

## TOXIC ATTRACTION 30 FINAL

The plane shuddered around him as it taxied down the runway. Dan had his eyes closed and was focusing on his breathing, keeping it under control. He clutched the arms of the uncomfortable seat as if he were someone with a fear of flying. But the plane in which he sat and everyone on board were the furthest things from his mind.

He was vaguely aware that the plane was about to take off and that the lady sitting next to him was already asleep. But it was all background noise to the war of images being waged in his head. Dan's stomach was in knots as he tried to process what had happened the night before and the scene seared into his head from this morning.

He had finally manned up and stepped into the abyss of Lester's room. He'd done it. He had pushed past that constant immobilization he'd felt so often when Sarah was... with Lester. And it had all been for nothing.

Dan had managed to get Lester out of his way, to put himself inside his own wife and feel her tightness around him. But then – then he'd lost hold of it. Maybe it was Lester's constant nattering or maybe it was just the fucked up-edness of the situation but his erection had gone soft. While he was inside his wife. *Sarah.*

She'd been sweet and supportive but was unable to mask all of her disappointment in the moment. All of it was like a wrecking ball to his ego and a knife to his heart. And Lester capitalized on it and took his wife from him. Took her right in front of him, making her moan and thrash on the bed like a demon possessed woman.

And somehow, after all of that. After all of that embarrassment Dan had managed to get hard watching them. Staring down at Sarah's sleeping form he'd almost stroked himself to completion again. Despite Sarah's saying that he usually could only get off once in a night, he had been ready to go again.

Would he have gone soft again? Or was he only hard because he was standing there watching? What the fuck was he turning into? And then later at the peephole....

Dan mentally pushed that memory aside, his face burning with shame. He knew the deck was stacked against him. He'd been hard as a rock and unable to sleep and then the noises started.

His nostrils flared as he breathed out hard enough to briefly rouse the woman next to him. Dan opened his eyes and looked around the plane, hoping to see the stewardess pushing the cart so he could get something with alcohol in it. It was still early by most people's standards but Dan still felt like he was riding last night. And he needed to quiet things down.

But the plane was still just there, on the runway waiting for its turn to take off. A kid was crying from somewhere behind him and Dan could already feel the annoyed tension rising in the other passengers.

When he'd woken up this morning, the door to Lester's room had been closed. He wasn't able to see anything from the peephole. It was just darkness on the other side. He'd hoped to have woken up to Sarah in his bed, but she'd spent the night with Lester. Probably tired and exhausted from the marathon fuck sessions his obese roommate had put her through.

Dan had tried to clean his cum from the wall. During the night, he had just passed out. In the morning, he was greeted to the sight of the cumstained white and yellow streak running down the wall. He'd gotten some of it off, but the humiliating evidence would be apparent to anyone who looked for it.

Evidence of his shame. Evidence of giving his wife to Lester and enjoying watching it.

He'd made a lot of noise on purpose as he'd prepared to leave. Between the long shower, flushing the toilet, brushing his teeth with the door open, and closing the bedroom door loudly as he'd gotten dressed. He'd hoped something would wake Sarah up, but his mind buzzed with her being otherwise occupied.

When he couldn't deliberately waste any more time, Dan found himself in the apartment's hallway. The handle of his carry-on suitcase was held tightly in his hand as he stared at Lester's closed door. He'd wanted to say goodbye. As much as it pained him to leave Sarah alone in the apartment, he had to go.

Would she even miss him? She couldn't even see him off. Did she even care? He knew these were the thoughts of a weak man. Perhaps a broken man. He knew deep down that the reason was that she was exhausted and had no sense of the time, but his brain was throwing every other possibility at him. Intrusive thoughts had become his constant companion.

But then she came out. Not soon enough to reassure him as he stood there meekly in the hallway. It was only as he had one foot out the apartment door and his Uber was under a minute away, just around the corner – that's when she'd come out of his roommate's pigsty. His stunning wife hurried into the living room with nothing but a formerly white, now sickly beige bed sheet, draped around her lithe body. The skin of her exposed, naked shoulders sent a shiver down his spine. Her hair was a mess, and she looked tired but still radiated that overwhelming natural beauty that only a few choice women possessed.

Before he could even react to her presence, she had closed the distance between them, and her lips were on his, kissing him goodbye. The same lips that had been wrapped around Lester's cock the night before as she went wild on it. She had stared up at him with those piercing green eyes and told him not to worry, assuring him that she loved him. To have a safe trip and to return to her soon.

His heart felt like it was going to jump out of his chest. He wanted nothing more than to stay there with her. She had come to him. She hadn't forgotten about him at all. Despite everything, she was still his wife, his Sarah, and she loved him.

As Dan reluctantly stepped into the hallway, he looked back at Sarah one last time to capture this perfect memory of her. Something to keep him going while he was gone. But then the pear-shaped form of Lester slid up behind her and wrapped his hair-covered arms around her, his big head with thinning, greasy hair nuzzled into her neck, and his wife's lips parted involuntarily.

"Ohhh," His wife's eyes were still pointed at him, but he could see they had lost focus for a moment.

She gave Dan one last clear look before her eyes closed as Lester's lips danced across her neck. A soft moan escaped her lips and echoed into the hallway. Dan felt the familiar paralysis spread across his body as Lester groped his wife through the bedsheet she wore. Any other tenant could have heard that moan. Hell, they'd probably heard all the moans from the previous night. But here they were on full display to the rest of the building with the door completely open.

Sarah moaned again, and that was when Dan realized that Lester was completely naked. His intimidatingly large cock was probably pressed into Sarah's perfect backside. Dan's throat went dry as Sarah's grip on the bedsheet had loosened, and it inched down, exposing more of the slope of her heaving breasts. His wife moaned again, sounding like she was ready for more of what the disgusting man was doing.

And without even looking at Dan, the door closed, and he'd heard the lock click. He knew it had been Lester, but part of him whispered traitorous doubts that it had been Sarah who'd shut him out. Dan just stood there, again alone in the outer hallway. His mind raced, but no coherent thoughts formulated. His body was still, waiting for some kind of command from its brain telling it what it should do in this wholly novel situation.

He'd heard shuffling on the other side of the door and the familiar plodding of Lester's fat feet on the other side, moving away. Dan had taken a step towards the door, reaching out towards the knob when his pants vibrated.

He'd grabbed his phone and read the notification. The Uber waiting to take him to the airport had arrived and was waiting for him downstairs. Dan tried desperately to push the thoughts of Sarah and Lester out of his mind as he turned and walked towards the elevator, dragging his carry-on behind him.

When they were in the air and the stewardess finally stopped the drink cart at his row, Dan ordered a double rye and Coke. The stewardess and the woman next to him shared a quick, concerned look, but Dan pretended not to notice. No one knew what was going on with him, and they had no right to judge him for what they didn't know.

He downed his drink and tried to focus on the upcoming days in D.C with his client Sentinel Securities. There was going to be a lot to do, and he desperately needed to focus. He needed to nail this and try to expand his business with them. His family needed it. His marriage needed it. *He* needed it.

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Lester was awake now but he didn't open his eyes. Dan was being obviously, obnoxiously loud, like a toddler trying to get his busy mother's attention. But Sarah was still sound asleep next to Lester in the bed, sleeping softly with her face nuzzled cozily into his flabby chest.

The night had almost been perfect. Sarah had tried to fulfill her fantasy, not yet fucking understanding that she had progressed past that moronic fantasy of a threesome. Now that she had Lester, she needed to grow up and put these childish fantasies to bed. Maybe she had believed she wanted it, back when she just had Dan and his pathetic cock to satisfy her.

She had to have known deep down she always needed more, craved more. But now she had him. And Lester would be enough to fulfill all of her fantasies.

He felt the indignant anger boil up inside of him again. That same anger that rippled throughout his body when she told him she had fucked Otis, Otis(!) in his office at the hospital. His lip twitched as he looked down at Sarah. She. Was. His. Yet for some reason, she still was going off the script and doing things on her own. She had some idiotic notion that all of this they'd built between them was still

something for her to share with Dan. Some vomit-inducing fantasy fulfillment. Maybe she was delusional. But she needed to stop kidding herself.

He couldn't have her doing things behind his back. Not when he'd gone through all of this effort to mold and condition her into his perfect little wanton slut. Not when he was so close to getting his orders arriving from the dark web and completing his goal. She was ripe and ready for plucking. That goody two-shoes wife of yesterday was long gone, replaced by a woman molded by Lester's desires. He sure as hell wasn't about to let anyone else ruin that.

But first he needed to teach them a lesson. If she wanted to fuck around, so be it. He'd force her into something overwhelming. She needed to be punished. Then he would put the final parts of his plan into action.

Lester carefully slid himself out of bed, careful not to disturb Sarah. His naked body rolled off the bed until he pushed himself up into a sitting position. His gut spilling out across his thighs. He itched his hairy ass cheek and looked over his shoulders at the angelic face laying next to him in his bed.

*<i>Soon.</i>*

Lester stepped deftly through the piles of crap all over his floor until he reached his command chair. Hefting himself into it, the pistons squealed as his weight settled down into it. He touched the mouse to turn on the computer. It fired up quickly, the fans on the PC tower coming to life.

Lester looked back at Sarah again, making sure she hadn't stirred. She continued to breathe softly, fully naked, covered only by the stained thin bed sheet. Lester couldn't remember the last time he'd washed it.

He strategically positioned the window on the monitor between himself and Sarah. If she opened her eyes she wouldn't be able to see what he was looking at. He opened World of Warcraft but kept it silent. He could quickly use a keyboard shortcut to minimize the other window so Sarah would never see it. She'd just think he was playing some WoW.

Lester pulled up the camera feeds from last night. He quickly cut and spliced all of the ones from both of their fuck sessions last night. Starting from Sarah in the living room to being on her knees in front of Lester, Dan's dick soft, then all the way to the end of the night.

He cocked his head as he watched Dan stroking himself on screen, staring down at Sarah as she slept.

*</i>That's fucking creepy.</i>*

Lester smiled, realizing how far he had wormed himself into Dan's head.

He moved on to the next clipping, with Sarah in the middle of the night. He made sure the audio on this one was crisp based on the levels on the screen. He wanted to hear all the things she said to him last night. As the scene played on, he saw Dan at the peephole, vigorously stroking himself again. So he couldn't get it up for Sarah in the moment, but it was ready for action after? Interesting. That'd be something to plant in Sarah's ear, the complete emasculation of her husband in her eyes. She was still trying to fulfill erotic fantasies with this weirdo. She needed to view Dan in a completely non-sexual way.

The door from the other side of the wall slammed shut. Lester quickly switched to the live camera feed and saw Dan standing there in the hallway, facing Lester's door. He just stood there, staring at the closed door. Lester held his breath, wondering what his roommate was going to do. Had he finally grown some balls and was about to burst in and say something? Sarah stirred behind Lester, and he worriedly gritted his teeth.

He couldn't remember if the door was locked or not. With a few quick mouse movements, he quickly closed out the surveillance screens and waited for it to open. But it never did.

He heard the familiar sound of suitcase wheels rolling away.

"Ugh," Sarah said, sitting up with her hand over her face. She held the sheets around her shifting chest., "What time is it?"

Lester snorted and kept his attention on the screen. "Morning."

He eyed the corner of his screen where he knew the window with his cameras was minimized. World of Warcraft was still in full-screen mode, but he'd never had someone in his room while those windows were open. She was so very close to seeing the enormity of his future control over her. Too close to discovering his illicit 'business' practices.

She didn't respond. They both sat in silence as the server fired up and Lester's avatar appeared on screen.

The unmistakable sound of the front door creaking open came from behind the bedroom door.

"Dan," Sarah breathed, "Shit, shit, shit, Dan."

She pulled the bedsheet free and draped it around herself as she rushed out of the room. Lester kicked himself. He should have made the bed and tucked that sheet in tightly. And once Dan had rolled his suitcase away, he should have turned the sound on his computer to muffle that door shutting. He'd wanted Sarah to keep sleeping, to miss her husband's departure, but that man-child was slamming doors and making a ruckus.

*Oh well.* Lester heaved himself up out of his chair and plodded towards the open door. Already, this day wasn't going his way. Sure, Dan was leaving, and Sarah was staying, but her parents wanted to see her later. Lester didn't need that distraction. He needed her to focus on him. Submitting to him fully.

Lester felt his jowls jiggle as he marched down the hallway, his cock dangling free and proud.

"Don't worry about me, baby," Sarah said in a low voice from the living room. Lester paused for a moment at the threshold of the room, listening. "I love you. You're going to do great. I'll be fine. In a few hours, I'll be with my parents. Get there safely and come back to me soon."

*Disgusting.* Lester didn't wait any longer. It was time for Dan to leave. Lester walked across the living room and slid up behind Sarah, ignoring Dan's presence completely. He knew the open door, the

potential exposure to the rest of the building's residents, would already be on her mind. He wrapped his arms around her slim form and nuzzled his unshaven face into her neck.

Lester suppressed a smile as he heard a small, unexpected "ohhh" escape Sarah's lips. He knew Dan was just standing there, watching them. His tongue snaked out of his mouth and licked her neck, making her moan even louder this time.

He pushed his naked cock against her bare ass and wedged it between her taut cheeks. He felt the bedsheet slip from her, just as her control over the situation slipped from her grasp as well. Her love for Dan faded into the background as her lust for Lester took over. It was time.

Lester raised his arm and put one fat hand on the door pushing it closed, eliminating Dan from the equation entirely. He quickly engaged the lock and pushed Sarah flat up against the door. Her breasts smashed against it as Lester's gut pressed into her back.

Sarah's ass arched off the door and grinded itself back against Lester's solid cock. He grunted in her ear, running his hands down her arms until he gripped her hands and pinned them against the door. She moaned and her body shuddered expectantly.

Lester pushed Sarah firmly against the door, wedging his cock between her ass cheeks. He impatiently pushed her head to the side and squinted, looking through the door's peephole. Dan was just standing there staring, frozen in place with that dumb look on his face. Just like the previous night, Lester had managed to effortlessly short-circuit the idiot's brain. This was too easy. Now it was time for Lester to reap the rewards of his hard work.

Lester backed off from Sarah, a soft moan of disappointment in disconnecting whined from her throat. He tugged on her arm insistently, pulling her away from the closed door. Her other hand still fruitlessly clutched the dirty bedsheet to her chest. Lester's lip snarled, and he yanked the cloth from her, tearing it away from her perfect body.

Sarah's hands automatically went up to cover her large, heavy breasts. Lester grabbed her wrists and pulled them apart, revealing her rising and falling globes to him. He took his time, running his eyes over every inch of her tits, watching her nipples harden, , making sure Sarah knew she belonged to him. He felt the resistance in her arms weaken as the rising and falling of her chest increased. Her arousal grew as he stared at her.

Lester felt his cock growing. He continued to stare at her breasts until Sarah made a sound.

"Ohh," Sarah softly moaned. Lester smirked and looked up at her. She was staring down at his cock. Its massive head was prodding into her bare thigh.

"See something you like?" Lester asked.

"Jesus," Sarah said, "I haven't even had a coffee yet." Her gaze stayed on his imposing cock as she spoke.

"A slut like you needs cock in the morning to really wake her up," Lester growled, releasing her hands and seizing both sides of her head. He pulled her face towards him and kissed her, mashing his lips

firmly against hers. Her body tensed against him. He could feel it. He knew her body now. And she could feel his fat cock pressing ever harder against her.

“Mhnmmm,” Sarah softly protested against the kiss. Lester turned her face to the side and stuck his tongue out. It aggressively pried open her lips. She squealed as he held her face in place, forcing his tongue past her lips until it entered her mouth. As his tongue ran over hers, he felt her resolve weaken – her knees bent and her soft hands fell onto his biceps.

Lester’s rough hands mauled Sarah’s body while his immense tongue invaded her mouth. He grabbed two handfuls of her ass, her breasts, anything his hands could maul. He needed to be unrelenting and entirely overwhelm her senses.

With a growl, Lester broke their violent lip lock, happy to see Sarah’s eyes still closed and that she was nearly hyperventilating.

“Come on,” He grumbled and pulled her by her wrist back down the hallway towards his lair.

“Lester,” Sarah started as she followed. He held her wrist and pulled her into his bedroom. “I just said goodbye to Dan. I need a second to wake up and check my phone.”

Lester didn’t answer. He wordlessly pulled her to his desk and sat down with a plop. His naked gut squished between the arms of his tattered chair. He didn’t let go of her supple forearm as he stared up at her.

“What you need to do is get on those knees, pucker up those sweet little lips and clean up my cock,” Lester said.

He could see the conflict playing on her face. He knew she was obsessed with sucking his cock. Her phone was still out in the living room from last night. She hadn’t checked it yet. Her parents were supposed to be meeting her in the city today.

“On your knees,” Lester said with finality. He pulled her wrist forward until her hand landed on his bulging cock. She took in a deep breath, her eyes now glued to his growing cock as her fingers attempted to wrap around it. A sly grin spread across Lester’s homely face as he watched the once proud young wife and mother slowly slink to her knees in front of him, her eyes never straying from his towering cock.

He’d trained her well. She knew her place now. Right here. Sarah’s knees sank into the filth covering Lester’s floor, brushing against the dirty clothes and other garbage Lester had long forgotten.

“That’s a goood girl,” Lester chuckled lightly with Sarah kneeling in front of him.

“Time for you to get to work,” Lester said as he scooted forward. Sarah immediately shuffled in reverse until the back of her head touched the edge of Lester’s desk.

“Wh-what are you doing?” Sarah asked, finally breaking her eyes from Lester’s cock to look up at him.

“Me? I’m going to game for a little bit,” Lester said.

“Really?” Sarah asked as her hand slid up and down his shaft, “Right now?”

“Why shouldn’t I enjoy the things I like all at once?” Lester glared down at her, feeling the rolls of fat on his neck swell against his chin. He tapped her on the back of the head as he returned to his character on Warcraft.

“Fucking asshole,” Sarah said shaking her head. But Lester didn’t need to give her any further prompting. The young mother obediently leaned forward and ran her tongue up the length of Lester’s shaft. Lester shuddered with delight at the sensation. He’d never had one of his conquests so willingly lower themselves onto their knees at his command center. “You. Are such. A complete. Bastard.” Her pursed lips kissed back down his shaft, her words underlining each point of erotic contact.

Sarah’s free-flowing saliva coated his shaft as her hand began stroking him. She used her fist expertly, twisting the meaty shaft within it as she stroked his large cock up and down. Her warm mouth finally descended onto the head of his cock. She instantly moaned in satisfaction, “Mhmmhmmmm.”

Lester patted her on the head, “Good girl.”

Sarah moaned in response as she took more of Lester’s expanding length into her mouth. Her tongue whipped against the underside of his girth, her mouth buttery wet and soft.

Lester groaned and tried to focus on the screen in front of him. He made a concentrated effort and pressed some keys. On the monitor, the image of his avatar, Darkspire, was running across the town to meet with his guildmates. The other guys were all in voice chat on Discord, but Lester didn’t want to reach out and grab his headphones; the live audio in his lair was more compelling. Sarah’s blond locks tickled his thighs as they bounced up and down with her bobbing head.

She was going to town sucking on his cock. Lester suppressed a chuckle, wondering if Dan was still standing out there like a lost puppy dog in the hallway. Hoping that its master would open the door and let him back into the warm apartment. But Dan had better get used to being left out in the cold.

Lester followed his guildmates toward a dungeon. In the chat interface, Ned was asking him why he wasn’t on mic. Lester ignored him, not giving a shit what Ned or Eugene or any of the others thought about his silence.

“Mhmmmffff,” Sarah moaned as she pulled herself free from Lester’s cock. She dived back down, lips and tongue on his shaft, one hand pumping him while the other steadied herself on his hair-covered thigh.

“F-fuck,” Sarah moaned at the base of Lester’s cock as she rested her head against him. Her hand stroking the shaft above her face. Lester pulled her hair back so he could see her face. Her soft little tongue was darting out, gently and lovingly lapping at the base of his cock, occasionally tasting the dappled skin of his nutsack.

His matted pubic hair threatened to envelope her angelic face. Lester never got tired of looking at her. Those stunning green eyes, that beautiful earnest face lapping at his cock. Worshipping him. She’d fallen so far, now he barely had to apply pressure for her to do whatever he wanted. His cock controlled her, whether she wanted to admit it or not. She wasn’t Dan’s wife anymore, she wasn’t a mother – she was his wanton, eager slut who would do whatever her master desired.

It was exhilarating.

She moaned softly as her tongue continued to dart out and lick the base of his cock, dancing between his tufts of dirty pubic hair. Her hand kept pumping his pulsing shaft, slick with her saliva and still coated with their juices from the night before.

“Mhmmhm,” Sarah moaned wantonly, getting lost in what she was doing for him. Lester took his hand off the keyboard and ran it through her hair. She moaned again, enjoying the way he caressed her. His fingers dug into the back of her head, pulling her closer to his cock. Her lips pressed against his shaft in a pucker. Soft moans continued to escape her lips as Lester held her head and directed her. He moved her head back and forth making her tongue look like it was licking an unwrapped popsicle. He pulled her head down to his nutsack and buried her face in his scrotum.

Lester wasn't sure if she'd be able to breathe but he could hear her moans grow ever more desperate. His balls tingled as her moans vibrated from the back of her throat to her lips on his testicles. Her face was completely covered by his cock and bushy pubic hair. Her tongue continued to lick and slather over his nuts as she moaned. It pushed through the matted hair and found the skin of his ballsack, sucking and licking its leathery texture. Bringing one of his balls into her mouth as her hand continued to stroke his shaft, up and down, up and down.

Lester let out a groan and closed his eyes. Sarah had gotten way too good at this. She'd really missed her calling. Soon he'd see to it that she was unemployed and could do this for him full time. He reveled in the sensation of his balls rolling on Sarah's tongue, her fist continued to pump his cock, her second hand joining the first on his massive shaft.

On screen, the chat was going crazy as Lester's avatar just stood there. His guild mates were being beaten back by a group of high level orcs. Ned was calling for Lester's help as they tried in vain to defend themselves. Lester peered at the screen through squinted eyes. He suddenly didn't give a shit anymore.

With a grunt, he sat forward, the weight of his gut pressing down on Sarah's head. His cock wedged between his gut and her face. He exited WoW and opened his 'Sarah' folder. His heart beat heavily in his chest, and he felt a thrill run through his body. Putting her in a position where she was so close to knowing the truth aroused his perversion. Situating her next to discovering the web of lies and deception she was at the center of.

He made sure his computer was muted and then sat back. Sarah took in a large, deep breath as Lester's gut left her face. She sat up on her knees and looked up at Lester, then down to his cock. She was stroking it with both hands. Sarah licked her lips as she stared down at it with a satisfied smirk.

Behind her, the screen showed a scene from months ago. Sarah had timidly walked up to Lester's door in the middle of the night to have sex with him for the first time. It was one of Lester's most played videos, especially because she had come to him, stepped into his lair with the intent of sleeping with him when he'd had no expectation it would happen that night. If it had been a VHS tape, it would have been well worn out by now.

Lester couldn't help but smirk as Sarah lowered her head back down onto his cock. Her wet mouth enveloped him again. As Sarah sucked his cock, he watched the Sarah on-screen being penetrated by

him for the first time. Watching, as he had dozens of times as her face contorted in pleasure and pain as he pushed his latex clad cock into her pussy. The way her body reacted to him for the first time. The storm raged outside as the first barrier of Sarah's resistance fell and her retraining began.

"Mhmmm fuck, your cock, Jesus," Sarah muttered as she took another deep breath before descending back onto his cock.

"God, it's... it's just... everything," Sarah moaned as she licked up his shaft and swirled her tongue slowly around the head of his cock. She didn't even look up at him, her entire attention was focused on his iron hard cock. Lester put his forearms on the arms of his chair and let Sarah worship his tool as he watched the illicit amateur porn of the two of them. Watched as, under false pretences, she finally gave in to him, changing her life forever. Knowing what his amazing cock felt like inside of her stunning body.

Sarah moaned around his cock as the Sarah on screen's mouth opened, wailing as she came on his cock the first time. Lester licked his lips watching his favorite conquest on screen as the present incarnation knelt before him, taking his cock into the back of her throat.

She hummed around his plunging meat. He felt it, the moment the head of his cock broke a barrier and disappeared into her throat. The reflexive gag that Sarah had learned to ignore a thing of the past. She'd become a requisite pro at cock sucking. Her head bobbed up and down on his fat phallus as her hands worked his shaft. It was glorious, watching their secret porn tape, unknowingly performing for him while she stroked and sucked his cock. One of her hands dropped down and began softly massaging his dangling balls.

The Sarah kneeling before him had her eyes closed, focused on milking his cock. Lester wanted to take her, throw her on the bed and make her watch herself get fucked on screen while he slid his massive tool into her from behind. He wanted her to see all the vile videos he'd secretly collected since her husband moved in.

But not yet, the time was not quite right. No, he needed her aching for it. To make sure she didn't go back out of the city with her parents tonight. That she was so worked up that she was desperate for him to fill her flooded pussy.

Lester balled Sarah's hair into a fist and thrust his cock up into her face. It hit the back of her throat. Sarah's hand squeezed Lester's cock reflexively as she steadied herself. Lester didn't give her a second to compose herself. With her hair gripped forcibly in his hand, he tugged it up then pushed her head back down roughly onto his cock.

"Ummffff," Sarah sputtered around his cock but Lester didn't let up. He used her mouth as a fuck hole. He thrust up as he pulled her head down. Sarah's hands left his shaft and went to his thigh, bracing herself, trying to slow his pace. But Lester didn't relent. Not at all. He grabbed her head and brought it up and down his unyielding cock.

Sarah grabbed onto Lester's shaft with one hand, squeezing it tightly. Lester slammed her mouth down again, this time it hit her hand. She was trying to control the pace by putting a roadblock in Lester's way. He held her hair even more tightly with one hand, and with the other grabbed her wrist and turned it, making her wince and release his cock.

Lester held her wrist to the side while he held her hair in a pony tail and fucked her face again. Sarah kept moaning, and her throat noises filled the room.

“Gllllluck. Gllaack, Glllaack,” the saliva in the back of Sarah’s throat splashed against Lester’s cock as he recklessly fucked her open mouth.

“I, I’m gonna cum right down your throat,” Lester grunted, lifting his sweaty, hairy ass off his chair. His skin stuck to the leather seat before peeling away as he repeatedly shoved his cock into Sarah’s pretty mouth.

On screen, Sarah was in the throes of ecstasy, cumming all over Lester’s cock again. Lester watched as the dam of resistance broke inside of her. He held Sarah’s head and hair in a death grip as he fucked the young mother’s pretty little mouth. Spit and saliva ran uncontrollably out of Sarah’s mouth, dripping down Lester’s shaft and covering her hand, soaking his balls.

Lester heaved his body up into a standing position. His fat gut pressed into Sarah’s forehead, forcing her to change position. Sarah didn’t so much as miss a beat. Her hand still pumped Lester’s shaft as best she could while he held her hair into a ponytail and power fucked her mouth. The entire length of his cock disappeared between her sweet lips and down the back of her throat. She was having difficulty breathing but he could hear the sharp intakes of breath through her nose when he pulled his cock back.

She was too busy with her mouth and throat full of Lester’s pistoning cock that she couldn’t see what was on the monitor behind her. The way the Sarah on the screen’s body tensed and gripped Lester hard as he continued to rigorously fuck her and bring her to yet another life changing orgasm.

Lester let go of Sarah’s hair and grabbed her other wrist, pulling her stroking hand off his cock. He held both of them in his hands as his hips continued thrusting forward into Sarah’s waiting mouth. Without the grip on the back of her head, she had more control. He couldn’t slam his cock into her mouth like before but it didn’t stop the young mother from taking almost his entire length into her mouth and just down the back of her throat, pushing herself to swallow him whole.

He roughly pinned both her wrists over her head, against the desk using only one of his hands. She whimpered as he used his weight to pin them there. Her blonde hair cascaded back and forth over her shoulders as her head bobbed. Sarah’s hands were just inches away from the keyboard. Less distance than the length of the cock in her mouth from the unmute button on the keyboard that would fill the room with the sounds of her experiencing orgasmic bliss.

Sarah kept bobbing her head forward onto his cock. She had to back up and reposition herself but now her head was between the edge of the desk and Lester’s hefty gut. Lester groaned as his massive hips bucked back and forward again, sliding his cock in and out of Sarah’s waiting, drooling mouth.

She tried to stop. To talk to him. To take back control of what was happening and reason with him but Lester wasn’t interested. Not this time. He was too far past the point of negotiation. He needed to cum. He wanted to blow his load and fill her stomach. And she was going to take all of it.

He held her wrists firmly against the desk with one hand. The other grabbed the back of her head as he stood there. He roughly grabbed her hair and again balled it into a knot with his fist and force fed her his cock.

He grinned as he felt the head of his cock push down and pop into her throat. Sarah tried to twist her shoulders, to free herself from his grip on her wrists but it was useless. Lester held her in place as he fucked her mouth as if she were a cheap common slut.

“Mhmhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned around his cock. She liked it rough like this, Lester knew that. She loved aggression. His aggression.

“Fuck Sarah,” Lester chuckled, “I have so much pent up cum ready for you. I’m going to flood your throat with it.”

“Ughmphmm,” Sarah continued to moan as she struggled to breathe. Lester couldn’t help but smirk as he stared down. He rammed his cock into her mouth and down her throat making her gag. Tears welled in the corners of her eyes. Lester’s face felt hot and appeared beet red as his hairy balls slammed against her chin over and over.

“Mhmhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned, followed by the wet squelching sounds of her deep throating Lester’s fat cock. He was still impressed she managed to take so much of him into her.

“Look at me,” Lester barked down at Sarah.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him. He pushed, thrusting his cock forward, causing her eyes to shut involuntarily for a split second but she obediently opened them up again. He could feel his jowls quivering against his jaw. He knew she didn’t have the best view of him, but he didn’t care. All he wanted was those sexy green eyes, staring up at him, begging for more.

“Do you want it? Do you want my cum Sarah? I can’t wait any longer. You’re going to get it all.” Lester murmured.

“Mhmm-hmmhmm,” Sarah hummed from around his cock. That was all Lester needed to hear to be sent over the edge.

Lester’s balls clenched.

“Get ready,” Lester gritted his yellowing teeth. His grip tightened on Sarah’s wrists, and his fist knotted in her hair. Sarah yelped around his cock as he pulled her hair tighter than he’d ever done before.

“Ffffucking take it Sarah,” Lester bellowed as his balls released his pent up boiling cum. The milky load rushed down his expanding, throbbing cock shaft sending a distinct shiver up his spine. Lester licked his lips and looked down at Sarah, whose eyes were closed tight, bracing for it. His cock swelled as he rammed it through a barrier into the back of Sarah’s throat and the first blast of hot, sticky cum blasted out of his glistening cock. Sarah somehow gulped, even with Lester’s cock embedded in her throat – taking his acrid load into her.

Lester’s cock didn’t let up. It spurted load after load of his hot oozing cum deep into Sarah’s stomach. Sarah struggled against Lester’s grip on her wrists, wanting to be free. Lester didn’t relent. He held her firm and in place, pinned to the desk as he buried his cock into her throat and continued to unleash the torrent of cum from his balls.

“Ugh,” Lester wheezed, half bent over as the last fetid ropes of cum dribbled out of his cock. His fat sweaty gut was sitting on Sarah’s face, obscuring her. He let go of her wrists and pushed off the desk to stand up straight. Cum dribbled out of Sarah’s mouth as she gasped for breath. Lester squeezed his cock and a last dollap of cum splurged out landing directly on Sarah’s wedding ring. Cum oozed around the diamond, forever embedding itself into the piece of jewellery.

Then he collapsed back in his chair, dragging his cock out of Sarah’s mouth.

She took a deep breath and started coughing, her throat lined with his foul, sticky substance. As her coughing fit subsided, she held her hand to her throat and gave Lester an annoyed look, “What the hell, Lester?”

Lester’s fat legs spun him side to side in the chair. He had an amused smirk on his face. “Shut up, I know you liked that.”

Sarah just sighed and stood up on unsteady feet, “I’m going to go shower. I need to get ready to meet my parents.”

She didn’t even bother getting dressed. Her hair was a mess, and her skin was coated with dried sweat and other bodily fluids from the night before. Sarah turned to leave the room, giving Lester a great look at her naked ass, causing him to stare and his breath caught for a split second. It was fucking perfect.

As Sarah got to the door, Lester said, “Want a coffee?”

She looked back at him with tired eyes. Despite the exhaustion evident in them, the framing of her naked body in the doorway could have been on the cover of Penthouse.

“Sure. That would be nice, Lester,” Sarah disappeared from sight. “Thank you,” she said from the hallway, and a few moments later, he heard the shower start. An idea formed in his head. Perhaps a regression to simpler times, but it was the cleanest solution to achieve his goal for today.

He went to the peephole in his closet. He told himself it was to make sure Sarah was truly taking a shower. He closed one eye as he watched Sarah just standing there, naked, letting the warm water hit her body. Satisfied that he had a small window of opportunity, Lester left the closet and opened the locked drawer in his desk.

The drawer was filled with his most prized possessions. Rows of hard drives, each meticulously labelled with a different woman’s name. There were even a few VHS tapes from his younger days. It had been some time since he had watched those. Most of them were filled with his amateur filming of voyeuristic opportunities, but there were a couple of gems in there. He made a mental note to transfer those old tapes to digital media sometime soon.

It was a mistake to horde all of this in his room. If he ever slipped up, these files could serve to put him away for a long time. That is why he didn’t make mistakes. Lester reached into the back of the drawer. He ran his fingers along several small brown tincture bottles. He settled on one and pulled it out. He held it up to the light and saw it was still half full. More than enough for what he needed today.

He tightened his grip around the bottle, closed and double locked the drawer and plodded into the kitchen. He quickly made Sarah a coffee with the Kureig. He knew from his notes she only took it with

a bit of fat free milk, which he dutifully added. Lester untwisted the top of the tincture bottle and used the attached dropper to withdraw one milliliter of the viscous liquid within.

He squeezed it into Sarah's coffee and stirred it around with a spoon. The heat of the coffee wouldn't break the liquid down. It was completely tasteless, he'd tried it himself when he'd first received it. The milk should cover any texture issues. Lester went through the procedure to put the bottle back into his locked drawer before joining Sarah in the bathroom.

She opened the shower to look at him. He eyed her body up and down and then just smiled back and put the coffee down on the counter and then, uncharacteristically, let her enjoy the rest of her shower in peace.

Back in front of his command center, he dismissed the discord notifications of Ned and the others in his guild asking what he was doing and if he was alright. He'd have to answer eventually or mother hen Ned might show up at his door. But for now, he pulled up the camera feeds and watched Sarah finish her shower. As she dried herself off, she took her first sip of the coffee. Lester started a timer on his phone and waited for the drug to do its work.

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"Have you seen my clothes?" Sarah asked as she peered around the disarray of Lester's room. She was wearing just a white towel, her bare shoulders and legs on full display.

Lester didn't even bother to look up from his computer, "Nope."

Sarah sighed and rolled her eyes at him. He could be such an unforgivable prick for no reason sometimes. She'd always had trouble reading him when he was like this. There were times when she genuinely felt affection for him in some kind of fucked up way. But not at the moment. It's like he'd gotten what he wanted and was now more interested in his computer games than her. At least he'd made her that coffee though, that was something. He was being nice for a change.

Sarah stepped further into the dirty room, eyes scanning the cluttered floor looking for her bra and panties from the night before. She blinked, forcing her eyes open. They were feeling so heavy. The shower was supposed to have helped to wake her up. Her late session with Lester and the other one in the middle of the night meant she hadn't gotten much sleep.

She continued battling against her exhausted eyelids as she neared Lester's bed. Her bra and panties seemed like a distant thought now. They were here, somewhere in the mess that obscured Lester's floor. Maybe she did need just a bit more sleep.

With a quiet yawn, she let the towel drop to the floor and laid down in Lester's bed. She pulled the covers over herself and wanted to tell Lester to only let her sleep for another hour, but the words never left her lips as she drifted off to sleep.

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The screen read 'Unlocked by Face.'

He'd jostled her awake for a moment, testing to see if she was completely out. She'd briefly opened her eyes as Lester held her phone in front of her. The phone opened as she faded back into unconsciousness. He was surprised that it had worked while she was nearly asleep. Lester stared down at Sarah's sleeping form before turning his attention to her phone in his hand. It was kind of funny that he hadn't done this before now. He should probably be proud of himself or something. Or disappointed at his lack of thoroughness.

There were a few missed messages from Sarah's parents, checking in and asking when and where to meet her. He didn't open the messaging app but read the notifications without dismissing them. The next thing he did was silence all calls and notifications before opening her gallery and flipping through her latest photos. He frowned at all the pictures of her children doing idiotic things. He'd been hoping for something a little more racy.

He could go through her phone, app by app, and see what he could find to exploit. Looking through all of her emails and messages, but that seemed like such a futile waste of his time. Besides, he was already setting his grand snare - he doubted there would be much on the phone that he could leverage above and beyond what he was already planning.

Still, being thorough had paid off for him in the past. He plopped back down at his command center and quickly found a phone cloning utility tool on the internet, downloaded it, and then proceeded. He plugged her phone in and, within minutes, had downloaded the entire contents of the device. It wasn't perfect by any means, but every photo, file, and message on it was now his. He'd search through them later.

Lester tossed the phone on the bed and turned back to the dwindling bag of Cheetos next to him as he fired up Steam and found something distracting to play.

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"Uhhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned. Her head was still densely groggy as she turned side to side. All she knew was that she was feeling very, very good. Really goooooood. Her hands ran over the luxurious sheets and she balled the expensive material up in her fists. Her back arched off the bed, her naked sweat sheened breasts exposed to the trash-filled room. Her hips rose to meet something wet, her thighs were clamped around what felt like a shape the size of a watermelon.

Something angry growled from between her legs, focusing its anger on vibrating her clit.

"Mhmmmfucck," Sarah groaned, forcing her head up and her eyes open. She was in Lester's room. A familiar, fat, bulbous head was nestled between her long, toned legs. The greasy, thinning hair looked wholly out of place between the smooth, flawless skin of her legs.

"Ughhhfucck, Lester?" Sarah dropped her head to the pillow and put her hand on the back of his head. His sparse hair felt slick with grease, but she ran her fingers through it anyway - her nails digging into his sweat-dampened scalp.

"Mhmmm-hmmm?" His lips vibrated against her swollen clit.

"Uhgod," Sarah moaned, "What's...ah...what...time....isit? Fuckkk."

She felt his shoulders shrug against the bottoms of her thighs. She felt around for her phone, but it didn't seem to be anywhere nearby. If it were late, her parents would've called already. She let herself relax as Lester's fat, agile tongue swirled and prodded inside of her. She didn't know how long he had been down there but she already felt so fucking incredibly wet.

So fucking wet.

Lester's tongue did a slow twirl inside of her, grazing across all of her inner walls. One of her legs kicked up at the intimate sensation. His fat tongue felt so large inside of her pussy. She suppressed a soft moan. His thumb found her clit and began gently massaging it as the entire length of his colossal tongue plunged into her vagina.

"Ugh fuck," Sarah groaned again, "Jesus Lester. I'm so fucking wet."

"Mhm-Hmm," Lester nodded his head as the vibrations from his lips made her groan again.

Lester lapped at Sarah's pussy. His fat tongue slithering deeper and deeper into her. Her body roiled on the bed as he expertly flicked his tongue up over her G-spot. Again and Again. His thumb gently caressing her clit, drawing precise, exquisite circles on it.

Lester stopped twirling his tongue inside of her. He slowly kissed and sucked around her pussy lips before shoving his entire oversized tongue inside of her. Sarah gasped. Lester withdrew his tongue and then pushed it all the way back in. Out and then in. Out and in. He was fucking her with his tongue.

Sarah knew she could cum like this. It would be easy. 10, 15 more licks and she would be seeing stars. But she also knew her boyfriend's cock was hard. She knew what she wanted.

"Oh fuck Lester, FUCK!" Sarah moaned, "I need you. I need your huge cock inside of me. Please. Please. Just fuck me."

"Nnnn-uhhhh," Lester grunted from between her thighs. Sarah needed him inside of her. She needed to feel that big cock really stretch her out. Touch her in places that only he could reach. His places. She wanted her body connected to his. To feel him pushing inside of her.

"Please," Sarah whined, "Lester please fuck me."

Lester just shook his head and sunk his forearms into the bed, planting himself between her legs. His tongue darting in and out of her, fucking her at an athletically rapid speed.

Sarah dug her nails into the back of his head. Her other hand pulling the sheets free from the bed. She was loving every second with Lester's unstoppable tongue but this was all just a tease. She needed his cock. She needed him inside of her. Now.

"Lester," Sarah whined, "Give it to me. I need your cock. Fuck me! FUCK ME!"

His fat head just shook between her thighs. His thumb increasing its pace with the distinct circles it was drawing over her clit. His fat tongue pushed deep into her and flicked up, dragging itself across the upper wall of her pussy.



Warm, hot, sticky, glue-like cum blasted out onto her face. The first rope landed across the bridge of her nose, sealing one of her eyes shut. Another flying rope hit her cheek. Then another tagged her chin. She licked her lips as Lester's flowing cum ran across her face. She tasted his bitter, salty load and swallowed it before licking up more of the precious fluid.

She couldn't help herself. Her hands ran across her face, dripping with his off-white cum as more and more semen landed on her, covering her face.

"Massage it in, lick it clean," Lester growled from beside her.

Sarah barely heard him. Her hands ran over her face. Lester's warm sperm felt so fucking good on her skin. She still needed his cock inside of her. Her fingertips massaged the sour smelling cum into the pores of her face. And there was so much more of it. Her fingers dragged gobs of his illicit cum into her mouth. Sarah licked her fingers clean and went back for more. Cum ran down her face, oozing onto her neck. She ran her hands over it, not wanting to waste a single drop of it.

Her thighs pressed together tightly, her pussy burning with unfulfilled desire. She still needed Lester's cock deep inside her.

"Fuck Lester how much cum do you have in those giant balls?" Sarah said as she reached out trying to find Lester's cock. Her eyelids were still caked shut from the weight of his cum. She couldn't find his cock. Something landed beside her, hitting the bed. She reached for it, her hands finding a Kleenex box. She pulled one out and wiped her eyes clean of Lester's issue.

When she opened her eyes and looked around the room, she saw her phone just out of reach near the foot of the bed. Lester was back in his computer chair, still completely naked. His fat, girthy stomach sat atop his thighs.

"You know, you really shouldn't sit so much, Lester. Sitting is the new smoking," Sarah said as she reached out for her phone.

"What else am I supposed to do?" Lester said without turning to acknowledge her. She hated it when he did that. Like, he was so dismissive of her. Like what had just happened between them meant nothing to him.

"I just think that you need to take care of yourself a bit more. Maybe get up and go for a walk...SHIT," Sarah panicked as she saw the time on her phone. She unlocked it, and there were several missed calls and messages from her parents, as well as a few from Dan.

"Why didn't you tell me my phone went off!?" Sarah said, jumping out of bed while clutching her phone. She looked frantically through the room for her bra and panties but couldn't find anything in the mess.

"I'm not your babysitter," Lester scoffed without turning to look at her. "Besides, I didn't hear it."

Sarah checked her settings, and everything was set to mute. *Fuck.*

It was almost dinner time. How the hell had she slept all day? She hadn't been that tired in the shower. Now she needed to get ready. The last message from her parents said they would be coming here to pick her up shortly.

*Crap. Crap. Crap.* She sent back a quick message apologizing and saying that she would meet them downstairs. Sarah rushed into Dan's bedroom and threw open her suitcase to find something to wear.

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The knock at the door seemed to startle Sarah as she finished applying her makeup. Lester watched from the monitor as she cursed under her breath and stood up, looking at herself in the mirror.

Once Sarah realized how late it was, she'd completely forgotten about him and hurried to get ready. So Lester had done the same. He'd looked through his closet earlier for something reasonably nice enough to put on to meet Sarah's parents. There was a whole section of the closet full of clothes he'd purchased to soften up his image for Sarah. Back before he'd stopped giving a shit. He'd realized he didn't need to play dress up for her, she liked him how he was. Otherwise she wouldn't keep spreading her perfect legs for him.

Still, Lester sat at his command centre in his previously unworn dark blue jeans with a crisp white polo. He kept it untucked so it didn't emphasize his gut or show off the belt holding his pants up. He put on an upscale watch and sprayed a bit of cologne on. He watched at the monitor as Sarah nervously opened the door.

As always she looked incredible, wearing a tight, hip hugging black dress with a tasteful v-neck that lied 'I'm sophisticated and sexy but not a slut.' The dress ran tightly down her arms to her mid-forearm and the skirt went down to her knees.

She smiled at her parents who were waiting on the other side of the door. Lester felt his cock twitch as Sarah hugged her mother, pressing her cheek next to the older woman's face. In her haste, she hadn't washed completely. Lester's cum was still embedded in her facial pores that had just brushed against her mother.

"Huh," Lester muttered as he took in the image of Sarah's mom. For a woman in her late fifties or early sixties she was well put together. She looked more like she could be Sarah's older sister. Her loose white shirt and tight jeans did little to hide the supple curves of her body. It was very evident where Sarah had gained her perfect proportions from. Her blonde hair was just as striking as Sarah's and may have framed her face better than her daughter's did.

"My, my, my..." Lester licked his lips. This was an unexpected development. Sarah greeted her father but Lester's eyes never left the mother's body. Lester had always been attracted to younger women but here was a more experienced specimen he wouldn't mind sampling.

He tore his eyes away from the screen and uneasily hefted himself out of his chair. He didn't want to miss his window of opportunity. He plodded out of his room and reveled in the wide eyes staring in his direction as he entered the living room.

“Hello,” Lester said, his practiced smile on his face as he walked across the floor with his hand extended. He shook Sarah’s father’s hand.

“Lester, Dan’s roommate,” Lester said, grinning.

“James,” Sarah’s father said with a smile, “And this is my wife Renee.”

“Wife?” Lester’s smile widened as he shook Sarah’s mother’s hand. “I thought you were the sister.”

“Oh,” Renee wagged a finger at him, “You’re good.”

She turned to Sarah, “You didn’t tell us Dan’s roommate was such a charmer.”

“Actually, you haven’t told us much about him at all,” James said, looking between Sarah and Lester.

“Oh well, Lester is usually quite busy with work, so we don’t see a lot of him,” Sarah said. She was giving Lester a confused, pleading look. She clearly hadn’t expected him to come out and talk to her parents.

“She’s right,” Lester said, holding up his hands, “I’m usually not here at home. My clients are pretty demanding. I actually got off a long call just now and was going to step out and see if I could grab dinner somewhere.”

“That’s what we’re doing,” Renee said with a smile. She looked at Sarah and her husband before turning her attention back to Lester.

“You should join us. We have a table for four, but I understand Dan had to leave for work,” Renee said in a somewhat insincere way. The way that people do just to be polite in social situations. The expectation was that one would politely decline, and then those with plans wouldn’t feel bad about the person they’d left behind. It was a perfect opening for some social engineering.

“I heard that’s really awful. On a weekend no less.” Lester smiled, “Are you sure? I wouldn’t want to impose.”

“No, not at all,” Renee said, the smile on her face momentarily faltering before she turned to her daughter, “Right, Sarah?”

“Yeah,” Sarah said flatly, giving Lester a sharp look, “Why not.” She didn’t make it a question.

“Great. Where are we going?” Lester said, clasping his hands. He pretended not to notice the look of annoyance that passed between James and Renee or the icy glare coming from Sarah.

The drive to the Italian restaurant didn’t take long. It was just on the other side of the city. James drove them, and he insisted on Lester riding in the passenger seat. Lester had hoped to get Sarah alone in the backseat, but he was already pressing his luck, forcing his way into their dinner plans. There was a little small talk in the car, but it was clear Sarah’s father was annoyed by Lester’s presence. Sarah and her mom quietly caught up in the backseat.

The restaurant was dimly lit inside. The ceilings were low and discreet candles on tables provided most of the illumination. Sarah's mom had wanted to try this place for months. It had a reputation for great food and a romantic ambience. The hostess sat them at a half-circle booth tucked back in a cozy corner. Lester was last in, sitting in Dan's place next to Sarah.

They all sat in silence as they looked over the menu. Lester pretended to be reviewing the entrees while his hand crept to Sarah's knee. She quickly batted it away under the tablecloth.

"What's so funny, Lester?" James' eyes peered over his menu. Lester had been amused by Sarah's rejection, given what he planned for her later that evening. The additional discerning eyes of Sarah's parents were a variable he would need to quickly adapt to. Challenge accepted.

"Ah, it's nothing," Lester said, meeting the man's eye. He pointed to the linguini Alfredo on the menu, "It's just that the last time Dan and I got takeout from an Italian place. He got the linguini Alfredo. It didn't sit right with him. He was in the bathroom all night."

"Well, that's quite the image before dinner," Renee muttered as she took a large sip of wine while keeping her eyes trained on the menu. Lester couldn't help but widen his smile as the woman drank. He recognized the similarity in reaction to how Sarah coped with uncomfortable situations. Even at her age, Sarah's mom was quite a beauty. Her face had some minor wrinkles around the eyes, but otherwise, she still looked youthful. Not a strand of grey hair, and her body was still nice and tight. That white blouse really clung to her big breasts, Lester undressed her with his eyes, approximating that Renee had the same incredible tits her daughter had..

Lester felt James' glare as he looked over the man's wife. Maybe he was being too obvious about it but sometimes he lost himself drinking in the shape of a woman. Besides, since meeting Dan and Sarah, Lester had learned that he really, really enjoyed taking a woman from another man. It was his primal nature to conquer. He wouldn't apologize for that. Without looking at James, Lester innocently returned his eyes to the menu to select his dinner.

After the waiter had taken their orders, Lester ordered a bottle of wine for the table, earning him another glare from James. Sarah just shook her head.

"So tell me, Lester. What is it you do for a living?" James held the bottom of his glass of beer on the table.

"I work in IT," Lester said, mirroring James, holding his plastic cup of Coke.

James sighed, "What exactly in IT? It's a broad field."

"My Dad used to be a management consultant, Lester," Sarah chimed in next to him, "He knows his stuff pretty well."

"Used to be? I assume you're retired now?" Lester said, letting the slight hang there. The implication of James being old. Clearly, he was young enough that he could still be working.

James scoffed and gave Sarah a look before taking a drink of his beer. "Not retired, no. I still work and keep busy. But back to you. What field of IT do you work in?"

“Penetration,” Lester said without elaborating.

Renee coughed on her wine, her eyes going wide.

“What he means,” Sarah interjected, “Is doing things like penetration testing of a company’s network. He does IT security. Making sure that bad actors can’t get into and exploit our computer system.”

“Yes, that’s what I meant,” Lester said. Sarah gave him another sharp look.

“That’s important work,” James said, “It must be hard. Keeping up with all the new changes in the field. Especially the emerging threat of AI and how that will impact things.”

“It’s always hard,” Lester said, putting his hand back on Sarah’s thigh and squeezing it beneath the table. “We’ll see how AI impacts it. The only thing we can do is to keep up with what the latest is in the industry and try to safely adapt it into our systems.”

“Aren’t you worried about some new artificial intelligence that can exploit your networks without you noticing?” James asked. “It seems like everyone is worried about the potential of AI.”

“Sure, I can see that. But at the same time, we’ll probably have our own defensive AI by that point that can monitor our network for attacks.” Lester said trailing off. AI was something he hadn’t played with too much. But the idea of training his own AI model on his hacking and network exploits could be an interesting tool that would allow him to scale up the number of companies he went after. There were other possibilities he would need to ruminate over when it came to AI and his true passion.

“AI is just the latest in a constant stream of new innovations,” Lester waved his hand, tiring of James’ line of questioning. “We’ll figure out the best way to use it as a tool and move on to the next thing. I’d be more worried about those in consulting roles. When AI has the entire knowledge of the internet at its disposal there won’t be much need for consultants. Companies can just ask AI for the answers they need.”

“Huh,” James said contemplatively, “So where exactly do you work?”

Lester gave Sarah a look, “Well I have my own clients but recently I started working somewhere interesting in the healthcare sector. Actually it’s –”

“It’s boring. All this shop talk,” Sarah cut in, “Dad I don’t think Lester wants to talk about work and besides it’s all just computer stuff right?” Sarah squeezed her thighs around Lester’s hand trying to implore him to change subjects. Lester hid his smirk and looked up at Sarah’s radiant mother.

“What about you, Renee?” Lester turned his predatory gaze to Sarah’s mother. “What do you do?”

“I teach the first grade,” Renee said with a warm smile. “I know it’s not as glamorous as James’ job or even yours or Sarah’s but I just love seeing their little faces and –”

Lester wasn’t listening. A schoolteacher. Lester’s cock stirred awake and his hand subtly trailed up Sarah’s bare thigh. She softly held his hand under the table, stopping his perverse advance. He’d never had a school teacher before. There was some immature, juvenile part of him that told him he needed to claim one.

Renee was still talking. Lester took a long drink of his Coke, his hand trying to push past Sarah's grip on it. She shot him a look that her parents seemed to miss. A warning. Who cared? She was his to do with as he wanted.

Her hand tried to pry his fingers off, but he dug them firmly into her pliant thigh.

"It's too bad Dan isn't here," Renee said, snapping Lester back to the present conversation. "I don't like how much his work makes him travel so much. It's not fair to do that to someone with a family."

"It's part of the job," James said, "When you have clients around the country, you have to take care of them."

"Well, he has a family to take care of, too," Renee added.

"We're doing fine, Mom," Sarah chimed in, her hand still tight on Lester's fingers.

The waiter came by, carrying plates of food. He put plates of pasta down in front of Sarah and Renee first, and another server behind him brought James and Lester's food.

"I know, dear," Renee said, "It's just... I know how hard it's been. With him in Chicago and all. All I'm saying is he needs to get his priorities straight."

"That's what he's doing, Mom," Sarah said.

"He's doing what he needs to do to put food on the table," James said.

"Yeah," Lester said with a mouthful of spaghetti, "He works so hard. Always working. Nothing can stop the guy. Look at him now, even though he just got laid off again, he's still burying himself in work with one of his clients."

"What?" James said, putting his fork down on the plate. "Laid off, again?"

Sarah shot Lester another in a series of pissed off looks.

"Sarah?" Renee said, "Dan got laid off again?"

"It's not like that, Mom," Sarah said, tearing her eyes from Lester, "His company lost a few big clients and they had to reduce staff."

"That's twice in such a short time, Sarah," James said, sitting back in the booth. "Are you sure it's not actually a Dan problem?"

"No," Sarah said, "No, it's really not. He's great at what he does. That's why he has all these clients wanting to work with him. It's just... how his last company was run. Dad, you've always said Dan should go off on his own, and now he's doing just that."

"Still," James said, "When you have a wife and kids at home. That's risky to up and bet everything on going it alone."

“I don’t know, Sarah. I don’t like it. Perhaps Dan should consider doing something else. I might be able to get him onto the school board or in administration. They have to build and update schools sometimes.” Renee added.

Lester just sat there. Slurping his pasta, minding his own business as Sarah and her parents argued about what was best for her family’s future and talked at length about Dan’s shortcomings.

“Can we just eat?” Sarah finally said.

“Alright, alright,” James said, “But we aren’t done with this conversation, Sarah. When Dan gets back, I’m going to talk to him about all of this. Let him know.”

“Okay, Dad,” Sarah sighed. James and Renee started eating their pasta. Renee’s wine was in need of a refill. Lester continued to absently devour his pasta.

“Is everything okay, dear?” Renee asked, looking at Sarah.

“Yeah, Mom, everything is fine,” Sarah said.

“Then why aren’t you eating?” Renee asked.

Sarah’s right hand was firmly in place, holding Lester’s left hand from progressing up her thigh.

“Are you feeling okay?” James asked his daughter.

“I’m fine, Dad,” Sarah said.

James’ eyes widened. “Look, I know we came on a little strong about Dan’s situation, but we’re just worried about you both and our grandkids.”

“I said I was fine, Dad, don’t worry about it,” Sarah said.

“Then let’s eat,” James said, holding his fork up waiting for Sarah to dig into her food. She dug her nails into the back of Lester’s hand and then, reluctantly, let go of his hand and grabbed her fork. She tried to casually move her left hand below the table.

But Lester didn’t waste any time. His fingertips began drawing light circles on Sarah’s inner thigh. He was a great multitasker. Sucking down his spaghetti with one hand, while the other fondled Sarah in front of her parents. He saw Renee and James exchange a look, clearly concerned about the sloppy way he was eating. Sarah’s left hand gripped his wrist, trying to stop him but it was too late.

Sarah pretended nothing was wrong and began neatly twirling her fork into her pasta in the same way her parents were doing. Her face went deadly still as Lester inched his hand up her thigh, now groping under the hem of her dress.

“Are you sure everything is okay dear?” Renee asked Sarah.

“Yes mom,” Sarah said too quickly, “Everything is fine.”

“You know,” James said as Lester’s fingers arrived at Sarah’s panty covered pussy. His index and middle finger began tracing up and down her slit. “When your mom says she’s fine,” James continued, nodding, “She never really is.”

Sarah sighed but Lester could hear the subtle, almost imperceptible whine of aching desire in her throat.

“Dad, everything is good.” Sarah finally said, shovelling another piling forkful of pasta into her mouth with finality, like the period of a sentence. She clearly wanted the conversation to move on and for Lester to stop what he was doing.

Lester wasn’t going to miss an opportunity like this. He’d never been on a double date before. Much less one with in-laws. With two of his fingers he pulled Sarah’s panties to the side and ran his middle finger up her naked slit, quickly finding her clit.

Sarah closed her eyes, steadying herself and let out a long breath.

“Dear, sweetie, you can talk to us,” Renee said. “I know it’s been hard. You’ve basically been a single parent these past few months. And there are other factors at play too.”

“Huh? What other factors? James said, looking at his wife.

Lester’s finger played lightly with Sarah’s engorged clit. It was an awkward angle for Lester but he was determined to make it work. His fat fingers held her pussy lips open as he continued to massage one of Sarah’s most sensitive spots.

“Intimacy,” Renee said in a hushed voice to her husband, who just rolled his eyes and went back to eating his pasta.

“I know it’s not really something we’ve ever talked about,” Renee put down her fork, “But it’s really important for a healthy, lasting relationship.”

“Mom. Please. Don’t,” Sarah said, eyes wide, staring down at her plate. Lester pushed one finger entirely inside of Sarah, making her bite her lip.

Renee nudged her husband and gestured to Sarah. From their perspective, it looked like Renee had hit on a particularly sensitive topic. Lester curled his finger inside Sarah’s narrow canal running against the inside roof of her pussy. She was doing all she could to try to keep her breathing under control. Lester pretended to be completely oblivious to their conversation, opting to look like he was nonchalantly focusing entirely on his plate of food.

He slurped up a noodle while he moved his grubby hand back and forth inside Sarah’s panties. His palm ran over her clit while his delving fingertip pulled across her G-Spot. Sarah’s thighs clamped down around his hand, trying to stop him from touching her any further. But his finger was already inside of her. There was no stopping him. No denying him.

“Renee. I don’t want us to talk about this. Especially while we’re eating,” James said.

“I know you don’t,” Renee said, “But look at her. She’s obviously having a hard time right now. Dan lives in a different city, and then when they are together, he just leaves her for a business trip?”

With a shaky hand, Sarah drank her wine. “It’s a wonder she hasn’t found a paramour.”

Sarah coughed on her wine and spit some back into the glass.

“Okay, that’s quite enough. Let’s just leave this alone. You can talk to her about it later. Not at dinner.” James said, emphasizing his last sentence and tilting his head towards Lester.

“Oh, right,” Renee gave her daughter an apologetic smile. Sarah twirled pasta onto her fork. As she raised it to her mouth, Lester abruptly stuck another of his fingers into her. Sarah suppressed a moan and just stared down at her plate while she chewed her food. Lester’s fingers slid in and out of Sarah as far as they could go while she tried to immobilize him between her clenched thighs.

Both fingertips pushed and dragged across the familiar patch of her G-spot. Sarah was ever so subtly shaking, trying to hold herself back from exploding at the table. Her breasts were rising and falling as she breathed hard, no longer concerned with the pasta on her plate.

“Sarah,” Renee said again, “Are you sure you’re okay?”

“I’m fine,” Sarah said.

“What happened to your wrists, Sarah? They’re all bruised up.” Renee said, noticing the new marks from Lester having pinned her to the desk earlier in the day.

“It’s nothing,” Sarah breathed.

Renee and James exchanged a concerned look. James put his hand on Sarah’s shoulder, “You sure, honey?”

“Just,” Sarah breathed, pushing her father’s hand off her shoulder, “Please don’t touch me right now. I’m okay. Really.”

“Actually,” Sarah said, looking at Lester, “I need to use the washroom. Could you move, please?”

Lester levelled a look of mild annoyance at his roommate’s wife and reluctantly pulled his fingers from her before stepping out of the booth. Sarah slid across and got out.

“I need to use the ladies’ room too,” Renee said, following behind Sarah as they disappeared into the back of the restaurant.

James stared after them as Lester sat back down. He took the two fingers that had been inside of Sarah and stuck them both into his open mouth, sucking off her tangy juices. James looked at him in disgust. Lester indicated the sauce on his plate.

“What? It’s absolutely delicious,” Lester chuckled to himself.

James crossed his arms and stared at the ceiling, shaking his head.

When the women returned to the table, Renee politely asked the waiter for takeout boxes to put their food in. She whispered something to her husband, who just nodded back.

“May I ask, is it one bill or will you be splitting?” The waiter asked. As James was about to speak, Lester made a show of opening his wallet and handing the waiter three crisp hundred-dollar bills.

“That should be enough,” Lester said. He noticed James make a tacit note of all the bills left in his wallet.

“I’ll be right back with your change, sir,” The waiter said, bowing slightly.

“No need, thank you for tonight,” Lester said.

“Thank you, sir,” The waiter beamed before smiling at everyone seated at the table and then departed.

“You didn’t have to do that Lester,” James said, “But thank you for dinner.”

“Yes thank you,” Renee said to him, something having changed in her eyes.

“Thanks Lester,” Sarah said with a fake smile as she stared at him.

“It’s the least I could do for crashing your family dinner. Besides, work is going well, and I like to treat my friends,” Lester said. Renee gave James a look while finishing the rest of her wine. Soon they were all outside the restaurant heading back to the car.

“You know, it’s late,” Lester said as they crossed the parking lot. “I can call an Uber to take Sarah and I back to the apartment so you two can make your way back to your hotel.”

“It’s fine,” James said, not breaking his stride. “I’ll drive you.”

“It’s no trouble. There’s an Uber waiting around the corner,” Lester said, holding up his phone to show James the open app.

“I’m going to drive my daughter back so I know she’s safe and sound. I don’t trust Ubers and I want to make sure my little girl is safe. Chicago can be a dangerous town after dark.” James clicked the ignition button on his keys and the car turned on.

“Dad,” Sarah said, “It’s not that bad. But I’d love for you to drive me back.”

She looked at Lester, telling him to drop it. Lester just shrugged his shoulders and followed the group to the car. The drive back to the apartment was uneasily quiet. Lester could feel the tension in the car. He knew Sarah’s parents wanted to talk to their daughter about Dan, his job and the state of their relationship but neither were going to do that in front of him.

When the car pulled up in front of the apartment building, everyone got out.

“Lester,” James said, nodding to him. That wasn’t going to do.

Lester extended his hand to shake, "I'm a lefty. Great to meet you."

*<i>Come on, shake it. This hand has been all over and inside of Sarah today.</i>*

James awkwardly used his own left hand to shake Lester's. A shit eating grin spread across Lester's face as they pumped hands. James had a strong grip, trying, subtly, to intimidate Lester. He didn't let it bother him. Instead, as they pulled apart, Lester made sure to slide his index and middle fingers across James' palm.

"Renee," Lester said, turning to Lester's mom, "I look forward to seeing you again."

"Oh, well, you too," Renee said, surprised as Lester went in for a hug. He didn't do the polite, ass out hug that was expected. Instead, he pressed his entire torso and crotch against Sarah's mother's. She patted him on the back awkwardly, "Thank you for dinner, again. You didn't have to do that."

"It was my pleasure. Next time, I'll make sure we get dessert," Lester held the hug for a few seconds too long before pulling back.

"Lester, give us a minute with Sarah alone, would you?" James said, staring at him, clearly not amused by the overly familiar hug he'd given his wife.

"Sure thing," Lester said, waving over his head as he walked into the building. He stood around the corner in the lobby. He was waiting to intercept Sarah before she headed upstairs, but he could still see the animated discussion from outside from his vantage point. He stood there impatiently, waiting for Sarah. After everything that happened with Otis, she needed to be brought down a peg. Especially before his package arrived.

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Despite not wanting to leave Chicago, Dan had a great day in Washington. He'd been in several meetings with important figures at Sentinel Securities. When the meetings started, Dan hadn't known many of the attendees' names, but an interesting thing kept happening. At some point during the meeting, Dan's subject matter expertise took center stage and became the focal point of the hour. Many pointed questions were directed at him.

He'd been able to answer them with ease, giving plenty of additional context and several times even going a step further by highlighting what the company would need to do down the road. He'd given them a lot to think about. Those important figures left the meeting knowing Dan's name and expressing their profuse thanks for his time. It felt great. Satisfying. Especially after all of the shit he'd been through recently, just being able to be that guy again. The one everyone respected and sought out for advice.

He had even managed to land himself an invitation for after-work drinks with some of the team. Dan sipped his beer while the guy across from him, Carlos, went on and on about his job.

"It's like finding a needle in the haystack sometimes. I'm like the digital Sherlock Holmes. If the company needs extra resources, it outsources to us. We're better equipped than their internal teams, have more resources, and aren't constrained by their bureaucracy," Carlos said.

“What do you mean? And which company?” Dan drew him out.

Carlos started to explain, but before he could, another coworker, Tricia, cut in.

“The company,” she said, making air quotes with her fingers. She was an attractive brunette with pale skin, probably ten or so years younger than Dan. Despite his best efforts, he had noticed how generous her curves were and the indiscreet attention she received from her male colleagues. “That’s what we call them,” Tricia said, “We’re not supposed to talk about them, especially in public places like this. So we call them ‘the company’. They may or may not be one of the three-letter agencies you probably know from movies. Not the one that handles international stuff. The other main one.”

“Yeah, them,” Carlos cut in, “Anyways, they have all this red tape they need to follow. It can take weeks just for them to obtain permission to investigate something minor. Everything they do online is tracked, so they need to account for it. Say they want to look into some dark web edgelord, they need to fill out a form and run a request up the flagpole. Someone higher up needs to approve it, but with the current administration, everyone is afraid of making the wrong move, so they handle these by committee. And those committees can take weeks to convene sometimes, when the people aren’t playing golf or doing whatever else it is they do.”

“And we are very supportive of however they want to spend their time, because it means they’ll outsource more work to us,” Tricia said.

“Exactly,” Carlos said, “It’s faster for them to outsource some of their intel gathering to us. Things that aren’t top secret or critical. We package up all the information we can dig up on an organization or individuals and prepare a docket for them to review.”

“I don’t remember Sherlock Holmes making dockets,” Dan smiled.

Tricia laughed and took a sip of her whiskey, staring at Dan over the rim of her glass. Dan knew that look and what it meant. He focused his attention back on Carlos.

“Maybe not,” the man said, “But I’m not in the field arresting criminals either. What I’m saying is that I follow the clues. I gather the information and draw conclusions. I finish the puzzle, wrap it up, and put a bow on it for the company to do what it will.”

“So, how exactly do you track down a bad guy online? How do you even know who the bad guys are?” Dan asked as he felt someone’s leg brush against his own under the table.

“Depends,” Carlos said, “Sometimes we get tips and investigate. At other times, we are asked to monitor and observe specific groups or individuals. Other times someone in the company wants to look good and hit a certain quota on a certain type of criminal and has us monitoring the dark web, illicit message boards and other places where we these criminals lurk and do the degenerate shit they do.”

“Huh,” Dan nodded thoughtfully. Was there a way to get this guy to help him dig into Lester? “Does the company ever give you a real life individual and ask you to dig into their online activities?”

“It happens on occasion,” Tricia said, “We dig up what we can and prepare a docket on them.”

“That is really interesting,” Dan sat back in his chair, thinking. He wasn’t sure where his head was at. His gut told him to keep looking into Lester. But after his talk with Sarah, he’d put it on the back burner. But it still itched at him. There wouldn’t be any harm in this guy looking into Lester for him, but ethically it would be a strange ask. Especially from a fairly new outside contractor like Dan. He didn’t know the political climate well enough inside Sentinel, or how this guy would take his request.

“I’m going to hit the head,” Carlos said standing up. The other people at the table just nodded and went back to their discussions. The leg brushed against his under the table again. Tricia was sitting across from him, staring. Her eyes on his glass.

“You know what else is interesting,” she said in a low enough voice that none of her colleagues could hear. “Sentinel Securities has a very strict no fraternization policy. I checked it again just today. The interesting part is that there is nothing in there forbidding fraternizing with our subcontractors like yourself. That’s an interesting tidbit, don’t you think?”

Dan pretended to play it cool and took a sip of his beer. She was giving him subtle bedroom eyes and her finger danced around the rim of her whiskey glass. Dan leaned back in his chair, smiled, and held up his left hand and pointed to his wedding ring.

“You’re no fun,” Tricia fake pouted.

“Oh actually I’m a lot of fun,” Dan finished his beer and leaned forward towards Tricia conspiratorially, “You’ll just never get to find out just how much.”

Dan stood up to get another beer, not breaking eye contact with Tricia. She looked like she wanted to jump his bones right there. By the time Dan returned to the table, Carlos had returned and the workplace conversation continued while Dan tried to downplay Tricia’s flirtations.

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Sarah put on a relaxed face as her parent’s car pulled away from the building. When they were out of sight she sighed and walked into the building. She quickly crossed the lobby towards the bank of elevators around the corner, only to find Lester waiting for her.

“You’re such an asshole,” Sarah said walking past him.

“What did I do?” Lester said innocently.

“Oh, I don’t know... just put your fingers inside me at dinner making my parents think I was on the verge of crying. Oh, and telling them all about Dan’s job.” Sarah said, “Now they want to stick their noses into my home life. You know that my mom is probably going to be asking all about my sex life now? Or that my Dad is probably going to have some kind of awkward sit-down conversation with Dan? You didn’t have to do that.”

“I’m sorry,” Lester said as Sarah pressed the up button on the elevator. She sighed and turned to look at Dan’s obese roommate.

“For not making you cum at the table,” Lester sneered.

“Un-believable,” Sarah said, “That’s what you took from that? Do you think I wanted you to do that in front of my parents? God, that was so fucking awkward Lester. Why the hell did you invite yourself to dinner like that?”

“Your mom invited me,” Lester said.

“No. She didn’t. It was just her being polite, you weren’t supposed to accept!” Sarah said, exasperated.

“Well, in this day and age, when everyone is on the spectrum, she should know better than to assume people pick up on every social cue. Some school teacher she is,” Lester said, leaning back against the wall.

“You are a real piece of work sometimes, you know that?” Sarah said, “Tonight was too much. Fucking with Dan and I is one thing, that’s our own creation. But my parents? My family? No, Lester. That’s too far.”

“Look,” Lester said, stepping up to her as the elevator doors opened, “I’m sorry, okay. I’ve never met a girlfriend’s parents before.”

He put his hands on her arms and gently rubbed them, “I have no idea what I’m doing. I’m sorry. Let me make it up to you.”

“It’s going to take years of therapy and a lot of wine to get past this,” Sarah shook her head, standing there as Lester continued to rub her arms.

“Then let’s go up and get you a glass or two. And then we’re going out,” Lester let go of her arms and walked past her into the elevator.

“Out? Out now? Where?” Sarah asked, following him into the elevator.

“Well, I was going to surprise you, but your Dad shot down my Uber idea,” Lester chuckled, “We’re going to go see a movie.”

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Half an hour later, with a few more glasses of wine in her system, Lester drove Sarah to a seedier part of Chicago she hadn’t been to before. Sarah looked out the window of Lester’s SUV at the rundown buildings and deserted storefronts.

“Uh, the movie theatre is around here?” Sarah asked tentatively.

“Yup, we’re close,” Lester said.

“And you’re not going to tell me what movie we’re seeing?” Sarah looked at Lester. Despite sitting well back from the wheel, his portly gut still pressed up against it. Part of her still couldn’t reconcile how she kept finding herself in these positions, being driven through an area like this by a man like that. His schlubby appearance and complete lack of hygiene should be intolerable. Before all of this, just being alone in a car with another man besides her husband would’ve made her feel guilty. And now

here she was, just a normal Saturday night being fingered at the dinner table and letting this troglodyte take her wherever he pleased.

“This better not be a Star Wars movie. I’ve never gotten into those,” Sarah said.

“How can you not like Star Wars?” Lester asked, “It has everything. Action, good versus evil, romance, space battles. Come on.”

“I don’t know. It’s just not my thing. Dan and I watched one of the new ones, and I guess it was okay.” Sarah said.

“Which one?” Lester asked, peering at her while he drove.

“I don’t know the name of it. But the girl fought some kind of zombie guy who shot lightning bolts out of his fingers at the end.” Sarah said.

“Really? Really? That one you like? That one sucks.” Lester scoffed.

“I thought you liked Star Wars?” Sarah asked.

“That’s not Star Wars,” Lester said dejectedly.

“Really? I could have sworn it was a Star Wars movie.” Sarah said. She honestly couldn’t remember. And the wine probably didn’t help. Not that she really cared either way.

“It’s corporate fascism,” Lester muttered under his breath as he pulled the car into a dark parking lot.

Sarah looked around for the lights of an AMC but didn’t see anything even resembling a movie theatre. The street was dark, but there were a few illuminated signs. A Pawn shop, cash and loan, a run-down pizza shop, but not a movie theatre.

“Come on, let’s go,” Lester said, getting out of the vehicle. Sarah suddenly felt very overdressed in her black dress with its deep v-neck. In this kind of neighborhood, she wouldn’t feel comfortable in jeans and a sweater.

Sarah hesitantly got out of the car and followed Lester onto the dimly lit street. She didn’t see another soul in sight. The city soundtrack of constant traffic seemed more distant here.

“Lester,” Sarah said, wrapping her arms around herself, “Are you sure about this? Where’s the theatre?”

Even if she was committed to following Lester’s plans, this area was really sketchy. If something happened, she doubted Lester would be able to protect her.

“Right here,” Lester said with a big grin on his face. He stopped in front of nondescript door that was painted black. It was just there, no number, no indication of what was behind it, set in the brick wall. She would have walked past it without even noticing it. She looked up above the door and there was some kind of sign there but it wasn’t illuminated. Lester grabbed the door and pulled it open revealing a well lit shop of some kind inside. Sarah leveled her green eyes at Lester look and stepped inside.

This was not a movie theatre. The hair on the back of Sarah's neck immediately stood on end. This was... some kind of adult toy store. There were rows and rows of adult merchandise from books to dildos, sex swings, something called a cock cage to other strange objects whose purposes eluded Sarah.

She stood there at the entrance, transfixed, taking it all in. But it wasn't like one of those sex shops that you see in strip malls in the suburban neighborhoods back home. This one looked like it was from some bygone era. Like a hardcore emporium you'd only hear about back before smartphones.

"Lester," A man behind the counter barked warmly. Sarah looked up and the voice came from an older man with greying hair pulled back into a ponytail behind the counter. He nodded at Lester in that stupid perfunctory way men do. The guy was old, like Sarah's dad's age, he was white with one of those soul patches under his chin. He looked over his dark eye glasses at Sarah. His mouth made some kind of weird wet whooshing sound as his eyes ran up her body.

"Dale," Lester nodded back, stepping up beside Sarah and taking her hand in his. She felt her heartbeat slow just a tick as Lester held her, steadying her. She realized she'd unconsciously leaned into him.

"What's your pleasure tonight?" The man almost chuckled, both hands planted on the glass counter in front of him. His eyes still uncomfortably glued to Sarah's body.

"We're here to watch a movie," Lester said, leading Sarah towards the back of the store.

"It's a good one tonight," Dale said as they walked away from him around the corner.

"I haven't had a chance to mop up yet," he shouted after them as an afterthought.

They passed by a few rows of adult movies that were apparently for rent. Sarah even saw a few shrink-wrapped VHS tapes tucked against a far wall. There was a sign about some kind of loyalty punch card, but her attention turned to Lester, who led her through a black curtain over a doorway. On the other side was a dark hallway illuminated only by a few black lights. The walls were covered in some kind of abstract expressionist art that Sarah thought was out of place and dated. Along both sides of the hallways were a series of doors. Soft light, muffled moans, and music emanated from some of the closed doors. Sarah's flats momentarily stuck to the ground with each cautious step she took.

Sarah's mind was racing with the possibilities. Just where had Lester led them? As they walked down the hallway, one of the doors behind them opened. Sarah turned to the hallway, bathed in light, loud music now pumping into the hallway. A middle-aged black man with a thick, jutting gut stepped out while pulling his pants up. Sarah's eyes widened at the sight of his exposed semi-hard cock.

The man's eyes quickly met Sarah's, and he gave her a lecherous smile. Sarah turned around and renewed her grip on Lester's hand as she felt the piercing gaze of the black man on her ass in the tight dress.

"We really shouldn't be here," Sarah said in a low voice. "Besides, we said we wouldn't do anything without Dan."

"We did plenty last night without Danny," Lester said, "And today. But I know. That's why I think you should call him."

“Call him? Here?” Sarah asked incredulously.

“Yeah. FaceTime him now. Show him what’s about to happen.” Lester said.

“What’s about to happen, Lester?” Sarah said.

Lester smirked. The hallway turned, and a pair of black double doors were abruptly now right in front of them. Lester let go of her hand and reached around to grab a handful of Sarah’s ass. “We’re going to watch a movie, just like I promised.”

He squeezed her ass hard and pushed open the doors, propelling Sarah inside. The room was dark with a bright light illuminating one blank wall. Sarah squinted as her eyes adjusted to the bright light. She stood at the doorway for a second before Lester grabbed her hand and led her into the room.

Sarah stifled a gasp as she realized that the bright light was a projector screen on the far wall.

“I told you I was taking you to a movie,” Lester smirked as he looked back at her. On the screen was a wide eyed woman with a bright red ball gag in her mouth, hands strapped behind her back as a large, hulking sweaty man fucked her vigorously from behind.

Sarah had heard of places like this but never expected one to exist so close to where she slept, never mind actually stepping foot in one. Lester tugged on her hand and pulled her forward, further into the dingy room. The floors here were sticky, just like the outside hallway before. Sarah could only imagine why. It wasn’t a large room. Much smaller than a typical multiplex movie theatre. Lester was leading them down a short central aisleway, with seven or so seats in rows on either side of them.

They weren’t alone in the room. There were several silhouettes of people, presumably men, each sitting alone, watching the movie. Sarah’s mouth dropped open as they passed a row and a man was openly stroking his stiff cock while staring at the screen. His hungry eyes shifted to Sarah’s body as she walked by. She was sure that the man’s eyes never returned to the screen.

Lester led them to an empty row, thankfully, well away from anyone else there. Someone coughed in the back of the theatre as Lester and Sarah took their seats. Sarah cringed as she sat down in the hard plastic seat. It wasn’t comfortable, and it was probably easy for the staff to clean off. The thought revolted her deeply.

“Lester,” Sarah hissed low enough so no one would hear, “What the hell are we doing here?”

“I told you, silly, seeing a movie,” Lester said.

She squeezed his hand, “You didn’t say this kind of movie! And this place? What the fuck?”

“You didn’t ask. All you wanted to talk about was the Mickey mouse-ification of one of the greatest franchises of all time.” Lester smirked. The muffled moans of the thrashing woman on the screen filled the small room.

“Besides,” Lester let go of her hand and squeezed her thigh, making her dress ride up, “I know how you like being the center of attention. Everyone in here is looking at you now, not up at the screen.”

Sarah tentatively looked over her shoulder and immediately made eye contact with someone sitting a few rows back. A rough-looking older man who seemed to have lived a very hard life. She immediately snapped her head back to the screen in front of her.

“See?” Lester asked.

Sarah rolled her eyes, “Not hard to be the center of attention in a place like this. Women don’t come in here. Ever.”

“You’d be surprised,” Lester said, “This place might not be the Ritz but it has a certain appeal.”

“Oh? And what is that? Used VHS tapes that other guys have exploded on? Suspiciously sticky... everything? Let me guess, they do a good brunch buffet?” Sarah crossed her arms, “We should go. Now.”

“Anonymity. The freedom to let go,” Lester hand continued up Sarah’s now bare thigh.

“Stop,” Sarah said, putting her hand on his.

“This again? It didn’t work at the restaurant,” Lester chuckled under his breath as he dug his fingers into Sarah’s thigh flesh.

“Lester....” Sarah said.

“Admit it, you liked what I did in front of your parents,” Lester said.

“No, I didn’t. Not at all. It was fucked up and –”

“You love fucked up. The only way it would have been better is if Dan and his parents were at the table too,” Lester chuckled.

“Fuck,” Sarah said as she imagined it. At the same time Lester’s hand wrestled free of hers and travelled up her dress until it found her panty covered pussy.

“This is so wrong Lester. All of this. We- I shouldn’t be here,” Sarah stifled a moan as Lester’s fat finger slid carefully up and down her pussy lips.

“I know how much you want to be bad. Just let go. Embrace it.” Lester whispered in her ear. He was looking over her shoulder at something behind them.

“Lester....”

“Just call Dan. Now.” Lester said quickly. He softened a bit and said, “That’s what you want right, to include him? To surprise him? How wild will it drive him to see you in a place like this?”

Sarah fumbled with her small purse and grabbed her cell phone. There was a message from Dan, saying he was out having drinks with some new colleagues at his client. Sarah would be mortified if they saw

her in this state. Mortified and insanely turned on that strangers in Dan's life would see her in such a position.

She stared at the phone, debating what to do. She knew that if she called Dan and saw that look on his face, there was a chance she would completely lose control. And that wasn't good in a public setting like this with so many eyes on her. Eyes on her body. Watching her. Wanting her, desiring to be with her. Wanting to –

Lester's fat thumb pressed the video call option. It left a greasy smear across her phone screen. Sarah's eyes widened like saucers as she looked at Lester in disbelief.

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“So what are you going to do with the new administration coming in and scrapping all these environmental initiatives tied to our buildings? Don't you worry that Sentinel will just cancel your contract?” Tricia asked as she twirled her fingers around her necklace, drawing attention to the plunging neckline of her shirt.

Dan's gaze snapped down to the tops of her breasts for a second before making eye contact with her. She smiled knowingly, a self-satisfied smile growing on her face.

“It's not all save the trees here,” Dan said, looking around the table at Carlos and the other people out with them from Sentinel Securities. He felt someone's foot brush against his calf.

“Sure, I can help you build and operate buildings that reduce your environmental footprint but we're also talking about being self-sustaining, still running when the power grid goes down, reducing operational costs for the life of the building, there are lots of other impacts to the bottom line other than just flashy powerpoint slides touting how environmentally friendly a building is.”

That shut her up for a second. Maybe she would back off and stop trying to rub her leg against his now. But from the look on her face, it only seemed to have emboldened her.

Thankfully, his phone rang just at that moment. Sarah's beautiful face appeared on the screen, catching Tricia and a few others' attention. Her eyes locked onto Dan's phone screen and the picture of Sarah on it. It felt good, letting this woman know that Dan had such a beautiful woman waiting at home for him.

“Sorry, it's the wife, I need to take this,” Dan said, grabbing his phone and stepping away from the table. Sarah must be done with dinner with her folks and checking back in at the apartment.

“No fun,” Tricia fake pouted keeping her eyes on Dan.

He answered the video call and cocked his head. Sarah's face was on the screen, but it was super dark all around her. Like she had the lights off and was watching something on TV. She had a weird expression on her face. She said something, but Dan couldn't hear it over the noise of the bar. He held up a finger, then fished an AirPods case out of his pocket and slipped the left one in.

His ear was immediately filled by a weird slapping sound and muffled moaning noises from a woman offscreen.

“Sarah?” What’s going on? Are you still at dinner with your parents?” Dan asked.

“No?” Sarah said, biting her lip. It was still hard to hear her. The TV was turned up too loud, but he could at least make it out. She typed something on the screen, and his chat notification opened.

S: I can’t hear you. Too loud here

He typed back.

D: Where are you? Where’s your parents?

S: They dropped us off a while ago. Lester took us to a movie.

D: Us? Lester went to dinner? A movie?

S: Lester invited himself. It was awkward, and everyone hated it except Lester. And ye,s a movie.

D: I don’t like that he met your parents. That’s too far. I wish I had been there.

S: Dan. Lester took me to a porn movie.

D: What!!?

Sarah turned the camera. Dan saw a screen in some shitty looking room where a woman was bound and getting double teamed by two large ugly men. How the fuck had she just happened to get to a porn theatre?

D: What the fuck?

S: I know. I’m sorry. I didn’t know we were coming here

S: ....

S: ....

S: ....

Dan waited in frustrating agony as he waited for Sarah to finish typing. Her camera slanted, and he couldn’t see the screen anymore. Just the back of some ugly, old-school-looking red theatre chair.

She was still typing.

D: Sarah? What the fuck? What the hell is going on!?

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Lester had managed to get two fingers inside of her. Sarah was partially aware that Dan was still on the video call but her phone hung limply in her hand. Her head was resting on the back of the gross red

plastic seat, breasts rising and falling rapidly as Lester's fat fingers resumed what they had started at the dinner table, plunging into the depths of her sex and tantalizing her sensitive nerves.

Lester's breath was warm on her neck making her body tingle. His fingers pumped in and out of her, making their patented 'come here' motion, finger tips dragging past her G-Spot. Repeatedly doing the same thing over and over. This wasn't as awkward a position as at the dinner table when he was trying to be covert in front of her parents. Now, here in this porn theatre in front of all these degenerates, his entire body was turned towards her, his wrist fully turned making it obvious what he was doing.

Wet, squelching sounds of her juices around Lester's fingers seemed to echo into the room, battling against the moans of the women on screen for audio supremacy. She knew that it couldn't be that loud. Couldn't beat whatever sound system was rigged up in this room. But she still let herself believe it. Let herself believe that everyone could hear what was happening. Her legs spread open, allowing her lover full access.

She heard shuffling behind her and pants unzipping. Someone was sitting right behind them.

Lester's fingers slowed down, pulling and dragging and pushing back in in some sort of twisted, ecstasy inducing torture. Part of her brain was telling her this was going too far, that she shouldn't lose herself in a place like this but her body quickly slammed the door shut on that voice and just gave in to the deep seated pleasure Lester was giving to her.

She'd been soo horny all day. She had been craving a cock inside of her. Lester's cock. But he hadn't given it to her yet. All fucking day she just wanted to fuck this man and feel some of what she felt from last night. His fingers felt amazing but she needed the real thing soon. She'd drag Lester out of this place by his ankles and fuck him in the empty street if she had to.

The phone in her hand vibrated and her ringtone filled the room, ensuring all eyes turned to her. Sarah snapped up, turning the phone towards her. Lester never stopped fingering her.

Dan was calling. The video call was still open but now he was calling her. She quickly dismissed the call and looked back at the video chat, sudden concern and something else written on Dan's face.

> S: Sorry. It's Lester he is touching me.

> D: Touching you? Like touching you touching you?

> S: Yess, his fingers are inside me.

> D: Jesus Christ, Sarah. In public like that?

> D: Fuck there is someone behind you watching this

Sarah wanted to turn her head and look, but couldn't bring herself to do it. She knew a look in a place like this might be seen as an invitation. She closed her eyes and imagined what he looked like, stroking his cock staring at the back of her head. Staring at her blonde hair.

> S: Fuck baby, I'm so wet.

> D: Jesus Sarah you shouldn't be there

> S: I know. I want to leave soon. Need to get back to the apartment.

> D: Need to?

> S: So I can have Lester. Fuck Dan I need it. Bad. Don't be mad, okay? I'll make sure to video call you so you can watch.

> D: Fuck I'm at dinner. I'll have to leave soon, then.

> S: I want you to. I want you to stroke your dick while you watch.

> D: You really are worked up

> S: you have no idea

> D: Tell Lester to bring you home now

"Lester," Sarah breathed, turning to look at the ugly face that was right next to hers. "We need to leave now. I want to fuck you," Sarah was amazed by how slutty her voice sounded.

"We're not going anywhere," Lester whispered in her ear, 'I'm going to fuck you right here in front of everyone."

"Oh. Oh fuck," Sarah moaned as Lester's fingers dragged across her G-Spot again. His words. The idea of fucking here in this dirty place in front of all these people. Putting on a real life porn show for them. All while Dan was on the phone. It was too fucking much.

"Uhhhhmhmhmhmhm," Sarah came crazily on Lester's hand, her thighs clenching around his wrist. Stars exploded behind her eyes as a wave of pleasure washed over her body. Everything felt super sensitive. Her hard nipples strained against the lacy material of her bra. The feeling of the plastic under her nails as she gripped the edge of the seat. The way Lester's fingers filled her with rough-skinned smooth pushing inside of her. The burning in her chest as she held her breath threatened to consume her.

A shadow passed over her vision, and Sarah opened her lust-filled eyes to see a stranger towering over her. It was the older black man from the hallway who had been stuffing his dick back in his pants. He must have followed the two of them in here. He gave her a cartoonish grin, exposing a single lonely gold tooth.

He took the seat right next to Sarah, and his gut jiggled. Not for a second did he even pretend to look at the screen. Lester's fat sausage fingers slid out of Sarah, and he took the phone that once again hung limply in her hand.

> S: Enjoy the show

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Dan read the words over again. *Enjoy the show.* He doubted it referred to the porn movie on the screen.

Dan felt his eyes bulge out of his head as the phone turned, and some random older black man was on screen kissing Sarah's lithe neck, his hands out of sight, but he was clearly fingering her; Dan could hear it. Who the hell was that, and where had he come from?

The man had a gut similar in size to Lester's, but he was older. Maybe. It was hard to tell. His arm took up a lot of the screen as it moved back and forth. Sarah's head was resting back on the seat as the man kissed and licked at her neck. Black men had been a staple of any of the cuckold porn videos he'd watched and now he watched as a strange old black man stuck his fingers inside of his wife.

Tricia was watching him from her seat across the bar. He needed to get out of here and go back to his hotel room. He hated blowing off new connections like this, ones he desperately wanted to win over and network with, but Jesus fucking Christ.

He looked back down at the screen. Someone else was standing behind Sarah, his fist was jerking back and forth as he masturbated, looking down his wife's top. His other hand gently grabbed some of Sarah's hair and he bent over and sniffed it while he pumped his cock.

*Okay. Okay. What. The. Fuck.*

Dan hurried back over to his group.

"Hey, sorry I, I have to go. It was really great meeting all of you tonight," Dan's words tumbled out.

"Is everything okay?" Tricia asked sweetly while staring at Dan with an insinuating intent, "Trouble with your wife?"

"Nothing I can't handle," Dan said.

"Well, let me know if you need any help handling it," Tricia raised her eyebrows at him.

"Damn Tricia," Carlos laughed, "Workplace harassment much?"

"What?" Tricia smiled knowingly at the rest of the group and coyly tucked a strand of her hair behind her ear.

"I'll see you all tomorrow," Dan said as the moans of the movie and wet sounds of the black man's fingers inside of Sarah filled the single airpod in his ear. He rushed to the bar to settle up and get the fuck out of there.

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Sarah's mind was racing. Too much was happening too fast. Some strange man's fingers were inside of her. She didn't know him, didn't know where he came from or who he was, but his large black fingers were definitely inside of her. His lips and tongue danced in arcs across her neck. She was pretty sure someone was standing behind her, too, but she didn't care. She was aware that Lester was watching her

intently from the side. She could feel his dark eyes on her, judging her, judging who she was with every breath she took.

“Mhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned. The black man pulled back his face from her as his fingers continued to explore her depths. She weakly opened her eyes and saw his homely face staring down at her with a grotesque smirk on it. With his other hand, he grabbed her chin and turned her fully towards him, and leaned forward pressing his fat lips against hers.

“Mhmmhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned, her lips parting as the stranger’s tongue tasted her. His fat tongue slid into her mouth, gliding over her own. The muscles intertwined as they tasted one another. He didn’t taste good, but Sarah didn’t care. At that very moment, she craved him.

His long fingers weren’t as skilled as Lester’s, but she was still soaking through her panties for him. His digits rapidly thrust in and out of her, finger fucking her without any kind of finesse but roughly, with raw intensity.

He shuffled out of his pants and took Sarah’s hands and placed them on his hard cock. Sarah was taken aback by how girthy it was. She wanted to look, but her mouth was held in place by the man’s hand. Sarah broke the kiss. She had to see it. She twisted her head out of the black man’s hand and yelped as it felt like she caught her hair on something. She turned around and saw the rough looking man who she’d made eye contact with standing behind her, a few strands of her blonde hair still clutched in his hand as he stood there stroking his cock. His erect veiny cock that was just behind her head.

It was all happening too fast. Too much all at once. She didn’t know where her phone was or what Dan had seen or could see now. She looked around, and then her eyes landed on it. Not her phone. The big black cock jutting up from the seat next to her. It shot up from the messy, tight curls of pubic hair, standing at full attention. It wasn’t as long as Lester’s, but it was really girthy. Sarah froze for a second as she stared at the dark organ.

The man chuckled and pulled his fingers out of her. Sarah gasped as he did. The black man reached back behind Sarah and swatted the other man away. He grabbed Sarah’s hair himself and pulled her face over to his cock.

Sarah instinctively opened her lips and took her first black cock of her life into her mouth.

“Uh fuck,” the man groaned as Sarah’s wet mouth engulfed him. His cock tasted unlike any Sarah had ever tasted before. She couldn’t quite place it, but she didn’t hate it. The taste was almost secondary to how big it felt in her mouth.

Sarah tried and failed to wrap her hand around the girthy cock. Her saliva already coated it as he pumped her fist up and down the shaft. “Mhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned. Lester was there, so was that other man. Watching her. She was their porn star. She was putting on the show for them. Her thighs squeezed together at the wickedness of the thought.

She pulled back and swirled her tongue around the man’s cock head, pumping his shaft with her hands. He applied pressure to the back of her head and she let his cock slide all the way back into her mouth. His fist grabbed her hair roughly, and he started thrusting his hips off the seat into her mouth. His cock slapped the back of her throat eliciting more muffled moans from her throat.

“Mhmmhgmmm,” Sarah moaned around the cock in her mouth as someone pushed a finger inside of her. It wasn’t the black man, it couldn’t be from where he was, his hand was wrapped in her air. She wanted to look over and see if it was Lester.

But it didn’t feel like Lester’s fat fingers.

“Ummhmmhmm,” Sarah moaned as she pumped the cock in her mouth while another finger slid into her. Holy fuck. This was all way too much for her.

She pulled off the cock, a thick strand of saliva connecting her mouth to the stranger’s dick. Sarah was breathing hard. Her tight black dress had ridden up to her waist, exposing her pink, juicy panties to the entire room. She looked over her shoulder and saw Lester sitting there with an amused look on his face as the rough-looking man was bent over the back of her seat, one hand disappearing between the back of her thighs while he jerked himself off with the other.

“Ohfuck,” Sarah groaned at the sight. Two degenerates touching her at once, all under the watchful eye of Lester. She thrust her ass back onto the man’s hand, taking more of his two bony fingers into her.

“Suck my balls,” the old black man croaked as he pulled Sarah’s hair down to his sagging nutsack. Her tongue lashed out and stuck into the wild, untamed bush of pubic hair. He pulled her face down roughly, his matted jungle of curls pressing into her face. She had to close her eyes and stifle a sneeze as the wiry hairs pushed into her nostrils. Her face was buried in his pubic hair, her tongue lashing out until it found warm skin and swirled around. She thoroughly coated this stranger’s balls in her saliva, leaving a part of herself dripping from him.

The man was humping up, his hairy dangling balls pressing further into her face. Her manicured fingers never left his cock as she pumped his shaft. Up and down, over and over with increasing frenzy. Sarah was soaking wet. She felt her sense of control rapidly slipping away.

“Off,” Lester barked. She heard a slapping sound and the thin fingers inside of her disappeared, much to her short-lived disappointment

“What the fuck?” The black man said, reluctantly letting go of her hair.

“She’s my toy,” Lester said, “If you want to play, it’s by my rules.”

“Sarah, sit up,” Lester said.

Sarah slowly swirled her tongue around the black man’s nutsack, somewhat reluctant to stop. But she listened to Lester. She sat up and adjusted her dress, looking around. There was more than just the rough-looking man watching her. Others still seated in their chairs had seemed to have completely forgotten about the movie playing behind her.

“Stand up and take your dress off,” Lester said.

Sarah wanted to object. But she knew she was too horny and worked up to say anything to stop this. She wouldn’t deny him. She needed him. Sarah pulled up her panties that were now down at mid-thigh somehow and stood up, straightening out her wrinkled black dress.

“Look at the audience,” Lester said.

Sarah looked around and met several hungry gazes. The project was bright making it difficult to see clearly. The image of the woman being pounded danced across her skin as she stood there, obscuring the projector screen. But it didn't matter now, all eyes were on her. She looked down and saw Lester still holding her phone. Dan's face was there, eyes wide as he looked to be in the back of an Uber or something.

“Now, take off your dress,” Lester said. Sarah gave him a hard look, a momentary challenge to his authority. He held her look, and she felt her chest growing warm from his piercing gaze. He really was going to make her do this. And she really was going to go along with whatever he said. She felt the scene flickering from the project across her skin change and the woman's moans started growing more intense. The light danced across her skin, illuminating her for all to see. It dawned on her that she was some kind of fucked up star in this bizarre room.

With a deep breath and slightly trembling hands, Sarah reached behind her and unzipped the back of her dress. If she was going to do this, she was going to do it right. She looked around at the darkened faces, meeting each of their eyes, and she slowly removed the stylish dress.

The rough looking man was standing just in front of her, like she was putting on a private show all for him as he spastically jerked his cock. The black man was still sitting next to her, slowly stroking his thick length as his eyes roamed lustily over her body.

Sarah took one arm out of the dress. Then, slowly, the other, letting the garment fall to her waist, exposing her pink lacy bra to the full theatre. She heard a sharp intake of breath as her heavy breasts came into view. Then she pushed the rest of the dress down, wriggling out of it until she was standing in just her bra and panties, in this room full of horny deviant strangers.

Lester smiled and stood up, “Good girl.”

He pulled down his jeans and let his long, throbbing hard cock free, “Take off those panties and get on. I know you've been craving this all day.”

“OH Shit!” One of the men, a few rows behind them, had caught a glimpse of what Lester was packing. The horny wife turned her head at the sound, but when she realized why he'd yelled, she turned back.

Sarah stared down at Lester's hard cock, just in front of her. He was right. She had wanted to ride his cock all day long and she wasn't about to let something like the threat of public exposure stop her. Sarah licked her lips and quickly dropped her panties to the sticky floor below and climbed onto Lester's lap. She took his hard cock in one hand and directed it to her entrance before sliding down on top of it.

“Ahhohhhfuuckkk,” Sarah moaned as she felt his massive appendage disappear inside of her with no resistance. He felt so fucking big. She loved how full he made her feel, how wet he made her. Like he took up every square inch of space inside of her, and her body wanted him to.

“Fuck, Lester,” Sarah breathed, hands on Lester's fat shoulders as she looked down into his ugly face, “You're always taking me to the nicest places.”

“Heh,” Lester chuckled as he grabbed both of her ass cheeks and pulled her down on top of him, “That’s what your boyfriend is for.”

“Not just my Chicago boyfriend anymore?” Sarah stared hard at him.

“No, we’re engaged now, remember? Drop ‘Chicago,’” Lester grunted as his hips rose off the plastic chair and thrust up into Sarah.

“Mhmmmmgod,” Sarah whined, “Fuck. Fuck me boyfriend. Fuck me fiancé, fuck me in front of this whole room full of perverts.”

“With pleasure,” Lester grinned. There was something more. Something else behind that smile other than just fucking her here in this disgusting place but she didn’t devote any mental resources to dwelling on what it might be. She pulled up and pushed back down onto Lester’s cock.

“Ohfuck,” the head of his cock seemed to hit up against her cervix, feeling impossibly large inside of her. Her entire pussy seemed to stretch around his growing cock. His balls slapped audibly against her asshole each time she dropped back down onto him.

“Here,” Lester grunted, shoving the phone with Dan’s increasingly aroused and concerned face into her hand. “If you want him to watch, you have to hold the camera.”

Sarah had forgotten all about the phone once Lester’s cock had gotten inside of her. She peered deliberately into it, making eye contact with Dan as her own breasts bounced back at her in the corner of the screen, where it showed her camera feed. A shadow passed behind her in the tiny window. Then Dan said something, but she couldn’t make out what it was. She looked over her shoulder and saw the black man had taken a position standing up beside her, his hard black cock jutting out towards her. Precum dripped from its angry slit, the meaty head slightly less dark than the beer-can shaped shaft.

“Jesus,” Sarah muttered as she stared at it. She was vaguely aware that the rough-looking guy was still in the next row stroking himself, to her.

The black man reached out with one hand and quickly undid the clasp of Sarah’s pink bra, shocking her. She used her free hand, the one not holding the camera, to try to hold the bra to her breasts, but he quickly pulled one strap off. Lester assisted, pulling the other one down.

“Let it go,” Lester commanded.

Sarah looked at Lester and nodded. Then glanced at the phone she was holding in front of her. She winked at Dan and let her bra fall, exposing her shapely breasts to the room. The projector light illuminated her perfectly to everyone present. The black man grabbed the pink garment and roughly pulled it the rest of the way off and chucked it into the next aisle. In the back of her mind, she cringed and decided it would definitely need to be dry cleaned after landing on any surface in this place.

The rough-looking guy quickly grabbed it off the ground and put his face into the cups, breathing in deeply and audibly. He threw his head back as if in ecstasy and kept stroking his hard cock while sniffing her bra. The black man gave Lester a look, and Lester nodded to him.

The man bit his bottom lip and flicked it out at Sarah as he stepped up onto the seat next to them. He held his big black cock in his hand and pointed it at her face. Sarah bounced up and down on Lester's cock while staring at it. It was right in her face. He nudged it into her cheek, smearing her with the fluid oozing from it. Sarah looked at Lester. She knew how possessive he had been in the past, with Vernon and the growing list of other men. But this time, it was as if he was encouraging her for some reason.

Lester looked up at her expectantly and ominously licked his lips. Sarah shuddered, feeling the weight of the mental control he had over her. He didn't need to nod or do anything else to indicate what he wanted. Sarah held the phone in her hand to make certain Dan would see everything then leaned forward and took the black man's entire cock in her mouth again.

"Fuck'n A," the man grunted as he ran his hand through Sarah's hair before cupping her cheek tenderly while he fucked her face. Sarah's hand left Lester's shoulder and wrapped around the black man's thick shaft as much as it possibly could. It was still wet with her saliva and she quickly added more to it, needing to taste its cum.

This had been what she wanted the other night with Dan. To feel completely full, with one cock drilling inside her pussy and another completely filling her mouth. It was good that her husband was kind of with her in spirit, at least. But now his spot had been taken by some stranger. A big black stranger. A stranger who was hard for her.

"Mhmmhmmhmm," Sarah moaned around the pounding cock in her mouth. Her hand left his shaft and tenderly cradled his massive hairy balls, teasing them while she expertly sucked him off. She wished she could let go of the phone and use both of her hands, but there wasn't anywhere clean to set it down.

"I told you I'd give you what you want," Lester growled, his hands still grabbing her perfect bubble butt as it bounced up and down on his lap. "You wanted more than one cock. Danny couldn't deliver, but Lester can."

"What's that, Danny? Huh? We can't hear you, you're going to have to speak up," Lester chuckled in the direction of her phone.

Lester's monster cock pounded into her, thrusting up off the sticky plastic seat as Sarah's mouth took as much of the black cock as she could possibly handle. She couldn't make herself hold her moans, even when muffled with the broad shafted cock. The girl on the screen behind her didn't hold a candle to the stuffed wife, the entire porn theatre's rapt attention was on the illicit scene unfolding in front of them.

Sarah pulled herself off the cock in her mouth and took a sharp breath. She opened her eyes, and the guy who'd been jerking off while sniffing her bra was now seated right behind Lester, staring at Sarah's breasts bouncing as he continued stroking himself. In a surreal display, her bra was dangling around his neck. Other silent, staring men were also closer now. Most of them had their pants down, openly stroking themselves.

The sound in the theater suddenly went silent. The movie had abruptly turned off, but the light from the projector continued to shine, enveloping Sarah in a white spotlight. Illuminating her as the sole attraction in this fucked up place. Sarah closed her eyes and embraced the stares.

She found herself literally putting on a sex show for a crowd of men. A thrill ran through her and she felt her pussy clench tightly around Lester's solid bat of a cock.

"That's it. Let it out for me, Sarah," Lester groaned. "Cum for me. Cum for all these dirty, horny men watching you."

"Ahfuck! close," Sarah moaned, throwing her head back and closing her eyes, picturing all their slackened faces rapt with desire.

"You know she's married, right? She's somebody's wife. And a devoted mom," Lester said, out loud, for everyone to hear, "instead of being with her husband or with her kids, she's here putting on a show for all of us." Lester thrust himself up off the seat, embedding himself deep into Sarah Williams.

"Fuck," Sarah moaned, drowning out the groaning of the pornstar on the screen behind her. The cock in hand pulsed, his heartbeat mirrored in the palm of her hand. Lester kept thrusting up, and she slammed down back onto him. She rocked her hips to and fro, using his cock as her personal plaything.

"Ahfuck. Mmmgodlester," Sarah whined. The phone in her hand slipped out of her grip, but she grabbed it at the last second. Nearly forgetting it was there again.

"Let it out, baby. Cum for them," Lester growled.

"Ahfuck. Mhmmhmmgodyes. Please don't stop," Sarah groaned. She turned her head and opened her mouth pulling the fat black cock back into her mouth. She couldn't even remember what this man's face looked like. Feeling two hard cocks inside of her, rigid with their desire for her, swollen with potent cum was much too much.

"Mhmmhghaamhmm," Sarah moaned around the fat driving cock in her mouth as she came. Her body tensed and the room felt a million degrees warmer as her thighs slammed down onto Lester's, taking as much of his cock into her as she could. Her pussy clenched around his cock like a vise and she held him still, her fist tight around the cock in her hand. She came harder, breasts rising and falling rapidly as she thrust them forward and out. Her body thrashed, and she saw stars from the lack of oxygen.

She let the huge black cock fall out of her mouth as she took a deep breath, but she never let go of it.

"Uhhhhhh," Sarah whined, opening her eyes. There were two more older grizzled men in the row behind Lester, one was sitting and the other was standing while stroking their cocks. There was another man in the row behind that. Sarah felt something touch her back. She looked over her shoulder and sure enough, there was yet another older, sad-looking bald man in the row behind her, reaching over and pawing at her bare skin.

"Holyshit," Sarah breathed as she gripped the cock tightly in her hand. She looked down at Lester and saw him smiling with a sinister look in his eyes. The man sitting behind him was still sniffing at her bra, it should have upset her but it only made her body begin rocking on Lester's ever-driving cock again.

Something wrenched the phone out of her hand. Sarah looked up and saw the guy from the front counter....Dale standing there. He looked down at the phone, likely seeing Dan's face there before

putting it on the filthy armrest of the chair. The grey haired man dropped his pants and took out a long, skinny cock. Without asking for permission he stepped up to her other side, grabbed her now unoccupied fingers and wrapped them around his thickening cock.

Sarah couldn't believe it. Lester's big cock was filling her up and she had two more in her hands.

"Oh my god," Sarah breathed, eyes wild as she looked down at Lester.

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"Oh, oh what the fuck," Dan said in disgust as he finally got into his hotel room. The video feed on the phone had shifted from Sarah to the ceiling. Now it was looking up at a pair of old hairy balls and some guy's unwashed taint.

"Sarah!" Dan said, trying to get her to focus back on him. He could see her hand, wrapped around this new guy's cock. His mind was going a million miles a minute. His wife was riding Lester while she sucked off a black guy and was stroking another. Just how many guys were in this place and exactly what the fuck was going to happen next?

This new guy shifted his feet, and the video spun until it was entirely black. He could still hear the moans and wet slurping noises, but couldn't distinguish which sounds were coming from Sarah and which were from the movie on the screen. It all sounded like his wife.

He couldn't take not being able to see what was happening. He called his wife's phone again.

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Sarah heard something that sounded like her phone ringing but her brain put it on the backburner as she eagerly stroked the two cocks in her hands at once while her hips pumped back and forth as she tirelessly rode Lester. Dale's hand was pressed against one of her heavy breasts as he roughly fondled her. She could feel his wrinkled palm drift across her flawless skin.

Dale's other hand grabbed her head and pulled her towards his cock. Sarah opened her mouth and eagly let his pale elderly cock slide across her warm tongue.

"Mhmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she tighten her grip around both cocks in her hand. Lester pumped his hips up into her, his enormous cock making her bounce and groan around the new cock in her mouth.

The black man's thick shaft pumped urgently in her other hand. Sarah pulled her mouth off Dale and turned to take the big black cock in her mouth, moaning again as she sucked him off. His cock was thrusting into her and Sarah pumped his cock at the same time.

She pulled her mouth off him and gasped for breath.

"Jeesuss," Sarah moaned.

"Look at all of them," Lester groaned from below her, "Tell them you want to watch them cum."

“F-fuck Lester,” Sarah moaned and squeezed his cock with her pussy. Her eyes levelled with his before she bit her lip and looked up at her crowd of onlookers, “Cum for me. I want to watch all of you cum. Give me what I want. Cum for me boys. Show me what you got.”

“Are you really someone’s mother?” the rough guy sniffing her bra croaked.

“Fuck,” Sarah groaned, “Yes.”

“Fuckinghot,” the guy groaned and resumed stroking himself with a renewed fervor.

“Stop talking and get that pretty mouth back on my cock,” Dale urged and pulled her head back towards him. Sarah greedily opened her mouth and obliged, taking him back inside, all the way to his hilt.

Sarah rode Lester and pumped and alternated sucking both cocks, black and white, for what felt like hours. A couple of other guys in the crowd couldn’t take any more and busted right there, adding their spunk to the sticky, uncleaned floor of the theatre.

Lester started pumping his cock up faster and faster, urgently driving her excitement higher. His groping hands dug into her pristine ass as she dutifully rode him. Dale and the black guy were mauling her breasts and tweaking her nipples as she switched off between stroking and sucking both of them.

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned, taking her mouth off Dale with a ‘pop.’ She looked at Lester.

“Gonna cum for me big boy?” Sarah moaned, smiling.

“Gonna fucking fill you up,” Lester licked lips, “Squeeze me. Milk it out, Sarah. Be a good girl.”

“Ohgawd Lester! I want it. I need it. Fucking fill me! Give it to me. I want all of it!” Sarah moaned, not breaking eye contact with him.

“What about me?” The black guy said, “You want my black cum too?”

“Fuck yes,” Sarah cried, “I want it.”

“I’m gonna fuck you after he does and fill you up,” he sneered.

“No, she’s mine. You don’t get to fuck her, uh-uh,” Lester growled.

“Fuck! Come on, I can fuck you better than this fat piece of shit,” the black guy said.

“He’s my boyfriend,” Sarah said, “It’s his pussy.”

“Then I’m gonna bust in that pretty white mouth of yours,” the black man said and pulled Sarah’s face over to his cock. She opened her mouth and twirled her dancing tongue around the dark head of his cock.

“Tell me you want it. Tell me you want this BBC. I wanna hear you say it,” he growled down at her.

“Fuck,” Sarah pulled her lips off the man’s cock and looked up into his ugly face, “I want it. I want your big black cock. I want it to cum inside my mouth. I want to swallow your big black load,” Sarah cried and enthusiastically pumped his cock rapidly.

“Ah shit, take it,” the man growled and pulled her head back down onto his twitching cock. Sarah had just wrapped her lips around its head as it exploded inside of her. A hot torrent of cum pumped out of his cock and into her waiting mouth. Her pussy clenched around Lester’s cock and she felt herself about to have another unprecedented orgasm. Her other fist tightened around Dale’s dick.

Sarah swallowed. Each hot, sticky warm load flooded into her stomach, adding more fuel to the fire that was building inside of her. When she pulled back up, cum dribbled down her lip. The black man slunk back into his seat, his energy spent.

“Fuck, I’m going to cum. Fuck me. Please. Please don’t fucking stop! Fuck,” Sarah cried. Her body was on autopilot, ready to explode again.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lester croaked under her. He was pumping his cock up into and slamming his ass back down onto the hard plastic seat, “Fucking cum for me Sarah.”

Sarah opened her eyes and looked at the men around her, “Cum for me boys. Cum for me.” The plea came out as an erotic cry, making clear to every man in the room that she was on the edge of her own impending massive explosion.

A couple of the men came right there at her urging.

“Fuck,” Lester growled, foisting his ass off the seat, thrusting his big cock into her tight pussy. She knew how close he was. It was less than a second away. She couldn’t hold back any longer and felt the crescendo build up inside of her, beginning to explode.

“Fuck, here I cum,” Dale thrust his cock into Sarah’s face, hitting her across the nose. She snapped her head to the side and opened her mouth wide as the first blast of his bitter cum shot onto her tongue. Sarah quickly swallowed and closed her mouth around Dale’s old musty cock.

“Ugh,” Lester grunted and she felt his balls tighten near her asshole, his immense cock pulsed and a sizable load of his cum blasted up and out of his cockhead into her. Feeling two men cum at the same time inside of her obliterated a dam inside of her. Sarah’s pussy clenched and her fists tightened increasingly around the cocks as she came. Every nerve ending in her body lit up like a Christmas tree as pure, unadulterated pleasure was pumped directly into them, coursing through her, overloading her system entirely. For a few seconds, Sarah forgot where and who she was or what her name might be as a mass of love chemicals flooded her brain, making everything go haywire.

“Fuck,” Dale grunted as the last of his seed spewed into Sarah’s mouth and slid down her throat as she swallowed. His body convulsed, and he staggered back, bracing himself against two of the chairs for support.

Lester’s nails dug into her ass as he emptied his voluminous balls inside of her. He roared triumphantly as he came and then fell back into the seat with a self-satisfied smile on his face, his breath rasping. Sarah slowed her riding of Lester’s incredible cock, feeling insanely full with both his cock and his illicit cum leaking into every crevice inside of her.

She slowed, trying to catch her breath, coming down from one of the most intense and powerful orgasms of her entire life.

“Agh, fuck, my turn!” came a voice. Sarah opened her eyes and saw the rough-looking man standing right behind Lester. His face contorted as he stroked his cock and cum shot out blasting across Sarah’s chest coating her bare tits. Load after load blasted out covered her naked breasts like the glaze on a demented gingerbread house.

He finished emptying his batter onto her and sat back in the chair, holding her lacy bra to his face. Sarah touched the sticky coating all over herself as she slowly came back to reality.

*<i>Holy shit, what did I just do?</i>*

She licked her teeth, tasting the different men as their cum mixed in her mouth. She had taken two loads into her stomach, one in her pussy and another all over her. Then she remembered the other men in the theater. She opened her eyes and saw several hungry-looking, grubby men staring at her. One was even tentatively making his way down the row towards them.

“Lester, I think we need to go. Now,” Sarah said, stepping off Lester, his cum plopping out of her and onto the floor between her legs. The rest of it ran in beaded streams down her thighs.

Lester chuckled, looking around, “Good idea. Let’s go.”

Sarah looked around for her panties but didn’t see them. Her dress was bunched up on the floor. She went to ask for her bra back, but the rough-looking man was gone, having stolen a reliable part of her wardrobe. Sarah sighed and quickly pulled her dress back on while Lester pulled his pants up.

“Show’s over, folks,” Dale said, putting a hand up like a crossing guard, blocking the man from coming down their row.

“Come back anytime sweetheart,” Dale grinned at her and grabbed a handful of her ass, “Next time maybe we can go in one of the private booths.” Then he did that silly nod again, “Lester.”

“Lester, let’s go,” Sarah said and pulled the fat man’s hand. She urged him down the aisle, past several men who had stepped up for their turn and were still openly stroking themselves at her, for her. As they passed, one reached out and grabbed a handful of Sarah’s ass. Another stood at the edge of the aisle and was staring at her intently while he stroked his cock, trying desperately to cum as Sarah passed by. She hurried her steps and heard the man grunt behind her.

The couple left the theater hand in hand and made their way down the dark hallway, and out into the storefront. The door was locked, but Sarah quickly unlatched it and stepped bra and pantyless into the cool night air.

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The derelict storefronts eventually gave way to more attractive houses and respectable businesses. Sarah just stared out the window, watching the buildings pass by in the night. Part of her mind was replaying the events of the last hour as Lester drove.

Under the glow of the streetlights, Sarah's mind was at war with itself. She was both horrified and extremely turned on by what had happened. All those men, all their cocks and cum ready, wanting her. Being on display like that. Being the actual show for all of them. But that wasn't who she was. Was it? She was a mother. A wife. A professional. She shouldn't be in a place like that, let alone doing things like that. Yet, some part of her felt like it was a natural culmination to everything that had happened since Dan moved to Chicago. Like a part of her had finally had one night to be free.

She bit her lip and continued staring out the window with her arms crossed. Her nipples were hard from the cold air, and she regretted not spending the extra few seconds to snatch her bra and panties back. They were expensive, and she loved that pair. Dan loved that pair. She hated leaving them there, but god, she didn't want to go back for them.

She still couldn't believe that she had done that. Let them do that to her. Participated in that. It must have been some kind of fugue state or something. It made sense. And it didn't. She wished she could say it was an out-of-body experience, but she felt every intense sense of pleasure that her body had experienced that night.

"Why did you take me there?" Sarah whispered, still staring out the window, arms crossed. She hadn't asked Lester where they were going. She just knew it was back to the apartment. He wouldn't try something else, not after that.

"You've been bad," Lester said from the driver's seat. "You let Otis play with you without my permission. So you needed to be punished. But I knew you'd like your punishment."

"Punishment?" Sarah said, "You're not my father, Lester."

"No, I'm not. Your father wouldn't take you to a place like that," Lester said in a low voice. "Neither would Dan. No one understands what you need like I do. You want to be bad and play with other men without my permission? I'll let you play with other men then."

Sarah didn't respond to that. She wasn't sure how to respond to it. This was all about Otis? Was Lester jealous or something? Jealous of her letting Otis fuck her? Did he think it was a betrayal because they did that in his office? Or was it more that she was doing something with Dan and not him?

"All this because you were jealous?" Sarah breathed.

"I don't get jealous," Lester said in her direction.

"Then what is all this? This punishment." Sarah finally turned to look at him. She felt exhausted. The adrenaline finally leaving her body, the events of the day and especially of the last hour catching up with her.

"Then what's with the punishment? I don't understand. You're not making any sense," Sarah looked at the man behind the steering wheel and felt a strange emotion. Worry.

Worry that she had done something to upset him. Worry that she had hurt him, somehow. He always seemed impervious to that sort of thing, but he was human just like her.

“You’re mine, Sarah,” Lester gave her a hard, dark look.

“Lester, I’m married, it’s not that simple. It’s not –”

“It is that simple. Marriage...” Lester gestured his hand in the air, “All of that is just cultural and societal bullshit. When it comes down to it. Basic human physiology. Primal human stuff. You are mine. You are my mate.”

Sarah didn’t respond. Lester just stared at her for several seconds, not turning back to the road. His face lightened up, and he turned his gaze back to the road.

“Besides,” Lester said in a normal tone, “I did put a ring on your finger. You did accept it. And I’ve fucked you in your wedding dress. You keep calling me your boyfriend. You need to wrap your head around that I’m not just some accessory that you and Dan get to play with. I fuck you more than Dan does. I fuck you better than Dan does. I take care of you financially more than Dan does. I provide for your children better than Dan does. You are mine.”

Sarah felt her heart racing. What he was saying, he had never laid it out like that before. It stung to hear all of that. She turned back to look out the window.

“And,” Lester continued, “You’ve said you loved me in the past. You love me, Sarah.”

Sarah felt her face flush. The hair on her neck stood up. She’d known she’d said that. It was usually in the heat of the moment. But even in those moments, she’d felt it. She’d meant it. She didn’t want to think about it. Not right now. She was too tired. She didn’t want to say something she’d regret saying later. She needed time and space to think through everything.

Sarah closed her eyes and let the seat of Lester’s car hold her. She felt the tugs of sleep pulling at her. She embraced the feeling and let herself begin to drift.

“We need to figure out our relationship going forward,” Lester said in a low voice. “Are you going to be my good girl? Or are you going to be my bad girl?”

Sarah didn’t turn back to Lester. She let the gentle motion of the vehicle rock her to sleep as she contemplated what both of those potential paths would look like.

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