

Fog swirled around her as she walked through the forest on her bare feet. The ground was hard and cold under her skin, and she clutched her hands to herself, trying to keep warm. It was dark, and the large trees loomed over her. She felt them watching her, judging each and every step she took. The inscrutable gaze of the trees seemed to penetrate her soul, and Sarah could sense their approval and disapproval with each movement she made. If she went left, some would hate her while others would love her. If she went right, the same experience would occur. Only when she stood still did all of the trees hate her in unison. To their roots.

Sarah wrapped her arms around herself, trying to stay warm. The simple, light dress hugging her features was beautiful, but it didn't help against the cold. Sarah could see the mist of her own breath as she walked the path between the dark trees, passing small bushes. The forest was eerily silent, but Sarah knew she wasn't alone. The trees were there, staring. But she was also aware of other presences, trying to subtly influence the direction she took. She knew she had to get out of the forest, but didn't know which direction to take. Maybe she should just let the trees guide her to the right path.

After several more minutes of Sarah shivering as she walked, she stepped onto an emerging cobblestone path. It forked into two different directions, but no signposts were showing which path went where, nor which one led to a closer place. She needed to find someplace to rest soon. Somewhere, she could get warmth.

Sarah squinted and peered down each path. She could have sworn she saw a fire burning far off in one direction. It looked warm, inviting, somehow familiar. A feeling in the core of her heart tugged at her to go in that direction. Suddenly, the fire was closer, and Sarah could feel its warmth enveloping her. Dan sat the fire, poking at it, trying to keep it going with kindling. Trying to keep the flame alive. Her daughters were also there, basking in the heat. Her parents sat further back. She wanted to go and be with them, to help Dan tend to the fire and make it grow larger to keep everyone warm.

Heat on her back made her pause. Sarah locked eyes with Dan. He just sat there, staring at her, watching to see what she would do. Sarah broke eye contact and looked over her shoulder. Down at the end of the other path was a raging bonfire. She could feel its heat from here, radiating through the forest and warming everything it touched.

Lester stood there before the blaze completely naked, arms crossed, staring at her. He was in a deep cave that burrowed further into the earth. His cock large and orange in the fire light, swaying back and forth like it had a mind of its own. It was watching her, beckoning her closer. She could feel the all-consuming heat of Lester's fire, and her body took an involuntary step forward. Her simple dress burned off from the heat, leaving Sarah standing there naked, staring back at Lester. The fire danced on the dark cave walls around him, revealing lewd-looking paintings that had been obscured. She knew instinctively that the cave paintings were ancient, back to a time of something more primal than the refined life she was accustomed to. As the fire danced across them, they lured her towards them with promises of her being able to explore this ingrained part of herself.

There were other figures tucked in the shadows around Lester's bonfire. She couldn't make out who they were, but she knew that the path led to them, not just Lester. There was something sinister behind Lester's bonfire, a presence darker than the other shadows around it.

Sarah dropped her arms to her side and took another step towards the raging inferno in the cave. It threatened to consume her. She looked back over her shoulder and saw Dan and the girls standing there holding hands. Sarah's father had a hand on each of the girls' shoulders, and her mother leaned on him for support. Sarah paused, eyes locked on them as the heat from the bonfire tugged her forward.

Sarah closed her eyes and knew she had to make a decision. She took a step towards....

An incessant banging lulled Sarah out of her dream. She groaned and rolled over in bed. It was too early. She needed more sleep. The banging didn't stop. Sarah closed her eyes tighter, hoping that whatever it was would go away on its own.

The pillow and bed were too comfortable. She felt herself being pulled back to that dreamlike forest and the roaring fires that wanted to warm or consume her. She could almost feel the warmed cobblestones beneath her feet.

The banging started again. Someone was pounding on a wall somewhere. Sarah groaned and rubbed the sleep from her eyes, and sat up, clutching the bedsheets to her naked body. She blinked a few times, trying to get her brain to wake up without having had any coffee yet.

This isn't my room. Sarah looked around at the unfamiliar environment and held the sheet to her naked breasts tightly. Where was she, and why was she naked? The loud snore erupted from behind her. Sarah's head quickly turned, and she saw Lester's obese form, also nude, lying on the bed next to her. The pieces clicked in her mind, and she realized this was Lester's room. And she was naked. The events of the previous night started to come back to her.

Dinner with her parents. The adult store. Calling Dan. Riding Lester in front of a crowd full of strangers. Taking the black man's cock in her hand. And then her mouth. And then that other man. Her missing underwear. The awkward car ride home. Lester taking her to his room and making her feel great again and again.

The banging started up again, this time more urgently.

"Lester," Sarah whispered and poked Lester in the rib with two fingers. He just rolled over away from her, mumbling something in his sleep. With his back to her, he looked like a beached whale. She had no idea how someone like that could manage making her feel so fucking good but by now she didn't question it too much.

"Lester!" Sarah poked him harder, trying to urge him awake. To deal with whatever that banging was. Lester didn't stir.

"Fine," Sarah grumbled as the banging continued. She scanned the room looking for her dress from the previous night, but had no idea where it had gone. There was just crap, everywhere. How Lester found anything in his room was a mystery to her. He probably didn't find anything; he just left it there in the piles of stuff on the floor. She wrinkled her nose at the sight of old takeout containers on his floor. How could he live like this? Sarah shot back one more annoyed look at Lester, willing him to wake up, but the short man continued to snooze, unaware.

Sarah tiptoed through the refuse on the floor. Trying in vain not to step on anything gross. She had to leave the sheet behind; the other side of it was pinned underneath Lester's rotund body mass. As she

stepped into the hallway, the banging was louder, followed by muffled voices. It sounded like it was coming from the living room.

She quickly went into Dan's room and grabbed a robe and pulled it around her naked body. The idea of confronting whoever was making this noise in such little clothing both thrilled and frightened her. Sarah walked into the living room. Someone was pounding on the front door.

Normally, Sarah would say something like 'just a minute' or 'I'm coming', but she was too nervous to let whoever was on the other side of the door know she was there. If only Lester weren't still asleep, he could deal with this. It was his apartment after all, not hers. Sarah tried to be as quiet as possible as she tiptoed up to the door, squinted, and peered through the peephole.

It wasn't lost on her all the times Dan had probably done this while watching her and Lester together. It felt oddly perverted. Sarah breathed a sigh of relief when she saw her parents standing there on the other side. Fear and guilt ran through her. What were they doing here? Lester's bedroom door was just wide open with his naked body inside.

Sarah ran back to the hallway and pulled Lester's door shut with a thud. Why were her parents here? Now? They should be on the way back to Middleton.

She didn't have time to think about it. Sarah rushed back to the apartment door and opened it, realizing that she was still naked except for the robe.

"Mom, Dad," Sarah said, plastering on an enthusiastic smile to hide her nerves, "Sorry I slept in. What are you doing here? Shouldn't you be back on your way to Middleton?"

Sarah gestured them into the apartment. Her mom and Dad stepped in, and Sarah shut the door behind them.

"What's going on, Sarah?" her father said in a hushed tone as he looked around the apartment. Was he looking for Lester?

"We've tried calling for a few hours now, Sarah. I sent you messages." Her mother cut in, "You weren't picking up."

So that's why they came. They wanted to say goodbye and got worried and decided to check on her. Sweet, but a little patronizing. "I'm fine, Mom. I just slept in, is all. My phone must be on mute or something. I'm sorry if I worried you."

Her dad leveled his gaze at her, "Your phone is on mute, huh?"

Why did Sarah suddenly feel like she was a teenager who'd broken curfew? She'd always tried to be respectful, but her dad's tone just triggered something sharp in her.

"Yes, Dad. They do that," Sarah said, crossing her arms.

"Honey, we just—" Sarah's mom started before her Dad cut in.

“We called you, I don’t know how many times, and left you a dozen messages. Your mom was really worried –”

“What’s going on here?” Sarah cut in, looking between her parents, “I just woke up, okay? I’m sorry. It’s still early - I think you’re really overreacting here.”

“It’s one in the afternoon, Sarah,” her Dad said, “We’ve been calling all morning. We even asked Dan if he’d heard from you, but you haven’t been answering his calls either.”

“You called Dan? Jesus, Dad, my phone’s just off and charging in the bedroom,” Sarah sighed. What had Dan said to them? Is this why they were so worked up? She hadn’t talked to Dan since...

“No, Sarah, it isn’t,” her Dad said.

“What? What do you mean?” Sarah asked.

“Your phone, honey.” Her mother stepped forward with a disgusted yet sympathetic look on her face, “It’s not in your room. Now you’re lying to us.”

Lying? What the hell is this? “Mom, Dad, what the hell are you talking about?” Sarah said.

“Sarah, where were you last night?” Her father asked, “After we dropped you off. Where did you go?”

Sarah felt the blood in her veins run cold, and her heart started to beat faster. There was no way they could know.

“I didn’t go anywhere,” Sarah said, “I went to bed.”

“You know, after about a dozen calls, we finally got through to your phone. Only you didn’t pick up,” Her father said. “It was some random man. He said that you must have left your phone behind last night at his... establishment.”

Sarah felt her heart sink. Oh no. Oh no. Oh fuck no. Sarah braced herself for the inevitable. She could feel herself reverting back to her teenage self, caught expertly in a lie. She should have seen this coming.

“So your mother and I just went down there to pick it up for you. Hoping that you were okay. And do you know what kind of establishment that place is, Sarah?” Her dad narrowed his eyes.

“A sex shop!” Her mother said, “And not the kind like the one across from the Myers’ back home. This one was set up for degenerates and perverts. He even opened the store early just to give us the phone. And the way he looked at me.” Sarah’s mother visibly shuddered, “He even offered to give us a tour of the place. And a discount on certain items.”

Sarah felt her face turn a deep shade of crimson. Her instincts were to tell them that the details of her personal life were none of their business. To snap at them. But she felt the wind suddenly leave her sails. She had no idea how to respond to this unexpected and intimate line of questioning.

“What the hell is going on, Sarah? Since when do you go to a place like that? Dan seemed sketchy on the phone. Did he know you were going there? What is all of this?” her dad demanded. He was almost shaking with anger.

“What it is,” Sarah said, looking at the floor, “Is none of your business. Thank you for getting my phone. I’m sorry you had to go there. But I don’t want to talk about anything else.”

“Sarah, you have –” her dad started to say before her mother cut him off.

“I’m sorry, I just can’t,” Sarah’s mom said. “I need to shower after being in a place like that. I need to feel clean. I’m going to go use your shower if that’s okay.”

“Sure, Mom,” Sarah said, not wanting to be left alone with her father. Her mom, with a small bag under her arm, left for the bathroom. Sarah’s father didn’t even wait for her to leave before jumping back in, “You have two daughters! Do you know how dangerous a place like that is? Did you think about the kind of people who hang out there? I don’t even want to know about what happened.....”

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Well, this is an unexpected development. Lester sat back in his command center, watching the scene play out in the living room. Sarah’s father was reading her the riot act for being at a sex club the night before.

Lester had completely forgotten about Sarah’s phone. Usually, he never overlooked details like that, but the last few minutes at the club had been a little hectic to say the least. He smiled, thinking of how long Dan might have stayed on the FaceTime call and all the things he heard or might have seen. That was a delicious thought.

While inwardly he didn’t like that he had forgotten about the phone, sometimes these little accidents presented glorious opportunities. Not only was Sarah’s life about to take a dramatic turn in the immediate future, but now her parents were a new variable he could exploit. Lester had already planted seeds about Dan’s shortcomings and his job at dinner last night that he knew would bear fruit in the future. But now this morning’s development was something else he could put to good use.

So far, he hadn’t been mentioned. He would have to thank Dale for keeping Lester’s name out of his mouth.

Lester scratched his naked bulging gut as he watched Sarah’s mother enter the small bathroom. He was still listening to the argument in the living room, but his eyes grew wide as he watched the older woman disrobe. She really could pass for Sarah’s older sister based on the way she took care of herself. Sure, some signs of aging were apparent, but as Lester watched Sarah’s mom get naked and enter the shower, he was impressed by how tight and fit her body still was.

Lester licked his lips and heaved himself up off his chair and plodded lazily through the mess on his floor until he reached his closet. He slid open the door and stepped inside, peering through the peephole that allowed him an unobstructed view of the shower.

Hello there. Lester grinned as he watched Sarah’s mother shower. He stared as she tried in vain to cleanse herself of the filth from the sex shop. If only she knew the extent of her daughter’s depravity

there during the night before. And the fact that Sarah still hadn't showered it off yet. Or had even expressed a desire to.

Lester watched as Sarah's mom cleaned her heavy, shapely breasts, feeling himself growing harder by the minute. Yes, there was something here he could exploit. Lester stood at the peephole stroking himself for the next several minutes until Sarah's mother had finished showering.

He checked the camera feed from the living room and saw Sarah and her father speaking in hushed, angry tones. Sarah still had her arms crossed and appeared combative. Lester grabbed the first pair of shorts he could find on the ground and a ratty T-shirt. He silently opened his door and waited.

It wasn't long before Sarah's mother exited the bathroom.

"Renee," Lester said in a whisper. Sarah's mother whirled around, startled, and seemed taken aback by Lester's unexpected presence.

"Lester," She said before adding, "I'm sorry about the disturbance in your apartment. We're just concerned for our daughter."

"It's okay," Lester said, "I understand. To be honest, I'm a little concerned too."

Renee seemed intrigued by that, her face inquisitive. Hook, line, and sinker. She stepped forward, still whispering, "You are? Do you know anything about," she gestured towards the living room, "...all of that?"

"Well, I was trying not to eavesdrop," Lester lied, "But I heard something about a sex store?"

"Yes, well, I probably shouldn't say anything. It's not my place," Renee said, trying to cover for her daughter and preserve some of her modesty.

"Okay, it's just... You know, you're right. I really shouldn't say anything either," Lester said.

"No. No, please. I want to hear what you have to say. I need to. Please. I'm just looking out for my daughter," Renee said, stepping forward. Lester could smell Sarah's body wash on her. And it smelled delicious. Like a fruit ready to be plucked. He tried to focus on Renee's drying hair so as not to stare at her chest.

"I don't know where Sarah went last night," Lester lied, gambling that his part in things wouldn't be revealed. He doubted Sarah would want to share that much with her parents. "But I do know that Dan and Sarah are into some weird things. Not traditional married couple stuff. I don't know if they are both into it or if one is pressuring the other, but these walls are thin if you catch my drift."

More seeds being planted in Lester's garden of debauchery. Deliberately putting Renee onto a specific line of thinking. This was becoming fun.

Renee's face twisted into a disgusted expression, "What, uh, what kind of things, Lester?"

"I don't know if I really want to get into it right now," Lester shrugged, "Dan's my roommate after all, and I'm supposed to respect his privacy."

Renee put her hand on Lester's arm, "Lester, that is my daughter out there. I need to protect her. Please, tell me what you've seen. Or heard."

Too easy. Lester had to try his best not to break out in a grin, "I don't know everything. I just know that sometimes they go out and don't come back until really late. Like Sarah did last night. And when they come back, they are kind of messed up. I'm not sure if it's alcohol or drugs or what. And sometimes they aren't alone when they come back...."

Lester trailed off, leaving the implication clear.

"You mean?" Renee asked.

"Yes," Lester nodded, not looking Renee in the eyes. Doing his best to look like the reluctant bearer of bad news. While his eyes were downcast, he took the opportunity to glance at her body, picturing her naked form.

"I don't know what to say," Renee said.

Lester met her eyes, trying to seem panicked, "Please don't mention that you heard it from me. I don't want to be involved. I don't want to get in trouble or have Dan mad at me. He gets mad so easily sometimes."

Renee patted Lester reassuringly on the arm. Lester subtly arched his hips back so his straining erection wouldn't be as noticeable.

"Your secret's safe with me, Lester. I promise I won't bring you up. But thank you for sharing all of this with me." Renee smiled warmly at the short man.

Now for the final masterstroke.

"If something else happens," Lester started, purposely sounding unsure of himself, "I could always let you know. I-if it's going to keep Sarah safe." He took the opportunity to seem awkward, bending further forward. The obscene tenting of his pants would ruin his plan.

"I would appreciate that, Lester," Renee said warmly. She reached into her bag and pulled out her phone. "Could you give me your phone number?"

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When Sarah's mom returned from her shower, Sarah felt even more exhausted than she'd been when she woke up to her parents banging on the apartment door. The conversation with her father had been going around and around in circles.

Sarah was trying to maintain her insistence on privacy and to deny the wild accusations of being an irresponsible mother. And then there was this fresh inquiry into Dan's character. Her mom coming back into the room was almost a relief, but Sarah's hopes were dashed by the look of confusion and disappointment on her mother's face.

“Okay, good,” her Dad said, standing up, “We’re leaving.”

Sarah’s mother moved to the door along with her father. As they put their shoes on, Sarah’s dad turned to her, still seated on the couch. “You too, Sarah.”

“W-what? I’m not leaving,” Sarah said, “Dan’s coming home from Washington today.”

“Sarah,” her father said, “Dan told us on the phone that he needs to stay another day anyways. You need to come with us. This city isn’t good for you.” His eyes were flat. His words were final.

“Sarah, think about it like this. The girls are probably dying to see you. Dan will be okay. He can drive back to Middleton whenever he wants now that he’s unemployed.”

That stung. A lot. It was still a fresh wound, and Sarah tried not to let the pain show. With a groan, she put her face into her hands. This wasn’t how this weekend was supposed to go.

“Sarah, come on. Get your things. Let’s go,” Sarah’s father said.

Sarah sighed. For the zillionth time that morning, she felt like a child again. She knew deep down that it was probably better for her to go home with them than stay. It was dangerous to embrace the thrill that Lester gave her. If she stayed, who knew what would happen? That idea excited her. She wanted to lean into it.

And Dan, well, she wasn’t sure when her husband was coming back. And she did need to get back home before work on Monday. She could always ask her boss to let her stay home sick....

Sarah stood up. That thought wasn’t like her. Sure, work sucked at the moment but she was better than this. Besides, if she took one sick day and stayed in Chicago with Lester, who knows how many more she would take. Her parents were right, a little space would be good.

“On one condition,” Sarah said, “We don’t talk about this the entire car ride home. I don’t want to hear it. Your concerns are noted. But I am done talking about it.”

Her father’s mouth formed a thin line. “Sure. Just get your stuff.”

Sarah went into Dan’s bedroom and hurriedly packed her carry-on suitcase. She just needed to take a breath for a second. To have some physical space between her and her parents. It had happened so fast that she wasn’t prepared for any of this. It felt like things were spiralling out of control.

Sarah didn’t bother to fold her clothes; she just jammed them into the suitcase. She sighed, remembering she was wearing nothing but a robe, and quickly found some clothes to wear. She took off the robe, just imagining the impatient look on her father’s face. Her heart was beating fast, like a caged animal that just wanted to escape and be free. How had things ended up like this? How had just found herself in such a fucking shitty position.

The lock on the door clicked behind her.

With her robe shoved halfway into the suitcase, Sara felt her face flush with embarrassment as her hands covered her naked breasts and pussy. She whirled around, mortified that her dad had just walked in on her naked.

‘Jesus, Dad, just give me a second...’ Sarah trailed off as she saw the person standing across the room from her. It wasn’t her father at all. It was Lester, standing there with his troll-like, hairy, fat body and ugly facial features.

‘I’m not your dad, but I am your daddy,’ Lester said slowly, much too loud for Sarah’s liking.

‘Lester,’ Sarah hissed quietly, ‘What the fuck are you doing in here? My parents are in the living room. I need to go.’

‘You were going to leave without a goodbye kiss?’ Lester mocked a hurt expression and quickly closed the distance between them. Sarah rolled her eyes and turned back to the carry-on, shoving the last bit of the robe inside. She zipped it shut, intending to put the clothes she had set aside on, but then she realized it had been a mistake to turn her back on Lester.

His hardening cock pressed against her perfect bubble butt and Sarah’s breath caught in her throat. She slowly stood back up, Lester’s fat gut pressing against the small of her back as she did. Sarah turned, shocked to look back at Lester behind her.

‘Lester, this isn’t the time. I need to go,’ Sarah said quietly.

‘Not until I get my kiss,’ Lester said in his normal voice.

‘Quiet!’ Sarah hissed, just imagining her parents walking into this scene and her having to try to explain it. The idea of revealing her affair with Lester to them made her skin crawl, and she had no idea how she would face that.

‘Then shut me up,’ Lester said again.

Sarah breathed out of her nostrils and pulled Lester’s fat head to her. Her lips smashed against his. Lester’s hand went to her ass, pulling her pussy against his cock while the other was on her back, pulling her heavy breasts against his saggy chest. Her body melted into the kiss, and Lester’s tongue pryed her lips apart and invaded her mouth. Sarah moaned into Lester’s mouth. Then she stifled another moan, remembering where she was and who was just down the hall.

‘Lester,’ Sarah breathed, pushing on his chest to get some distance between them, ‘I can’t. Not again. My parents are here, if they hear us.’

‘Hear you, you mean. Hear you scream for my cock,’ Lester chuckled his face diving towards her neck, his tongue lapping at her exposed collar bone.

‘Lester, I need to get dressed,’ Sarah says, putting her arms up between their bodies and pushing against him. She managed to break free and grabbed her clothes off the bed.

Lester grabbed the clothes out of her hands and tossed them onto the floor.

“Seriously?” Sarah rolled her eyes and went to pick them up. As she did, Lester pressed against her again, this time with more force. Sarah stumbled but caught herself on the wall. Lester was right here, his cock pressing up against her ass, his hot breath on her ear.

“Just a quickie,” Lester breathed. He held his cock in his hand, running it down her ass until it poked between her thighs and was running up and down her slit.

“Oh god, Lester, we can’t,” Sarah whispered.

“Yes, we can,” Lester countered.

The sound of footsteps approaching made Sarah freeze. Lester took advantage of the moment, bent his knees and angled his cock up against her opening. The head of his cock finding her wet, waiting pussy as it started to slide in.

Sarah was about to moan, but Lester’s hand deftly covered her mouth. The doorknob turned, but the lock held. A series of quick knocks hit the door followed by her father’s voice, “Sarah, come on. What’s taking so long? Let’s go.”

Lester bucked his hip and his entire cock pushed all the way into Sarah’s pussy.

“Ohfuck,” Sarah moaned into Lester’s hand.

“What?” Her dad said, “Sarah, open up.”

Sarah put a hand on Lester’s waist to slow him down. He removed his hand.

“Dad give me a second, I’m just getting changed, alright?” Sarah said. Lester didn’t wait for her permission to continue. He started driving his cock into her with short, shallow strokes. The angle felt amazing his his cock pounding against her G-spot. Being immobile and pinned to the wall like this made her insides twist in delicious agony. She was loving this way more than she should. How Lester had managed to get her so worked up so fast, she didn’t know, but she was already quickly building towards something. Something that she hoped wouldn’t happen while her dad was just a few feet away, on the other side of the door.

Lester licked the back of her neck, twirling it in the little hairs on the base of her skull. Sarah felt her eyes rolling back in her head at the sensation. Lester had let go of her mouth, both hands on her hips as he fucked her slow and deep. Sarah’s mind twisted as she clenched her pussy around his cock. She bit her lip to stifle the cries of pleasure that threatened to escape and expose her to her father.

“You’ve been in there for a while. You should be changed already. Come on, Sarah. Just come,” her Dad said.

“J, Just a second,” Sarah breathed. The knob turned again. And again, Sarah’s heart felt like it was going to jump out of her chest.

“Ffuck,” Sarah whimpered as she bit down on her fist.

“I’m gonna cum,” Lester whispered in her ear. Oh fuck. Fuck Lester’s going to fill me again. Oh god. Oh god. Oh fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Holy shit fuck.

Sarah felt a fiery ball in the pit of her stomach. She couldn’t hold it back anymore. She was about to cum. She was going to squeeze Lester’s cock as he exploded inside of her. Sarah bit down on her fist. The nails on her other hand dug into the drywall. Lester’s cock never let up as it pounded into her.

Her brain was on fire. Every inch of her felt as if it were hooked up to a car battery. Sarah was about to explode.

The knob turned again. “Come on, Sarah,” her father’s voice said through the door, “Come. Come on. Let’s go.”

“Let’s fucking go,” Lester whispered in her ear and bit her ear lobe. It was so fucked up. All of this. Hearing the both of their words combined into something so depraved and fucked up. Sarah couldn’t stop it now, even if she wanted to.

“Mmmhmfhmfmfckckaaaakckckfa,” Sarah shoved more of her fist into her mouth as her body came. A torrent of pleasure ripped across her body at the same time she felt Lester unload his hot, sticky, illicit cum into her. It flooded into her pussy and made Sarah’s eyes roll back into her head. Her body quivered, and she lost all sense of time and place for several seconds.

Lester was breathing hard against her neck as she finally took a breath and tried to steady herself. Her knees felt so weak. If it weren’t for Lester’s cock embedded inside of her, pinning her to the wall, she would have fallen over.

“I’m coming,” Sarah said absently to the door as her body continued to come down from the powerful orgasm.

“Just hurry up,” Her dad said before she heard his footsteps heading back towards the living room.

“Holy shit Lester,” Sarah said out of breath, “That was close.”

“Yup,” Lester said as he pulled his cock out of her. Cum immediately started running down her leg. Some even splattered onto the floor like champagne shooting out of the bottle when the cork was removed.

Sarah held onto the wall and took a deep breath.

“You better get going,” Lester said, throwing her clothes at her feet. “Your dad’s kind of impatient.”

“Well,” Sarah said between breaths, “If someone hadn’t delayed me, I would already be gone by now.”

“Feel free to blame it on me. I don’t care. Tell them the truth,” Lester smirked.

Sarah shook her head at the ugly man and pulled on her panties. She grimaced as they immediately felt wet up against her as Lester’s cum leaked into them. She needed to clean herself up, but there was no way she was hobbling, half-naked, over to the bathroom to do so. Reluctantly, she pulled on the rest of her clothes. She grabbed her suitcase and gave Lester a sharp look, “Stay in here until we leave.”

“Sure.”

“I’m serious. I better not fucking see you until we are gone.”

“Okay.”

“Promise me, Lester.”

Lester sighed like a five-year-old child, “Fine. I promise. Whatever.”

Sarah glared at him for several seconds before she left the room and wheeled her suitcase into the living room. She quickly made an excuse to use the washroom and cleaned up as best she could. Each second in there, she just waited for Lester to do something else. Thankfully, he didn’t, and soon she was back in the living room with her suitcase in hand. She had everything in there, except her dress that was still somewhere in Lester’s room and the pink bra and panty set lost to the cretins of the sex club. Her parents were ready to leave, and soon, Sarah was heading down in the elevator with them.

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For what felt like the hundredth time that morning, Dan willed himself to still his bouncing knee under the desk. Despite his best outward projection of professionalism and confidence in Sentinel’s office this morning, he couldn’t help but feel an acidic ball of nerves bundled up in his gut.

He hadn’t been able to reach Sarah since he’d seen her in that fucked up porn theatre last night. He knew that she was most likely okay, but a part of him wanted to throw caution to the wind and jump back on a plane to Chicago ASAP. The fact that her phone was still showing as being at the dirty theatre in the FindMy App was driving him nuts. Sarah couldn’t really still be there, could she? Maybe she had just lost her phone. She’d seemed distracted, to say the least.

Dan had stayed on the FaceTime call, even when it devolved into nothing but muffled sounds and blackness. The last thing he saw was a blur of movement – the phone being picked up, followed by an unfocused, shadowed face before the call ended. Dan had tried getting back on the call a dozen times, but it never connected. His texts and calls went unanswered as well.

He’d even reluctantly called Lester a few times, but his fat roommate never answered. Dan didn’t know whether that was because Lester didn’t see the call, ignored the call, or because something was actually wrong.

Sarah’s parents had called him, worried that they too couldn’t get a hold of their daughter. He’d tried to keep the worry out of his voice, but he was pretty sure Sarah’s father had picked up on it. He desperately wanted to give them her phone’s location. He probably should’ve given it to them, but how the hell were they supposed to explain why she’d been there? If her parents ever found out about all of this, he wasn’t sure he would ever be able to face them again. Still, if he didn’t hear from Sarah soon, he wouldn’t have a choice in the matter.

Dan stared at his laptop screen, scanning the various flight times available back to Chicago. He was going to fly home tomorrow, but he desperately wanted to bump up the time. It wouldn’t be impossible to make an excuse to his client. It might not look the best, but he could very possibly swing it.

The stiletto clack of approaching heels made Dan switch tabs back to his email inbox. Waiting for him was a new email from Sentintel's team lead praising Dan's recent group presentation. The email was directed to internal colleagues, and the team lead was giving new directions on the project based on the details in Dan's work. It felt good to have this kind of impact again. After such a long time, it felt like he was getting his momentum back.

The heels clicked closer on the hardwood floor, and Dan knew who was about to pop into his cubicle. Without looking up, he saw Tricia's slender body and blonde hair appear in his peripheral vision.

"Well, there he is, our new golden boy." Tricia leaned against the entrance to the cubicle, causing her arm to press against her breasts further amplifying the subtle cleavage of her shirt, "What are you doing - hiding all the way back here?"

Dan swiveled in his chair to face her, deliberately making eye contact instead of running his eyes over the supple curves of her body.

"Well, this is where the lowly contractors like me sit," Dan smiled.

"I know. It's just..." she looked around at the other empty cubicles around Dan, "...so dead on this floor today. You should come upstairs where all the action is. Though, I'm sure being alone down here probably has its perks."

She flashed him her trademark predatory smile, her eyes boring into him with clear intent.

"It does have its benefits," Dan said slowly as Tricia's smile widened. Then he decided to pull back on the teasing, "I've gotten a lot done down here without all the distractions upstairs. Besides, it's probably just a skeleton crew up there anyway, right? It is still Sunday."

Tricia subtly rolled her eyes, growing impatient with Dan's aversion to flirting, "Yeah, but there are still a bunch of us. We need to get this project off the ground."

She shifted herself off the cubicle entrance and stood up, staring down at Dan, "So when are you heading back home?"

"Tomorrow. It was supposed to be today but the guys upstairs made some last minute changes," Dan said, "Unless we can push a few things and I can take an earlier flight tonight."

"That's a shame," Tricia crossed her arms, "It's fun having you around."

"Oh? Fun? Here I thought you found my work boring," Dan said.

"It is boring, but you are interesting," Tricia trailed off before adding, "And you've stirred things up around here. Not everyone likes pivoting at this point in the project, but we all realize we'll get a better result. I honestly wouldn't be surprised if we try and snatch you up for ourselves."

Dan could take that a couple of ways, especially with Tricia's unsubtle delivery.

“Yeah? Well, who knows? I never got the impression that this was anything more than a contractual assignment.” Dan said.

“Please,” Tricia waved her hand at him dismissively, “You’ve impressed a lot of important people. We’ve even had other departments and project managers asking for your input on their projects. We’ve kept them at bay for now so you can focus on ours, but it hasn’t gone unnoticed. If you were on the payroll, they’d be able to get your input on a dozen projects at once instead of just ours.”

“Well, maybe I am the golden boy then,” Dan smiled.

“Oh, I think you’re much more than just a boy,” Tricia said, leaning forward so that the top of her cleavage caught Dan’s eye. She smiled as his gaze faltered before snapping back up to her face.

“Anyways,” Tricia said, moving out of the cubicle, seemingly happy that she had broken a part of Dan’s resilience, “If you want to have something delicious for dinner tonight, let me know. My treat.”

“Sentinel comps my meals,” Dan said as Tricia walked away. He could no longer see her face from his chair.

“Then I’ll find some other way to satisfy your appetite,” Tricia teased as her clicking heels led her away from Dan’s cubicle. He sat there until he heard the sound of the far door open and close before he let out his breath.

She was clearly coming onto Dan hard, but he knew women like Tricia. Dan was like her new toy that she was currently enjoying playing with, but whether or not there was any serious intent behind her words was another thing. Not that Dan intended to find out. Despite everything happening in his marriage, he still loved Sarah and wasn’t about to step out on her. It was an ironic principle given how much Sarah had been fucking other men lately but that was still part of what he loved. That she was embracing his fantasy, even if things had gotten out of control. It was almost hotter that things had gotten so out of control.

But Jesus, last night had been on another level. An insane, dangerous lack of control. And he still hadn’t heard from Sarah, which both worried and aroused him. He flipped his phone over and saw several unread messages from Sarah and her mother.

R: We found Sarah’s phone....heading to the apartment now.

R: Sarah is here at the apartment. She is okay.

S: I lost my phone last night. I’m heading back to Middleton with my parents now. I really wish you had covered for me. They went to the theater and now they’re asking me a ton of fucking questions about all of this.

Dan breathed a sigh of relief at Sarah’s last message. She was safe. But he was still annoyed at her tone. Why the hell was any of this his fault? He didn’t lose her phone, he didn’t make her go there, and he was worried about her.

Without thinking, he fired off a reply.

D: I had no idea where you were or if you were even safe. The last thing I saw was you about to get gang-banged in some scummy theatre. So yeah, I was worried. What if something bad had happened? I can't just lie to them.

S: But you were fine with lying to me about Eugene at the peephole. My parents are asking about our sex life, why I was there, and if you are forcing me to do things. I'm so fucking angry right now.

D: I didn't make you go there.

S: But you could've said anything. That you talked to me this morning, that everything was okay. Instead they went to that fucking sex shop and are questioning everything about us and what we do.

D: I didn't know what was happening. I couldn't get a hold of you or Lester. I was worried too.

S: Now they think you are a degenerate pervert who forces me to do things I don't want to do.

D: Jesus Christ. Well, tell them I'm not.

S: I thought we weren't supposed to lie to my parents?

D: That's not fair, and you know it. I never made you go there. You could have turned around and left. You're the one who was in Chicago. You were in control last night, not me.

S: I face timed you. I did it for you.

D: Is that what you tell yourself? Then tell me how you lost your phone if I was so important to you. It was on the floor pretty much the entire time.

S: I'm done talking about this right now. I'm stuck in this car with my parents who won't stop asking questions. I don't want to deal with any of this right now.

Dan stared at his phone. How the hell Sarah was trying to put this on him was mind boggling. He knew she was just worked up and overwhelmed from being surprised and interrogated by her parents, but it was still super frustrating. She needed space from them to cool off at home.

They'd been here before, in an argument where her side didn't always make sense. In time, she would come to realize that she was wrong and see his point of view. He just needed to give her space and time to collect herself.

Dan sighed and sat back in his chair. He needed to get out of this cubicle and get some air. He decided to go up to the next floor and see who else was around to talk to.

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Sarah crossed the atrium with a warm cup of coffee from the cafeteria. Without even looking, she knew that Otis was watching her. She could feel his gaze on her ass clad in the black pencil skirt. The hair on the back of her neck stood up, adding to the sense that she was being watched. She just knew that sooner or later, he would try something again. She knew how men were. After their last encounter in Lester's office, Otis would only grow bolder.

But so far, he was still lurking around the corners of the hospital, not willing to come right out and approach her. That was fine with Sarah. She didn't want to deal with him at the moment. There was already so much on her mind that she had to contend with; she didn't need another complication.

Sarah rode the elevator up and tried to focus her thoughts. She stared back at her reflection in the elevator door, appraising the way her tight, sleeveless white blouse clung to her body's curves. Her blonde hair framed her face perfectly, falling down to her shoulders. She felt like a bundle of nerves inside, but at least to the few men in the elevator trying to take sneaky glances at her, she looked like a well put-together professional.

Sarah glanced at her phone, and there was a message from her mom.

R: Why don't you and the kids come stay with us for a while?

Sarah sighed and turned off her phone screen.

The elevator doors opened, and Sarah walked out. The men now glanced openly at her as she moved, not realizing she could still see them in their reflections. She navigated the winding hallway until she came to the small meeting room. Instead waiting for her was her nemesis from HR, Mary – the bitch who had somehow pushed Sarah out of her office and eliminated her position. Now, Sarah was stuck working in a lower position in IT for Lester.

Sarah steeled her nerves and walked into the meeting room.

“Close the door behind you,” Mary said without looking up. She was flanked by two other HR harpies.

Sarah bit her tongue, turned around, and closed the door before taking the seat directly across from Mary.

“So,” Sarah said in a steady voice, “Why are we here? The meeting invitation didn't give me any information.”

“Is Lester coming?” Mary cut in without giving any response.

“No. He isn't. And he said he won't come to meetings without a clear agenda so he can determine whether or not it's worth his time,” Sarah said in her friendliest bitch voice.

“I see,” Mary said, turning her attention back to the laptop in front of her. Sarah sat there, waiting for someone to say something, but it looked like Mary and her gaggle of HR women were happy to waste her time.

“Mary,” Sarah said, getting ready to stand up and leave the room, “Enough games, just tell me what I'm doing here.”

A small smile appeared at the corner of Mary's lips, like she had won a victory over Sarah. The older woman's face looked like a dried-up raisin, and she did a terrible job with her makeup. In this day and age, with YouTube tutorials, there was no excuse for that.

“We’re here because of a new initiative our team is putting together to help preserve the culture of the hospital, and protect it from future lawsuits and other cyber attacks like the one we just experienced,” Mary said slowly, her eyes on Sarah, gauging her reaction. Sarah suddenly felt very alone on this side of the table. Alarm bells were going off in her head. HR protecting against cyber attacks? That wasn’t their responsibility.

“Sounds interesting,” Sarah said coolly, “Tell me more.”

Mary went on to recount a recent human resources professional conference, where she spoke with a vendor about a new piece of software. One that would give HR reports of everything employees typed into a computer and record the screens of every computer in the hospital. From diagnostic machines to payroll staff. Everyone except the executive team, of course.

“Mary,” Sarah said, leaning in, eager to dash the hopes and dreams of this small woman, “That isn’t going to happen. Not only is it a violation of the hospital’s HIPAA compliance, but there is a huge potential for misuse and no oversight.”

“I’ll be overseeing it,” Mary said sternly.

“That’s exactly the problem. If anything, it should be an independent body that reports directly to the board,” Sarah said.

“I report to Mr. Thornhill, who is our CEO and sits on the board, Mrs. Williams,” Mary said, her eyes boring into Sarah’s. “Besides, you don’t have the authority here to say no. You are just the little messenger girl. Why don’t you take this and run it over to your boss so he can get working on it.”

Sarah wasn’t about to take his condescending bitch’s bait. She was just waiting for Sarah to step out of line, and she had two witnesses here to back her up. Instead, Sarah pivoted back to the professional side of things: “This software violates several of the hospital’s IT security policies, there is a clear lack of consent from employees, and it’ll open us up to a whole slew of legal issues.”

“Aww, it’s so cute that you think you’re qualified to talk about any of that,” Mary said with a grandmotherly smile on her face, “Why don’t you just run along and let us worry about that grown-up stuff, okay? You can go paint your nails or whatever it is you’re good at.”

Fucking bitch. Sarah opened her mouth to respond, but Mary cut her off.

“Maybe you are so reluctant to adopt this because you’re hiding something? What would this software find on your computer, Sarah?” Mary sneered.

Sarah froze, wondering if there was anything incriminating on there. She cycled through possibilities but realized that despite everything with Lester, Otis, and everything else, she had always been diligent about keeping her computer clean. Her phone might be another issue, but it wasn’t company property.

Sarah stood up, “This meeting is over. I’ll have Lester get in touch and tell you why this isn’t going to happen.”

Sarah turned and walked towards the door. As she gripped the handle, Mary spoke and Sarah could hear the self-satisfied smile on her lips, "You made a mistake, dear. This wasn't a request. It's already been approved. You just need to make it happen."

Sarah looked over her shoulder at the smug, ugly woman who was holding out a piece of paper for her. Sarah tentatively walked over and took it, much to Mary's delight. On it, she saw the proposal to acquire the software, and it was approved and signed by both Mary and their CEO, Richard Thornhill.

Sarah felt her face grow a deep shade of red. She'd been played. This entire thing could have been a simple email, yet Mary had arranged a meeting just to rub it in Sarah's face. To make Sarah think she had a leg to stand on to resist them.

"Okay," Sarah breathed, and her mouth formed a tight line. She turned and walked out of the room, away from the soft chuckles of Mary and her crew.

Sarah rode the elevator in silence, ignoring the stares of the men riding with her this time. She got off on the floor for IT and marched back to her office. As she passed Lester's office, he looked up from the window, and she shot him an icy glare. Fuck You.

Sarah slammed the door to her office shut and closed the blinds. She sat down in her chair and buried her face in her hands. That bitch had just railroaded her. Sarah didn't want that software implemented at the hospital; it was a gross violation of privacy, but that wasn't even what bothered her. It was just the blatant disrespect and antagonism of that bitch that drove her insane. And Sarah no longer had any pull nor authority to push back against her. Previously, she could have easily outmaneuvered this woman and had her fired for her attitude; after all, Sarah was once in the running to be the CEO of this hospital, and that woman wouldn't have even made it past the first interview.

But now she was stuck here in some lowly office in IT. If Lester weren't such a lazy fucker and actually attended his meetings, she wouldn't have been cornered like that. She wouldn't have been embarrassed and humiliated in that way. Sarah was at her wits' end. She hated working here now, but her family desperately needed the money to stay afloat. Lester had made her his liaison, but that didn't come with any actual authority. Mary was right; she was just a glorified messenger girl. Sarah didn't know what to do.

Are you going to be my good girl or my bad girl? Lester's words from the other night rang in her head. His smug, self-assured taunt to her. At the time she felt conflicted but here and now it just pissed her off. Lester thought he was some puppet master, directing her. Yes, he touched a deep part of her she was still just starting to learn about but fuck was she mad at him right now.

And that whole sex club thing that he brought her to. She should have just walked away. Now her parents thought she was into some fucked up perverted shit and were putting their noses into her sex life. Suddenly everything in her life was up for review with them, ready to be examined under a microscope. Her marriage, her job, her parenting, her husband, everything was now being questioned by them. It was as if one little fact snowballed with them, acting as if they had found a missing puzzle piece that made them question everything.

Sarah cautiously looked at her phone and saw several more messages from both her parents, as well as another from Dan. She silenced her phone and put it face down on her desk.

It was all too much at once. She wondered what Dan's message could possibly be; they hadn't left things great, and she was still upset with him for not covering for her. She knew it was asking a lot, but if he had just said anything to quell his parents' worries, they wouldn't have gone down to that gross sex theatre and opened this can of worms.

It was all just so overwhelming. Her parents were too close. Her life and work were too close. These were supposed to be separate, siloed parts of her life, but now everything was blurring together with unintended consequences. She just needed a break from all of this. From work, from her parents, from Dan, from Lester, just some space to be by herself to get her head on straight. She just needed to breathe.

She had to take back control of her life before she had a mental breakdown. It was too much stress. Too much pressure. Sarah just needed to make a decision that was hers and hers alone, not for her parents, not for Dan, and not for Lester.

Lester had always been the one pushing her to do things. Dan had too, but Lester pushed her boundaries like no one else. She wanted to do something different. To do something to piss him off and shove his condescending, controlling attitude up his ass. She wasn't his woman to control. She wasn't going to be the good girl or the bad girl. Fuck all of that.

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Lester munched on a handful of Cheetos as he watched Sarah walk by his window. He suppressed a smirk, knowing the meeting she had just come back from. Of course, he'd received the email and request from Mary late last week while he was still in Chicago. But he didn't want to deal with it. And it would be so much more fun to give Sarah that extra little nudge and make her meet with that cranky old bitch.

From the death glare Sarah had just given him, the meeting went about as well as he had hoped for. She hadn't messaged him since she'd abruptly left Chicago with her parents. That had been disappointing, but from the way she was carrying herself, he knew she was under some personal stress. Playing back the recording of her interaction with her parents in the apartment had been both hilarious and cringeworthy. He could only imagine what the drive back to Middleton had been like.

But it all served a greater purpose. Winding Sarah up to the point where she was ready to pop. Where she would act emotionally, not rationally. Like all women do. Where she would slip and make a poor decision. A decision that Lester would ensure cascaded the dominoes of her life and made everything crumble.

Lester smirked. This was fun. Sure, he'd injected himself into women's lives before. But never on his scale. Never to the depth he had with Sarah. He had destroyed her work life with a few simple keystrokes, completely changing the staff and culture of the hospital. And now her personal life was up for grabs.

But there were so many new variables at play. Lester usually liked the control. In the apartment, he controlled all the variables. But here at the hospital, in Middletown – outside the apartment, there were just so many variables Lester couldn't account for. Couldn't exert control over. He could predict but couldn't account for how each individual would react. Or what their reaction would cause to happen.

That lack of control made him nervous, but it was also thrilling. Throwing Sarah into that vacuum and seeing how his plan had to adapt on the fly made him even more confident in his manipulative abilities. What other scenarios and encounters could he engineer outside the confines of the apartment? What opportunities were there out there, just waiting for him to take hold of?

Still, he did miss his apartment. He hated being in an office and hated being in this stupid town even more. Perhaps he could use hospital funds to purchase a gaming laptop for his hotel room.

Lester licked the Cheeto dust off his lips as he opened the calendar on his computer. He felt like a maestro in front of an orchestra, conducting the symphony he had created. In many ways, this all was his masterpiece. His crowning achievement to date.

He sent out the meeting invitation, ensuring he had chosen the particularly secluded meeting room on the ninth floor. The one tucked back in the corner, away from the cubicles with low foot traffic. It was a weird spot for a meeting room, but it would serve his purpose perfectly. His mouse clicked, and he sent another meeting request.

Lester sat back in his chair, his fingers steepled in front of him. Mice in a maze. Variables at play. He knew something explosive would happen this afternoon. He hoped for one outcome above the rest, but whatever happened would be a treat. Manipulating people and putting them on a collision course, fucking with their lives – god, he lived for this.

He stayed there until several of the meeting participants accepted his request. Then Lester stood up and wiped his fingers off with a Kleenex before leaving his office to find the last piece of his puzzle.

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Lester wasn't in his office. He hadn't been there all afternoon. She didn't want to go to the new meeting he put into her calendar, even though it sounded urgent. Sarah tried to find him and talk to him about it, but she'd failed at tracking him down. Why he booked a meeting room on the ninth floor when they shared a wall was beyond her. Maybe he was already up there.

It pained her, but she had asked her mom to pick up the girls from school for her, which opened up another whole barrage of new text message questions. Once she knew her mom would be there, she left her phone in a drawer in her office. She just couldn't deal with the judgement anymore.

Ever since she'd gotten back from Chicago, she felt like she was walking on the edge of a knife, just waiting to slip and cut herself. She balled her hands into tight fists as she walked down the hallway towards the meeting room on the ninth floor.

She knew she was getting more tense as the day went on and was doing an increasingly worse job of hiding it. She could feel the stress in her shoulders, just clinging to her, wearing on her. It had gotten steadily worse since her meeting with Mary and the subsequent deluge of emails that had followed. All tasks the head of HR was personally assigning directly to Sarah to take care of. She felt like a lap dog to this evil woman, and Lester wasn't doing anything to help.

There was a time that she walked these halls with her head held high, having earned the trust and respect of her peers. Now she felt like she was walking to the gallows, bracing herself for the hangman's noose. She hated being here. She knew she should look for another job, but at least she had

an income. How would she and Dan be able to afford their house and pay their bills without it? Now that he was out of work, they were already struggling just to cover everything. They would have to renegotiate and try to cut back in almost every area if she left.

Sarah let out a long breath as the meeting room finally came into sight. She walked down the hallway and tried to push everything to the back of her mind. Her parents, Dan and that infuriating bitch from HR.

She was going to give Lester a piece of her mind in this meeting, once she finally had him cornered. How dare he just throw her to the wolves like that this morning. And that whole thing about punishing her if she misbehaved. Really? Sarah was a fucking adult. If anything, she should be the one punishing him. She just needed to figure out how to hit him where it hurt.

Just thinking that thought sent a thrill straight through her. Maybe she was going to be the bad girl after all.

Sarah steadied herself as she reached the meeting room door. This room was more private than the others, as it had no window to the hallway and no glass panels on the door. She took a deep breath and turned the knob, only to find the room completely empty.

Some of her stress slunk out of her shoulders as she closed the door behind herself and sat down at the farthest end of the table from the door. Sarah opened her laptop and began working through her emails, deliberately ignoring those from Mary or anyone else from HR. Movement outside the window easily drew her attention away from her computer. Honestly anything would have at this point, she welcomed the distraction. Down below her in the parking lot, people streamed out of the hospital towards their respective vehicles.

Sarah realized for the first time that this was a similar but slightly higher view to the one from her old office. The one that she was unceremoniously pushed out of. This room must be just a few floors up. Images flashed in Sarah's mind of the first time Lester had pinned her up against that window and fucked her while she watched people leaving like this. Just the thought of one of them looking back and being able to see her. She knew that wasn't likely given the style of windows, but she had been obsessed with it at the time. Her breath caught in her throat at the memory, and she licked her lips wickedly.

The building was emptying, and soon only a skeleton crew of administrators would remain, while the medical staff started the night shift. She shouldn't be here. She should be home with her girls, sipping a glass of red wine, helping her forget about all the stress and issues plaguing her life right now. Maybe after the girls went to bed, she would do something about all the pent-up impulses she was feeling. The more she thought about that encounter with Lester and the date with herself tonight, the more worked up she felt. It was a welcome relief from the intense pressure and frustration she had been carrying all day.

Sarah checked her watch. Lester was late. Of course he was. Sarah slunk back down in her chair and just stared at her laptop screen. Her eyes immediately unfocused; she couldn't bring herself to do any more work today. She just sat there and waited for Lester to inevitably walk in. She let the encounter from her old office play in her head as she gently spun the chair back and forth.

After a few minutes, she snapped out of her trance and her eyes focused on a new email at the top of her inbox. It was from Lester. It was just an auto-email notification letting her know that the meeting between them had been cancelled.

“What the fuck Lester?!” Sarah slammed her hand onto the desk and shut her laptop with too much force. She stayed late for this. Reluctantly made contact with her mom and had her kids picked up. And then he just cancels? Sometimes he was such an inconsiderate asshole. Actually, sometimes he was actually considerate, but most of the time he was just an asshole. He always confused her. Nothing he did ever made sense.

Well, fuck him. She was going to give him a piece of her mind. He must still be in the building somewhere. Sarah abruptly stood up, sending her chair backwards, hitting the wall. She scooped up her laptop and began marching towards the door when someone knocked on it.

Sarah froze in place. Was it Lester? She put her laptop back down on the table and got ready to throttle the obese man. The doorknob turned, and the door swung open. Sarah felt renewed tension in her shoulders as the pudgy form of Otis stood in the open doorway. His beady eyes immediately ran up Sarah's body, drinking in her exposed calves to the snug fit of her pencil skirt on her waist up to her tight blouse straining against the natural wonders of her breasts. His eyes danced over her bare arms until they landed on her face. The hungry smile spread across Otis's face as he stepped into the room.

“What are you doing here?” Sarah said with her hands on her hips, confidently standing her ground against this man. The last time she'd been in a room alone with him was with Dan in Lester's office. And that incident had enraged Lester enough to make him “punish” her by bringing her to that sex shop. An idea began forming in her mind. But she knew it needed to get out of here before she let herself give in to it.

“I'm here for you,” Otis growled and closed the door behind him.

“Please move Otis, I'm leaving,” Sarah said taking a step forward. Sarah felt his eyes on her and that bad part of her started to wake up. She tried to push it back down.

“You're not going anywhere,” Otis said holding his ground. Sarah stopped in her tracks, her confidence wavering.

“I need to go pick up my kids,” Sarah lied, “Get out of my way.”

Sarah continued forward, trying not to look intimidated or as turned on as she was increasingly feeling. She tried to control her breathing and reached for the door knob. Otis moved in front of her hand, making her pull it back. He just grinned at her.

“I'll have to call HR about this Otis,” Sarah said levelling her gaze at him. He held it and Sarah felt her heart thumping in her chest. The pull to do something she knew was bad was there. Urging her. To do something destructive. To seize back control of her life. To do something to hurt Lester and show him that she wasn't his thing to control. She looked at Otis and saw the tool to to just that.

The part of her that just wanted to be good tried to hold on but the war was already raging in her body.

“You wouldn't,” Otis challenged.

“I would,” Sarah replied.

“Then I’d tell them all the other fucked up things I’ve seen you do here,” Otis growled.

“They wouldn’t believe you.” Sarah fired back.

“Sure they would,” Otis said.

“Really? They’d believe that the janitor that smells like old beer got into my pants. Yeah right. But they would believe that you’d corner someone alone in a meeting room like this. Wouldn’t they?” Sarah said, enjoying the pushing this man back. To see the flicker of doubt in his eyes. It felt good. Regaining a bit of that power she used to have, even though it felt wrong wielding it like this.

“Besides,” Sarah continued, “I’m sure it hasn’t gone unnoticed the way you creepily stare at me. There are probably dozens of witnesses to that.” Sarah eyed Otis hard and stepped up towards him. She felt that good girl in her lose its grip on the steering wheel.

“Uh, it, uh,” Otis stammered as Sarah closed the distance between them.

“I’ve seen you. Or felt you really. Felt your eyes on my body. Undressing me every time I walked by, just aching to get me alone again like you did in the basement. And now you have me. What are you going to do with me? Hmmm?” Sarah stepped into Otis’s personal space as he backed up into the door. Sarah smiled inwardly but didn’t let it show on her face. The mask she had on was one of pure lust and aggression. But she loved making men squirm. She hadn’t had that playful banter with Dan in weeks, but here Otis was, putty in her hands.

She planted her hand on Otis’s chest, touching his dirty coveralls next to the cursive ‘Otis’ name tag.

“What are you going to do, huh?” Sarah deliberately tilted her head and ran her eyes up and down Otis’ body. It wasn’t toned like Dan’s. It wasn’t nearly as large and rotund as Lester’s squat body, which she had come to crave. But his scraggly unfit frame would do just fine. She needed this. She just had to remember to let Dan know it was happening. That was their deal.

Sarah licked her lips and leaned in while she ran her hand over Otis’ chest.

“Can I tell you a secret?” Sarah whispered into his ear. She was so close she could feel Otis’ hot breath on her face. It danced across the skin of her neck. She could smell the cheap beer on his lips.

“You’re not going to do a damn thing to me,” Sarah said as her fingers pinched the zipper on the chest of his union suit. She slowly began lowering the zipper. Lower and lower, exposing a white, stained shirt underneath. Lower until it came to a stop at his crotch, Sarah’s manicured hands dove into the coveralls and found Otis’s tight white underwear. A smile danced across her lips as her fingertips found his hardening erection beneath the fabric.

“It’s what I’m going to do you,” Sarah breathed before pushing her hand past the waistband of Otis’s underwear and grasping his naked cock in her hand. Otis groaned in surprise and Sarah wasted no time beginning to stroke the janitor’s growing cock.

She quickly came to the conclusion that Otis was wearing too many layers. With her other hand, she pulled at the shoulder of his coveralls, yanking them down. Otis got the hint and squirmed his other shoulder out of the garment, so that it fell to his waist. Before Sarah even had to ask, the older man grasped the bottom of his stained t-shirt and pulled it off over his head, exposing his weathered leathery skin and pot belly. Sarah eyed him hungrily. At one point, this sight would have made her gag, but now it seemed to have the opposite effect on the young mother.

Sarah roughly pushed down Otis' coveralls and in one fluid motion pulled his tight underwear down, letting his cock and balls dangle free. Sarah licked her lips again and dropped to her knees before the janitor, her black pencil skirt straining at the action.

"Come to mamma," Sarah whispered as momentarily stopped to stare at Otis' hardened cock with the strange bend to it. She knew what this thing could do as she continued to stroke it softly. Deciding enough was enough, Sarah parted her lips and leaned forward taking the old creepy janitor's cock in her mouth once again.

It tasted just like she expected it to, exactly as she remembered it. The flavor of a man who'd spent all day doing manual labor. Marinating in his own sweat. And somehow that made her pussy soaking wet. Otis gasped as Sarah's wet tongue slid under his cock. She twirled her flitting tongue around him, ensuring that she tasted every inch of him and that he was nice and wet. Then she began bobbing her head up and down his length, inhaling and tasting the sour flavor of his shaft while slurping and sucking him. Her fist closed around his thick cock and stroked him while the other started teasing his impressive balls.

"Uh fuck yeah," Otis grumbled as he leaned back against the door. One of his dirty hands came up, and his grimy fingers ran through Sarah's lush blonde locks. His fingers found the back of her head and he held on while she sucked him. Sarah was setting an aggressive pace today, no one else, she kept sucking him, taking more and more of his length into her mouth.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Otis' thick shaft, savoring his distinct taste. He was musky and sweaty, but it might as well have been candy to her taste buds. She knew in the back of her mind that this should repulse her. That somehow she had been conditioned to crave low, disgusting men like this one. But all of that didn't matter. What mattered was that Sarah was in control, and she wasn't going to let that go.

"You like baby?" Sarah cooed as she pulled back off Otis's cock to look up at the older man. The angle wasn't flattering for him. Otis's weathered face looked down at her, giving him a set of double chins. It didn't faze her, she still stared up at him with her trademark fuck me eyes.

"Fuck yeah. I knew I just had to get you alone," Otis groaned as he bit his bottom lip and stroked her hair. He had lived his entire life hoping for a moment like this one.

"You caught me at a good time. I'm not always this easy," Sarah planted a soft kiss on the tip of his cock. Then another. Then she lovingly french kissed the head of his cock making him stir before pivoting and planting soft kisses soft the length of his shaft while her other hand gently cradled his hairy dangling balls.

"I'm gonna catch you more often then. Corner you in that little office of yours and make you such Otis Junior every day," Otis croaked.

Sarah chuckled, "Otis Junior, huh?" Otis' face stayed flat. Otis Junior was no laughing matter.

Catching the hint. she pulled her lips off the shaft of Otis' cock and looked right at the head of his cock, "It's nice to meet you junior. Why don't you let me give you another kiss?"

Then Sarah planted another slow, wet, sloppy, intimate kiss on the head of Otis' cock. A stream of precum leaked out, and Sarah greedily lapped it up with her tongue in soft, darting little half-licks. She swirled her tongue around the large head of his cock again. As her tongue twirled, both of her hands worked on his shaft and balls.

Otis's full weight was resting on the door as his hips jutted out towards Sarah's wet, waiting, working mouth. He ran his hands through Sarah's hair as she continued to lick and twirl around the head of his cock. Her little manicured nails delicately cradled his balls while the other hand gripped his shaft tightly as she eagerly stroked his shaft.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as she licked another growing bead of pre-cum from the slit of Otis' firm cock. She gripped the shaft of his cock tightly with one hand and pointed it up towards the sky. Her tongue trailed down the bent, veiny straining shaft. Sarah moaned as her tongue ran down for inches until she reached the base of his cock and her soft tongue met the coarse hair and aromatic scent of Otis' matted pubic region.

"Lick my balls, girl," Otis said desperately, his fingers clinging to Sarah's head, almost begging her to lick them.

Sarah chuckled under her breath and pulled back slightly, again looking up at Otis.

"Ahem. That's Mrs. Williams to you, Otis," Sarah said with lust-filled eyes, "Ask again."

"Suck my balls Mrs. Williams," Otis groaned. An evil smile flashed on Sarah's face.

"Say please," Sarah said, "This is a workplace after all. Our staff needs to demonstrate proper manners. Custodians included."

"Please Mrs. Williams," Otis said, his fingers tugging her head forward, "Suck my balls. Do it."

"Good boy," Sarah smiled, enjoying teasing this man. The way she wrapped him around her finger so easily, especially after how domineering he had been in their last encounter. But she had been taken off guard then. Now she was in charge, and she wasn't going to relinquish that control. Not to Otis. Not to Lester. Not to anyone.

"How often," Sarah started as she ran her eyes up the veins on the underside of Otis' cock, "Have you thought about having me like this?"

"Since the first day that I started here. When I saw you in the cafeteria—AH" Otis grunted as Sarah's tongue darted out and started lapping at his balls at the same time she gripped his shaft and resumed pumping his cock.

“Fffuck,” Otis grunted, “Shit that feels good. Goddamn. All the boys downstairs have fantasized about this.”

“Oh really? All the janitors?” Sarah said slowly while staring up from the forest of pubic hair.

“You’re one of- ohh, one of the main subjects of discussion,” Otis grunted.

“Well, maybe I’ll have to come down for a performance evaluation during one of these.....discussions,” Sarah said before closing her eyes and dropping lower down to begin licking the bottom of his balls, like heavy apples on a branch.

“Fuck, they’d never believe any of this,” Otis breathed, his dirty nails digging into Sarah’s scalp.

“Of course not,” Sarah said between soft, tentative licks to Otis’ nuts. “Who’d believe that I would ever do something like this to someone like you.”

With that, Sarah dropped even lower and extended her tongue entirely. She pulled back as far as she could on Otis’ cock bringing it to rest against his stomach. She licked down between his balls, letting her tongue tease and lick Otis’s taint between his thighs.

“Jesus, girl. Who woulda known how nasty a prim and proper bitch like you could get,” Otis grunted as his hands pulled on Sarah’s head, pulling her face into his groin. His balls rested on Sarah’s eyes, his bushy pubic hair pushing into her face, mixing with the strands of her blonde hair.

“Mhmhmhmhmmmm,” Sarah moaned into Otis’ underside as he forcefully pushed her face into his nether regions. She loved the forcefulness of the man’s hard won strength. Of submitting. But that wasn’t her role today, despite how much she craved it.

Sarah twirled her tongue around Otis’s underside, making his body shudder. Sarah squeezed Otis’s cock hard making him loosen his grip on her head. She pulled back from him and put an angry look on her face.

“That's not how today is going to work,” Sarah said, slowly rising to Otis’ eye level.

“Listen, just like last time, you’re going to be a good little....” Otis didn’t finish his sentence before Sarah squeezed and pulled his cock hard again in her hand.

“You fucked me really good last time. I loved every second of it,” Sarah said, still squeezing. Still pulling. “But today, this is mine....”

Sarah squeezed Otis’ cock in an iron grip and took a step back, forcing him to stop leaning on the door. She took another step, tugging Otis forward.

“What are you...” Otis started.

“Over here,” Sarah licked her lips, her eyes locked onto Otis’s cock as she continued walking backwards, pulling him by his appendage. Otis swallowed hard. Sarah was clearly acting a lot differently than she had during their last encounter.

As Sarah backed up close to the window overlooking the parking lot, she released her grip on Otis' cock. She smiled at the confused look on his face and reached behind her to unzip her pencil skirt.

Sarah tugged the tight black material off of her shapely hips and let it fall to the floor, where she stepped out of it, kicking off her shoes. In one swift motion, she pulled her white blouse over her head and stood in front of Otis in her matching, lacy black and blue bra and panties. She was excited, as evidenced by the heaving of her breasts as her breathing increased excitedly.

"You're going to fuck me in front of the window," Sarah turned to face the window, placing her hands on the glass and pushing her ass out invitingly towards Otis. She gently rocked it back and forth to tease and entice the lowly janitor.

Sarah bit her lip in anticipation. She didn't have to wait long. Otis was behind by a few seconds, his dirty fingers eagerly hooking in on either side of her panties, pulling them down her toned legs in one fluid motion.

Sarah gasped at the action, knowing her pussy was on full display to Otis and the room. The cold air told her how wet she already was.

Otis didn't waste any time. He grunted and shuffled his feet as he stepped up behind Sarah. With his cock in one hand, he lined himself with her soaking wet entrance. Sarah let out a low growl as she rocked her hips back and forth, teasing herself with the head of Otis' cock on her outer lips.

"Don't be shy," Sarah whispered in a moan as she looked out at her coworkers getting in their cars, "Fuck me."

"Fucking right," Otis said. He held his cock still, with the other hand he roughly grabbed onto Sarah's hip. Then he pushed his big cock forward, sending Sarah onto her tippy toes. Otis didn't waste any time. Within a second his cock was fully embedded in the mother of two.

"Oh God," Sarah grunted. Otis pulled his iron hard cock back and slammed it into Sarah, pushing her body up against the window. Sarah smiled as Otis did it again, her face against the cool glass. She closed her eyes and focused on the feeling of his above average cock filling her so deeply. She pictured her audience below, all turning their heads to see the once high and mighty Sarah Williams being fucked by a lowly janitor.

Sarah squeezed her pussy around Otis's cock. "Ugh yeah, just like that," Otis grunted, both hands now on Sarah's hips as he slid his cock in and out of her. Otis leaned forward and licked up Sarah's spine. She arched her back as an electrical current of pleasure ran up her body.

"Ohhh fuck," Sarah moaned as she lazily opened her eyes and stared down at the people below. None of them had a clue that she was getting fucked. She was almost disappointed, she craved to be watched.

"God your pussy is tight," Otis grunted, both of his unclean hands roaming Sarah's hips and grabbing at her perfect ass cheeks, "How's my cock feel?"

"Ughh, big. God, it bends in the best way possible. It's hitting me everywhere. I can't fucking get enough of it," Sarah rested her forehead against the glass as Otis kept relentlessly pounding into her.

His thick, curved cock sliding in and out of Sarah's tight pussy as she squeezed him. She was squeezing him so tight she could feel the pulsing in the veins wrapped around the shaft of his cock.

"Don't stop," Sarah begged, "Don't you dare fucking stop."

"I ain't stopping, Mrs. Williams. I'ma fuck you until your legs don't work anymore," Otis said.

"Promise?" Sarah whined, thrusting her ass back in time with Otis' thrusts to take as much of him into her as she could handle. "You...you better....fuck. I need it."

"We're gonna be in here all night," Otis thrust his untuned pelvis forward as if emphasizing his point, "I'm not letting you leave. You're not going home to your husband tonight. You're going to be all mine."

"But..." Sarah said, feeling herself begin to wane. She wanted to play into this, "What about my children? They need their mother."

"I need their mother more; she isn't going fucking anywhere. Someone else can tuck them in while you stay here with my cock buried inside of you." Otis said through his gritted teeth.

"Oh god," Sarah's jaw hung open as she breathed rapidly. Her fingers splayed out on the glass in front of her, as she tried to find some leverage to thrust back against the brute pushing inside of her. It was such a twisted and fucked up thing for him to say. Child abandonment shouldn't turn Sarah on, but for some reason, it did. Just the thought of putting everything else in her life aside so she could be viciously fucked. Sabotaging her entire life all in the name of sexual bliss.

"Don't stop," Sarah moaned into the glass. The twisted thoughts served to amp up her desire, her body shifting up to a higher gear. She could feel it rapidly building inside of her. Her first of what she hoped were many orgasms of the night. The vulgar way this man talked to her and the way he felt inside of her were just pushing her perfectly to that point of no return, "Don't fucking stop. I'm so close. I need it. Please. Please. Please. God, please give it to me. Give it to me."

"God ain't giving you shit," Otis snarled, "Beg me for it."

"Fuck. God. Otis. Fuck. Otis, give it to me. I'm so close. So fucking close. Don't stop baby, don't stop." Sarah whined.

"Get there Mrs. Williams, cum on my cock. Forget about your husband and kids and cum for me. Cum." Otis put a hand on the base of Sarah's neck and held her tightly against the window while he pumped into her. His tight grasp around her neck made her knees almost buckle. Despite wanting to control the situation, she felt a sudden sense of submission in that split second.

"Oh-GODmmmmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she pushed against the glass. Her entire upper body was wedged tightly against it as Otis pinned her to it with his cock. Sarah felt the ecstatic wave building up inside of her. Her teeth were clenched, and she was breathing hard. This was just like the time Lester had fucked her up against the window except she still had her black and blue bra on. She was loving every second of it. And every second she ticked closer and closer to exploding.

“Oh fuck. FUCK. PLEASE FUCK. OTIS GOD PLEEEAASE,” Sarah’s pussy clenched around Otis’ cock, holding him in a vise grip as she finally came. Her eyes clenched tight, but she still saw colorful stars behind her eyelids. Her body shuddered as the orgasm ripped through her, rising like a tidal wave and crashing down, igniting all the nerves in her body at once.

Otis couldn’t move his cock. Sarah was gripping him too tightly. All he could do was hold on and wait for her to finish cumming on his shaft. He held her pinned against the window as every muscle in Sarah’s body suddenly slackened, and she let out a breath she’d been holding.

Sarah moved her head and felt her sweat streak across the window. She hadn’t realized that she’d begun sweating. She looked back over her shoulder for the first time and saw the ugly face of Otis behind her. His twisted, unattractive features. She shouldn’t let a man like this within twenty feet of her, let alone inside of her. She knew this was wrong, but so what? She knew it would piss off Lester and signal she wasn’t his to control.

“Stop, one second,” Sarah gasped, still trying to catch her breath from the orgasm that just rocked through her body. Otis obliged, staying still as Sarah pushed forward, his cock slipping out of her. She moved away from the glass on weak knees, almost stumbling as she went over to where her laptop and cell phone were.

“I’m just going to call my husband real quick. I forgot, I’m supposed to tell him every time something happens,” Sarah said as she grabbed her phone and dialed Dan's number.

“Fuck that noise,” Otis scoffed as he marched over towards her, his menacing, crooked cock swaying back and forth as he did. Sarah held the phone up to her ear as it rang. Otis walked right up to her and snatched the phone out of her hand as she turned to face him. Sarah’s bubble butt pressed into the desk as she reached for her phone.

Otis held it out of her reach and pressed the speaker button as the phone said, “Hi, this is Dan Williams, I can’t get to the phone right now, but please leave your name and a message and I’ll get back to you promptly.”

“Hey Dan,” Otis chuckled as he set the phone down on the table. He turned his evil gaze back to Sarah. She saw the wicked intent in his eye as she placed her hands down on the meeting room table. Otis didn’t waste any time as he stepped up towards her, stroking his throbbing cock. He pushed himself between Sarah’s legs, and they just stood there facing each other. Otis kept stroking his cock and pressed the head against Sarah’s clit.

“Uhhmmmm,” Sarah softly moaned at the sensation. Otis just grinned before letting go of his cock and grabbing both of Sarah’s thighs and hoisting her onto the table. Her bubble butt plopped down on the wood surface and Otis stood between her legs with his cock at her entrance.

“Buddy, I was just fucking your wife and I’m about to slip ol’ junior into her again here,” Otis ran his cock up and down Sarah’s slit.

“I just wanted to let you know I’m being bad, Dan,” Sarah said, not taking her eyes off Otis. He grinned back at her. Otis pulled his cock down Sarah’s slit until he was lined up with her entrance. Just as he was about to push inside, Sarah put a hand on his weathered chest.

“Easy there, sailor,” She practically purred, as she ran her legs up and down the back of his calves. She leaned back on her elbows, staring up at the older man. She took in his body, with its pudgy stomach and greying hair. She didn’t find him attractive at all, but she still felt drawn to him. It was so unbelievably strange. In a professional setting, his behavior was creepy and problematic, yet here, in this room, it worked for her. Sarah licked her lips, “You need to ask my husband’s permission to fuck me. If he doesn’t say no, then you can have me.”

An annoyed look flashed across Otis’ face, but then it turned into a smirk. Otis ran his cock up and down Sarah’s slit, poking her entrance with his cock head. He leaned over to the phone and said, “Dan, if you don’t mind I’m gonna slip my cock into your pretty little wife here. Any objections?”

Sarah smiled as silence filled the room.

“Alrighty then,” Otis grabbed Sarah’s thighs and pulled her body down the table towards him, impaling his cock into her.

“Mhmmhmmhmmgod,” Sarah cried as Otis’ entire length slid into her, filling her. His cock went deep and the curved shaft pressed hard against her G-Spot at a new angle from this position.

“You’re so fucking wet,” Otis spat, his thin fingers running up Sarah’s back until he reached the clasp of her bra. He fumbled with it for a second but then managed to undo it. He didn’t waste any time as he pulled her bra clean off her shoulders, chucking it onto the floor. His eyes lit up like a Christmas tree as they devoured Sarah’s bare breasts.

Otis’ mouth was on them in seconds. His tongue licked all across Sarah’s exposed flesh. Over the tops of her breasts, between her tits, swirling around her nipples. Sarah’s back arched into his wet tongue, his attention to her breasts sending her body into overdrive. She bucked her hips off the table to meet his thrusts.

Sarah wrapped her legs around Otis’ ass, pulling him deeper inside of her. Otis continued slobbering on Sarah’s immaculate breasts, coating them in his saliva.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned, loving every second, feeling Otis’s hard cock pumping in and out of her. The way his mouth was devouring her breasts, one of his hands roughly massaging them. God, it felt so fucking good. Sarah threw her head back, one hand on the table, the other holding the back of Otis’ greasy hair.

Otis pulled Sarah back to the edge of the table, thrusting his cock right up past the edge of it into the horny wife. He was rutting into her like an animal, her legs tight around him, not willing to let him go.

“Oh fuck that feels so good,” Sarah moaned, “God don’t stop Otis.”

“I ain’t stopping until I’ve busted my nut inside you,” Otis said between lapping her breasts, “Until I fill you up properly.”

“Jesusss,” Sarah moaned at the thought. Letting someone like Otis finish inside of her. Of his cum being in her, filling her completely until it was dripping out. God, that was so fucked up.

Otis's hand gripped the small hairs on the back of Sarah's skull, and he pulled her head to the side. Pain flashed in Sarah's neck, quickly followed by intense pleasure as Otis ran his tongue up Sarah's breasts, to her collarbone, and then trailed up her neck until he bit her ear lobe.

"Mhmmmmohhhmhhh," Sarah whined. Otis turned her head again, this time so that she was facing him. Sarah dreamily opened her eyes and looked up at the older man. He clearly didn't have a skincare routine, as evidenced by the crow's feet next to his eyes and the generally stony, weathered nature of his skin. In that moment, however, Sarah didn't care. She grabbed the back of his head and pulled him to her.

His tongue parted her lips, and they kissed hard. She could taste the stale, cheap beer he'd had before coming here as her tongue swirled around his mouth. His chapped lips mashed against hers as they hungrily devoured each other.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned into the kiss as Otis' curved cock plowed into her over and over. Sarah's legs tightened around his hips as she held in place, desperate to keep him there inside of her. She squeezed his cock with her snug pussy walls, milking him as their tongues danced together.

His cock bent at the right angle to put additional pressure on her G-Spot, sending mini waves of pleasure coursing through her body with each thrust. She couldn't get over how good this older man's tool felt. She knew she was becoming addicted to cocks that weren't her husband's but she quickly pushed considering that idea to the back of her head.

Otis broke the kiss, and Sarah's eyes dreamily fluttered open, looking at the man with a sense of surprise and disappointment. She bit her lip as he took a deep breath and held her tight to him. Her naked breasts mashed against his chest as he renewed his effort and fucked her raw on the meeting room table.

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Lester leaned in to the door of the meeting room and heard the telltale sounds of Sarah being fucked behind the door. He sighed and balled one hand into an angry fist.

"My little slut. You just sealed your fate," Lester shook his head.

Even though this had been the plan for a long time, he still didn't enjoy that she'd gone behind his back with it. He'd set her up. He put all the variables in play to make this happen in his time at the hospital. But he was still disappointed that she had gone through with it.

Vernon had been his first test of whether he could push someone else onto Sarah. And Otis had been too good an opportunity to pass up.

Still, he wanted to go in there and punish her, but there would be enough grief coming her way soon. And all Lester had to do was subtly push people and situations together. Sarah's life was about to undergo a dramatic change. Lester had minimized his culpability and would enjoy exploiting what was about to happen to the promiscuous mother.

He adjusted his hardening cock. Just the idea of the next phase of his plan coming to fruition got him going. It wasn't the sounds of his beloved Sarah in the next room. No, he wasn't Dan. He detested this

part of his plan, but he needed to keep his hands clean so he could be the knight in shining armor with Sarah once again. Lester checked his watch.

He couldn't stay here and keep listening to Sarah's ongoing defilement. He needed to make himself scarce. Time to go back downstairs and send Sarah a message to strengthen his alibi.

Lester shook his head as Sarah cried out and he plodded away from the meeting room towards the staircase. No reason to chance getting caught on this floor by taking an elevator.

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"You've reached the maximum time allowed for this message. Goodbye."

The words barely registered in Sarah's head as Otis' fucked her relentlessly on the meeting room table.

"God. Mhmmhmmm. I'm gonna cum again. Don't stop," Sarah whined in Otis' ear. He turned his head and kissed her deeply. Their lips clashed together, their tongues entwined with one another as their saliva mixed together. Both of them moaned into each other's mouths.

"I told you, I'm not stopping until I bust inside you," Otis grunted.

"Say it again," Sarah whined.

"I'm not stopping until I fill you up. Until I fill Dan's wife up with my spunk," Otis said.

"Holyfuck," Sarah squeezed him harder as she held him in an unyielding grip with her pussy and her tight body, "God you're so fucking disgusting."

"You're gonna take my disgusting cum inside of you. I'm going to explode in you and fill you."

"Ohmygod! Please don't stop. Mhmmhmm It's so fucked," Sarah whined, her nails digging into Otis' shoulders.

"I'm going to pump you full of my swimmers and make you a mommy again," Otis grunted as sweat dripped off his forehead onto Sarah's breasts.

"Ohgod.Ohfuck. Ohfuck. Oh fuck. Fuck. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck me! God! Otis! Jesus! Right fucking there! YES!" Sarah screamed as a pleasure bomb went off inside of her. It swept through her body, igniting everything and dousing it in a fiery ball of lust and pleasure. Sarah came had at Otis's fucked up words, her body loved it. She felt like she had injected heroin straight into her brain as her body almost convulsed around Otis. Her pussy clenched down on him hard, holding him in place but Otis thrust right through it, continuing to fuck her as she came energetically. Her body revelled in the sensation of his cock still pounding into her, extending and prolonging her orgasm as it continued to tear through her trembling body.

Otis flexed his cock inside of her and she felt some of his pre-cum enter her. Her mind was still on fire from her orgasm but the flexing of his oddly shaped cock made her eyes roll back in her head.

As Sarah came down from the mountain that was her orgasm; her arms and legs hung limply onto Otis' frame. Otis slowed his thrusts and was breathing hard as he pumped into Sarah. Sarah blinked as her mind seemed to reset. She thought about Lester, about how all of this was supposed to punish him for being such a shithead.

"Stop," Sarah said, putting a hand on Otis' chest. He gave her an annoyed look, probably worried she was going to try to call someone else.

She flashed him her trademark, wicked smile, "I want to ride your cock."

A lazy, dumb smile spread onto Otis' face. Sarah unlocked her legs and pressed on his chest until his cock fell out with an audible pop. She pushed him back and stepped onto the ground in her bare feet.

"Sit down," Sarah said as she backed him up into one of the large rolling chairs around the table. Otis sat down, and Sarah leaned over and hit the wheel brake, locking the chair in place. She climbed up onto it and straddled his lap, reaching between her legs to grip his thick cock and guide it towards her entrance.

Otis' hands ran up the back of Sarah's thighs, grazing her skin as she slowly lowered herself down onto the older man.

"Uhhhmhmmhmmmmhmmmm," Sarah groaned as she slowly fed Otis' length into herself. Sarah took a sharp intake of breath as she fully lowered herself down onto his cock. It jutted up so far inside of her, making her feel like her insides were being rearranged. The beautiful way it oddly bent touched the perfect spot inside of her.

"Whhooooo," Sarah breathed out softly as she adjusted herself to the feeling of Otis' cock at this angle. She licked her lips and put her hands on the back of the chair for leverage. The older janitor's hands came up and roughly grabbed a handful of each of her ass cheeks.

"Ride me the way you did when you made those kids of yours," Otis chuckled. Sarah looked down at his ugly face and that ugly smile plastered on it. The words were gross and this man was grosser but Sarah's pussy instinctively clenched around his thrusting cock. "Oh, you liked that, huh?" Otis chuckled again.

"Shut," Sarah whispered as she raised herself off Otis. Then she slammed herself back down onto his cock. "The," Sarah raised herself off him, his hands glued to her ass. "Fuck," Sarah slammed down again. The chair's piston squealed in protest under their combined weight and motion. "Up," Sarah said through gritted teeth and she began fucking Otis in earnest. She smoothly rode his cock up and down. She rolled her hips back and forth as she took his entire cock for herself.

Otis' hands stayed glued to her ass cheeks as Sarah rode him. Her perfect bubble butt jiggled in his hands as he kneaded her soft flesh.

"This ain't how a mom is supposed to behave, is it? All cock crazy?" Otis held onto Sarah, not willing to let her go as he looked up at her beautiful face, contorted in pleasure.

"Moms need cock too," Sarah slowed her pace, squeezing her pussy lips tightly and looking down at the ugly man's face.

“You’re different from the other ones. You know what you’re doing,” Otis said.

“I do. And I know what I want and I take it,” Sarah ran her hands down the back of the chair onto Otis’ shoulders. “And do you know what I want right now?”

“What?” Otis said, biting his lower lip as his hips pushed up off the chair to meet Sarah slamming herself down onto him. The chair banged into the table behind it. The plastic wheel creaked against its manual brake.

“Uh, mhmhm, uh. I want...uh, uh, uh,” Sarah panted. Sweat trickled down her back into her ass crack. “I want your cock to make me cream all over it again. I want another mind-blowing orgasm. I want to fuck you until I forget my own name.”

“Fucking hell,” Otis grunted as his fingers dug into Sarah’s ass cheeks and he pulled her down onto his cock, “I can do that.”

“No,” Sarah gave him a wicked smile, “It’s my turn now. I’m going to do it.”

Sarah slammed herself down hard onto Otis’ thighs, making him wince. Then she rose and slammed down again. She was sure she was going to bruise him, but she didn’t care. His cock felt amazing in her as she dropped herself down onto it. The odd bend put pressure on her G-spot each time she dropped down. Each time it sent a jolt of pleasure right from her pussy to her brain. Her pussy tightened around Otis’ cock, gripping him, feeling every inch, every vein, every strange bend of his cock in exactly the right place.

“Fuck,” Otis grunted and tightened his grip on Sarah’s ass, “What if your kids saw their mom in action like this, what would you do?”

Sarah stared daggers into Otis’ eyes. She wanted to keep these parts of her life separate. That was the whole point of her frustration: the melding of her personal and secret life. This was why she was taking her frustration out on this man so far, far beneath her, “I’d tell them sometimes mommy has a craving and just can’t help herself. Now shut the fuck up.”

“I love how filthy your mouth is,” Otis grunted, thrusting his cock up into Sarah.

“Is that why you became a janitor? Because you love the filth?” Sarah teased.

“This just pays the bills. I just fucking love seeing a hot prim and proper bitch like you learn how to be a filthy slut.” Otis grinned.

Sarah licked her lips and bent down and whispered in Otis’ ear, “I’ve always been a filthy slut. You just never knew it until I wanted you to.”

“Ffuck me,” Otis groaned, “That’s sexy as all hell.”

Sarah just leaned back from him and smirked. She pulled her biceps slightly together, pushing her breasts together, “I know.”

Sarah dug her nails into Otis's shoulders as she rose up and then slammed down hard onto his thighs. The chair squealed again. Sarah closed her eyes and focused on the feeling of his cock, rising into her. The way it hit the inside wall of her pussy. Sarah licked her lips as his veiny cock ran up against her G-Spot. Sarah threw her head back and let herself get lost in the feeling. Let herself go completely as she rode the filthy cretin underneath her.

Just like she let herself get lost in the movie theatre. Riding Lester. Performing for those men. Jerking two of them off. Touching her first black man. Taking him into her mouth. Being on display like that. For an audience. She craved those eyes on her. Watching her. Judging her. Wanting her.

Sarah licked her lips and breathed hard as she rode Otis. As much as that night had caused her so much heartache, she couldn't help but love going back to it, reliving it. Wanting to be back there in that incredibly degrading moment.

"God," Sarah moaned as she rode him. His cock thrusting into her as she slammed down on it. She could just imagine her audience standing around her. Watching her. Stroking themselves to her. Sarah opened her eyes and stared into Otis' pale eyes. The desperate need she saw in them. The way his soul stared back at her. She was the only thing that could satisfy that lust deep within him. She felt her pussy throb at the way he was looking at her. She craved that look.

Sarah bit her lip and let out a long, heavy breath. If she kept this pace, she knew it wouldn't be long before she exploded again. Otis' thrusts were getting more desperate. More urgent. She knew he wasn't going to last much longer. Her janitor was going to have his own messy explosion, and she needed it to happen.

Sarah rolled her hips on Otis' cock more urgently. They both knew where things were headed.

"Fuck babydoll," Otis gritted his teeth, "I'm about to blow. Gonna fill you up real good."

"Promise?" Sarah said, not breaking eye contact with him.

"I'm not gonna let you get off me," Otis stared at her, "I'm going to fill you."

"I wasn't going to get off," Sarah leaned towards him, "I want it. I want all of it. I want it in me. I want to feel you go off inside of me. I want that warmth to fill me. Fuck I need it. Give it to me, Otis. Fill me. Fucking fill me with your cum, asshole."

"Jesus Christ," Otis groaned as his balls tightened, "I want to put a baby in you so bad."

Sarah leaned back, digging her nails into his shoulder, pushing him into the back of the chair. Holding him there while she rode his cock. Not intending to let him up or let him change anything. She was about to cum on this cock and there wasn't anything he could do about it. Even if he wanted to stop now, she wasn't going to let him.

"I'm not getting off your cock," Sarah moaned. "Fuck. Fuck. Uhh. Mhmm. Give it to me then. Take your best shot, Otis. Try and knock me up. See if you're man enough to do it."

"FUCK," Otis cried as his thrusts started to become erratic.

Sarah knew he was going to cum in her soon. She started slamming herself down onto his now bruised thighs as she fucked him with complete abandon. The chair hit the table over and over, making a rhythmic thudding sound. The chair's piston squealed in desperation, begging to be heard.

"Do it," Sarah said, "DO IT. CUM FOR ME. CUM IN ME. FILL ME OTIS. FUCKING GIVE IT TO ME."

"Argghhhh," Otis growled as he pumped his cock into her, surprisingly pushing himself up off the chair with a strength Sarah didn't know he possessed. Sarah slammed herself down on him, sending Otis back down onto the chair. "GONNA FUCKING FILL YOU UP," Otis shouted.

"DO IT. CUM FOR ME," Sarah heard herself screaming, "I NEED IT. CUM FOR ME."

Sarah felt Otis' cock twitch inside of her. The veins running up and down its shaft throbbed. Sarah's breathing quickened, and she felt her face go flush. Their bodies were slick with sweat as they fucked each other to orgasm.

"UH, UH, UH FUCK GIVE IT TO ME," Sarah screamed as a hot rope of cum erupted like a geyser from Otis' cock shooting straight up and plastering Sarah's insides. Her pussy clamped down tightly around his erupting cock. Sarah's whole body tensed. Her eyelids fluttered as her eyes rolled back in her head as his warm cum triggered the massive orgasm that had been building inside of her.

"OHFFFFFFFUUUUU," Sarah wailed as she slammed down onto Otis' erupting cock and held him still inside of her. Colors flashed past her eyes that she couldn't comprehend. Her entire body went up a degree as a consuming warmth enveloped her, spreading out from her pussy, extending to all of her extremities making Sarah hyper aware of every little inch of her body.

"GODDD," Sarah continued as she threw her head back, her blonde hair flailing around her. Every part of her, from her toes to her chest, felt immediately hypersensitive, as if she had reached a new level of awareness of her own body. Her toes curled, and drops of sweat beaded down her breasts. She could feel every part of Otis's cock inside of her as it continued to spurt out hot cum, blasting into Sarah. Showering her insides with his hot, sticky baby-making batter.

Sarah collapsed onto Otis as the last vestiges of her orgasm ran through her body. Her breasts mashed into his face as she buried her head into the top of the leather chair. Both of them were breathing hard, still connected by Otis' cock.

Sarah knew the second she got off of him a deluge of cum would pour out of her. Their wet, sweaty bodies panted, each trying to catch their breath. Their skin was still melded together. Sarah knew she would need to get off soon, but that could wait. She just needed to wait and catch her breath. All she needed was a second to compose herself.

Reality didn't give her that second. Sarah's blood ran cold as she heard the door to the room open.

In that moment, Sarah didn't know what to do, but instinctively she peeked around Otis over the back of the chair towards the door. Standing there with a surprised and mortified expression on her face was Mary from HR, flanked by a few other new hires that Sarah didn't recognize.

Otis had heard the door open and, knowing his fun was nearly over, shoved himself up into Sarah William's cum filled pussy one last time. His irregular cock pressed up against her g-spot and then pushed past it, angled into an area that hadn't been prodded in quite this way before. Sarah felt as if time had slowed down, she could hear her heartbeat in her hands. A surprise final explosion racked her body.

Mary and Sarah locked eyes for a long moment that seemed to stretch on for eternity. The assistant to her left ran from the room, her hand covering her mouth. The other one looked on in awe, still not accepting the vision before her own eyes. Mary's shocked expression morphed into a self-satisfied smirk that made Sarah's heart drop in her chest. This evil woman knew that she had finally beaten Sarah and held her fate in her hands.

Otis' cock twitched inside of her, spurting its last bit of cum into her. All Sarah could do was sit there and try not to react to the hot, sticky substance flooding into her as a group of her coworkers looked on.

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"What?" Dan said, leaning forward in the back seat.

"Did you have a good trip?" The Uber driver shouted back. The packed street around them was filled with honking cars, making it difficult to hear anything. The driver's religious sermons playing on YouTube on his phone mounted to the windshield didn't help matters.

"Yeah, it was okay," Dan said as he gave a thumbs up, the driver could see in his rearview mirror. Dan slunk back in his seat, hoping for no more small talk with the guy. He just wanted to get to the airport and leave Washington. He'd stayed an extra day longer than he'd intended and desperately wanted to get back home.

He had been giving Sarah space, but he assumed she was still worked up over what had happened. He didn't blame her; things had gotten way out of hand, and her parents had found some things out. He knew he'd have to deal with the fallout of that eventually. He'd have to face her parents, and hopefully by then they'd have come up with a good excuse together.

He just hoped that Sarah wasn't spiralling too much and that once he saw her in person, he could at least help ground her a bit.

Dan sat there in the gridlocked traffic, trying to act on as many work emails as he could. Most of his inbox was full of stuff from Sentinel Securities, but there were a few junk mail-type emails he had to sort through.

He deleted one and immediately went into the trash folder looking for it. It hadn't registered with him at first until his brain had a second to process the subject line. He quickly located the deleted email and opened it.

Huh. I didn't expect this today.

It was an email from a service he had submitted a request to months ago. One of those online private detective sites. It had cost him a couple of hundred bucks, which was tight back then. He wished he still

had that money now, given how things had gone down at his last job. He'd already promised Sarah he'd stop looking into Lester, so the service was a bit of a waste of money.

The email wasn't long, and it didn't contain a lot of information. The only thing that piqued Dan's interest was one line with the current address for Lizzie, Lester's supposed ex-girlfriend. She lived on the other side of Chicago. What he would do with this information, Dan wasn't sure.

A notification popped up on his screen about a new voicemail. He hadn't even seen a call come in. What the hell? He dialled into his voicemail inbox and held the phone up to his ear to listen to it. He could just hear a voice but couldn't quite make it out over the sounds of the street outside and the YouTube sermons in the front of the Uber.

Dan put it on speaker, just as the preacher on the video paused to take a sip of water.

"Oh fuck that feels so good." It was Sarah's voice. "God, don't stop Otis."

Dan locked eyes with the Uber driver, and it got really awkward in the small space of the car.

"I ain't stopping until I've busted my nut inside you," a male voice said. Dan didn't recognize it. He knew it wasn't Lester. Otis? The janitor? What the fuck was going on?

"Until I fill you up properly," the male voice continued.

Dan fumbled with his phone and hung up the call. The Uber driver broke eye contact and just shook his head, "Sir, not in my car with that stuff, please, okay? Wait until you get out."

"Uhhh yeah," Dan felt his face grow red, "Sorry. I didn't mean for that to happen."

Dan knew that his 4.8-star Uber rating was about to take a dive.