

Toxic Attraction 31 (Alternate Universe)

Hi everyone, this is Writerinabox. I have been following the crazy journey of Dan and Sarah like all of you and admire Don Silver's work. I just got a crazy idea after reading chapter 30. Just want to let you guys know, I do not intend to write any further chapters; this just seemed like a fun plotline to explore, and all of you might enjoy it. I might not get permission to publish this anywhere else. So, I'm only posting this here. Feel free to share it with anyone or anywhere you think might enjoy reading it. Please do share your thoughts and comments below. Would love to hear your feedback. ([writerinabox72@gmail.com](mailto:writerinabox72@gmail.com)) I wrote an alternate universe plot for Neighbour Chronicles. Do check it out. I have pasted the link below.

<https://www.literotica.com/s/neighborly-chronicles-au-pt-11>

I apologize for the spelling, etc., as I do not have a proofreader. I don't want to give you any spoilers, but I know there is a glitch in the timeline, but it's just fiction, and I hope you enjoy this crazy AU chapter as much as I did. Cheers.

The story picks up after Lester, Sarah, and her parents get back from dinner.

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There was an awkward silence in the car as they drove back to the apartment.

Sarah was annoyed with Lester for his behavior at the restaurant. The balls on this asshole to finger her right there under the table, in front of her parents. His arrogance that he could get away with anything pissed Sarah off. Sarah knew the moment her parents left for Middleton, Lester would try something tonight. She wanted to put some space between her and Lester. So I didn't think twice before saying, "Dad, you guys should stay over for the night. It's already late, and I wouldn't want you two driving to Middleton so late."

"Baby, you know I have to leave for a conference tomorrow evening," James said.

"Ok," Sarah said with a sigh. She just had to think of another way to keep Lester away for the night. Maybe she could just lock herself in Dan's room, and Lester wouldn't bother her.

Renee looked at her daughter's face and knew something was bothering her. She placed a hand over James's shoulder and squeezed, saying, "Darling, if we start by tomorrow morning. We can still make it back for you to catch your flight."

After all their years together, James knew when he needed to listen to his wife. Most days her instinct as a mother was always right. The tone of her voice was soft, and the squeeze on his shoulder may have been gentle, but he knew Renee had already decided they were staying over for the night. He looked in the rearview mirror and noticed Sarah's face. Those sweet eyes tugged at his heart, and James knew he couldn't deny his little girl. The loud burp from Lester in the passenger seat reminded him of Dan's ogre-like roommate. James didn't like the idea of his Sarah spending the night alone in the apartment with Lester. So he said, "Sure, honey," which brought a smile to Sarah's face.

All three of them smiled and exchanged warm and loving looks while no one noticed Lester's annoyed sneer.

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The rest of the way back to the apartment, Lester was thinking of ways to put Sarah back in her place. Lester had planned to take Sarah again tonight, but she had invited her parents to stay over to piss him off. He needed to show Sarah who was in charge. He needed to show his slut that these little stunts couldn't stop him from getting what he wanted. So Lester began brewing up another plan to put Sarah in her place. His lips twitched with an evil grin as he came up with a wicked plan for tonight.

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As they headed upstairs to the apartment, Sarah was first, followed by her mother, and just before James could get out of the elevator. Lester squeezed past him to his annoyance. Lester's eyes hungrily roamed over Renee's fit body. He licked his lips as his eyes landed on her shapely ass.

Lester guessed Sarah's mom must be in her early 50s, but she could easily pass for someone in her 40s. The slight sag of her breasts and the wrinkles near her eyes showed her age, but it added to her appeal. He had never been with someone as old as Renee, but the taboo thought of seducing Sarah's mother made his cock twitch. He wondered what it would take to seduce Sarah's mother, what turned her on, and how wild she was in bed. Lester couldn't believe this hot piece of ass was a grandmother. Lester licked his lips as he followed them into the apartment. His train of thought was broken when he heard James clear his throat behind him.

As they entered the apartment, Lester immediately said in a cheerful voice.

"How about we end the night with one last round of drinks?" Lester said.

Sarah should have guessed Lester was up to something, but she was too tired to argue, and after the day she had had under her parents' scrutiny, she really could use a drink. And so she said, "Sure, why not."

James was not convinced of Lester and said, "I don't know, Lester. We do have a long drive back home tomorrow."

"Oh, come on, Mr. James. Your wife was kind enough to invite me to dinner with all of you. I am only offering you a drink," Lester said.

"What do you say, Rene? Are you up for a glass of wine?" Lester asked. Knowing if he could convince the wife, James wouldn't say no. And Reeni seemed like someone who was too polite to say no.

"Sure, why not? Just a glass of wine to unwind the day sounds good," Rene said with a smile as she rubbed her husband's arm.

"I'll even bring out good stuff," Lester said with a grin.

"Alright, just a drink," James reluctantly agreed.

"That's great," Lester said. "How about you all change into something more comfortable, and I will get things ready."

Lester got to his room and went for his dresser. He pulled it open and moved things around. He knew he had it somewhere here. His lips turned up in a wicked smile as he found what he was looking for. Next he headed to his computer, and with a few clicks, he found what he was looking for. Tonight was going to be interesting, Lester thought to himself as his face lit up with a wicked grin.

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Ten minutes later, all four of them were seated in the living room with their drinks. Sarah's parents were seated on the couch, while Lester and Sarah were seated on two single seaters on either side of the couch. James had wanted to put as much distance between Lester and his wife and daughter as possible, so he had seated himself closer to Lester. This only gave Lester a nice view of Sarah and her mother sitting close to each other. Lester's lecherous gaze roamed over Sarah and her mother, comparing their curvy forms side-by-side. If only Sarah's parents had known how many times he had fucked their daughter in the exact same spot they were sitting. She may have even stained the couch a little with her juices by the way he had made her cum on his cock, screaming his name. Lester grinned at that perverse thought.

Sarah had no clue what the four of them were going to talk about, but she just decided to focus on her wine. She was also surprised Lester had such expensive wine and a decade-old single malt, which pleased her father.

Just when the silence was beginning to get awkward, Lester said, "So did you watch the game last week, Mr. James?"

Sarah was surprised. In all the months she had known Lester, she had never seen Lester watch the game or discuss it. Ten minutes later, both the men were in deep discussion of how their teams were going to fare the next season. Dan was more of a movie buff and never really into sports. So that was one area; Sarah's father could not get over Dan, but Lester and her dad seemed to be hitting it off pretty well, and they were already in their second round of alcohol.

"Oh come on, Mr. James. We are having such a good time. Let me refill that glass of wine for you as well, Rene. One last round before we call it a night," Lester said.

"Sure, why not," James said; he knew he was feeling the buzz, but it had been a while since he had had someone to talk about the game.

Before Rene could protest, Lester got up and plodded over to the kitchen. He looked over his shoulder to see all three of them in deep conversation. He grinned inwardly as he refilled the drinks; it is amazing how much one can learn about someone on the internet with a few clicks. Now for the second part of his plan, he reached into his pocket for the sleeping pills and grinned as he popped a pill, one in each of James and Rene's drinks. Lester had already planned on fucking Sarah tonight one way or another. Sarah must have thought by asking them to stay over, he would not try anything with her tonight. But the thought of fucking Sarah with her parents so close only made Lester's cock hard; he didn't want her parents to interrupt them or get into a fistfight with James. For a man his age, the old bastard still did seem to be in good shape. So, Lester wanted them close by but not really awake to see their daughter getting defiled. But Sarah wouldn't know about the sleeping pill, and Lester wondered how far he could push her tonight.

Lester placed both their drinks in front of them and wondered what Dan might think of him winning over his father-in-law. He grinned and said, "I would like to thank you, James and Rene for such wonderful company. I have very few friends and would like a picture with you, good folks. If that's ok?"

"Sure," Rene said.

Sarah was skeptical about Lester. She knew he was up to something but decided to go along with it for now. "Here, use my phone. I'll share it with you later," Sarah said. She didn't like the idea of Lester having a picture of her parents in his phone. She gave him a stern look as if saying, Don't try anything funny with my parents around, and handed over her phone to Lester.

Lester gave her an almost innocent smile and took it.

James was in the center, with Sarah on one side and Rene on the other. He saw Sarah glare and stood beside Rene. He stood close by and placed one hand on her shoulder as he clicked a selfie of all of them together. Just the feel of her silk sleep shirt and the hint of her perfume made his cock twitch. He pretended to see if the

picture had come out well and discreetly sent the photo to Dan with the caption. 'Just having a good time with the in-laws, buddy.'

Sarah had moved to the kitchen to get a glass of water. Her body stiffened as she felt the eyes of Lester on her back. Just as she was about to turn around and warn Lester of trying anything stupid tonight, she felt his huge hands on her hips, holding her in place as his body pressed against her from behind. Sarah prayed her parents didn't look in their direction. Sarah felt his breath on her neck as Lester leaned closer and whispered in her ear.

"Make sure your parents sleep in the bedroom, and tell them you will take the couch in the living room."

Sarah moved away from his grip and turned with defiance in her eyes as if questioning, 'What if I don't?'

Lester just gave a smirk and said, "Unless you want your dad to see me naked strolling around the apartment."

"Lester," Sarah hissed, trying to be as quiet as possible and warn Lester to back down since her parents were around. But Lester had placed her phone on the counter beside her and already turned, heading back to the living room.

Sarah immediately found the message he had sent to Dan. "Asshole," Sarah muttered under her breath as she quickly messaged Dan back, saying, 'Sorry, that was Lester.'

When Lester got to the couch, the sight of the two empty glasses brought a wide grin to his face. His plan was working, and it was going to be so much fun making Sarah lose control.

Sarah thought for a moment and questioned if Lester would really do what he said or if it was just an empty threat. But she knew Lester was capable of anything. She knew that would bring up a whole new line of questioning about Lester's behavior from her dad, and Sarah did not have the energy for it tonight. This would just give her father another reason to question Dan and her choice of the living arrangement and career choices.

So when her dad suggested he would take the pullout cot in the living room, Sarah convinced him otherwise. Her father would usually put up a fight, but maybe it was the alcohol, or maybe he was just tired. But to Sarah's relief, her dad didn't argue. Soon everyone said their goodnights, and Sarah's parents retired for the night in Dan's bedroom while she settled herself on the rather uncomfortable couch.

Sarah's phone lit up with a notification of an incoming message. She smiled when she saw the message was from Dan.

Dan: 'I figured. How was your day?'

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Sarah: "I was just on the edge with all the questions from my parents. Hope you had a productive day. Missed you."

Dan: "Things went well here. Can't wait to tell you about it. Keeping my fingers crossed."

Just then a notification on Sarah's screen from her social media popped up. It was a picture of Dan being tagged in a photo. It was a picture of Dan with a couple of people Sarah assumed were his new contacts at Sentinel Securities. It was mostly a bunch of guys, except for one busty blonde who seemed to be sitting a little too close and leaning towards Dan. She was wearing a blouse with a couple of buttons undone that showed off a little too much cleavage for what would have been appropriate in a workplace. Sarah's hackles rose as she clicked on her. It said her name was Tricia. Sarah knew she was being a hypocrite with everything she had been doing with Lester, but she still felt territorial of her husband.

Sarah: "Where are you?"

Dan: "Still at their office, we were going over some last-minute revisions. Will head back to the room soon."

Sarah: "So who's the blonde?"

Dan saw the message on his screen and was confused at first. He then saw the notification that he was tagged in a photo on social media. Dan saw the picture and smiled. He loved moments like these when Sarah was possessive of him. It made him feel special and wanted despite everything else that was happening. Dan's heart warmed, and he hit the call button, and Sarah picked up on the first ring.

"Someone's jealous," Dan said in a teasing tone.

"Just curious, is all," Sarah replied.

"Oh really?" Dan said with a chuckle. He didn't want to reveal Tricia's suggestive comments, knowing it would annoy Sarah and raise more questions.

"Well, she better not try anything with my man," Sarah replied.

Dan smiled. Just the simple words "my man" warmed his heart. With everything going on with Lester, it was moments like these that assured him how much Sarah loved her and nothing or no one could come between them.

Just then, Sarah let out a gasp as she heard the floorboards creak. She turned in the direction to see the silhouette of the ogre-like man that her body had become too familiar with. What the hell was he doing out here? Her parents were right there, and Lester better not try anything stupid. Sarah had to take control of the situation. So she said, "Honey, I need to go," in a rush as she ended the call.

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Dan looked at his phone with unease, knowing the only thing, or the only person, that could distract his wife at this time. His own attention was briefly caught by the heels dangling off Tricia's feet. His eyes traced higher up Tricia's stocking-clad feet, and then he looked up. He saw Tricia looking at him with a coy smile. Dan quickly averted his gaze, knowing he had been caught. Just then another colleague of Tricia asked, "Shall we call it a night?"

Dan had been working with Tricia's team late to complete the final presentation to a potential investor. Dan knew this active involvement would definitely be appreciated by the Sentinel team. Dan had nowhere to be in Washington and had readily agreed to help them. They had been working in the conference room and ordered pizzas for dinner. Despite all the teasing glimpses of her cleavage and innuendos, Tricia was quite smart and contributed a lot to the project.

Just then a notification alert chimed on Dan's phone, illuminating his screen. Out of instinct, both Dan and Tricia looked at the phone. The wallpaper was of Sarah and the girls when they had gone out to the park a couple of days ago. Dan saw it was a message from Sarah and opened it to find an image attached. His face turned into a frown.

"Yeah, sure. See you guys tomorrow," Dan said distractedly as he got up and left for the small office that he had been working out of all day. It wasn't a huge space, just enough for a desk and storage cabinet, but the Sentinel team had been kind enough to provide him a space to work in. Dan figured it must have been used by lower executives or for taking client calls, but it was more comfortable than sitting in the hotel room alone. It was also a little secluded from the main hustle of the office, so he was able to work in peace. Dan sat down with a sigh as he remembered last night and leaving Sarah alone with Lester this morning. He really needed this project to go through. He was feeling positive with all the feedback, but he knew in the corporate world nothing is for sure unless contracts are signed. Dan just had to send out a couple of last-minute emails before he could get back to the hotel and end the day with a cold beer.

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Just as Lester moved closer, Sarah gasped as she realized that he was completely naked. His huge meaty cock was semi-erect and swinging as he walked towards her. Sarah stared at his flabby body and his unkempt hair and knew she must be repulsed by such a man, but instead her body was starting to heat up in anticipation.

A sudden ping of her phone brought her out of her trance. She looked down at her phone screen, which displayed a message from Dan.

Dan: Is everything alright?

Dan's message brought Sarah back to her senses. Sarah's ears perked up, and the soft snoring coming from Dan's room confirmed their parents were sound asleep, but still it reminded her of how close they were. Sarah also knew how quickly things could get out of hand with Lester, and she had to put a stop to it.

"Lester, stop." She said in a hush tone, not wanting to wake up her parents. She knew she could not explain why Dan's roommate was standing naked next to her in the middle of the night if her parents ever caught them. "We can't do this, please. My parents are right there. My mom will be furious if she catches us and my dad..."

By now, Lester had moved within reaching distance of Sarah. He placed a fat finger on her lips and shushed her. "It's okay, Sarah. I just came out to get a glass of water," Lester said in a calm voice.

Sarah knew she shouldn't believe him, but as Lester placed his hands on her shoulder and squeezed gently, her shoulders slowly began to relax.

"It's okay, baby girl. Relax and take a deep breath," Lester said as his fingers pressed into Sarah's shoulder blade with the right amount of pressure.

Sarah's lips parted as she let out a soft sigh and closed her eyes. For a moment, she really believed Lester's words, although deep down she knew Lester always had a sinister motive. The day had been stressful, with her parents finding out about Dan's work and Lester accompanying them to dinner. She just wanted to relax.

"Take a deep breath," Lester said as he continued to massage Sarah's shoulders. Lester's lips quirked up in a wicked smile as he saw Sarah relax and let her guard down.

Sarah took a deep breath and could feel the tension leaving her body. She took in another deep breath, but this time, her body stiffened, feeling the presence of Lester

closer to her. When she took another deep breath, her nostrils were hit with the aroma of Lester's strong musky scent.

Sarah's eyes opened, and her vision was filled with Lester's thick member and his unruly pubic hair. When she tried pulling away, Lester's hands held her in place. Sarah placed her hands on Lester's thighs and tried pushing back, but Lester held her in place and pushed his crotch closer to her face. Sarah knew she had to stop, but her body had a mind of its own as she took more deep breaths. She was like a fish out of water, and Lester's addictive musk was like her oxygen.

One of Lester's hands was now holding Sarah's head, guiding her face into his crotch. He pressed Sarah's nose in his pubic hair while she took in the scent of his cock and sweaty balls.

Sarah couldn't stop herself from taking deep breaths. Her mind was going dizzy with lust. She could feel her nipples harden and the wetness grow between her thighs.

Lester held Sarah's face and guided it all over his crotch. Pushing her face deeper into his thick, unkempt pubic hair and stiffening cock. He loved the feel of her soft skin against her veiny shaft.

Sarah had never thought just the scent of a person could arouse her so much. It felt so primal as she took in the animalistic scent of Lester. Her body was heating up from the musk of this alpha male.

Lester's lips twitched in a wicked smirk as he could feel Sarah's resolve weaken. Her hands on his thighs were no longer pushing him away but holding onto them as if, if she let go, she might fall deeper down into the abyss of lust. Lester shifted his legs wider and guided the young mother's face to his sweaty ballsack.

The strong stench of Lester's skin hit Sarah's nostrils. His unruly pubic hair no longer bothered her as she pressed her face deeper into Lester's crotch and sniffed in his dirty musk. Sarah let out a low whimper as the last of her resistance broke down. She felt like an addict as she sniffed the potent load brewing in Lester's balls.

"That's it, baby girl. Take it all in," Lester said with an ugly grin. "Give me some tongue, sweetheart."

As if in a trance, she slipped her tongue out and wormed it through his thick mat of hair. She ran slow, deliberate licks along Lester's nut sack. Bathing every inch of his salty skin in her sweet saliva.

Lester held his thick cock by the base and lifted it so that Sarah could reach every crack and crevice.

Sarah's senses were overloaded with the sight, scent, and taste of Lester. Her tongue lapped beneath his ball sack and cleaned his taint thoroughly of the day's grime and sweat.

"God, you are such a good puppy," Lester praised her like a dog. He rested his meaty cock on Sarah's face. The angry purple head with its slit oozing precum rested on her forehead.

These demeaning words only seemed to encourage Sarah, as she doubled her efforts and lapped her wet tongue along his taint and side of his ball sack, thoroughly cleaning him with her saliva.

Once he was satisfied with her tongue, he pulled Sarah away from his crotch by her hair.

With one hand at the back of her head and the other gripping the base of his cock, Lester slowly began rubbing his bulbous cock head all over the young mother's face. His cock slit slowly oozing and smearing his thick viscous precum all over Sarah's soft skin. He used his blunt cockhead to rub the slime all over her face as if it was her favorite skincare product.

Lester looked down to see Sarah's eyes staring back at him in a ditzzy daze, but the way her nostrils flared, craving the scent of his precum, made his cock twitch. Lester slowly drew his cock all over Sarah's cheeks and forehead. He brought it down the center of her face and directly pressed his leaking cock slit right up against her nostrils.

And without having to instruct her, Sarah took in a deep whiff as if snorting her favorite drug. Her eyes rolled back as her mind was swirling with lust.

"That's my slut. Fucking snort in my scent," Lester said, squeezing the base of his cock like it was a tube of toothpaste as more of the precum oozed into Sarah's nostril. Sarah snorted in the thick leaking precum.

Sarah's T-shirt and bra were pulled over her breast as one of her hands was pinching and tweaking her nipples while the other was in her shorts rubbing her aching pussy.

Lester drew his cock across Sarah's lips, smearing a dollop of precum. Sarah's tongue hungrily darted out to lick it off her lips. Once her tongue cleaned the viscous liquid off her lips, Lester smeared another dollop, and Sarah's tongue repeated the motion to taste more of Lester's cock slime.

"That's it, baby girl. Everything is going to be alright. Daddy's here," Lester said with a smirk as Sarah's tongue reached out for more.

Lester pulled his cock back and squeezed the base of his shaft, causing a thick dollop of precum to ooze out of his slit.

Sarah watched as if hypnotized as the drop slowly began to grow heavy and hung low on Lester's cockhead. She opened her mouth, reaching out with her tongue, and looked at Lester with pleading eyes, begging him to feed her his illicit cock.

"That's my good girl," Lester said as he let the lone drop of precum drip onto Sarah's tongue, causing her to let out a low moan. Sarah's tongue reached out again and this time swiped across Lester's cock slit, searching for more of the lustful elixir.

Lester grunted and moved forward. He slowly ran his fingers through her hair.

Sarah took Lester's purple head in her mouth and slowly began suckling on it, like it was her pacifier. The giant bulbous head really had a calming effect on her. His cheeks bulged with the fat cockhead in her mouth. She swirled her tongue, licking on the fat cockhead, swiping across the slit, eager for more of Lester's fresh cock concoction. Her fingers eagerly rubbed her swollen pussy for relief, but her shorts felt constricting. She slipped out of her shorts and tried pulling her panties down; they were midway on one of her thighs when Lester lost patience.

Lester began slowly moving his hips, pushing his cock deeper into Sarah's mouth with every thrust. He gripped her ponytail in one hand, using it to hold her head in place as she began to face-fuck the young wife. Soon the room was filled with the wet gluck, gluck, gluck sounds as Lester pushed his cock deeper down Sarah's throat.

Sarah held on to Lester's thighs, giving in to her lust as the fat, ogre-like man took control. Her pussy was dripping down her thighs from the rough manhandling. She looked up into the beady eyes of Lester, and at that moment she just wanted him to take control.

Suddenly the ringtone of her phone interrupted their eye contact. This annoyed Lester as Sarah got distracted and looked at the phone on the coffee table.

Dan was video calling to check on Sarah, worried after she had not texted him back.

Sarah tried pulling back from Sarah's cock to turn down the volume of silence on her phone.

But Lester was having none of it. He held her head in place and stuffed his cock deeper into her mouth. He leaned and picked up the phone. Lester thought of just cutting the call and making Dan stew in angst, but then he remembered last night. Although he was annoyed at first at Sarah's suggestion of a threesome, yesterday had been a pleasant surprise. The way he put Dan in his place in front of his wife made his cock hard. The way Dan's pathetic cock shrunk in his presence not only

made him feel so powerful but also made Dan look so weak. He had enjoyed the rush of seeing Dan in shame desperately tugging on his cock to get him hard while he fucked his wife's pussy right in front of him. Maybe he could have some more fun today taunting the poor bastard. He answered the call with a wicked grin.

Dan was surprised to see Lester's ugly face fill the screen. He was grunting, and his swine-like face was covered in a sheen of sweat.

"Hey Danny boy, sorry buddy, your wife's mouth is a little busy right now," Lester said with a chuckle as he pointed his screen towards his cock. "Say hello to your hubby, slut," Lester said in a mocking tone, not letting go of Sarah's hair as he stabbed his cock in her mouth.

Sarah slapped Lester's thighs and pulled away coughing. Lester just chuckled as Sarah grabbed the phone from her hand. With the phone in one hand, her other hand just reached out for support and landed on Lester's cock and held on to it firmly in her grip. A string of saliva still connected Lester's cock and her swollen lips.

"Sarah, what's happening? Your parents are right there," Dan said in a hushed voice, not believing how reckless she was being.

"I'm sorry, baby. I just got carried away," Sarah said apologetically. "Lester just..." She was interrupted by Lester's cock stabbing at her lips and cheeks.

Lester grabbed a handful of her fleshy tits impatiently as Sarah's attention was no longer on her cock. He took one hard nipple between his thumb and forefinger, pinching and pulling on it hard, making Sarah whimper loudly in pain and pleasure.

"Sarah, honey. Please lower your voice. Your parents might hear you," Dan said, now praying Lester had gotten Sarah's parents drunk enough that they didn't wake up.

Lester chuckled at Dan's words and had an idea. "Oh, I agree with you, buddy. We need to shut your wife up before she wakes up your in-laws, and I know exactly how," Lester said with an ugly grin.

Lester grabbed the phone from Sarah's hands and set it on the coffee table. Lester made Sarah lie on her back on the couch, and then he grabbed her legs and pulled her up on the backrest. He repositioned her so that Sarah was now lying on the couch with her head hanging at the edge of the seat and her legs on the backrest. For a moment her eyes met Dan's as she saw her husband's upturned face on the phone screen. From his ragged breathing and wide eyes, Sarah knew he was turned on too. She had seen it in Dan's eyes each time he had watched her. Now her husband's eyes on her seemed to fuel the burning lust inside her. She just gave him a naughty smile and a wink.

Sarah quickly understood what Lester had in mind but didn't resist as she opened her mouth. Sarah complied, still hazy with lust.

Seeing Sarah's position, Dan knew exactly what was about to happen, but he was helpless to stop it.

Lester grinned at Sarah's obedience as he moved in front of Dan's wife. He bent his knees slightly to align his cock with Sarah's open mouth and looked back at Dan. Lester gave him a dirty grin as he moved his hips forward, stuffing his cock in the young mother's mouth pussy.

Sarah was caught off guard by how deep Lester's cock could reach in this position and tried pushing him off of her by his thighs.

Lester grunted and moved back until only his bulbous cockhead was lodged in Sarah's mouth. His hands were on Sarah's thighs, splaying her sopping pussy more open and firmly holding her in place.

Sarah managed to take a few gulps of air before Lester pushed his cock deep into her again. This time pushing it deeper into her throat.

Each time Lester pulled his cock out and pushed in again, he would bend his knees slightly and angle himself so that he could drive his cock deeper into Sarah's throat. While his lowered body was determined to stuff his meaty cock as much as possible into the beautiful woman, his beady eyes hungrily stared at her splayed open legs. The pink wet folds of her pussy on full display like a fully blossomed flower. The puffy and engorged pussy lips were like wet fleshy petals inviting him for a taste. Lester licked his lips like a starving troll and dove in hungrily, devouring Sarah's pussy like his last meal.

Dan watched in shock at how Lester was using the mother of his children. From his angle he could mostly just see Lester's hairy back and fat ass pushing into his wife. He could also see Lester's flabby hands holding the back of Sarah's knees and spreading her more wide open, and from the wet slurping sounds, he could only imagine how this troll-like creature was enjoying his wife's pussy to the fullest. What shocked Dan even more was seeing Sarah, a strong independent woman, let Lester treat her this way, like a fuck doll. How demeaning and degrading this position was, but still Sarah was willingly letting Lester do with her as he pleased. The only part of his sweet wife Dan could see clearly apart from her legs sticking out from either side of Lester's head was his beautiful wife's upturned face. Sarah's face was turning deep pink, and her eyes were bloodshot. Drool, precum, and sexual slime were running down her face, and Lester's huge balls, which hung low, were smashing into her nose and forehead.

The room was filled with sucking and slurping noises along with the gagging sounds of Sarah on Lester's fat cock.

Lester's cock throbbed, feeling the way Sarah's throat was constricting around it and milking him. He was all consumed by lust and the way Sarah's bright red clit glowed and twitched, taunting him like a target. On instinct, he gave a sharp spank landing right on the middle of her pussy, which made Sarah scream around his cock. Lester groaned, feeling the vibrations on his cock, but felt like he had crossed a line. He immediately pulled back and looked down to make sure Sarah was alright.

Even Dan was shocked by the stinging slap. Sarah's legs were trembling like she was electrocuted. He thought this was it; Sarah was never into pain. Dan had rarely spanked her hard, and his wife had never been too much into it. He was sure Sarah would slap the shitty smile on Lester's face and ask him to crawl back to his cave but was shocked by what happened next.

Sarah had been caught off guard by the stinging slap on her pussy. She was sure she would have woken not only her parents but also the neighbors if it hadn't been for Lester's cock stuffed in her mouth. But what surprised her was how the pussy spanking had not only sent shock waves of pain but also pleasure throughout her body. Every pleasure point in her body had come alive and buzzed with energy. It was as if her clit was directly connected to every nerve ending, and it was like having a mini orgasm that washed over her body. A dark, masochistic part of her was awakened from deep inside her. Her finger found her sensitive nipples and pinched them hard as if trying to recreate that sensation of pain and pleasure. Her body craved more of the same, and so with a lusty gaze that shifted from Dan to Lester. She spread her legs even wider and opened her mouth and wagged her tongue lewdly as if daring Lester.

Lester's ugly face lit up like a Christmas tree as he stared at Sarah and then at Dan. He couldn't believe how much of a slut this hot wife was. He gave Dan one last wicked grin before taking his position back in front of Sarah. This time he did not hold back. One of his hands went behind Sarah's head and bunched her hair, holding it like a handle while the other rubbed the wet flesh of her pussy. He drove his cock deep into her throat from the first thrust like it was a drooling cunt. Lester began to pick up the pace and fucked Sarah's face like a whore's cunt. He was leaning into the young mother, his whole flabby body on her. Both their bodies were sweaty and covered in sexual slime. Lester noticed the deeper he pushed his cock in Sarah's throat and when she gagged. Sarah clenched her stomach and pelvic muscles, causing her pussy to ooze more of her delicious juices. He hungrily licked, sucked, and nipped at her wet pussy lips before landing another sharp spank on her pussy.

Dan watched in horror as Lester used his wife like a live fleshlight. Her hands were wrapped around Lester's thighs and pulling him, begging him to abuse her throat. His wife's forehead that he kissed goodnight every night was being smashed by Lester's heavy, hairy balls. The lips that he kissed every day were being bruised and stretched by this troll's unholy cock. Dan had no clue how the hell his in-laws were

sleeping through this ordeal, but he prayed they don't wake up to see their daughter being defiled like this.

Lester was no longer holding back. He was fucking her like a sex-crazed animal. Sarah's throat had opened up, and accepting his cock with it was its rightful place. Lester was fucking Sarah's face so hard Dan was sure his cockhead was punching her tonsils. Sarah's face was covered in her own throat slime and Lester's nasty cock juice. Lester's hairy back was dripping with sweat that ran down his back into his fat ass cheeks.

Shock waves of pleasure radiated from Sarah's core with every stinging slap on her pussy. She knew her pussy was going to be sore tomorrow, but it was a small price to pay for the pleasure she was experiencing. She grabbed onto Lester's ass and pulled him deeper into her throat as if thanking him for showing her pleasure beyond her wildest dreams.

Dan was shocked to see Sarah obediently not only accepting this rough face fucking but craving more as her finger sank into the pudgy flesh of Lester's sweaty ass cheeks and fucked her own throat on the fat bastard's cock. The wedding ring on Sarah's finger glittered in low light, and as Sarah pulled Lester in deep, she in turn spread his ass cheeks wide. Dan was disgusted seeing the old bastard's clenching asshole and his wife's wedding ring side by side on his screen.

Lester was close to coming. The way Sarah's throat was milking his cock felt divine. He wanted Dan to see that no matter what he did when he got back, he could never reclaim his wife back. Sarah will always be Lester's. He wanted Dan to fucking taste his cock on Sarah's lips even if he kissed her for a week, reminding him of whom she belonged to. And he wanted to make sure Sarah never forgets this night either. Lester stared at Sarah's wet pussy and her throbbing clit. "That's it, my sweet slut. Take it, take everything daddy gives you," Lester said, as he raised his hand and delivered a sharp slap on wet pussy which made Sarah's body spasm. He jammed two of his fingers deep inside her slick folds and hooked them to find that special spot. He fingered her cunt while he took her throbbing clit in between his teeth and tugged on it, making Sarah's body tremble and pushing her rapidly to the edge of her orgasm.

Sarah had no control of her body anymore and was at the sweet mercy of Lester. But she didn't care; she wanted Lester to be in control. He had been the only one capable of taking her to new heights of pleasure. She completely surrendered and let go as Lester's fat fingers drilled her pussy mercilessly.

"Come for me, slut. Cum for Daddy," Lester said as he began delivering a series of slaps on her tender pussy.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Sarah's mind went numb, and all of a sudden she left, like her body was so light and floating. The orgasm washed over her body in waves of pleasure and pain from the spanking. Her pussy gushed with her juices like a fountain.

Slap. Slap. Slap.

Dan watched the perversely erotic sight as Sarah's orgasm hit. Her eyes rolled back, and her fingers dug into Lester's ass cheeks for support. Her legs quivered and trembled as the orgasm rocked her body. Dan saw Lester's ragged humps and the way his ass cheeks were clenching as the ugly troll was filling his wife's mouth with his vile spunk.

Lester muffled his own grunts by burying his face in Sarah's gushing pussy. He drank in her squirt like it was the elixir of life; in turn, he was feeding his life juice to the young mother in return. The way he growled and groaned into Sarah's pussy sent vibrations to her sensitive pussy, which prolonged her orgasm.

Sarah tried taking in as much of Lester's cum as possible, but it was too much, as her mouth bulged and cum started dripping out of the corner of her sealed lips. They started running all over her messy face.

Lester finally huffed from the exertion and pushed back from the couch. His body was covered in sweat and slime. He plopped down on the couch beside Sarah, breathing heavily. His face was red and heaving; Dan thought he might be having a heart attack. Dan thought at least the ordeal was over and Lester must have exhausted himself, but he would learn that the night was far from over. Lester helped Sarah as she sat up on the couch and removed her white t-shirt, which was not soaked in sweat. She used it to clean her face. Both of them were breathing heavily, but their hunger for each other had not been quenched.

Sarah was in a fog of lust as she came down from the orgasm, but her sore pussy was still on fire and ached to be filled. Sarah knew Lester was the only one who could satisfy her primal craving and put out the fire within her with his illicit cum. She stared at Lester's messy cock and looked up to meet his beady eyes. Lester returned the lust-filled gaze as both their lips met passionately.

Dan watched with horror as Sarah quickly climbed onto Lester's lap as their mouths met like long-lost lovers. The way Sarah looked at Lester longingly scared Dan and made him question whether mind-numbing orgasms could win over so many years of marriage and intimacy. Sarah's hands quickly wrapped around Lester's semi-erect cock and began pumping it, as if willing it back to life. The way their lips and tongue battle for control was so primal. Lester just stuck his tongue out, and Sarah was licking and sucking on it so lewdly. It was as if Sarah couldn't get enough of him and wanted to thank him for the mind-numbing orgasm. She licked the sweaty skin of

Lester's neck and the side of his face like a dog that had not seen his master in days.

Sarah got on all fours beside Lester on the couch and took Lester's messy cock in her mouth. She ran her tongue along his shaft, cleaning the mess off of it. She wrapped her lips around the bulbous head and swirled her tongue on his sensitive head. It was as if she was resuscitating a drowning person, but Lester was more than up for the challenge. He just grunted and flexed his cock as it began to harden again. Sarah stared at it with admiration as she quickly got back up to ride it.

Dan's shocked face on the screen caught Lester's attention. Lester grinned widely; when Sarah moved to sit on his cock, he turned her around in a reverse cowgirl position so that she was facing Dan.

Sarah groaned as Lester's meaty cock split open her aching pussy. She was still sensitive and sore from her earlier orgasm as she lowered herself on his thick shaft. Lester's cock felt so good stretching her pussy walls and filling her to the brim. She was still wearing her baby blue bra, and her matching panties were scrunched up on one of her thighs.

Lester was slowly fucking Sarah in a steady rhythm to keep her distracted and on the edge. He really needed to break Dan, but fucking Sarah in front of him only seemed to be getting Dan off. No, Lester didn't want to give Dan even that pleasure; he wanted to show Dan his place as a pathetic cuck. And he wanted to do it with Sarah by his side. He needed to mentally corrupt Sarah, and that delicious thought made Lester's cock twitch. Lester needed to break the image Sarah had of her loving husband. He needed Sarah to see him no longer as the confident man she married and had children with, but as a weak beta male who could not provide for her or satisfy her needs. So, Lester gave a sharp slap on Sarah's ass and drew her attention to Dan and asked, "Last night was fun, huh?"

Sarah groaned at the memory of Lester fucking her hard all night and in the morning, but Dan shifted his gaze uncomfortably, remembering his poor performance.

"Danny boy, we missed you during our second round? What happened, buddy? Did your dick get tired after you shot once?" Lester said in a teasing tone.

"Lester, don't be mean," Sarah said, slapping his thighs, which just made Lester chuckle. "You were amazing, honey. Don't listen to this asshole," Sarah said in a breathy voice as she continued to slowly bounce on Lester's cock.

Dan blushed, although he knew Sarah was just saying it to comfort him. He knew Lester was again playing with his mind and wanted to put him down in front of Sarah.

Lester looked at Dan with an evil smile and whispered in Sarah's ears. "You were so hot, baby. So sexy. So damn perfect, but do you remember how Dan couldn't get it up? Do you remember how limp his dick was even when you were fucking him with your sopping wet pussy?"

An image of Dan with his flaccid cock in his hand flashed across Sarah's mind. The disappointment she had felt.

"It wasn't your fault, baby girl. I swear you were the sexiest woman alive at that moment. Any man would have had a fucking hard-on at the sight of you. You remember how hard my cock was, don't you, baby?" Lester whispered like the devil on her shoulders.

Sarah groaned, but Lester's poisonous words were seeping into her mind.

"Maybe it happens to all married couples after a while, or maybe Dan can no longer get it up just from normal sex. He needs something kinkier, something dirtier to get hard," Lester whispered.

Sarah thought back to how Dan had admitted that watching her act so slutty with Lester and talk dirty or disrespectfully of him turns him on.

"It's alright, buddy. Maybe you are a one-shot guy. I have heard of it, you know. Some men can only come once," Lester said loudly so that Dan could hear him.

Dan knew Lester was talking shit about him in Sarah's ears, but right now he couldn't do anything about it being in Washington. Maybe when he got back, he could have an open conversation with his wife, but right now he needed to at least defend his ego and not let Lester walk all over him. "That's not true. Of course, I came again last night," he said without thinking.

"Oh really," Lester grinned. He knew he had Dan by his balls. God, he was so predictable.

"When was this, buddy? My memory is probably hazy, but do you remember your husband being hard or cumming inside you again, Sarah?"

Sarah gave a slow nod, saying no. Sarah knew she would have remembered it because she had wanted to have both their cocks at the same time in a doggy-style position. She had fantasized about getting fucked from both ends, but since Dan had not been able to perform, she had not brought it up.

"I, I..." Dan stammered, realizing yet again he had fallen for Lester's trap.

"When was it, Dan?" Sarah asked in a tone harsher than she intended, but she did feel disappointed and betrayed. Was Lester right? Did Dan not find her sexy or attractive anymore?

Dan blushed, knowing he had no way out of this but to come clean. He could see Lester's ugly grin, but he didn't want to lie to Sarah. "I watched you both when you fucked again later that night." Dan said, his throat going dry. "I saw you through the peephole and jerked off." Dan admitted. God, he sounded like a fucking creep when he said it out loud.

Lester broke into a laugh and said, "See, I told you. He can get hard only watching you with me. His dick works only when you act like a dirty slut for me.

"Is that true, honey? Did watching Lester fuck me again last night make your dick hard?" Sarah said in a sultry voice.

Dan could no longer feel the warmth in her voice, but instead, it was replaced by something else: disappointment, anger, and annoyance.

"Is it true that your cock can only get hard when you see me act like a dirty slut for Lester? And when I say all those dirty things, do I hurt your feelings, or do I turn you on?" Sarah said in a sultry voice. The warm smile on her face slowly was replaced with a wicked smirk.

Lester chuckled when he saw the dark side of Sarah flare up. "Ask him if he is hard right now." Lester said with a wicked grin.

"Are you, baby? Did you enjoy watching Lester facefuck your wife?" Sarah asked.

Dan gulped as his cock throbbed in his hands. Midway through Sarah's face-fucking session, Dan had looked around to see no one in the office. He had pulled down his pants and boxers and began jerking his throbbing cock.

"Oh, come on, my little slut. Look at him. You know this shit turns him on. You know this is what he wants. This is what makes your sweet husband happy. Don't you want to make your little hubby happy? Don't you want to give him a little happy hard-on?" Lester said as he flexed his cock inside Sarah's pussy.

Sarah groaned and shifted. She was trying to focus on the conversation, but the way Lester's words caressed his mind and his cock the insides of her body was clouding her judgement.

"Tell him. Tell your sweet little hubby how you really felt last night. Tell him what he really wants to hear from your sweet lips," Lester whispered.

"I, I..." Sarah hesitated.

Lester knew he had Sarah right where he wanted her. Her mind was in a lust-filled fog, and her body was aching for release. She just needed a little push, a little motivation to get her there. He gave Sarah's ass a hard slap and pulled her back by

grabbing her hair. With his lips right next to her ear, he growled, "Say it, slut. Tell him exactly how you felt when you saw his limp dick last night."

Sarah sucked in a deep breath. Something inside her cracked. Something inside her gave in. Maybe it was the tone in which Lester commanded her, or maybe it was how she had truly felt. Sarah decided to be honest.

"I was disappointed. It made me feel unattractive, like I could no longer satisfy my own husband," Sarah said, not holding back. "Having a threesome was always a dirty fantasy of mine. I really was looking forward to having more fun with two cocks to please me, but..."

Lester interrupted her with a hard spank. Sarah had said just the right things that he wanted Dan to hear. He smirked at how easy it was to manipulate both of them. Lester felt like a puppeteer, the only difference being he was using his hard cock to make his fuck doll dance to his tune.

"Did you hear that, Dan? You disappoint her. You cannot satisfy her. You cannot give her what she wants," Lester said with an evil growl.

When Sarah tried to protest, that was not what she meant. Lester yanked her hair, making her squeal, and began pounding his cock into Sarah's g-spot.

All rational thought left Sarah's mind as her mind and body were thrust towards the edge of another earth-shattering orgasm. "Oh fuck, Lester. Oh fuck, yes, right there. Please don't stop," Sarah moaned.

Lester leaned forward and hooked his hands below Sarah's knees and lifted her legs. He clasped his fingers behind Sarah's head and held her in a full nelson position. Lester had no intention of stopping now; Sarah couldn't get out of his grip even if she tried. His hips lifted off the couch as he pounded into the young mother.

Dan watched Lester pulverize his wife's pussy. His cock was a blur as it rammed into Sarah's pussy with little resistance. Dan had never fucked his wife in this position, and it really felt like Lester was showing him how to fuck his own wife. Her squashed breasts were bouncing up and down violently. Dan stared at the juncture between Sarah's legs. The way her pussy was wet and puffy with arousal, the way it was split open by Lester's girthy cock. Lester was using her like his own personal flashlight.

Sarah could no longer think. Her mind was a muddled mess. She let out groans and grunts like a wounded animal. Her orgasm hit her hard and fast. It was as if she was thrown off a cliff. Her mouth fell open, and her eyes began to roll back. She even drooled onto her own bouncing tits.

Lester never stopped. He pounded Sarah's pussy through her orgasm, making it feel like a series of explosions went off inside her. When Sarah let out a guttural moan,

even Lester was scared she might wake up her sleeping parents. He used his hands to cover her mouth as he fucked her through her orgasm. He finally relented as he felt Sarah's body go limp in his arms. He dropped back on the couch, heaving in exhaustion, and let his arms fall back on the couch's backrest on either side.

Sarah was slowly recovering from her orgasm, leaning back on Lester's sweaty body. Even the way his hairy chest and belly brushed against her back made her body frizzle. She leaned back to meet the lust-filled gaze of Lester. Sarah reached her arm behind Lester's neck and kissed him deeply for a sodden kiss. Both their bodies were dripping with sweat and heaving with their rapid breathing.

"Now, it's my turn, slut," Lester said with a growl, giving Sarah's ass a hard spank. Only then did it dawn on Sarah and Dan that Lester had still not come.

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Somewhere deep in the apartment, Renee gasped as she woke up from her sleep. She cleared her eyes, trying to remember where she was, and the sound of James snoring beside her calmed her down. She breathed out a sigh of relief as she checked the time.

Maybe it was her motherly instinct, but she felt as if her daughter cried out in pain. Her throat felt dry, and she could use some water. Renee wanted to make sure Sarah was okay as well.

From the snoring beside her, Renee knew James was deep asleep. Her husband had had a little too much to drink, but she was partly to blame for it too. Earlier that evening when Lester had presented her with a full glass of wine, Renee had taken two sips and felt uneasy. She had kept the glass back on the table, and when James gave her a questioning look, she had said she was done. But James thought it was a crime to waste such good wine and finished her glass as well.

Renee slowly moved to the door, still feeling groggy, but as she stepped out into the hallway, the sounds coming from the living room immediately brought her back to her senses. She didn't know why, but instinctively closed the bedroom door, not wanting to disturb James, and slowly walked towards the carnal sound.

Renee should have known what was going on by the moans and grunts coming from the living room, but her mind could not fully process what was happening as her feet slowly took her in the direction of the sounds.

A low moan from Sarah made Renee stop in her tracks. She smiled, thinking, maybe her daughter was pleasuring herself, or maybe she missed her husband, which was

perfectly normal. Renee remembered all those lonely nights when James would travel. She decided to give her daughter some privacy and turned to head back to bed when an animalistic grunt caught her attention. Then the rhythmic slapping of skin on skin registered in her mind.

Renee was confused for a second. 'No, it couldn't be. Was Sarah cheating on Dan with someone else? Who could it be? The only other person in the apartment was Dan's ugly roommate. Her daughter would never choose someone like him. Would she? Maybe it was someone else. Sarah had snuck in after she thought all of them were asleep. Honestly, this wouldn't be the first time Renee had caught her daughter sneaking in a boyfriend.

Then a darker thought appeared in Renee's mind. What if someone was assaulting Sarah and she cried out for help? Maybe that's what woke her up. All these questions were rapidly firing across Renee's mind as she walked down the hallway.

Renee slowly peeked around the corner in the dark, knowing if she had to wake James up, she could sneak back to the bedroom without alerting anyone. Her eyes went wide and her jaw dropped. Nothing could have prepared her for the sight in front of her.

Sarah, her daughter, was completely naked and on all fours, sideways on the couch. Lester, Dan's ugly roommate, was pounding into her from behind.

Renee quickly slumped back from view and couldn't believe what she just saw. Maybe her eyes are playing tricks on her. She had to peek again to believe what she was seeing.

By the look of Sarah and Lester's sweaty and flushed bodies, Renee knew they must have been going at it for a while now. She could not believe it. No, she did not want to believe that her beautiful daughter was having sex with that ogre of a man. She couldn't understand. Why would her daughter want to be with someone like Lester? But something deep inside her knew why, but Renee pushed down those dark thoughts and memories and didn't want to believe it. Maybe Lester was taking advantage of Sarah, maybe he had something on Dan and was blackmailing them, or maybe he was taking advantage of her daughter being alone and vulnerable.

And what about Dan? What if he found out about this? What if he no longer wanted to be with Sarah and filed for divorce? And her grandchildren—what would happen to those poor girls? However this may have started, Renee needed to stop this. She needed to talk sense into her daughter to keep her from destroying her own life. Just when Renee was about to step into the living room to stop this madness, Sarah's sultry words made her stop in her tracks.

“Dan, honey. Are you watching this, baby? Does watching your ugly roommate fuck me turn you on? Is this what you wanted to see?” Sarah groaned as she felt another stinging slap on her ass.

Renee’s heart beat faster as she heard her daughter’s hoarse voice. She slowly peeked around the corner to see the lit screen of the phone propped on the coffee table.

“Sarah, please. You need to keep it down, or you might wake up your parents,” Renee heard Dan’s nervous voice from the phone.

After a few moments of groaning and moaning, Sarah said, “Why, baby? Are you afraid that I will need to explain to my parents why your ugly roommate is fucking me? Are you afraid that I would tell them how my husband’s little dick cannot satisfy me anymore and how he has been letting his ugly bastard of a roommate fuck me all these months?” Sarah said in a mocking tone.

Renee couldn’t believe the depraved words coming out of her daughter’s mouth. ‘Had Sarah really been fucking this ogre of a man for months while Dan knew about this? Why on earth would he let something like this happen?’

As if reading her mind, Sarah groaned and said, “Imagine what my parents would think of you if they knew you couldn’t afford to pay your share of the rent and you have been sending me on dates with your roommate,” Sarah said wickedly.

“Sarah, please don’t say that. You know how that’s not how things happened, and it’s a bit more complicated than that,” Dan said from the other side of the line.

“That’s true, but even if we did not have financial troubles. The pervert in you would still enjoy watching me get fucked by Lester. Or if you hadn’t moved to Chicago and we were still home. I may have still ended up fucking a dirty pervert like Otis at the hospital, and you would have still loved it, wouldn’t you?” Sarah asked.

When Dan didn’t answer back, Sarah prodded him. “Say it, Dan. I want you to hear you say it, baby.”

“Yes, it turns me on to watch you with Lester,” Dan admitted.

In the dark, Renee’s mind processed this shocking revelation. She couldn’t believe her daughter and son-in-law were into such a perverted lifestyle. Just then Renee realized how painfully erect her nipples were, and she could feel the unmistakable wetness growing between her thighs.

“Fuck, this was so wrong,” Renee thought to herself. This is Sarah; this is her own daughter. For Christ’s sake. How could she possibly get turned on by listening to her own daughter cheating? For a moment, Renee thought of going back to the room

and waking James to relieve the ache between her thighs, but by the soft snores coming from the bedroom, she knew James would probably not be up for it.

Renee thought back to her younger days; yes, James and she had gotten wild, but maybe not as wild as fucking with her parents just a few feet away. But she couldn't deny that the taboo scene was turning her on.

Maybe this was all just a dream. When she wakes up tomorrow, this will have never happened, and she can go back to being a normal mother, and Sarah will be her innocent daughter again.

Renee's mind was filled with questions. Why didn't she see this coming? As a mother, she should have sensed these things about her own daughter. Were Dan and Sarah having marital problems? Renee knew Dan was a good guy from the first time she met him. She had seen her daughter make mistakes before, going for the bad boy type during her high school days. But the first time Sarah had brought Dan over for dinner, Renee knew her daughter had finally come to her senses and was seeing a decent guy. She was happy for her.

Why didn't Sarah come to her if she was having problems in her marriage? Was she not spending enough time with her daughter? Was Sarah not comfortable enough to share things with her anymore?

Renee had never sensed this dark and wild side of her daughter, but she definitely knew from which side of the gene she had inherited it. It was as if she had never known her daughter at all. But Renee had to agree that there were different faces of a woman that no one fully understood. That every woman was more complex than what one saw on the surface. Memories of her younger days were a testament to that.

A sharp slap and a loud moan brought her back to reality.

Fuck, this was so wrong. But Renee couldn't deny that it was turning her on. She should not feel this way. Despite her protesting mind, her body was heating up. It craved to be touched, and the itch between her legs began to grow. Just the slightest graze of her sensitive nipples against the silky fabric of her nightshirt made her clit throb. Renee cupped her pussy and breast, willing it to calm down, and trying to reason how wrong this was. But the touch only seemed to flame the fire building inside her. It was as if her body had a mind of its own; she couldn't control it. One of her hands pinched her hard nipple over her shirt and palmed her own pussy over her silky pajama pants. The pressure of her palm over her aching clit felt so good. Just this simple action sent waves of pleasure across her body.

Renee struggled not to groan out loud. She knew this was so wrong, but it felt so good. Her knees buckled as she groped her own pussy and tugged on her

pebble-like nipples harder. She could feel the heat of her pussy against her sweaty palms.

Renee couldn't believe what she was about to do. She felt so dirty for doing this—listening to her own daughter—but she couldn't stop herself. Her mind justified saying she was listening to them just so that she could gather more information about how all this started so that she could help her daughter. Renee decided if she really was going to masturbate listening to herself, she just wanted to get this over with as quickly as possible and get back to the comfort of her bed.

It wasn't like Renee and James did not have an active sex life. She had always been proud of how James still went crazy for her and how passionate their lovemaking was. In fact, even the night before they had left for Chicago, James had been so horny he had kept her up all night and even in the shower the next morning. Renee had been so exhausted she had slept throughout their journey to Chicago. But Renee had to agree that something had been missing. It was as if both of them had been searching for something deep inside, trying to scratch an itch, searching for that old spark.

The damp hair at the back of Lester's neck rose. He could sense it. He could feel that they were being watched. Lester glanced towards the dark hallway leading to the rooms. For a moment, he thought he was just being paranoid, and it was probably just his own cameras, but then he thought he saw a silhouette in the dark hallway. He thought James would walk out any second now, running towards him in a fury and punching him in the face for defiling his daughter, but then he could still hear his soft snoring. Just when he was about to dismiss it, his nostrils flared and he caught a wisp of that fruity perfume. It was very subtle, but he could definitely smell it. That could only mean one person, Renee. But he wondered why she had still not stepped out and stopped him. Maybe he was imagining things, or maybe she had gone back to her room.

Suddenly an ugly and perverse idea popped into Lester's head. What if Renee was watching them? How far could he push her boundaries, and how far could he push Sarah's limits? Lester's lips curved up into an evil grin.

Lester pulled out of Sarah's pussy and rubbed his cock along her needy slit, teasing her.

"You want Daddy's cock in your slutty pussy?" Lester asked as he reached down to her swinging breasts. He pinched and twisted Sarah's nipples hard, causing her to whimper in pain and pleasure. Just the thought of Sarah calling him Daddy with her mother listening, just a few feet away, made Lester's cock rock hard.

Even in her face of lust, Sarah knew what Lester was trying to do. She knew this was wrong. She knew she shouldn't say it, but her body was craving Lester's cock. Her

mind and body were exhausted from her long day and earlier orgasms. She could feel her body had one last orgasm left in her, and it was building up fast. She reasoned that they were just words that fuelled Lester's ego. So, Sarah gave in to her lust and groaned, "Please, Daddy. I need you to fill my married cunt with your dirty cock," Sarah pleaded.

This brought a wicked smile on Lester's face. "I guess you not only have a Chicago husband but also a Chicago daddy now," Lester said as he lined up his cock with Sarah's entrance once again.

Lester pushed just the tip of his cock inside Sarah's sopping wet pussy. He moved his hips back and forth, causing his bulbous head to rub against Sarah's pussy walls, teasing and driving her mad with lust. Sarah's wet pussy made lewd wet sounds as it tried gripping on Lester's cock, trying to pull him deeper into her married pussy.

Sarah couldn't hold back and lost all sense of pride and reason as she begged Lester, "Oh please fuck me, Daddy. Fuck me with your big daddy cock. Ruin my married cunt. Make me your fucking mommy, slut. Give me your nasty dick, Daddy. Please," Sarah pleaded as she pushed her ass back and offered herself to Lester, shamelessly in lust.

In the dark hallway, Renee was shocked, hearing the filthy words coming out of her daughter's mouth. She knew she needed to stop this. She needed to wake James, and they needed to get the hell out of here, but her body froze. She couldn't fight the hot burning lust inside her anymore. She bit her lips as one of her hands slid inside her pants while the other was beneath her sleep shirt. Her lips formed a silent moan as her fingers slipped through her own wet folds. She was surprised how soaking wet she was from listening to this taboo coupling. Just the slightest graze of her fingers over her sensitive nipples made her shudder in pleasure.

For a moment, Renee looked back at the closed door of Dan's bedroom and wondered how the hell her husband was snoring through all this noise their daughter was making. But then a long-lost memory resurfaced and sent a depraved thrill up her spine.

Renee took her aching nipple between a thumb and forefinger and tugged on it hard. She rubbed circles over her slick wet clit, making her buckle in shame. She closed her eyes, and her mouth opened in a silent moan as the sounds of the illicit fucking filled the apartment. She could feel the wet heat and the smell of her own arousal.

Lester pumped his cock in and out of the young mother. He gave a stinking slap on her ass, making her moan into the cushion. Lester loved keeping Sarah on the edge and filling her mind with perverted thoughts.

An evil idea popped in his head as he ran his thumb along the rim of her puckering asshole. "I can't wait to begin training your tight hole," Lester said with a wicked smile.

Despite the fog of lust Sarah was in. Her mind bristled at Lester's words. Sarah had enjoyed the few times Lester had rimmed her asshole, but she was nowhere near ready to let his cock anywhere near her tight asshole. "In your dreams, you dirty bastard," Sarah growled in protest. Despite Dan having asked her a couple of times, after she had firmly said no, Dan no longer dared to go anywhere near her asshole. But a dirty pervert like Lester would of course be interested in something as nasty as anal sex. But the thought of letting Lester take her anal virginity after denying her own husband so long sent a taboo thrill through Sarah's body.

Lester grinned, knowing he had planted the seed in Sarah's mind. "You know, your mom doesn't look so bad for her age."

Sarah turned around and gave Lester a steely glare and said, "Don't you dare talk about my mom."

Lester gave her an ugly grin, slapped her ass hard, and said, "You look so cute when you still think you can tell me what to do while you are taking my cock like a bitch in heat," Lester said as he took hold of Sarah's hair and pushed his cock deeper in an upward angle, hitting that sensitive spot.

For a second Sarah's vision went blurry as Lester rubbed against her g-spot. "Oh fuck," Sarah grunted as Lester pounded into her.

"So do you think your mom takes it up the ass?" He asked in a mocking tone.

"Lester, stop," Sarah said, but this time it sounded more like a plea than a command.

"She looks like a wild one. One of those churchgoing milfs but a wild slut in the bedroom," Lester said with a chuckle.

Sarah tried reaching behind with one hand and hitting him in his arm.

Lester just took hold of her arm and pinned it behind her back and began pounding her harder.

"Fine. I won't talk about her, but on one condition," Lester said with an evil grin as he stared at the dark hallway.

Sarah just grunted and groaned into the couch. Her mind was in a daze, and she couldn't form complete sentences.

"I want you to imagine your parents standing right there in the hallway and watching you right now," Lester said.

“Lester, no please,” Sarah groaned.

“I want you to tell them how good my cock feels,” Lester said with an ugly grin.

“No,” Sarah groaned. Despite her mind being a mess, Sarah tried not to give in to Lester’s sick idea.

Lester gave a couple of harsh slaps on Sarah’s ass to get attention and grabbed her hair so hard she got up on her knees, her back pressed against Lester’s chest. “Tell me, you fucking slut, or I am going to drag you into their bedroom and fuck you right in front of them,” Lester growled in Sarah’s ears.

Sarah prayed inwardly that all of this was just some sick sex talk and Jack wouldn’t dare do anything so reckless. If it was just these sick words that he wanted to hear, she would give them to him. She was so close to cumming, and her pussy once again begged to cum.

“Mom, Dad, Lester’s cock feels so good inside me,” Sarah moaned as Lester began to pick up the pace and give her what she wanted.

“See if you are a good girl and listen. Daddy will reward you,” Lester said as he began pumping his cock faster into the young mother’s pussy.

“Tell them why you’re fucking me and not your sweet husband,” Lester growled.

Sarah no longer resisted. Her body was desperate for a release as she played along with Lester’s sick game. “Lester fucks me so much better than Dan, Mom. His cock is so much bigger. He stretches my pussy so good.”

‘Jesus, fuck.’ Renee thought to herself, listening to her daughter’s filthy talk. Her pants were midway down her thighs, and her shirt was pulled over her heaving breasts. She had three fingers deep in her sopping cunt while she used the heel of her palm to rub her clit.

“I’m sure your daddy would be so proud of you for taking my entire cock, baby girl,” Lester said with a nasty grin, giving an extra hard thrust. Lester’s eye caught Dan’s shocked face on the phone screen. He wanted to twist the knife even more and make Dan feel even more pathetic. So he gave Sara’s ass another stinging slap and asked. “And what is your little-dick husband doing right now?”

Sarah’s eyes stare into the screen of the phone. It looked as if she was staring into his soul as she said, “Dan is wanking his pathetic little dick while watching me get ruined by his fat, ugly roommate,” Sara said in a harsh tone, as if accusing Dan for not being there to stop this.

“Now tell your parents,” Lester said through gritted teeth. “Tell them.”

Sarah knew what the sick bastard wanted her to say. His ultimate fantasy. She just wanted to get this over with. She was at the brink of her orgasm; her body felt like she was almost in pain, and she just wanted to cum, and so she whispered, “Breed me.”

Lester’s face lit up with an ugly grin. He knew he had trained her well. His little slut knew exactly what he was thinking. Lester didn’t even have to egg her on; Sarah willingly went on, knowing it was the only way he would let her cum.

“Mom, Dad, I want Lester to breed me. I want him to fill my married pussy with his nasty cum. I want to carry this sick bastard’s child in my womb,” Sara groaned.

Lester had heard enough; his little slut had done well, and it was time for her reward. Lester got both his feet on the couch beside Sarah for leverage. It looked like the ugly bastard was squatting behind her as he began pounding her pussy.

“Fuck me, Lester, fuck me in front of my husband. Fuck me as my parents watch. Fucking fill me up with your dirty seed. Breed me like your married bitch. Make me yours,” Sara groaned.

Lester knew his little slut would get extra loud, so he pushed her head forward onto the cushion while he pounded her pussy relentlessly from behind. “Come for me, you little slut. Come on, Daddy’s cock. I want to feel your married cunt milk my cock.”

As if Lester’s words were a command, Sara let out a loud groan into the cushion as her whole body convulsed. The orgasm ripped through her body. Her mind went numb as her legs trembled.

Lester growled as he felt Sarah’s pussy clench around his cock. He pushed her face further into the cushions, muffling her growl, afraid she might actually wake her parents up. He didn’t last long. He couldn’t hold back either and grunted as his cock erupted into the young mother’s pussy. He filled Sara’s pussy to the brim as Sara’s pussy squeezed and milked every drop. The wet squelching sounds Sarah’s pussy made around Lester’s pistoning cock made the scene even more dirty.

Dan stared at the rutting couple on his phone screen as his cock erupted. He had barely stroked his cock for fear of cumming too soon, but Sarah’s perverted words pushed him over the edge. It felt like someone was squeezing his heart and balls at the same time. His cock blasted spurts of cum all over his chest and crotch, leaving him in a heaving mess.

In the hallway, Renee bit her own hands, almost drawing blood to prevent herself from letting out a loud moan. Her pussy gushed into her palm as her hips bucked

and humped the air. She was scared the slick, wet sounds of her pussy could be heard in the living room.

As Lester pulled out, a thick glob of cum spurted from Sarah's pussy and made a wet splotch on the couch. Lester felt lightheaded as his sweaty body stumbled, as his feet still felt a little wobbly. He bumped into the coffee table, causing the phone to fall face first and ending the call. He plopped like a sweaty slob behind Sarah's slumped body, heaving and panting.

Renee stood panting as she slowly came down from her delicious taboo orgasm. A sheen of sweat had formed over her skin as goosebumps erupted all over her body. Her clothes were a crumpled wet mess. She had to pull herself together and get out of here before she got caught. But she couldn't resist one last glance into the living room. She almost let out a groan at the sight of Lester's huge messy cock still semi-hard as her daughter was on her knees sloppily cleaning it with her tongue. The sight was so perverted, as Sarah had both her hands wrapped around the thick slimy shaft, coaxing out every drop while her tongue slithered and swiped over his cockhead. Her wedding ring caught the soft moonlight streaming in from the window. The globs of cum on the glittering diamond emphasized how this ugly troll of a man was defiling her daughter's marriage.

"Fuck," Sarah groaned. What the hell did she just do? What the fuck did she just say? She really needed to get a grip on herself around Lester. She couldn't even imagine what her parents would think of her if they saw her right now.

What Sarah didn't know was that her mother was all too familiar with the feeling of getting lost in this depraved lust.

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"You better get yourself cleaned up." Lester said as he groaned and got up from the couch, leaving two huge sweaty ass prints on the couch. "Unless you want your parents to find you fucked senseless and caked in my cum," Lester chuckled as he saw the messy state of the young mother.

Honestly, Lester didn't care about what the sight was where Sarah's parents found their sweet daughter, but he guessed the look on the dad's face would be priceless. Lester slowly began moving back towards his room, waddling his sweaty and pudgy body. Once he reached the hallway, Lester's nostrils picked up the scent of Renee's perfume, confirming his suspicion. So, Sarah's mother had been there in the hallway watching them but was confused why she did not confront them. What mother would not stop a man like him from defiling her daughter? Maybe there was more to Sarah's parents than met the eye. Lester made a mental note to do some research on Sarah's parents background.

Lester was also surprised how Sarah's mother had been awake and not in a deep slumber after that dosage of sleeping pills. Maybe he missed something, but he needed to tread carefully and not make any mistakes like these. But this new unexpected development with Renee had Lester's mind working on a new plan to seduce the mature woman. He took a few more deep whiffs, taking in the scent of his prey, and licked his lips as he moved towards his bedroom.

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Dan was shocked by what he had just witnessed. Watching Lester and Sarah mate like animals left him in anger, arousal, and agony. Dan wasn't sure he could handle this dark side of his sweet wife. Watching Sarah the day before in the threesome and today, seeing how much control Lester had over his wife sent a chill up Dan's spine. He could feel his wife and the mother of his children losing control of herself and spiraling into a dark vortex of lust. Dan just hoped it was not too late.

Dan was deep in thought and was startled when he heard, "So this is why you never reacted to any of my advances."

He looked up to see Tricia staring at him with a coy smile. "Fuck," Dan thought; he had literally been caught with his pants down.

Tricia with a coy smile. "For a second I thought I was losing my edge."

"I'm sorry," Dan said as he tried to pull his pants and boxers up.

Tricia moved quickly and stepped over the pants in between his legs, stopping him and leaving him exposed. She stared at his spent cock and the mess on his lap in amusement. "Not so fast," Tricia said with a mischievous twinkle in her eye.

Dan stared at the expensive work heels and the stocking-clad feet currently stepping over his pants that he had been admiring the whole day.

"Tricia, please can this stay between us? I really need this project to go through," Dan said. He didn't say anymore and really did not want to give away any more details than necessary because Tricia could be his future work colleague, and he did not want their complicated relationship with Lester to seep into his professional life.

After a pause, "So are you guys like swingers or something?" Tricia asked in a teasing tone.

"No, no, nothing like that," Dan replied with his cheeks burning hot. He tried pulling his pants up, but in his seated position and with the full weight of Tricia standing on his pants, he couldn't move. His head was at Tricia's crotch level, and she didn't

seem to mind this position. So, Dan leaned back with a sigh, realizing he didn't really have a choice but to answer Tricia's questions.

Tricia actually thought Dan looked cute when he blushed. But she wasn't going to give up that easily. It was just so much fun watching Dan squirm.

"So an open relationship then?" Tricia questioned.

"No, it's... It's complicated," Dan said, praying Tricia would drop the subject.

"So let me get this straight. Your wife is getting railed by another man in Chicago, while you, on the other hand, are here, turning down my obvious advances. And you guys are not swingers or..." Tricia paused for just a second before realization hit. Her eyes went wide when she looked up to face Dan.

Dan's cheeks turned a darker shade of pink, confirming Tricia's doubts.

A coy smile appeared on Tricia's lips. "My, my, I didn't peg this straight-laced married man from Middleton to be such a kinky pervert," Tricia said as she leaned forward, their faces inches from each other.

Dan could smell Tricia's perfume and the wine on her breath.

Tricia leaned closer, her knees now in between Dan's legs, as her lips brushed Dan's earlobe and whispered in a sultry voice, "So you are Dan the cuck."

"No, it's not like that," Dan said defensively. The word sent a jolt up Dan's spine. Sarah had never called him that, nor had Lester, well, at least not to his face. Despite what Dan may say to justify the situation, he could not deny the truth, at least not to himself. But he was not ready to admit that to a stranger like Tricia. She knew nothing about him, Sarah, or their relationship.

"I am not a cuckold," Dan said again defensively.

"Says every guy who lets his wife fuck another man," Tricia said with a smirk. "You sound like that one person at the bar who says I am not drunk," she said with a chuckle.

"It's just a fantasy between us," Dan said.

"Trust me, I know guys like you. I've had a few boyfriends back in college," Tricia said with a gentle smile. "Guys, who are in constant denial. You will tell anything to convince yourself that you are not a cuck. That this is just a fantasy that both of you share," Tricia said with her fingers gesturing a quote.

“I am not a possessive boyfriend, or let’s have a threesome. But you end up on the sideline, jerking your cock off while watching the other guy pound your wife’s pussy.”

Dan cringed at the last comment, as it hit too close to home. He remembered the night before and how he couldn’t perform or get hard while fucking Sarah, but how his cock was stiff as a rod when he watched Lester make his wife cum like he had never seen before. He didn’t realize he was such a cliché.

Dan was surprised by how quickly Tricia’s attitude towards him had changed. Her sweet smile and flirty tone had turned into a wicked smirk and domineering stance. She looked like a cat who enjoyed toying with her prey before going in for the kill. Somehow this persona of Tricia and the idea of her knowing his darkest secret sent a thrill through his body, and his cock twitched, which did not go unnoticed by Tricia as her coy smile grew wider.

When Tricia didn’t say anything and just waited for him to go on with a crooked smile. She considered how she could use this situation to her advantage.

“It’s not like that between us,” Dan said, but even to himself he knew he sounded weak.

“How about we make a little bet?” Tricia said in a sultry voice.

“What do you mean?” Dan asked, confused.

“You take a little test, a cuck test,” Tricia said, emphasizing the word cuck. “Nothing crazy, just a few questions, but you need to answer them honestly.”

Before Dan could say anything or get out of it, Tricia put her slender fingers on his lips, shushing him.

“Before you say no, I want you to listen carefully to my proposal. It really could benefit you, and if you still want to say no, I will not force you,” Tricia said.

This caught Dan’s attention, and he said, “Go on.”

Tricia smiled, knowing she had him, and said, “If you win. I will keep your secret safe and ensure you get the contract for this project. I already can think of another upcoming proposal that you can be involved in. I will convince our team of your value and experience. You know, I can be persuasive.” Tricia said, running a lone finger down Dan’s chest.

Dan knew that everyone in Tricia’s team was already half convinced of his ideas, but he needed to be sure. It would help if he had someone on the inside, and he knew Tricia could definitely be that person, but he wanted to be sure. “What if you can’t convince them?” Dan asked.

She leaned in closer and with a sultry voice said, "I will get down on my knees and suck every cock on my team if I have to. Trust me, most of them would give their right arm just to see me on my knees," Tricia said with a coy smile.

Dan's throat felt dry as the images of Tricia on her knees with cock after cock spurting thick ropes of jizz all over her pretty face flashed across his mind. Dan clenched his fist and asked, "So what if I lose?"

With a wicked glint in her eyes, Tricia said, "I just want you to admit you are a cuck." Tricia said in a sultry whisper and bit Dan's ears, making his cock twitch.

Dan thought about it for a minute. He wasn't really cheating on Sarah; he would just play into Tricia's stupid test. It would probably just be a bunch of embarrassing questions that could hurt his pride and ego, but on the other hand. If he won, it could really help if he landed this project and how much it could help their financial situation.

"Alright, I am in. But how will we know if you win?" Dan asked.

"Oh, we will definitely know," Tricia said as she pushed the office chair with her knees.

The office chair hit the wall behind Dan, and Tricia moved to sit on the desk in front of him. Before Dan knew what was happening, he was trapped in the chair with his pants down.

When Dan glanced in between his legs, he saw Tricia slowly slip off her heels and place her stocking-clad feet right in on his crotch.

Dan's breath caught, feeling the silky material against his skin. He stared at her fiery red painted toenails as his gaze slowly moved up her long legs. Dan could see the lacy tops of Tricia's stockings and her perfect thighs beyond. Dan gulped as he saw Tricia's tight skirt rise as she sat on the desk opposite him. It had ridden dangerously high, the V-shaped juncture of her panty just an inch out of sight. When Dan looked up to meet Tricia, she had a wicked smile on her face.

She pressed her feet on Dan's cock and balls lightly to get his attention and said, "Shall we start?"

Dan squirmed and nodded in affirmation.

"Let's get the obvious question out of the way. Shall we?" Tricia said with a smirk and asked, "Is he bigger than you?"

Dan gulped and remembered all the times he had witnessed that monster cock split open his wife's pussy so many times now. Besides, Dan thought there was no point

denying it; if Tricia had seen or heard any part of his video call just now, she would already know the answer, so Dan nodded in affirmation.

“I need you to answer me, Dan,” Tricia said as she lifted his face with her index finger and looked into his eyes with a wicked glint. “I know this might be tough, but I need to hear you say it.”

Dan sighed and said in a low voice, “Yes, Lester is bigger than me.”

“Good boy,” Tricia said with a smile.

Despite being in such a vulnerable position, hearing Tricia address her like a pet dog angered him and sent a thrill through his body.

“When was the last time you fucked your wife’s pussy?” Tricia asked.

This time Dan answered quickly and confidently, “Yesterday.” Although he didn’t perform to his fullest potential, that was a detail Tricia didn’t have to know.

“Oh, that’s good. I guess she is not completely cutting you off from sex,” Tricia said. “Yet,” she said after a pause.

“So, does this Lester use condoms?” Tricia asked with an amused smile.

Dan considered lying for a second but then felt Tricia’s stocking-clad feet apply force on his balls as if she could read his mind.

“You need to be honest, remember,” Tricia reminded Dan. Just to give him a little incentive for telling the truth, Tricia shimmed her ass so that her skirt rode up. Her panty-clad pussy in full view. Tricia had chosen a purple lacey set for today.

“No,” Dan whispered. The sight of Tricia’s panties and a visible damp spot in the middle made his throat feel dry. Dan could almost smell the sweet scent of Tricia’s wet pussy.

“That’s a good boy,” Tricia said raspily as she moved her feet tantalizingly along Dan’s shaft.

“Fuck,” Dan groaned, realizing what Tricia meant when she said they will know when she wins.

“You know, there is something so personal when a woman lets a guy fuck her raw. There’s something so intimate about feeling that skin-on-skin contact. That friction when his bare cock rubs against your pussy walls. The way it feels when his warm cum fills your pussy is something that you would never understand,” Tricia said as she slowly made circles with the tip of her toes on the underside of Dan’s cock.

Dan squirmed in his seat as goosebumps ran all over his body. Tricia was using his own cum from earlier as lube as she teased his cock.

“Do you have a special chair, Dan? That special seat in the corner you watch your wife and lover from? A cuck chair?” Tricia said in a teasing tone.

Dan remembered the ottoman in the Chicago apartment living room, the number of times he had sat on it watching Lester fuck Sarah, Was that his cuck chair? He remembered the reading chair in his bedroom in Middleton; that night he watched Lester fuck Sarah on their marital bed. Was that his cuck chair? Or the peephole in his bedroom wall in the apartment?

Dan just groaned and gripped the chair handles tighter as Tricia’s toes teased his cockhead. The silky fabric rubbing against his sensitive skin was driving him crazy.

“Does he fuck your wife like you never have?” Tricia asked in a sultry tone.

Dan was so lost in the pleasure that his brain took a moment to process the question.

“Hmm, was that a tough question for your muddled brain?” Tricia asked in a mocking tone as if talking down to a child. “How about this: Has Lester fucked your wife in places you have never fucked her?” She said with a wicked smile.

Dan’s mind was filled with images of Lester fucking Sarah in her office, in his car at the parking lot in front of the homeless guy. “Fuck, yes,” Dan groaned, not sure if he was answering Tricia or moaning from the pleasure of her feet.

“Good boy, you are doing so well,” Tricia praised. “How about in holes you have never fucked your wife? Does he fuck your wife’s ass?” Tricia asked with a wicked grin.

“No, no, Sarah would never do that,” Dan said quickly, still squirming under Tricia’s feet.

Tricia moved her feet lower and applied more pressure with the heel of her foot on Dan’s ball, making him whimper. “I think the answer to that is not yet,” Sarah said. Dan’s dirty admission was getting her pussy soaking wet. “You would be surprised what a woman would be willing to give a guy who can give her mind-numbing orgasms.”

Dan gulped and wondered if there was truth to Tricia’s words. Lester had already convinced Sarah to do a lot of things he couldn’t. Can he convince her to try anal?

“Have you tasted her cream pie?”

“What?” Dan asked, confused.

"You know, has your wife made you eat her freshly fucked cunt, filled with his nasty cum?" Tricia said in a dirty growl.

Just the tone of her words made Dan shudder. "God, no, no," Dan said as an image of Sarah's pussy drooling thick globs of Lester's cum flashed in his mind. "Fuck, no," Dan protested.

"Has he fucked your wife in front of other guys?" Tricia asked as she slowly ran her feet up and down his rock-hard shaft.

Dan remembered how Lester had brought out the exhibitionist side of her. That night with his D&D friends and the homeless guy in the parking lot. "Yes," Dan answered slowly.

Tricia smirked and said, "You know that's how it starts, right? Your wife gets comfortable with being watched, and then slowly a guy gets to cop a feel of her breast or ass. Then one day Lester would share your wife with his buddy; it starts with just a blowjob, and before you know it, you are sitting in the corner jerking off watching your wife get stuffed with cock after cock, all her holes used and ruined right in front of you."

Dan shuddered at the image Tricia was painting in his mind. Was Tricia right? He remembered that night with Lester's friend, how Sarah got fucked by Lester while his friend fucked her face, that night with Jesse, or how that lowly janitor, Otis, fucked Sarah at the hospital while he watched. Just the memory of how Sarah had rimmed that bastard made Dan scrunch up his face in disgust. But something else occurred to him: it started out with Lester the same way. That night when Lester first saw them on the couch, he thought about the way he had cum on her breasts and how slowly that ugly bastard had wormed his way into their lives. Dan couldn't deny there was some truth to Tricia's words. Dan's cock twitched and oozed precum from these twisted memories.

"Sometimes, it's not just you, bull. Sometimes, your wife is so addicted to his cock that she willingly surrenders; she willingly breaks your sacred wedding vows just to feel another cock inside her. That's the ultimate betrayal, isn't it, when the person you love, the person you thought was an angel, turns into the devil?" Tricia said in a sultry voice. The sight of Dan squirming and the way his cock was oozing precum made Tricia feel so powerful. It felt so addictive and made her clit throb with an aching desire.

Just the mention of the words 'wedding vows', 'angel', 'surrender,' and 'betrayal' made Dan tremble. That night in their own home, in their own marital bed, Sarah in her wedding dress, Lester's sweaty body. Sarah's face contorted in pleasure, moaning for Lester's bare cock to fill her up, Lester grunting like an animal, licking the sweat off her skin. The way her wedding ring glittered in the light.

Suddenly scenes from their wedding day and that depraved night flashed in Dan's mind, the first time he saw Sarah in the wedding dress and the way she looked like an angel. He suddenly saw Lester's fat, hairy hand reaching from behind, groping her breast and cupping her pussy over the pristine white fabric. That sweet smile on her lips slowly morphed into an O as her face contorted in pleasure with Lester's sweaty body pounding her from behind. That soft kiss after they said "I do" morphed into a sloppy kiss with Lester, their tongues swapping saliva. The wedding ring, which brought tears to Sarah's eyes as he slipped it on her slender, well-manicured fingers—Dan suddenly looked down to see Lester splatter it with his nasty cum. Sarah's hands were no longer holding his but were wrapped around Lester's thick and veiny cock as it pumped the never-ending ropes of thick cum. Sarah's face was covered with thick globs of cum as she licked the cum off her wedding ring, looked him straight in the eye, and said, "I do."

"Jesus, fuck," Dan groaned as if in pain. But his cock was going to erupt any second if Tricia's feet rubbed against him like the way they were.

Tricia could feel Dan's cock twitch and pulse under her feet and slowed down, making him groan in agony. She wasn't going to let him cum just yet. It felt like she could read every thought, every dirty memory of Dan as his face contorted in pleasure and disgust. Just watching Dan so submissive made her gush into her own panties.

"Please, Tricia, please," Dan begged as his knuckles turned white from gripping the arms of the chair tightly. His hips moved up off the chair, trying to get any contact with her stocking-clad feet.

Seeing this, Tricia was quick to move her feet, making Dan hump the air desperately. A cruel smirk played on her lips.

"Please, make me cum," Dan begged, not caring how desperate and pathetic he sounded.

"Oh, not so fast, Danny boy," Tricia said with a wicked smile. "You know what I want to hear."

Dan tried to resist. He didn't want to admit it, but everything Tricia asked made things fall in place. It was like the pieces of a puzzle falling into place. Gave him perspective of how all this started, what was happening, where it was heard, and finally who he had become.

"Say it," Tricia said in a sharp and striking tone that felt like a slap to his face. "And I'll let you cum."

"I'm... I'm a cuck," Dan said in a low voice. "A cuck, I'm a fucking cuckold." The words themselves triggered his orgasm. As ropes of cum shot out of his slit. The first

almost landed on his own chin, two more spurts landed on his chest, while the others made a mess on his crotch and Tricia's feet.

Tricia smirked at Dan's admission as she rubbed her toes all over Dan's shaft and squeezed his balls with the heel of her feet to milk every drop of his cum. She felt so powerful. The way she could control Dan with just her words and make him cum with her feet. Tricia herself wanted to rub her pussy right there and cum hearing Dan's admission, but she decided to keep her dominant persona for now. "Fuck yes, you are," Tricia said through gritted teeth as she pressed her feet hard on Dan's cock and balls, draining every drop of cum. "You are such a good little cuck."

Dan was slowly coming down from his orgasm, and somehow confessing to Tricia made him feel so light. Like a huge weight had been lifted off his shoulders when he admitted and accepted his fantasy. He saw Tricia lean forward and drag one finger from her toe to her ankle, cleaning the cum. She slowly drew the fingers to her lips. When Dan's eyes met hers, she had a mischievous smile as she popped the fingers in her mouth to taste his cum.

Tricia popped down from the desk in front of Dan and leaned close to his face. She caught Dan by surprise when she kissed him softly. The kiss was tender and kind, unlike how she had just treated him, assuring him they were going to be alright. His secret was safe with her. When Dan realized what the salty taste on Tricia's tongue was, he tried pulling back. But Tricia's tongue pushed deeper into his mouth, more demanding and with more passion. Dan gave in as the kiss deepened. When Tricia pulled back, Dan looked at her in confusion. She smiled and whispered in his ears. "I think it's time you got used to the taste of cum," in a sultry voice.

Dan's eyes grew wide at the implication, and his cock twitched in response.

Tricia gave him a smile as she moved back and adjusted her skirt. She was surprised how slick her thighs were and how soaked her panties were. This kinky dom role really turned her on as much as Dan loved to submit to her.

"You know, before this, I always thought we would hook up once before this whole project was over and I would get you out of my system. But now, I like this new thing between us. I know it must feel strange, but I would like to explore this further if you are up to it," Tricia said.

Dan felt a thrill run through his body. Tricia was right; this strange feeling was new and exciting. Sarah was never one to fully take control in the bedroom. Yes, she would tease him; yes, she would initiate sex, but she was always submissive, and even more so with Lester. But this thing with Tricia was different. She hadn't even removed a piece of clothing but had made him cum like a teenager.

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The next day, by the time Sarah had woken up, her mother was already dressed and packing their things. Her father was in the shower.

Sarah walked into the room, and her mother's back was turned towards her. Sarah was pretty sure her parents had been exhausted and did not know about her activities last night. But the last stretch of last night was still a bit hazy in her mind, and Sarah felt she was pretty loud and had lost control of what she did or said. She just wanted to confirm and asked her mother, "Did you guys sleep well last night?"

"Sarah, I want you to pack your things and come with us to Middleton," Renee said without turning around.

Sarah was confused and saw her mother's stiff posture. "Mom, Dan will be here..."

Renee cut her off mid-sentence, "I know," she said in a cold tone.

With the expression on her mom's face, Sarah knew exactly what her mom was talking about. The color drained from Sarah's face. When people say a mother always knows, Sarah knew it was true. She herself could sense when something was wrong with her girls or if one of them was up to something. So, Sarah knew there was no use denying it or making excuses. She couldn't look her mother in the eyes. "Dad?"

"Your father doesn't know... yet," Renee said.

Tears started filling Sarah's eyes. She didn't know how she was going to explain this to her mother. She wished the ground would open up and swallow her. "Mom, I'm so sorry..."

"We will talk about this later," Renee said.

Just then, James walked into the room fresh from his shower. "What are you girls talking about?"

"Sarah wants to come with us to Middleton. She misses the girls," Renee said, not giving Sarah a chance to find an excuse.

Sarah quickly wiped the tears threatening to fall and faced her father with a smile.

James smiled at his daughter. "Of course, honey. You need to be with family." He hugged Sarah and gave her a kiss on her forehead.

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The car ride back home was mostly quiet. Sarah was dreading the conversation with her mom and was wondering how she could explain the situation to her mother. She looked at her mother, who was in the passenger seat.

Renee was equally silent and contemplating her thoughts throughout their journey.

Later that evening, James left for the airport to attend his conference. Sarah was busy catching up with the girls, and finally after she put them to bed. She walked down to the living room, where her mom was waiting with a freshly opened bottle of wine. Well, we are definitely going to need the whole bottle. Sarah thought to herself as she sat down on the couch but decided to leave a little space between her and her mother.

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Sarah felt like she had been living in a bubble of lust. Lester's dark perversities had been slowly getting to her. But her mother knowing about her illicit affair with Lester was like a slap on her face. Until now her life with Dan at Middleton and the people here was sheltered from her lustful Chicago persona. But now that both these worlds were colliding, Sarah felt like she was spinning out of control. It felt like Lester was everywhere, with Dan in Chicago, as her boss at the hospital, and now even people close to her were feeling his presence. Sarah didn't know how to stop this. She felt like a little girl again being scolded by her mom for stealing a cookie. Her vision became blurry as tears stung her eyes.

"Mom, I'm so sorry. I don't know how things got this far," Sarah said as tears began to roll down her cheeks.

Seeing her daughter so distraught made Renee's heart break. Renee moved closer and put her arms around her daughter's shoulder as she comforted her.

"Honey, things are going to be fine," Renee said.

"I can't imagine what you must think of me right now. I feel so stupid," Sarah said, sobbing against her mother's shoulders.

"Baby, calm down. All I care about is that my daughter is for your safety," Renee said. "Honey, I need to know, is Lester forcing you to do anything? Is he blackmailing you and Dan or something like that?" Renee asked in a concerned voice.

"No, no, it's nothing like that. Lester is not forcing me," Sarah said, wiping her tears. She took a deep breath and tried to calm herself. Sarah decided she did not want to hide things from her mother, and she would be as truthful as possible. "It just started out as a crazy fantasy between Dan and me."

Renee breathed a sigh of relief. Although she knew the truth, she needed to hear it from her daughter. "And what about Dan?" Renee asked in a calm, non-judgmental tone.

Sarah hesitated. She didn't want to put Dan down, but she also knew that unless her mom knew that both Dan and she were in this together, her mom might think she was some cheating slut wife. Sara sighed and said, "Dan knows about this. He..." She hesitated before softly saying, "He kind of gets off on it."

Sarah looked at her mother's face, afraid she might give her a disgusted look, but her mother seemed to be more calm and deep in thought. She was glad her mom was not judging them or looking at her like a sexual freak.

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"Honey, every couple goes through different phases in their relationship. It's true, sometimes you can't get everything from your partner, but I just want to make sure you and Dan are doing ok. Because this could seriously affect not only you two but also the girls," Renee said in a calm, non-accusatory voice.

Sarah knew her mom was right. She would never risk anything to put the girls in harm's way. She would give up everything to keep them safe. But what broke Sarah was the calmness in her mom's voice. Even if she had freaked out and accused her of being involved with someone like Lester or being such a slut, she could have taken it because Sarah knew she deserved it. But the way her mother was handling the situation so calmly made Sarah feel so stupid, as a parent and as a daughter.

A fresh set of tears rolled down her cheeks. "Fuck, I'm such a mess. I wish I were more like you. I wish I could control these stupid sexual urges and think straight. But it just consumes me, Mom." Sarah sobbed. She was so angry with herself.

Renee could feel her daughter was hurting, but she was a little taken aback. Her daughter surely didn't think her parents were a bunch of prudes, did she? Yes, they had always been protective and careful of what they exposed their daughter to, but that didn't make them some kind of puritans. In fact, what Sarah didn't know was that her mother knew the feeling of being totally consumed by lust all too well.

"You and Dad are the perfect couple; I just wish that someday I will be half as good as you," Sarah said.

Renee didn't know if it was wine talking when she replied, "Oh trust me, honey, we had our share of fun."

This piqued Sarah's interest. She gave her mom a questioning look. "What do you mean, Mom?"

Ding Dong.

Just then the doorbell rang. Saved by the bell, Reneee thought to herself. Just as she was about to get up from her seat, Sarah placed an arm on her mother's shoulder and said, "I'll get that."

Sarah opened the door to see a young delivery guy standing at their porch, "A delivery for Reneee Reneee Johnson."

"Is it the delivery person? Your dad has been expecting a parcel," came her mother's voice.

"Yes, Mom," Sarah said as she signed for it.

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Not far away from Sarah's parents house at the airport, Sarah's father was in line at the check-in counter.

"Next, please," said the young lady at the counter. James stepped forward and handed over his tickets. The woman had a kind smile, but James could see that she was tired and must have had a long day.

"James Bill Johnson," asked the woman at the counter.

"Yes, that's me," James said.

"Your seat numbers are C4; please head towards your gate. Boarding will commence shortly in about half an hour. Thank you, and have a safe flight," said the woman handing James his boarding pass.

"Thank you. You have a nice day too," James said as he walked in the direction of his gate.

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A couple of minutes later, Sarah returned to the couch with a curious expression, urging her mother to continue their conversation.

Renee knew she should just change the subject, but she also knew Sarah was confused and hurting. She thought maybe if she divulged a little, Sarah wouldn't feel so bad about herself. Her daughter would understand that she was the first woman in the history of mankind to sleep with another man besides her husband. Besides, she didn't like the idea that Sarah thought her mom was such a prude and sexually abstinent. She was proud that even after all these years of marriage, James and she still had an active sex life.

So Renee said cautiously, "Well, your dad and I had an understanding. And let's just say all those nights I had late-night shifts were not always at the hospital," Renee said with a wink.

"Mom!! Ewww. Oh my god!" Sarah said in shock. She couldn't believe her mom was being so open about their relationship, but she also knew her mom was saying this mostly to make her feel better and comfort her. Sarah began to laugh, and her mom shushed her so that they wouldn't wake up the girls.

"This stays between us," Renee said with a laugh, seeing the smile on her daughter's face. Renee felt good too. She didn't find it odd sharing this with her daughter. Sarah was a grown woman, a good daughter, and a kind mother. Renee was proud of her daughter for owning up to her sexual desires. If Sarah and Dan had worked this out for themselves and if this was just a kink between them, then who was she to judge her daughter, especially after her own past, Renee thought to herself. Renee felt like she was having a sleepover in college. She too couldn't stop giggling along with her daughter.

Sarah knew she should stop. No one wanted to know about their parents sex life, but maybe it was the alcohol, or maybe she was just plain curious when she asked, "So, who was it?"

Renee paused. Not sure if she should answer that and how her daughter would see her if she revealed it. But she decided to be honest with her daughter. "You remember Uncle Jack?" Renee asked with a naughty smile.

"Oh my god, Mom," Sarah gasped, remembering their old ugly neighbor. "Seriously, Mom. Uncle Jack?"

"Oh, you're one to judge. I have seen your Chicago boyfriend, remember," Renee said to her daughter.

Both the women burst out into another round of giggles.

"And what about Dad?" Sarah asked, her eyebrows raised. "Did he have a hall pass to one of the neighbors, or was it one of your friends?" Just as the words left her mouth, it hit her. All those birthday parties, barbecues, and game nights at their home. "Oh my god, Aunt Stacey?"

Renee's cheeks turned red.

"Oh my god, Mom. I cannot believe this. You and Uncle Jack. Dad and Aunt Stacey? Oh my god. I cannot believe you four were a bunch of wild hippies," Sarah said. "Just so you know, I always thought Aunt Stacey was hot."

When her mother raised an eyebrow.

“After you, of course,” Sarah giggled. “But I think Dad got the better deal with her.”

“Oh trust me, I know I got the better deal, and your father knows it too,” Renee said as they burst into another round of giggles.

“Oh my god. Now a lot of things make more sense. I always wondered why you guys were friends with someone like Uncle Jack. He just didn’t fit anywhere in your social circle. Well, now I know why he was invited to all the barbecues on Sundays and Dad didn’t mind your skimpy bikinis.” Sarah said with a laugh.

Renee hit her daughter playfully on her arm.

“Oooww,” Sarah said with a mock giggle. “What? I’m just saying,” Sarah teased her mother.

“Says the woman who got fucked senseless by her husband’s ugly roommate with her parents right there in the apartment,” Renee teased her daughter.

“Mom,” Sarah said as her cheeks turned a deep shade of red. Sarah had never heard her mom use the F-word before in her life. It was kind of strange knowing this part of your parents life but also kind of made her feel closer to her mother.

Renee loved watching her daughter blush. It reminded her of the time she caught her daughter making out with Josh in high school. Her expression turned serious for a second.

“But seriously, honey. I just want to make sure you are ok and being careful. I don’t want you to get hurt or this relationship to affect the girls. Ensure you and Dan always communicate how you feel about things.”

“Yeah, sure, Mom,” Sarah said, resting her head on her shoulders. It had been so long since she spent time alone with her mom. Sarah made a mental note to spend more time and go for a spa day or shopping with her mom while Dan or her father watched the girls.

“God, it was awful. Isn’t it?” Sara said.

Renee was quiet because she knew exactly what her daughter was talking about.

“That day when Uncle Jack passed away. Things were just so normal the previous night. All of us, having dinner together. Imagine getting to bed like every other day and not waking up,” Sara said. “God, and not having any family around.”

“Well, he had us,” Renee said.

“Yeah, I know. I can’t imagine what would have happened if you and Dad had not found him,” Sarah said.

Renee took another huge sip of her wine. Hoping her daughter did not notice her squirm.

Renee remembered that night all too clearly. Renee was buzzed from the extra glass of wine and feeling horny. While Bill cleared up after the dinner. She had gone upstairs and changed into sexy black lingerie.

She felt naughty and decided to tease Jack as well, so she had texted Jack a picture of her with a huge dildo half way in her sopping wet pussy. With a caption, 'I wish this was your cock, big guy.'

Usually Jack was quick to respond with a picture of his hard cock, but that night he did not respond. Renee thought the old pervert was probably drunk and had fallen asleep.

The next day, Renee had texted him another picture of herself in her work attire. A crispy pink blouse and a grey skirt. Except the skirt was bunched around her hips, and her thong was pulled down to her thighs. With both hands she spread her ass cheeks to reveal the transparent butt plug, with a caption, 'Any plans for the evening?'

When Jack had not responded to the text, Renee had gotten a bad feeling, and she had immediately called Bill. When they had gone over to check on him. They found Jack's lifeless body in his bed. He had suffered from a massive heart attack at night and passed away in his sleep. Renee had deleted all incriminating chats and photos from Jack's phone. They didn't want anyone else to find out about their sexual activities by accident.

"Sweetie, I also wanted to check with you on something else," Renee said after a moment.

"What is it, Mom?" Sara asked now that the mood had turned lighter.

"Now that the girls are all grown up. I was thinking of getting back to work. Nothing too much, you know. Just to keep myself busy. I am getting a bit restless at home," Renee said.

"What do you mean? Are you feeling ok?" Sarah asked curiously.

"Oh, nothing is wrong with me. It's just boredom. I was just telling Aunt Stacey the other day. And she suggested that I approach your hospital. You know she practices in LA, but she has a few colleagues here and can put in a good word for me. She also said they have a really good department and infrastructure. I just wanted to run it by you before telling your dad," Renee said.

Sara took a big gulp of her wine, hoping it didn't show the blush on her face. Sarah hadn't told her parents that Lester was her boss and was working at the hospital with her. By the look on her father's face, she knew he wasn't a big fan of Lester, and if he knew that Dan's roommate was his boss, he might not approve.

On seeing the look of hesitation on Sarah's face.

"Honey, I just don't want it to be weird for you. Having to see your mother at work every day," Renee said with a smile. "But honestly, that is one of the reasons I wanted to consult at your hospital. I would get to see my baby girl every day. We could catch up on lunch breaks or something, you know," Renee said with a smile.

Scenes of her recent lunch breaks flashed across her mind. Sarah on her knees, giving Otis a sloppy blowjob; Sarah bent over her desk while Lester pounded her pussy; or Sarah up against the glass of her office, getting fucked for anyone to see from the parking lot below.

Sarah suddenly felt her throat go dry and cleared her throat. "Yeah, sure, Mom," Sarah said.

She also couldn't deny her mother this after everything they had sacrificed for her. Sarah knew her mom was a great doctor in LA. When Sarah had the girls, Dan and she were struggling to manage things with their work and the babies. Sarah's parents had readily agreed, as they wanted to be close to their grandchildren. Her mom had left her job at the hospital and taken up consulting work in a local clinic. Having been an independent woman all her life, Sarah knew how hard it must be for her mother. "Of course, Mom. You have my full support. I can check in with the hospital administration too," Sarah said as she hugged her mom, feeling her warmth comfort her as always.

"Thank you, sweetheart," Renee said. "You need to sort out this situation with Lester, and I will try and keep your father off your back." Renee said, giving her daughter a kiss on her forehead. But her mind had already begun working on ideas to help her daughter.

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It was a quiet evening in the Porter's residence; Bill had come back from his conference. Sarah and the kids had gone back to their home. Bill and Amber had just finished their dinner, and Bill was loading the dishwasher while Amber put away the leftovers.

"The coconut pudding was nice," Bill said as he wiped his hands on the drying cloth.

"I got the recipe from Stacey," Amber said.

When Bill looked at her with a raised eyebrow.

"I know, right? Stacey and cooking," Amber laughed.

"Well, I guess you never know how divorce changes a person," Bill said.

"I know; a woman in her yoga class brought some over, and ever since, she has been strangely craving coconut pudding. She said despite how many times she makes it, she just couldn't get it right. She thinks her friend is using some secret ingredient, and her friend has promised to bring her some more. I just wanted to see what was so special about this magical coconut pudding recipe," Amber said, as she sipped the glass of wine beside her.

"Oh yeah. So, how is he taking the divorce?" Bill asked, his attention piqued at the mention of Amber's hot best friend.

"Oh, she sounds fine. She is keeping herself busy with work at the hospital," Amber said.

"How are her boys taking it?" Bill asked, concerned for Stacey's twins.

"Oh, they're doing fine. You know how much those two are momma's boys," Amber said. "She has been calling me over to celebrate."

Bill remembered how wild Stacey was and said, "Honestly, single Stacey does scare me a little."

"Oh, you don't need to remind me," Amber said with a chuckle.

Bill saw the expression on Amber's face and raised his eyebrows.

"What?" Amber asked with a coy smile.

"I know there is more," Bill said with a smile.

"Well, last week, Stacey attended a conference out of town, and later she went to a local bar to celebrate her freedom. She said she was dying to get laid that night."

"Sounds like our Stacey, alright," Bill chuckled.

"When a young college kid asked for a number and said it was a dare by his friends. She knew she had found her prey," Amber said with a coy smile and paused before continuing, "And when she couldn't decide on one, she took all three of them to her room."

"Oh," Bill said as his cock twitched in his pants.

Amber moved to her husband with a naughty smile as she squeezed his growing erection. "She said she let those young studs use her like a slut all night long."

Bill's breathing quickened as Amber stroked his cock slowly over his pants. "She said it had been so long since she was thoroughly fucked in all her holes," Amber said in a sultry voice as she bit Bill's ears. "And that slut teased me with every single dirty detail."

Images of Stacey, the buxom brunette, on all fours taking a cock in all her holes filled Bill's mind. "Fuck," he groaned.

Amber gave Bill's cock one final squeeze before letting go. "Why don't you come up in five minutes? I want to introduce you to someone," Amber said in a sultry voice as she sauntered towards the bedroom.

Bill's cock twitched hearing the sexy promise in his wife's voice. He couldn't deny it; ever since they had been back from Chicago, he had been on the edge. Honestly, if Amber had not initiated sex tonight, he sure would have.

Bill stared at the clock on the mantle, willing it to go faster. He rose from his seat and walked slowly towards their bedroom. They had done this hundreds of times, maybe even more, but every time it felt like that first night. He heard a soft moan from behind their slightly ajar bedroom door. Bill's cock began to stiffen in anticipation as he entered their bedroom and saw his wife splayed on their bed. Even after all these years together, Bill thought his wife was the most beautiful woman, and the sight in front of him reaffirmed that.

Amber was wearing a lacy black negligee. She was leaning on the pillows that were propped against their headboard. Her eyes were closed, but she felt her husband's presence and his gaze on her. She was softly pinching on her nipples and rubbing her pussy over her lacy panties. She gave a soft moan as her finger brushed over her throbbing clit.

Bill's throat felt dry as his cock slowly rose to full attention. Amber's eyes slowly opened to meet his, and a crooked smile appeared on her face as she noticed the bulge in his pants. When Bill's gaze was caught by the object on the nightstand, his cock twitched at the sight of the thick dildo and bottle of lube. He slowly began peeling off his clothes until he was just in his boxer briefs. He was quite fit for someone in his mid-fifties. Their regular workout and healthy diet were still a part of their lives. Bill moved to the bed and positioned himself in between Amber's thighs.

Amber shifted her legs wider to accommodate her husband and draw attention to her needy pussy. She bit her lips and ran her fingers through Bill's hair. Their eyes met briefly as they exchanged a knowing smile.

Bill slowly planted soft kisses along Amber's thighs as his lips moved towards her juncture. His attention was immediately drawn to a small wet spot on his wife's silky panties. Bill moved closer and pressed his nose to the damp material and deeply inhaled the scent of his wife's arousal. That musky scent of her pussy made his cock stiff as he slowly ground his hips on the bed.

"Oh fuck," Amber moaned and bit her lips as she felt the bridge of Bill's nose nudge against her pulsing clit.

Bill pressed deeper into Amber's pussy and licked the sodden material, eager to taste his wife's juices.

"It has been quite some time, hasn't it, baby?" Amber asked, her grip on Bill's hair tightened as she pressed his face against her crotch. She slowly began moving her hips, humping her husband's face in need.

Bill just groaned. Honestly, it had been too long since they roleplayed like this. Bill remembered the night before they had left for Chicago. Amber had left for her yoga class. Bill had been restless and wanted to take the edge off. He clicked on that forbidden folder that he had promised Amber that he had deleted. It contained all the photos and videos of his wife with their ugly neighbor, Jack, from a long time ago. After Jack's death, it just seemed wrong, so they agreed to delete all the pictures and videos. Bill couldn't resist saving them secretly in a flash drive.

He couldn't resist as he clicked on one of his favorite videos. Amber was wearing nothing but sexy lingerie and her doctor's coat. The video had been taken by Jack in her office. Over the years, Bill had secretly watched several of these videos over and over again. He listened to his wife moan and groan in pleasure as their ugly neighbor ravaged her on her desk. Bill had shot his load into his wife's panties, listening to her perverse words as Jack pounded into her from behind.

When he saw Amber back from her yoga class, dressed in those tights and pink top. His cock came alive again, seeing her skin covered in a sheen of sweat and the way her clothes clung to her voluptuous ass and breasts. Bill had fucked Amber again that night with the scenes from the video playing in his mind. With the first load out of the way, he even lasted longer, and even Amber was a little surprised by how randy he had been, surprised but pleased. They continued their marathon for another two more rounds and in the shower the next day. Bill had been quite pleased with himself over his performance.

A loud moan from Amber brought him back to the present as Bill sucked on the sodden fabric of his wife's panties. The wet patch on his wife's crotch grew from her pussy juices and his saliva. Bill hooked his fingers to the sides of her panties and slowly slipped them down her thighs. He loved when his wife was so horny and wanton. Bill's mouth watered at the sight of his wife's sopping wet pussy.

Amber saw the hunger in her husband's eyes. She shamelessly slipped two fingers in between her thighs and spread her pussy for his inspection. Her deep pink fleshy pussy lips were puffy and engorged. She could feel how wet and messy she was on her sticky fingers. She spread her legs wider as her hips arched up, inviting Bill in for a taste.

But Bill's head pulled back. "So, what has gotten my sweet wife's pussy so wet?" Bill asked with a mischievous smile, "Or should I ask who has gotten my poor baby so riled up?"

Amber let out a groan as she whimpered, "You know who?"

Bill's cock twitched. He knew ever since their trip to Chicago, this moment would come. "I need to hear you say it?" Bill said in a raspy voice.

"Please, honey," Amber said as her hips bucked again, her needy pussy tempting her husband's talented tongue.

Bill smiled as he ran his tongue agonizingly slowly along Amber's wet slit. The taste of her cunt made every nerve in his body come alive. He ground his own erection into the bed as he repeated the act, capturing more of his wife's essence on his taste buds. This was a game they had played hundreds of times. The give and take, the teasing and taunting, which always ended in a night filled with hot, passionate sex. But it was always someone else who would unknowingly ignite this spark. Sometimes it was the creepy guy at the supermarket, the janitor at the clinic, or a random guy on the street. But today, Bill knew exactly who was on his wife's mind. "Say it, I want to hear you say his name," Bill said as he swiped his tongue on her aching clit.

Amber trembled at the sensation. She would get back at him for this soon, but right now she desperately wanted to feel his tongue on her pussy. "Lester," she said in a hoarse voice, looking directly into her husband's eyes.

"Fuck," Bill groaned. Just hearing that ugly troll-like man's name on his beautiful wife's lips made him shudder. He latched his mouth on her pussy and sucked on it like a juicy peach.

"Oh fuck," Amber groaned.

"I knew the second I laid eyes on him, your perverted mind would go there," Amber teased as she ground her pussy on her husband's mouth.

Bill sucked, licked, and nipped at his wife's pussy hungrily. He could feel his cock ooze precum in his briefs from his wife's sultry words. Amber was right; the moment Bill saw Lester, he reminded him of someone from their past. The troll-like features,

his protruding belly and stubby legs, his hairy hands and fat fingers, and those beady eyes and lecherous smirk sent a shiver up Bill's spine.

"Did you see the way he looked at me, honey? The way his eyes hungrily roamed over my body," Amber moaned. "He was practically undressing me with his eyes right in front of you. Oh fuck, yes. Right there, baby," Amber groaned.

Bill groaned into his wife's pussy as her words awakened the dirty pervert in him. Bill remembered how brazenly Lester's beady eyes had lecherously gazed over his wife's body.

"Did it turn you on when I invited him for dinner with us or when I said yes to drinks later? I knew I caught you there by surprise, but I couldn't resist teasing you some more. I knew just his presence near me would drive you wild," Amber groaned.

Bill sucked on the protruding nub of flesh harder. Amber's clit pulsing with need. His wife knew him too well. The naughty vixen knew exactly what it would do to him, seeing Lester just standing right next to her.

"I wonder what he would have done if you weren't there? What do you think, honey? What do you think that bad, bad man would have done to your wife if you weren't there?" Amber groaned as she held Bill's face still and humped her pussy all over it.

"Do you think he would have accidentally brushed against my breasts, pressed his dirty cock against me while giving me a greeting hug, or rubbed his hard cock against my ass while trying to push past me at the restaurant?"

Bill groaned, knowing a pervert like Lester was perfectly capable of doing such things if he had not been there. He drove two of his fingers deep into Amber's needy pussy. He could feel how wet and turned on she was by the way her pussy clenched around his digits.

"Maybe I should go to Chicago alone next time," Amber said in a sultry voice. "But why would I stay, Honey? I can't disturb Dan and Sarah. They need their privacy."

Bill groaned at his wife's perverse words.

"Maybe I should ask Lester if he would be willing to share his bed with me for the night," Amber teased. "What do you think Lester would say, Honey?" Amber asked in a teasing tone.

Bill just pumped his fingers harder into his wife's sopping pussy.

"I bet Lester wouldn't mind if I slept in his bed, although I doubt we would get any sleep all night," Amber teased. "You know how horny I get when I have a dirty pervert in my bed. I can't help spreading my legs for them."

“Oh fuck,” Bill groaned at the image of Amber seductively spreading her legs for a troll like Lester.

“You remember those days, don’t you, honey? You remember all those nights you were alone at home jerking off your cock while I spent the night at Jacks,” Amber said as she bit Bill’s ears.

Bill groaned at the memory of all those agonizing sleepless nights, waiting for a picture, a video, or anything. Staring at Jack’s house like a pervert in the dark just for a glimpse of their writhing bodies. Bill gritted his teeth as he added a third finger. His wife’s greedy pussy readily swallowed his digits.

”Oh fuck yes, baby. Of course, I would ensure I get a nice video for my sweet hubby who is waiting for me back home,” Amber said in a wicked tone. “I am sure a pervert like Lester wouldn’t be shy about taking a video of me sucking his cock or pounding my married pussy.”

Bill’s tongue lapped lower along Amber’s taint, and Amber didn’t object. He moved lower, pressing the flat of his tongue against her puckered asshole. The tangy taste of her forbidden hole made his brain short-circuit.

“Oh fuck, yesssss,” Amber hissed as Bill’s tongue lapped at her asshole. She spread her wider and held the back of her legs up, giving her husband easier access to her tight hole. Each swipe of his wet tongue sends waves of pleasure through her body. “I felt his eyes on my ass every time he was behind me, baby. He is definitely an ass man. Can you imagine what a dirty pervert like Lester would do to me if he knew I was such a nasty anal slut? I bet he would want to stuff his huge cock up my tight asshole.”

Bill groaned at the nasty image Amber’s words painted in his mind. He lapped hungrily, relishing the taste of his wife’s puckering hole.

Amber couldn’t hold back any longer. She rubbed her clit insistently, but her body craved more. Bill’s tongue was driving her mad with lust, but her pussy longed to be filled and stretched. She grabbed the thick, lifelike dildo from her nightstand and squirted a generous dollop of lube over the thick shaft. Amber bit her lips as she stared at the dildo and then met her husband’s lusty gaze; she slowly brought it to her pussy.

Bill could sense what his wife needed and shifted to the side beside her. He stared at the huge veiny dildo as Amber ran it along her wet pussy lips. Each time it grazed her clit, Amber let out a raspy moan. Judging by how aroused his wife was, he doubted Amber needed to use any lube.

“Do you really think Lester is that huge?” Bill asked with a coy smile. He knew his wife had become a bit of a size queen over the years owing to her collection of dildos.

Amber blushed at the question. She remembered staring into her toy box, and the image of Lester’s glistening cock from the other night flashed in her mind. Since that night in Chicago, she couldn’t get the image of Lester’s huge cock out of her mind. That massive slab of meat, veiny and glistening in the moonlight. Amber had chosen a dildo closest to the actual thing. She obviously couldn’t reveal that to her husband and prayed her blush didn’t give anything away. With a naughty smile, she said, “Trust me, honey. We women have a sixth sense about these things. I know that ugly bastard is packing a monster that could stretch your wife’s pussy nice and hard.”

Bill gulped at the wicked words as Amber slowly inserted the bulbous head of the dildo inside her pussy. She let out a loud groan as she split open her pussy wide. He stared at how her pussy slowly adjusted to the girth and began leaking her delicious pussy juice in anticipation.

Amber had a pained expression as she slowly inserted the thick shaft of the dildo, but she didn’t stop until it was buried completely in her needy cunt. Her body shuddered at how good it felt to be filled, and her mind exploded as her imagination was filled with who was filling her pussy. She knew what drove her husband wild and slowly began fucking herself with the thick phallus, groaning, “Oh fuck, Lester. Your cock feels so good in my pussy.”

Bill stared at how on each stroke Amber’s pussy was coating the dildo with her creamy fluids. How his wife’s pussy was welcoming each thrust and the way her pussy lips clung to the shaft as if not wanting to let go. He grabbed his own throbbing erection and slowly stroked it to the perverse scene in front of him.

“Fuck me, Lester. Fuck my married pussy. Fuck me like my husband never can,” Amber groaned as she pumped the dildo faster into her sopping pussy. Over the years she knew these filthy talks and cruel taunts drove her husband wild and got his cock rock hard. She knew this was wrong on so many levels considering what Lester was doing with her own daughter but the taboo nature of this roleplay only made her body boil with lust and crave more of it.

“Oh, Lester. I want you to fuck me like this in my own home, in the bed that I share with my husband,” Amber said through gritted teeth. She was practically stabbing the huge toy into her cunt as she held the base with both hands. Her hips lifted off the mattress every time it hit that sensitive spot deep inside her pussy that her husband’s cock couldn’t reach. “Oh fuck, yes. Right there. Stuff my cunt with your dirty cock, Lester.”

The more perverse the talk, the more Bill's cock throbbed. He pumped his cock steadily, not wanting to cum too soon. He could see Amber was working up a sweat as she plunged the monstrous cock in and out of her sopping wet pussy with little resistance. The veiny shaft was coated in her white pussy cream. Bill knew his wife got this messy only when she was extra horny. It was like she was in heat. Something about Lester got his wife really riled up.

"Fuck me, Lester. Fuck me in front of my husband. Fuck my married pussy while my husband watches. Ruin my cunt, Lester. Fill me up with your nasty cum," Amber moaned loudly as her hips bucked. Just the thought of that ugly troll of a man cumming inside her set her off like a firecracker. "Oh fuck, oh fuck. Lester. Yes, fill me up, Lester," Amber groaned as her pussy gushed and clenched around the dildo, trying to milk it.

Bill stared at his wife in awe. No matter how many times he has seen this, the sight of his wife cumming brought out the caveman inside him. He grabbed the dildo from her hand and flung it into the room. He didn't care his wife was still in the middle of her orgasm as he flipped her over.

Amber was face down, ass up, groaning into the sheets from her orgasm when she felt Bill's cock enter her. "Oh fuck, Bill," she moaned as her husband began pounding into her. Her orgasm had not fully subsided when she felt another building fast. She loved when Bill fucked her like this, like a man possessed. Trying to reclaim her from her imaginary lover.

Bill growled as he felt Amber's pussy clench around his cock. How tight it felt around his throbbing cock. He pushed hard into her molten hot pussy, fucking her hard into the mattress. He gave Amber's ass a stinging slap as if punishing her for her wicked words and at the same time urging her to go on.

Amber's mind was muddled in a fog of lust. She knew what Bill was asking of her. She knew her husband wanted more, wanted more of the perverted dark pleasure. This is what had been missing the other night when they fucked before leaving for Chicago. This was the missing piece. It had been long since they had roleplayed like this with someone as perverted as Jack. Meeting Lester in Chicago had brought back a rush of old memories for not only her but also her husband. If it was this dark, nasty side of her that her husband craved, then that is what he shall get. This perverse lust brought out a devious side of her, that dirty fantasy from long ago. Amber didn't know why she brought it up when she said, "I need to be quiet, right, Bill?"

Bill's thrusts slowed down just for a moment as his mind was confused.

Amber looked back at him, her face flushed, her hair in a wet mess, and her skin dripping in sweat. She had a wicked smirk on her lips that made Bill's cock grow

harder. He knew that look on his wife's face; it was like seeing his wife's dark side. He could never bring out this side every time they had intense passionate sex, but sometimes, when she did get this way. Bill loved and hated every second of it. Her cruel words would feel like the sting of a whip or a knife to his chest, but the twisted pleasure it brought was like endless fireworks inside his body.

"When I'm with Lester, I need to be quiet. Right, honey? We wouldn't want our daughter to know what a slut Mommy is."

"Amber, please," Bill groaned instinctively. His mind begged and pleaded to not go there.

"What would Sarah say if she found Mommy getting fucked like a slut by Lester? What would she say if she knew her daddy didn't mind it?" Amber said with a sinister smile.

Bill didn't want to think about it, but the images Amber's words were triggering in his mind were so repulsive, but he couldn't stop them. Bill tried to get the idea of Lester and his daughter out of his head. "No, no," Bill said as he begged his mind to focus on anything else other than that wicked thought in his mind, but his body kept slamming into Amber's pussy hard. His cock was rock hard, fucking her clenching pussy.

"You thought about it, haven't you, Bill?" Amber said in a wicked tone.

"Sarah, You know Dan's not around all the time. With how much he keeps travelling for his new work, leaving our daughter alone in that apartment with Lester. A woman really does have needs, you know," Amber hissed. Amber couldn't say it. It felt too taboo even to say it out loud despite what she had seen in Chicago.

"Fuck, Amber," Bill growled. His hips were a blur as she pounded his wife's pussy.

"What if the ugly barbarian has conquered not only your queen but also the princess?" Amber said in a cruel voice.

Bill's mind flashed with a memory from long ago. Jack is wet and naked, standing at the pool's edge, with Amber in a bright red bikini on one side and Stacey in a red one-piece suit on the other. Jack with an ugly grin as his hands groped and pawed Amber and Stacey's ass. Amber and Stacey are giggling as they stroke his monster cock. Suddenly the image changes as Amber is wearing a golden flimsy flowing robe like a queen; in Jack's place, Lester is standing naked, his hairy body soaked in sweat with an evil grin, and flanking him on his other side is Sarah, dressed in a revealing golden garment. Lester's greedy paws groping as his fat fingers sink into the fleshy ass cheeks of Amber and Sarah. The two most important women in his life. Amber is licking the sweaty skin of his neck while Sarah is sucking on Lester's fat tongue.

“Oh my fucking god, no,” Bill cried out as his cock erupted in Amber’s pussy. His hips hilted deep into his wife’s pussy as her greedy cunt milked his cock.

“Fucccckkkk,” Amber moaned as her own orgasm hit, feeling Bill’s cum fill her up. Her cunt clenched around her husband’s cock as her knees gave way from her husband’s powerful thrust, and she fell onto the bed. Bill’s cock never left Amber’s pussy as he collapsed onto her back, panting against her sweaty skin.

“Fuck, baby,” Bill thrust one last time, emptying his balls deep in his wife’s pussy. He gave her ass a hard slap as if punishing her for her wicked words. He rolled over, still catching his breath.

Amber groaned at the stinging slap, but the pain only seemed to amplify the pleasure coursing through her body.

As their breathing calmed down and both of them came down from their orgasms.

“Amber, what was that?” Bill asked, feeling guilty for even having such a taboo thought.

“Sorry, I guess I just got carried away with the whole Lester talk,” Amber said with a naughty smile and kissed her husband.

Bill didn’t say anything as he got out of bed. He felt guilty for having come to such a taboo thought and needed to clear his head. “I’m just going down for water. You want some?” he asked.

“Yeah sure,” Amber said. Her mind, a mess from all that filthy talk. She could sense her lust for Lester had definitely sparked something inside her husband.

After a few minutes, Bill and Amber lay awake in bed. Amber was resting her head on Bill’s chest when he said in a teasing tone. “So, Lester, huh?”

Amber just smiled and gave her husband a slap on his arm. She looked up at him and saw his cheeky smile.

When Bill saw the expression on Amber’s face get serious, he knew something was on his wife’s mind. “What?”

“Speaking of ugly old men,” Amber said and paused. “I think it’s time we told Sarah about the trust fund.”

“No,” Bill said immediately.

“Bill, you know how much Sarah was looking forward to that promotion at work and how disappointed she was when she didn’t get it. And now we know Dan has been laid off,” Amber said.

“I know they can get back on their feet. Our baby is strong, and I know I don’t say it much, but I do believe Dan is good at what he does. I’m sure he will find a suitable job soon,” Bill said, trying to convince Amber.

“Honey, come on. You know Dan and Sarah are struggling financially. We cannot turn a blind eye. This is our baby girl. That trust fund could really help them right now,” Amber said in a serious tone.

“Baby, every couple goes through tough times; that is what will make them stronger. You know this.” Bill said, not looking in Amber’s eyes. He knew what his wife was saying was right, but he just didn’t want to talk about that damn trust fund.

“Bill, it’s been months since Dan moved to Chicago. The girls need their father around, and Sarah needs her husband close by. I feel this long distance is seriously affecting their marriage. With the money from the trust fund. They might be able to close their mortgage and even have money left for Dan to start on his own if he is really serious about his venture.” Amber said.

Bill knew his wife was right. Amber was always good at sensing things when it came to their daughter. But Bill feared that the thought of revealing the trust fund to Sarah would lead to other questions. “But I am just afraid of what she might think of me.”

“Bill, This is not about you. This is about our daughter. You know she is too proud to ask for help.” Amber said, placing a hand on his cheeks.

“And how the hell are we going to explain everything else to Sarah?” Bill asked.

“Bill, you are a great dad. Sarah knows that, I know that, and so did Jack.” Amber said.

“Baby, I’m just saying. We will get through this,” Amber said in a calm voice. “But we do need to tell her someday, and now might be a good time. Just think about it.”

When Bill didn’t say anything, Amber gave him a warm smile and a soft kiss on his lips before snuggling into his arms.

Bill was deep in thought. The calm breathing of Amber against his chest comforted him as he lay awake wondering,

‘How the hell was he going to tell Sarah that he was not her biological father. That Jack is her biological father, and he had left Sarah a huge trust fund.’

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