real cock inside of you," Lester muttered.

"Lester, I..." Sarah glanced at Dan, "It's not right —"

"Shut up and fucking tell me," Lester grunted and slobbered on her face, sloppily kissing and licking her.

Sarah continued to kiss Lester's ugly face, licking his lips as she said, "I fucking love it. It feels so big inside of me. I feel so full. Lester. Your cock. Your real one. Your big fucking cock. God. I need it. I want that thing all the time."

"Were you craving it just now? A second ago when your husband Danny was inside of you?" Lester asked.

Sarah bit her lip and gave the smallest imperceptible nod as Lester loomed over her. A shit eating grin spread across Lester's face, "I knew it baby. I could tell. I knew what you needed. Now, you tell me what you need."

"A real cock," Sarah whined as her hips thrust up off the bed again, "I needed a real cock inside of me."

"That's my girl," Lester grunted. Sarah's large, perfect breasts were smooshed against Lester's flabby, hairy chest. Her arms held Lester's biceps, her carefully manicured nails digging into his pasty skin.

Lester held her chin and licked up her face, "Now let's get you to cum again."

With that, Lester dropped his full weight onto Sarah and buried himself inside of her. Sarah's arms grabbed onto Lester's sweaty, hairy back as he power fucked his cock into the wanton bride. Their faces were buried into each other's sweat sheened necks, Lester's unrelenting hips expertly dipping forward as he slowly and powerfully thrust his meaty cock into Sarah's drenched pussy.

His hefty balls slapped an uneven beat against her asshole. She could feel his hairy pubic hair tickling parts of her backside but it was all just a distant secondary sensation to the feeling of being stretched and filled by his expanding degenerate cock.

Dan watched, not knowing what to do as this troll of a man rutted epically into his precious wife. The mother of his children was being thoroughly consumed with lust by someone so far, far beneath her. A stray thought of protest drifted into his mind. Don't cum for him Sarah, don't do it. If you cum for him again you're his...

"Oh god. Yes. Lester," Sarah whined. Her knees pinned to Lester's side as she held them up with her hands, trying to allow as much of Lester's cock into her as possible. "Fuck me baby. Lester. My god, fuck me!"

"We're just getting started," Lester chuckled and bit her earlobe, making Sarah quake to her core. This is just the warm-up."

"God, I want it all night," Sarah moaned as she licked the bitter, salty sweat off Lester's neck. Her tongue swirled around his coarse skin.

"It's been too long since I had you in my bed. I plan on taking fucking advantage of you," Lester grunted. Dan could barely see his wife. He could only see her legs, arms, and the top of her head. Everything else was buried beneath the mass of Lester's body.

"Fucking god." Sarah mewed, "I need to come to Chicago more often."

“I could make you cum in Chicago more often,” Lester snorted, “You should be the one to live in the apartment,” Lester said, “We could do this all day, every day.”

“Fuck,” Sarah breathed, just thinking about it.

“Damn Sarah, you feel so fucking good,” Lester groaned.

“Yeah?” Sarah asked.

“Fuck, too good. It’s like you’re milking me for whatever cum I have left,” Lester said.

“That’s. Because. I am,” Sarah teased, tightening her lips on his shaft with each word, “I want it. I want it all. I want all of your cum. I want to feel it inside me. Flood into me. Fill me up completely. Lester. I need it. I need you. Fuck I love how your cock feels inside of me. Your very real cock.”

“You’re such a slut now. I love it,” Lester grunted.

“Fuck,” Sarah’s head rolled to the side before her tongue went back to Lester’s neck, “Lester don’t stop. I’m so close. I can feel it. Baby. Keep – don’t stop.”

“Mhmm, do it Sarah. Cum for me. Cum on my cock. Clench me and let it go,” Lester grunted.

“Fuck. Lester,” Sarah whined, her nails digging into Lester’s flesh. Sarah’s ankles had a vise-like grip around his fat ass.

“Sarah,” Lester’s voice was hoarse in her ear.

“Lester. Lester,” Sarah moaned into his neck, “Lester. Lester, I lo-”

“Fuck Sarah. Cum for me baby,” Lester grunted, “Cum Sarah.”

“Fuck, I’m– I’m going to,” Sarah moaned, “Lester. Oh, god, Lester. Oh my FUCKINGGOOD! LESTER. LESTER.”

“Give it to me,” Lester growled.

One of Sarah’s legs kicked out in a spasm and went completely straight as she screamed blissfully into Lester’s neck. A ferocious shockwave detonated in Sarah’s stuffed pussy as she came. It washed over her body but didn’t dissipate. It just kept thumping throughout her insides, setting each one of her nerves on fire. Her toes curled sharply, and all the muscles in her body went rigidly tight. Her nails dug deeper into Lester’s skin, and she held whatever breath was left in her lungs.

Lester never stopped pumping his massive cock into the screaming wife of his roommate. Even as her pussy clenched down around his cock, his battering cock pushed through her resistance easily and he kept hammering his incredible tool into her.

“Ffff–ffffuck. Oh. OOOOHH! Oh shit. I’m....again? Holy, holy fuuuuuck, I’m gonna- Jeesssusss,” Sarah screamed as another life-altering orgasm rose up from the depths inside of her and smothered

every nerve in her body with intense warmth and boundless pleasure. Tears ran down Sarah's cheeks as her brain was flooded with endorphins from back to back, powerful and connected orgasms.

Lester kept rutting his cock into her like a pig, eager to wrack her body with more and more pleasurable sensations. Sarah finally gasped for breath, filling her lungs with fresh oxygen. Holding her breath had made her dizzy and she tried to center herself. It was hard as Lester had never stopped fucking her.

"Holy shit that was intense," Sarah finally murmured.

"Never had anything like that with Dickless, huh?" Lester licked her ear lobe.

Dan heard the vicious barb. It didn't even register.

"No...never," Sarah said with her eyes closed, just focusing on the feeling of Lester's powerful manhood inside of her, "Wait, wh-what? Dickless?"

"Heh," Lester chuckled, "Dickless Danny." He nodded to her husband.

"That's not..." Sarah started as her hips involuntarily bucked off the bed to meet Lester's thrusts with a new, faster pace. "It's not...Lester that's mean."

"Calling it like I see it," Lester said, "Look at him. Look how soft it is. How can any man not get it up for a sexy gorgeous woman like you?"

Sarah's head turned to see Dan still on the edge of the bed, his soft dick had somehow receded even further. She could see the hurt and confusion in Dan's eyes.

"If you were my wife I wouldn't let you go to work. You'd be tied to the bed," Lester said.

"Dan?" Sarah asked with real concern, looking at her husband.

"I...I don't know what's wrong," Dan muttered. Everything. Everything here is wrong

"And something else," Lester said, ending their ongoing discussion. He grabbed Sarah's face, "If you were my wife, I'd have fucked more than just two kids into you."

Sarah's hands gripped Lester's shoulders tighter at his words. Her body responded on its own, her pussy clenching greedily around his rock hard column of a cock and she bucked her hips up frantically to meet his cock. Her breasts rose and fell faster, nipples brushing against the hair on Lester's chest.

"And my dick would never be soft like that," Lester said, "How did Danny's dick look just now?"

Sarah bit her lip. She knew she shouldn't say anything. Lester slowed his thrusts at her silence. Her hips continued to push up to meet him eagerly, but he wasn't giving it to her the way she needed. He was holding back, waiting for her to answer.

"It's okay," Lester said, nodding, "Little Danny gets off on this shit."

"Soft," Sarah finally said, looking up at Lester, "Really soft."

“Like a little guy, small,” Lester said. He flexed his cock inside of her.

“Uhh,” Sarah moaned. Lester did it again, “Uhfff.”

Dan felt like he’d been punched in the gut again. It was worse this time than any and all of the times before. Even at his worst, when he’d just stood there with that out-of-body experience and watched, he was still hard. He could at least have that. But today, all of his dignity was gone.

“You feel that?” Lester said as he flexed his cock inside Sarah again, “That’s what you really need, isn’t it?”

Sarah closed her eyes to steady herself and nodded to Lester. He just sneered.

“You should have always known a threesome with you, me, and Danny was going to end up like this. You should have known that. He can’t do THIS!” Lester said as he resumed thrusting into her. The head of his cock reached deeper inside of her than Dan had ever experienced before. Touching parts of her that her husband would never know.

“Mhmmmm well....” Sarah started, “Maybe I should invite Otis to join us next time.”

“What?” Lester stopped, pushing up off the bed to look down at her, confused. His body went completely still, ceasing all thrusts. Sarah gripped his forearms in her hands and unlocked her legs around his waist. She impatiently pushed her feet into the bed and thrust herself up onto his cock anyways. She kept dropping her hips and then thrusting back onto his cock, each time she gripped onto it with the muscles in her pussy, not wanting to stop.

“Well, y-you were gone the past few days. I needed to find some way to get my fix,” Sarah said.

The rage in Lester’s eyes grew to an all-consuming fire. Seemingly with a mind of its own, his right arm cocked back with his open hand at its end. Right then it occurred to Dan that if he didn’t move, his roommate was going to slap his wife across her angelic, passion-reddened face, showing more of a response to her fucking Otis than he had himself. While he truly wanted to get up and end this madness, he found himself fixed to his spot on the bed, leaving the two lovers to settle this unexpectedly violent development. Leaving Lester to vent his anger at both of his wife’s bedmates.

A moment later, Sarah noticed Lester’s extended arm as well, and what it meant for her. Her eyes widened, and they moved from his open hand to face him with a look of complete submission on her face. Then she moved her head, looking away slightly, offering her cheek up to him as a target. Lester felt a new clenching tightness on him from Sarah’s pussy as she turned away. A moment ticked by as they all stayed still, waiting to see who would move first and break the tension.

Eventually, after a few seconds, the slap having not landed, Sarah turned back to Lester, still holding his hardness firmly within her. She slowly reached out and pulled his open hand toward her face. She placed her cheek in his palm, offering herself completely. The sensuous young mother looked up, facing her overweight creep of a boyfriend, and she slowly sucked on the tip of his middle finger, and then took it to the second knuckle.

She'd also started moving her hips again, but she'd clasped Lester so powerfully that they couldn't achieve the full range of her lover's monolithic shaft.

Pulling Lester's finger from her mouth, her green eyes met his again. She said, "Otis ate me out in your office. He made me cum hard on your couch."

Lester's nostrils flared, and a storm of anger flashed again behind his eyes. As Sarah was attempting to thrust upwards, the fat man dropped all of his weight down onto her, running through her snaring, contracted pussy lips with his incensed cock. Otis wasn't in Lester's plan. She couldn't do this. She was going to ruin everything.

"You're mine," Lester snarled, "Stop fucking around. You. Are. MINE!!"

"Well, a girl has to –" Sarah started to say. But Lester abruptly thrust into her again. Hard. He picked up his pace, unrelenting.

"YOU ARE MINE," Lester snarled viciously, "FUCK!"

"Uhhhhhmhmmmm," Sarah moaned, her body thrashing under Lester's wildly unconstrained fucking.

"Uh, uuh, uh, uh, mhmm, uh, uh, uh, fuck, uh," Sarah moaned with each juddering thrust from Lester's dynamic cock. The monstrous ogre grabbed her hands off of him and pinned them to the bed again. His fingers were tightly interlaced with hers.

Seeing their fingers locked together like that reminded Dan of the way he and Sarah had held hands just a bit earlier in the hallway, fuck.

"Fuck Otis. Fuck Byron. Fuck Jesse, Fuck Dan, Fuck. Them. All. You are mine. Do you understand!?" Lester spat with venom. Some of his saliva hit her face. She had never seen Lester so enraged. So forceful. So absolutely primal. His face was red. It radiated waves of heat. Lust, anger and frustration seethed potently behind his eyes. She couldn't help but find it incredibly arousing. Like he was actually laying claim to her in front of her husband.

"Then fuck me Lester. Fuck me like only you can. Show me why you are the only one who should matter. FUCKING BREAK ME," Sarah screamed into Lester's face. She tried to pull her hands free. To grab his face and kiss him but Lester held her firmly in place. She couldn't stop him if she wanted to. Lester could just take whatever he wanted. Take her over and over again.

Sarah's pussy shuddered at the thought and it gripped down on his cock even tighter.

"I'm gonna fucking break you," Lester snarled, "FUCK. FUUUUUUCK!"

"Do it!" Sarah screamed in ecstasy, her body squirming under him as she felt another orgasm quickly ramping up inside of her, "Fucking do it. Break me. Own all of me. Claim me, claim me now Lester!"

"Arghhh," Lester grunted in frustration and let go of her fingers. His mouth hung open and he was breathing hard on top of her. Saliva dropped out of his mouth and landed on her lips. Sarah instinctively licked it up in a frenzy. One of his hands grabbed her by the neck and pushed her down onto the bed.

Sarah gasped at the slight pain but it only served to embolden her as she feverishly thrashed and bucked her hips up to meet his increasingly erratic thrusts. Lester's grip tightened around her throat and Sarah gasped for breath. Their foreheads touched as their enraged furrowed brows met, each angrily glaring at each other in a sexual fury.

Dan's eyes widened at the frenzied, anger filled fucking happening in front of him. It was surreal. His loving wife was lashing out at Lester with such venom and he was fucking it right back into her. It only seemed to add fuel to the fire to both of them and their tempo somehow increased again. He had never seen either of them like this. Never seen Sarah like this. It was like she was a strange woman possessed and Lester was performing some kind of fucked up exorcism by fucking the demon out of her and back to hell. Maybe Lester was right. Maybe this is something I couldn't ever give to her.

"F-ffuck," Lester snarled, "I'm going to fucking fill you with my seed and knock you up. I'm going to fuck a baby into you and there isn't a damn thing anyone can do about it. You are mine!"

Sarah's hips were bucking off the bed wildly, "Fucking do it! Fucking do it already then. Fucking fill me with your disgusting cum."

Dan felt his cock grow at Sarah's illicit words. What the actual fucking fuck? Why? Why now? What the hell?

"Arghhhh," Lester snarled as he angrily pressure fucked Sarah. Sarah gripped the side of Lester's fat head and pulled him down into a scalding hot kiss. It was all tongue and teeth, neither of them letting the other gain an inch of submitted ground. The room was filled with the mad, wet smacking sounds of their coupling and their lips and the clicking of their teeth smashing into one another.

Finally, Sarah broke the kiss and stared up hard into Lester's eyes, "Do it. Fuck me. Impregnate me. Breed me. Do it before I find someone else who can."

Lester seethed. He bared his yellowed teeth at her like an animal ready to strike. Lester pushed up from the bed into a kneeling position and grabbed onto Sarah's legs. He hooked his arms under each knee and held her legs in place as he rapidly fucked her with a relentless pace. Sarah's naked breasts bounced up and down, faster and faster, as Lester didn't let up and drove her to new orgasmic plateaus.

"You want it? You want my cum?" Lester barked. Dan couldn't look away. Surely all the neighbors could hear this. They were way too loud and were basically shouting and having an argument with each other while they powerfully hate fucked each other.

"FUCK. YES. I WANT IT. GIVE IT TO ME LESTER. FILL ME," Sarah screamed, out of breath. Her arms splayed out to the side, grabbing fistfuls of the white, luxurious satin bed sheets.

"FUCKFUCK," Lester spat, "I'M GOING TO FILL YOU WITH ALL OF IT."

"EMPTY YOUR BALLS INTO ME, DO IT!" Sarah screamed. "GIVE IT ALL TO ME."

"F-FUCK," LESTER shouted at the ceiling as he felt his balls begin to swell. Sarah's feet were kicking into the air, desperate to try and wrap themselves around Lester or push off the bed into him. But he held her legs still, not letting her dictate anything as he fucked her. Sarah could feel a mind-shattering orgasm on the brink. It was so close. So fucking close.

“GOD.” Lester grunted, “SARAH. TAKE IT. I’M GOING TO CUM. I’M GOING TO FUCKING CUM. GOING TO FUCKING FILL YOU.”

“YES!” Sarah screamed back at him, “FILL ME. FILL ME LESTER. KNOCK ME UP.”

As the words left Sarah’s lips, it happened. Her body tensed yet again, and her breath was knocked out of her by the eruption of a blisteringly exquisite orgasm inside of her.

“FFUCKYES,” Lester shouted as his balls slammed against Sarah’s asshole. He buried himself to the hilt as his cock hugely expanded and unending streams of cum exploded out into Sarah’s pussy. Her left leg kicked into the air, going out in a straight line as her entire, sweat-covered body went rigid.

Sarah wailed, “AHUUHUAHHHH.” She needed air, but her body wouldn’t, couldn’t seem to gasp for it. Concentrated pleasure filled every square inch of her body, making her feel as light as a cloud. Her green eyes rolled back into her head, and her brain was so overwhelmed by the sheer input of accentuated pleasure coursing through her body that it short-circuited.

Streams of cum exploded inside of her as Lester emptied his humongous balls into her snatch. His cock swelled and pumped more and more of his illicit seed deep into the sobbing young mother. Each rope of cum blasting into her, showering her insides was like a line of pure cocaine delivered right to Sarah’s pleasure receptors. Her lids shuttered closed as her eyes continued to roll back in their sockets, her body actually shaking from how hard Lester was making her cum repeatedly.

This chain of orgasm felt never-ending, and Sarah was riding the enhanced high that came with it, uncaring where it led her to. Lester let out a last primal roar as his final blasts of cum shot into Sarah. The fat man slouched and tried to catch his breath as more cum dribbled out of his thick cock inside of her.

Sarah’s eyelids finally stopped fluttering and closed completely. Her head slumped to the side, and all the muscles in her body relaxed, unclenching. She was finally able to take a deep breath of air as her mind shut off and she passed out.

Lester groaned and pulled himself from Sarah. Her legs fell limply to the side as he rolled onto his back. His thick cock, soaked with Sarah’s juices and his copious cum. He was breathing hard, unable to catch his own breath. Both of their bodies were slick with sweat and other fluid evidence of their fiercely hard fucking.

The only sound in the room was both of their deep breathing as they tried to catch their breath. The scent of sex and Lester’s musk filled Dan’s nostrils. He sat back on the bed, his mind reeling from the intense battle of a fucking he had just witnessed. Despite his cock, still rock hard from Sarah’s taboo words, he still felt as weak as he had earlier.

He watched his wife’s naked form, seemingly comfortable remaining nude in Lester’s bed. The naked curves of her body didn’t look out of place in the low light of the computer monitor. Somehow, they even looked more erotic here than anywhere else in the apartment.

He couldn’t remember the last time Sarah had just passed out from sex like that. Usually she would get up and go to the bathroom and try to clean out some of Dan’s cum. So either she was fine with leaving

Lester's in, or she really had passed out immediately and entirely. Her deep breathing suggested the latter.

Now that the festivities were over and everyone had entirely forgotten about his presence in this threesome in name only, Dan needed to get some space from it all. Sighing, he got up and navigated the minefield of clothes and refuse on the floor. He tried to find his clothes in the low light, but they just blended into the rest of the neglected refuse swathing the room's floor. After a quick scan, he gave up and walked into the hallway before heading to the bathroom and closing the door behind him.

He stayed there for a few minutes, just staring at himself in the mirror, trying to process the unholy violent union he had just witnessed. The sounds that Sarah made and the way her body responded to Lester and his horse cock were completely foreign to Dan. Was he really what she needed?

Dan shook his head and splashed some water on his face. Lester's words had acted like poison, infecting his mind and softening his dick. Dan should have been able to perform better, but in the moment it was like his body had just given up and forfeited the argument. Just given in to allowing Lester to step over him and mount his Sarah. Is this what it felt like to be replaced? Not only had Dan been laid off from his job but had his position as Sarah's number one also been usurped?

Dan splashed more cool water on his face. He used the facilities, cleaning up carefully and then crossed the hall to his room where he quickly found some pajamas to wear. He was thankful that he could finally hide his dick and end the acute shame he'd felt over the last hour's events. He glanced at the clock and was surprised to see how late it was.

Just how long had they been going at it? It was all a raucous blur.

Finally, Dan steadied himself and walked back to Lester's room. His nose scrunched as it was hit with the renewed scents of his wife's complete defilement. As he stood at the threshold to Lester's room, which in his mind now was more like a cave, Dan could see his sweet, resting wife lying on the bed. The computer monitor coldly illuminating her slumbering form. Like a princess in a story surrounded by trash and garbage but sleeping innocently like an angel. She even had a blanket draped over her now and looked to be sleeping soundly. Lester was sleeping in the bed as well but thankfully wasn't cuddling up behind her. He seemed content to snooze on his own.

Dan tiptoed his way through all the crap on the floor accidentally crushing a Red Bull can, continuing to scan for any of his or Sarah's clothing and again failing to find any of it. He came up next to Sarah and in a low voice said, "Sarah."

"Mm-hmm," Sarah responded dreamily.

Dan nudged her shoulder, "Sarah, let's go back to our room."

"Mm-hm," Sarah said without opening her eyes or her mouth. Dan tried again to nudge her. He gently shook her shoulder but Sarah's eyes stayed closed and she didn't stir. She was still deep asleep.

"Sarah?" Dan said softly, "Can you hear me? Can you just get up for a second, and we can go to our room?"

"Mhm," was the noncommittal sound Sarah made in response.

The only way Dan could wake her would be to shake her awake physically. But he didn't want to do that. He hadn't realized how hard she'd passed out after Lester was done with her. He sighed and weighed his options. Leave her here or try to wake her physically.

In the end, with a deep sigh, he decided to head back to his bedroom alone. But before he left, he crouched down next to Sarah and in a low whisper so Lester couldn't hear asked, "Do you like having sex with Lester more than me?"

"Mm-hm," Sarah dreamily agreed, managing to nod her head slightly. He was reasonably sure she didn't mean it. She wouldn't ever agree to something like that out loud if she were fully awake. Her mind was barely cognizant that he was even speaking to her. But the agreement stung anyway, how easily it came. Dan felt his dick stir.

He stared down at his wife's sleeping form, her angelic face, and the curves of her body underneath the blanket. He dick ached and he absently stroked it, the events of the last few hours playing back in his head. Dan kept staring at Sarah as he rubbed his dick, slowly increasing the temp. Watching her chest rise and fall as she breathed, how her lips parted, the soft sounds escaping her mouth.

Dan felt himself getting close to the point of no return. To blowing his load in his now hard dick – the dick that couldn't get it up for her earlier and allowed Lester to have his way with her. Dan let go of his dick and stepped back from the bed. What was he doing?

Was he really about to just jerk off and cum staring down at his sleeping wife like some kind of pervert? What the hell was he becoming? He needed to leave the room. He was afraid of the depths he would sink to if he stayed. Still...leaving Sarah here with Lester...it felt wrong.

The computer monitor turned off, bathing the room in complete darkness. With a sigh and slumped shoulders, he turned away from his precious wife's sleeping form and returned to his bedroom alone.

For the next half hour, Dan tossed and turned in bed, wrestling with his thoughts and profound insecurities while he tried to find a comfortable sleeping position. A position that made him forget about his hard dick that now wouldn't deflate.

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The room was dark when Lester began to stir. He blinked lazily. He intuitively knew it was sometime in the middle of the night, even though his blackout curtains concealed the outside from view. The memories of his coupling with Sarah slowly entered his mind, and a smile crept onto his face.

He licked his lips and stretched his body. He froze. Something was off. Then his smile widened. Nestled against his chest was the naked sleeping form of Sarah Williams. He didn't remember her nuzzling up next to him. The last he knew, she had been passed out on the other side of the bed. But it looked like, even in her deep slumber, her subconsciousness had sought out the superior male whose potent seed would soon make her stomach swell with child. With Lester's offspring.

His cock stirred to life. Lester raised his head and glanced around the room. Where had Dan gone? It didn't really matter either way, but he would have liked to have watched him slink back, defeated, to his bedroom, leaving his naked wife here with his replacement. No, not his replacement. That wasn't

nearly accurate. Lester was superior to Dan. So, his... upgrade then. Yes, that made more sense, but it still didn't encapsulate how utterly outclassed Dan was, how outmanned.

Sarah sighed in her sleep, snapping Lester back to the bedroom. He reached up, stroked her hair, and planted a soft kiss on her forehead.

"Mhm," Sarah lightly moaned. Even asleep, her body instinctively knew how to respond to him. Knew he was there. Capitulated to him. His hand lazily stroked the naked flesh of her arm, running down from her shoulder until he grasped her hand. He pulled her hand to his now hard cock and wrapped her sleepy fingers around his shaft and began using her hand to begin stroking himself.

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Sarah was having the time of her life. She sipped on a fruity drink that warmed her stomach and swayed to the music. She could barely get her hand around the glass. Dan twirled her, and she laughed as the music picked up. The dance floor was packed, and she could feel the beat of the music in her soul. Light flashed across the ceiling, and somehow, the club was shooting fireworks indoors. It seemed normal, no one else cared, so neither did Sarah.

Dan dipped her and pulled her back up. She was sweating. They both were, their bodies rocked together, and were somehow making the music that beat through the entire club. Sarah kissed her husband, and the music changed. When she pulled back, the face staring back at her wasn't her husband's. It was uglier and fatter with beady eyes. It was Lester.

He twirled her and ground with her. She was impressed he knew how to move like that. She laughed and pressed her body against his. Her ass against his crotch. When she looked back over her shoulder at him, it was now Jesse staring back at her.

She wanted to move away, but also felt his hardness pressing against her. Against her better judgement, she grinded herself fervently against it, revelling in the feeling of its heat against her. Jesse grabbed her hand and led her across the dance floor. Bodies were packed tight around them. She couldn't see Jesse anymore, too many people crowded between them, but she followed, still holding his hand.

Finally, the bodies parted, and she saw she was holding Otis' hand. His janitor uniform looked so, so very out of place in the nightclub. But maybe he worked here part-time? It didn't matter. The older man led her further and further into the club, off the dance floor, and into the employees' only area.

It was dark in here. So dark that she lost track of Otis as his hand slipped away. She turned around, looking for him. Looking for any sign of which way to go. She passed by a door with Byron's name on it. She could hear him speaking inside. No, it wasn't speaking. She cracked the door open and saw herself kneeling in front of the smarmy man sitting back in his office chair. His cock was out and Sarah's mouth was lovingly wrapped around it as he spoke angrily to someone on the phone.

Sarah closed that door and stepped back into the hallway looking for someplace else to go. She was somehow back on the dance floor shed left, dancing with someone new. His hands roamed over her body, and she knew she wanted more than to dance with him. She looked down and saw his hands cupping both of her breasts through her sheer shirt. She was taken aback by the color of his skin. The hands were a black man's. She had never been this close to a black man before. It just hadn't happened.

She bit her lip not hating the juxtaposition of their skin colors and looked over her shoulder. He was large and she couldn't quite make out the details of his face..

She looked around the club and saw all the men were staring at her, scanning every part of her body. She was the only woman present here. She knew that they were all waiting their turn with her. Waiting for their dance. Waiting for their turn to take her. She could feel someone from the crowd watching her. His desire far outweighing everyone else's. But his desire wasn't just to dance with her. It was far more possessive. Far more menacing, far more confident. She couldn't explain it but his presence deeply frightened her.

The large black man dancing with her led her over to a couch. He laid her down on it and she realized for the first time that he was completely naked. The imposing outline of his large black cock swinging freely between his stout legs. Sarah bit her lip and spread her legs, scanning the crowd for Dan or anyone else she knew. The crowd of men seemed to press in on her. Circling her. Enveloping her.

She moaned as the dark man pushed himself inside of her, his cock head pushing deep. So unbelievably deep. Deeper than she had ever experienced before. His cock seemed to go on for infinity into the very core of her. Then Lester was there, his cock filling her mouth. Another cock appeared in her hand. Jesse's. Otis' slick organ was in her other hand. The crowd pressed against her body a needy soup of male desire. Hard cocks dragging over her naked flesh leaving slimy trails of cum on her perfect skin.

Something changed and the music stopped. The hardened cocks all left her at once. The club was empty but the menacing presence was closing in on her. Sarah closed her legs as the man approached. She couldn't see him. He was entirely wrapped in shadows. He stepped up to her and her legs spread open on their own, as if in the thrall of this shadowy man. And then he was over her, pressing his weight down on top of her. His cock spearing her open, threatening to wholly shatter her reality.

Sarah's eyes opened and the ceiling was dark. She was rocking back and forth. She blinked her eyes trying to figure out where she was. The memory of the attempted threesome with Dan and Lester came back to her. But where was she now? This wasn't Dan's room and what was it that was happening to her?

"Mhmmhmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily. Only then did she realize why she was rocking back and forth. Her legs were spread open and someone was between them, was entirely inside of her. At first she thought it was Dan but her brain instinctively dismissed that. It couldn't be Dan. It didn't feel like his size. The body over hers was too thick, too odd. The cock inside of her was much, much bigger than her husband's.

"Lester?" Sarah moaned.

"Yes, my love?" Lester whispered softly in her ear. Sarah touched the back of his head and felt his thinning hair and the excess skin there. It was him. His tongue grazed the side of her neck, sending small jolts of electricity throughout her body. Sarah deliberately blinked her eyes again, trying to hold onto her single shred of fleeting consciousness.

She looked around the room for Dan but didn't see her husband anywhere. How long had she been asleep? Where had he gone?

Lester's cock pushed all the way into her, embedded itself deep inside her body. He pulled it back, and it ran across her G-spot, snapping her back to reality. Lester was fucking her. No, he was going much, much slower than previously. He was making sweet love to her.

It was such an odd sensation compared to their ravenous, almost violent fucking from before. Their fucking that she couldn't remember the end of.

"Sarah?" Lester whispered into her ear.

"Mhmm?" Sarah said softly, turning her attention back to the troll of a man on top of her. Waking to him inside of her would have once sent her into a righteous rage, but now, she didn't mind at all. Now she almost welcomed it. She let her mind fully wake up and focus on the amazing sensations that accompanied his actions.

"Mhmmmm, that feels good," Sarah moaned. Lester grunted into her ear. The primal male sound touched something deep inside of her, and her hips slowly began rocking off the bed in time to meet her mate's insistent thrusts.

"You feel good," Lester murmured. Sarah felt her body waking up faster than her still fog-enshrouded mind. Her breasts felt slick already, but the room felt comfortably cool. It wasn't sweat...had Lester been licking her chest before she woke up? That seemed so wrong, but her body didn't care. Her hips were already rolling off the bed, eagerly pulling Lester's lengthy meat pole into her. She could feel his hairy body all over her. His large hairy balls slapping gently against her ass, his hirsute legs garishly splaying her thighs open. His thick, unfit gut pressed down on her soft, toned skin. She loved the feelings.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned into Lester's neck. Her tongue lazily darted out and licked the side of Lester's neck. She could taste him. Stale sweat and the other flavors of his slob-like nature danced on her tongue as it swiped around the strands of his hair. It should have been objectively revolting, but it was somehow deeply arousing. She would probably do well to see a therapist at some point to unpack this deviance, but for now, she was content to let it drag her down to this aberration and consume her. Corrupt her. God, he could do whatever the fuck he wanted to her.

"I woke up and saw you here. Naked in my bed. I couldn't resist," Lester bit her earlobe before sucking it into his mouth. Sarah took a sharp intake of breath, her back arching off the bed and pushing her slick naked breasts into Lester's chest.

"Mhmmmm, you're bad," Sarah whispered as she ran her hands through Lester's thinning hair.

"I just love being inside of you, is that so bad?" Lester pulled back and turned her face to his. They looked deeply into each other's eyes before Lester's fat lips kissed hers. Sarah moaned as Lester planted a soft series of kisses against her lips. He didn't stick his tongue into her mouth. This was more....loving. More respectful. More cherishing. Sarah's mind raced with the feeling. How Lester could make her feel so loved and safe yet he could also be so fucking dirty and degrading. She never knew which version of Lester she was going to get. That unpredictability excited her and made her want to spread her legs open further for him. God, it was so wrong and so fucked up but Sarah couldn't stop herself. She needed to have him.

"God," Sarah groaned, "I wish I could wake up like this every day."

“Stay here with me and you can,” Lester stared into her eyes as his cock took strong, slow, deliberate strokes into her. Sarah felt her face instinctively contort into an ‘O’ shape as Lester’s cock teased and pleased her most sensitive nerve endings.

“You can. Dan can stay in Middleton. You come here. Live with me.” Lester continued to stare into her eyes.

God. That idea was so depraved. Just leaving her life behind and committing to degrade herself over and over here in the apartment with Lester. She knew it was the antithesis of what a good wife and mother would ever consider. What a good person would do. But the more taboo the idea was, the more and more it sent an electric thrill through her body. It was tantalizing and the inherent guilt she felt at even mulling the idea over somehow only served to amplify her strange and fucked up desire for this awful man. Just the idea of losing herself and her identity to him. Maybe it could be fun – just to indulge in it once. Or perhaps twice.

She knew it would be playing with fire if she gave in and responded to Lester. Instead, she said, “Where’s Dan?”

“Dickless? I have no idea. Wasn’t here when I woke up. Probably in the other room, now that he knows his place.” Lester muttered absently.

“You’re too mean,” Sarah said, “You’re bad.” She kissed her boyfriend lovingly.

“He left you with me,” Lester chuckled, “He left his wife with a man like me. What do you think that says about him?”

“I don’t know,” Sarah said through shortened breaths. She didn’t want to think about it anymore. She just wanted to focus on Lester’s shallow strokes with his massive dong into her tight pussy. He felt so insanely large inside of her. So incredibly, impossibly gigantic. Even though it was probably only a few hours since he’d been inside her, he still felt so unbelievably immense. She couldn’t believe how fucking full she felt.

Lester’s cock was gently massaging her G-Spot and every other sensitive nerve inside of her pussy. Her hands grasped onto Lester’s back, pulling him further down on top of her. Smothering her entirely under the weight of his slowly driving frame.

Slow, deep thrusts into Sarah’s pussy were driving her crazy. Occasionally he would switch to a shallow thrust that drove Sarah insane, craving the whole fullness of his monster cock.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah moaned as Lester looked down at her. She stared up into his eyes and licked her lips, a smile spreading across Lester’s face. He extended his tongue and dipped his head, licking her lips as well. Sarah repeated the motion, her tongue running over her lips again. Lester’s tongue followed hers until her lips were coated with a mix of both of their saliva. When Lester finally let his tongue sink back into his mouth, Sarah’s tongue darted forward and adoringly licked Lester’s own lips. His body shuddered for a moment on top of her.

Lester’s tongue flickered out of his mouth and ran across Sarah’s waiting tongue. She moaned and let her tongue massage his in turn. Their taste buds running over each other’s. They tasted one another,

savoring each other, delighting in their varied flavors. It was such a raw and intimate feeling. Sarah couldn't help but squeeze her filled pussy around his powerful cock.

Lester pulled back and looked into her eyes, "Did you really sleep with Otis?"

Sarah saw something in his eyes she hadn't seen before. Concern. She didn't have a good read on Lester's emotions, other than when he was being a complete dick. Was he hurt by her actions? Suddenly she felt incredibly guilty. It didn't make sense. She didn't owe Lester anything. Logically she knew that. But she still felt it.

"Yes," She finally breathed. "I'm sorry." She hated herself for saying that. It still didn't make sense but she said it anyway.

"Dan and I were playing in the hospital. And he surprised us. And one thing led to another," Sarah felt her face growing warm. Like she was a child admitting to doing something bad. Her cheeks and chest suddenly felt warm. She waited with bated breath for Lester to punitively fuck her like he had earlier.

Silence hung in the air between them. Lester didn't respond. Sarah waited, her mind racing, wondering what Lester was going to say. Finally, he spoke in a soft voice Sarah hadn't heard him use before.

"I'm sorry," He breathed, "It just caught me off guard. You know I support you. And I love seeing you try new things. I didn't expect to feel so jealous but I do."

He stroked her cheek, "I was surprised how upset it made me."

"I know. I'm sorry," Sarah said. "I lov-"

"Shhhh. Hush now, babe." Lester shook his head and straightened his face. He cleared his throat, and his face morphed back to his usual intense expression. Just for a second, Sarah felt like he had shown her the real Lester. The one behind the mask he usually wore. How many people had seen that side of him? She felt her heart beating loudly in her chest.

But now that door had swung closed as Lester said, "We're going on a date tomorrow, and you're going to do the things I want."

"Mhhmmm, I—we—Dan's going away for work tomorrow," Sarah said, suppressing a moan.

"I thought you said he was let go from his job?" Lester asked, dipping his head down and planting soft kisses along her jawline. Sarah closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of Lester's wet lips igniting her skin.

"He was," she eventually said. If her eyes were open, she would have seen the calculating smile spread across his face for a split second before it disappeared. "It's for his side clients. Not tied to his old company."

"It's okay. We can still play without Dan there. I know how important it is for you to keep him involved. We can get him on the phone or via video chat. You'll love it. I promise," Lester kissed up her jawline again, "I'll know you'll enjoy every. Second. Of it."

“I–,” Sarah started as the tempo of Lester’s thrusts increased, catching her off guard. She bit her lip as her G-spot was being hit over and over again, in much shorter intervals by Lester’s large organ. “We, we can’t. My parents are in town. Dan and I - I’m going out with them tomorrow night.”

“I’m not shy,” Lester muttered, “I’ll fuck you right in front of your parents.”

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned as her hips began thrashing off the bed. Desperately trying to seek more and more of Lester’s cock despite his deliberate, controlled pace. “We can’t – that’s just so – god that’s so wrong.”

“I bet you got a real thrill as a teenager. Sneaking around. Being a bad girl. You were probably the perfect daughter to them but they didn’t know what a slut you really were. What if I show them? Show them what a slut their daughter has become for my cock?” Lester’s breath was on the base of her neck, and she could feel goosebumps readily forming.

“Just shut up and fuck me Lester,” Sarah said, trying, desperately to side step his latest comment.

“I’m going to fuck you now and tonight,” Lester growled, “I’ll bend you over right when your parents get here so they can hear you wail as you cum on my cock.”

“F-fuck,” Sarah groaned, grinding her hips up into Lester at her frenzied pace. Lester just smiled and picked up his own cadence. He pressed his forehead against hers as they rutted into one another freely. Sarah was fully awake now, even if her body and mind were exhausted. She needed Lester just as badly as Lester needed her. Her body was on the verge of a cataclysmic orgasm. Just there, out of reach, ready to possess her body and discard her mind.

“They’ll see their precious princess for what she really is,” Lester grunted.

Sarah gritted her teeth and focused on the growing feeling inside of her. Her bubble butt bouncing off Lester’s mattress as the odd man made love to her in the embrace of missionary position. It was such a strange sensation, being aroused at Lester threatening to expose their illicit affair to her parents. For her worlds to collide in such a spectacular fashion. For her life to be torn down and rebuilt by him.

“God, Lester,” Sarah groaned. Her body still weak from the effects of their last fuck session. She couldn’t think straight. All she could picture in her mind was getting railed in the nude in front of her startled parents, the looks of abject horror on their faces as she came hard with Lester plowing unyieldingly into her from behind.

“Oh fuck. Lester, don’t stop, please!” Sarah whined, her fingers digging into the disparate tufts of hair on Lester’s moistened back. His skin was slick with sweat, and Sarah knew she herself was covered in it. Lester’s sweaty musk was filling her nostrils and seeping deep into the pores of her skin. He was marking her inside and out.

“I should never have gotten that stupid operation,” Lester cursed. “If only I had waited. Waited until I got between these sweet open legs of yours.”

“Operation? What?” Sarah said, confused, Lester’s words distracting her from the rampantly building orgasm inside of her. She refocused on the growing bud of heat inside her body, ready to embrace it like an old friend.

“You know, sometimes vasectomies don’t take. Accidents still happen. Life still finds a way. Especially when unavoidable fate is involved,” Lester bit her earlobe hard as his hands dug under her, aggressively grabbing each of her ass cheeks. He pulled her lower half up off the bed, the head of his cock hammering directly into her sensitive G-Spot now.

“Oh fuck. Uh. Uh. Uh. Ah. Uh. Uh, My god. God. Fuck. Lester. Shit. Shit! Holy Shit! Holy FUCKING SHIT! Yes!. God Yes! Give it to me. Oh Fuck me,” Sarah moaned as she thrashed wildly under Dan’s roommate.

“Look at me,” Lester growled.

Sarah turned her head and focused on Lester’s beady eyes.

“Say it. Say ‘Accidents Happen’,” Lester grunted.

“Accident-,” Sarah started. Her mind ablaze at the implications. At the idea that Lester’s vasectomy may have been a failure and that he could accidentally impregnate her with his lewd sperm. Fill her with his illicit seed. His DNA explosively flooding into her womb - seeking out one of her eggs. Trying to wriggle in and claim it as his own. Who knew, maybe even some of Otis’ cum was even still alive inside of her. They’d be competing against each other for the right to claim her outright.

“Accidents h-happen,” Sarah breathed the phrase haltingly. As the words left her lips her orgasm reared its head, threatening to suffocate her entirely .

“Oh god. Accidents fucking happen,” Sarah cried.

“If you don’t want it to fucking happen, leave the room and go to back Danny,” Lester said. “Go to your little husband or stay and get knocked up by someone else.”

Sarah couldn’t leave now. Not when she was so close. Lester’s cock kept pumping into her pussy, slamming against her G-Spot with unyielding vigor.

“I’m not fucking leaving,” Sarah cried again. Her body rocked against Lester. Skin slick with Lester’s sweat. Her pussy clenched around Lester’s cock not willing to give it up. Not willing to stop what was about to happen.

“If you don’t leave I’m going to flood your pussy with my cum,” Lester taunted in her ear, “And I will absolutely put a baby inside of you. My baby. Lester junior.”

“Ugh, oh god Lester. Fuck. Fuck it! Just do it! Give it to me,” Sarah panted into his ear. “ I want it. I want it all. Give it to me. I want your cum. I want it all – inside me. Jesus Christ, I want it. Your entire load. Fuck!”

Lester let out a guttural growl, his smooth, controlled tempo going out the window. His thrusts become erratic as the head of his cock pounded, jack hammering into Sarah’s pussy.

“O-oh, oooooh god Lester, Lester I want it in me. I want it splashed on me. I want it in my mouth. I want it everywhere. I want your fucking cum Lester. I need it.” Sarah said.



Sarah closed her eyes as her body felt lighter than it ever had. Her breath slowed, and the sweat on her skin – hers and Lester’s – began to cool in the stale air of his lair.

The final, perfect note of her orgasm played throughout her body, and Sarah let it wash over her. She turned to the side as Lester’s arm draped over her shoulder. She nuzzled into his hairy, sweaty chest and fell deep asleep.

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The noises from the next room had stirred Dan awake. At first, he thought it was just a dream, but the earlier events in Lester’s bedroom replayed in his mind. But Sarah’s shrieks of pleasure in the night woke him in a cold sweat.

Dan squinted and peered into the peephole on the wall. It was uncovered on Lester’s side. He hadn’t known when the fat man had done that. Maybe Sarah had when she’d walked into Lester’s room earlier. Either way, the implications rattled his brain. Was he just destined to end up here, on this side of the wall, watching his wife be ravaged by Lester?

His roommate’s room was pitch dark. He couldn’t make out anything happening besides the moans, whispers, and ruffling of sheets. But the movie of his wife’s submission to Lester played in his mind. He could see her face twisted with pleasure, of Lester’s ugly face and grotesque body rutting into his perfect wife.

He knew he could go to the door. Walk into Lester’s room and be in there with them. But it felt wrong. Like, he wouldn’t be welcomed. Like he was intruding on something private. That thought fucked up his exhausted brain more than he wanted to admit.

Dan left out a soft groan as he stroked his hard dick. With his forehead resting on the wall, one eye closed while the other squinted to see anything. He stroked himself, each small sound emanating from Sarah’s lips threatened to make him explode right then and there.

And then a rasping primal whine from his wife broke the silence, “Ugghhhhhhhhhhh!”

Dan’s breath caught in his throat as he pictured the lewd scene on the other side of the wall. He desperately wished he could see something, anything from his makeshift vantage point. His balls swelled and he knew he couldn’t hold back any longer.

“Ahhhhh-FUCK!” Lester roared from the other side of the wall. Like a conquering lion, mating with one of the females of the pride. Dan knew that Lester was emptying himself into his wife again. Dan’s hips bucked involuntarily as cum blasted out onto the drywall in front of him. It splattered against it and dribbled down.

Dan breathed hard, leaning against the wall as more oozing cum splattered onto his boxers around his ankles. His hand was covered in his own glistening spunk. Why? Why couldn’t I get hard like this earlier? Why now?

Something was seriously fucked in Dan’s brain. Here he was, jerking off and cumming into his own hand while his ugly, fat piece of shit roommate was unloading into his wife, bathing her in long ropes of his cum. Maybe Lester really is able to give Sarah what she needs.

He always thought they'd been solid in the sex department. But now, maybe things have changed. Maybe Sarah had discovered something she didn't know she had been missing out on. But would she ever just be satisfied with him again?

Files