

Don Silver



Toxic

ATTRACTION

BOOK 3

TOXIC ATTRACTION: BOOK 3

TOXIC ATTRACTION

DON SILVER



Copyright © 2025 by Don Silver

All rights reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form or by any electronic or mechanical means, including information storage and retrieval systems, without written permission from the author, except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

✿ [Created with Vellum](#)

CONTENTS

[Also By Don Silver](#)

1. [Condom?](#)
2. [Aftershocks](#)
3. [Dungeons & Dragons](#)
4. [Playtime at Work](#)

[More to Come](#)

[Thank you for Reading Toxic Attraction 3](#)

ALSO BY DON SILVER

Also in series:

[Toxic Attraction Book 1](#)

[Toxic Attraction Book 2](#)

CONDOM?

Sarah groaned as she turned over in bed. Dan's snoring was waking her up. She closed her eyes again and revelled in the warmth of Dan's body next to hers. His arm was draped over her, holding her closely. Protecting her. Not wanting to let her go.

She loved the way his naked body felt up against hers. It felt so intimate, so private. It just felt fulfilling. She loved that he subconsciously wanted to be close to her, even while sleeping. To feel her body against his.

But his snoring was extra loud today. She didn't like waking up before her alarm, especially on a workday. Sarah shifted in the bed and moved her butt back against Dan. That's when she felt his heavy, soft cock press into the back of her thigh.

Her eyes immediately snapped open, and she looked down at the arm draped over her. It was too dark to see it so she ran her hand over it. It felt thick and hairy. It wasn't toned like Dan's arm was.

Scotting to the side of the bed and wrestling the arm off her, Sarah sat up and looked down at the sleeping form next to her. She could tell by the faint shadowy outline and the labored snores that it wasn't Dan at all.

The previous night came flooding back to her. It was Lester.

Lester had fucked her in her own marital bed. Twice if she remembered correctly. Sarah racked her brain and tried to remember if he had worn a condom. He had said he had one. She put a hand to her crotch.

He had cum inside of her. It felt different down there than normal, and she remembered being too tired to get up and clean herself. She had slept all night with Lester's cum inside of her. Someone's cum other than her husband's.

Sarah grabbed her phone off the nightstand charger as quietly as possible and tiptoed into the bathroom. She closed the door before turning the lights on. There were several missed calls from Dan. Sarah felt a wave of guilt wash over her. She wanted to call and talk to him, tell him everything that had happened, but it was still early.

She would call him soon. She just needed to clean herself up first. She opened the glass door to the shower and started the water. The hot water hit her hand quickly, so Sarah stepped in and sat on the built-in granite bench to collect her thoughts.

What was she going to tell Dan? He knew it was likely that Lester would come to the house. He probably even knew how the night would end. But how would he react when he learned that Sarah had failed to uphold their one rule? That Lester had to keep his condom on?

She had thought he'd had one on. By the time she'd realized it, she'd gotten swept up in the incredible sensation of his bare cock, and she didn't want the feeling to end. She couldn't stop herself. She wanted to feel him and get fucked by his bare cock. It felt so much better than feeling the latex condom sliding in and out of her. She hated admitting to herself how much she had bent to Lester's will. She wasn't mad at him for being himself, she knew better. She was mad at herself for so easily submitting to the man. It scared her how easily she buckled for him. And yet, some small part of her was already anticipating their next encounter.

Sarah needed to clear her head. She'd get in contact with Dan and talk things through but for now she needed to get ready for work. There was still a crisis at hand that she needed to deal with. Letting the hot water run over her body, Sarah cleared her head and

just focused on the sensation of the shower. How good it felt on her body.

The bliss she felt the previous night came back to the front of her mind. How her orgasms felt while she lay under Lester as he played her body like an instrument. The way his cock felt inside of her. How her body seemed to respond to him and the way he unlocked the most mind-shattering orgasms from her. She was thinking too much about sex. She could feel herself getting worked up, which was never good before a long day at work.

"Is there room in there for two?" Lester's voice broke her trance. She opened her eyes and saw Lester's odd-shaped naked body step into the shower beside her, closing the glass door behind him. She hadn't heard him come into the bathroom. She must have been too lost in her memories of the previous night. She blinked once, temporarily speechless from the interruption.

Sarah backed up into the back wall of the shower as her eyes scanned Lester. He was wearing that shit-eating grin of his. His hair looked thin and greasy, with an unkempt stubble roaming over his neck. His body was hairy, which was in stark contrast to her husband's maintained manscaping. Dan's toned body looked nothing like Lester's - his flabby arms and gut hanging from his torso. She still had trouble comprehending how she felt drawn to him or compelled to please him.

Her eyes darted down to Lester's cock, hanging between his legs. It wasn't limp like it had been a few minutes ago in the bed. Now it was beginning to rise and point itself towards her.

Lester reached down, grabbed Sarah's loofah from the wall, and squeezed some of her soap into it.

"Here, let me help you," He said, stepping up to her and running the loofah over her shoulder. Sarah felt her body shudder as Lester began gently running it over her skin. She wasn't recoiling. Her body felt immediately aroused by his attention. At the confidence of how assuredly he put his hands on her body.

"I..er..we should hurry. Need to get to the hospital and get going," Sarah said, finally making eye contact with Lester. She felt

her knees get weak as she looked at the lust-filled expression on his face.

Lester didn't answer. Instead, he stepped close to the young wife, pushing his gut into her flat stomach. Sarah's breasts mashed against his flabby chest, giving Lester a great view. He lowered the loofah and began to clean the tops of her breasts as he ogled them.

"We have time," He smiled as his hips began to move back and forth in time with the loofah in his hands. Sarah could feel his cock growing, its head pushing against the top of her thighs.

"Time for what?" Sarah breathed. Knowing the answer. Knowing what Lester would want.

"Time to talk about last night," Lester said as his cock pressed against Sarah's wet pussy. She felt a jolt of electricity run through her body, "I feel like we reached a new level in our relationship."

"Relationship? What do you mean?" Sarah asked, breathing hard. Her breasts were moving in time with her breathing, pushing up against Lester's chest. Steam was beginning to fog up the shower's glass. She had forgotten to turn on the fan. It was getting hot in the shower. Sarah adjusted her feet for balance, causing Lester's cock to slide lasciviously against her pussy lips.

Lester leaned in and whispered, "You made love to me last night. Made love to your Chicago boyfriend."

Sarah shuddered again at hearing the words. Making love. That was something reserved for Dan, but she couldn't help but realize that was exactly what they had done last night. She and Lester didn't fuck that first time. They had made love. Together. Passionately. And the fact that he called himself her Chicago boyfriend. She wasn't sure how to react to that.

"And you took me with no condom," Lester whispered as he planted kisses on her earlobe.

"I thought," Sarah started, but he shifted his kisses down her neck, "I thought you had one on."

"But then you realized I didn't. And you didn't stop it. You wanted it. You loved how good it felt inside of you," Lester began to push himself against Sarah, nuzzling his cock against her crotch. Sarah needed to think, and she couldn't do that with Lester's cock

pressing against her. He had her pinned against the shower wall. The only thing she could do was to get on her tippy toes to try and put distance between herself and Lester's cock.

That proved to be a mistake. She felt her one-foot slip against the water at the bottom of the shower. She reached out to catch herself but Lester was the only thing within reach. She gripped his arms and felt the head of his cock press against her entrance.

"Ohhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling his strong cock so close to her. She had to do something. To reestablish her control over Lester. She moved her hands to his flabby, hairy chest, "Sit down."

She tried to push him in the direction of the bench. Lester complied and sat down - his ugly face tracing every curve of her body. Sarah followed him down, and soon she was kneeling between his legs, the hot water hitting her back.

"You want to hear how much I enjoyed myself last night?" Sarah asked as she slowly began to play with Lester's cock. Maybe she could get him off quickly and then be on her way to work. As much as she wanted to feel his cock inside her, she was scared of becoming addicted to him. Lester nodded.

"I loved it," Sarah admitted quietly, "You felt amazing inside of me. So much better than with the condom on. I can't believe we made love last night."

Both of Sarah's hands were now working on Lester's shaft. He leaned back against the wall, his mouth hanging open as he intently stared down at her.

"Who did you make love to?" Lester said as his hips bucked off the bench, fucking Sarah's hands.

She lowered her head, extending her tongue, swirling it around the tip of his cock, "To my Chicago boyfriend." She met his eyes as she said it, making clear she meant what she'd said. She knew the phrase would get to him, but saying it out loud was adding to her growing arousal as well.

"Ugh," Lester groaned, hearing her use his own words. Sarah lowered her mouth onto Lester's cock, and she started to get to work. One hand lowered to begin to play with his hairy balls while the other followed her mouth and stroked his cock.

Lester just groaned and sat there as the young wife sucked his cock. Sarah alternated between sucking and lowering her tongue down his shaft while staring at him. She had been at it for a few minutes and didn't feel like Lester was getting anywhere close to cumming. She looked up at him, "Are you going to give me more of your cum Lester?" She tried to keep her impatience out of her voice, submissively pleading with him.

"Sorry, I must be running low since I dropped two loads in you last night," Lester grinned.

Sarah had forgotten all about cleaning herself of Lester's deposits. She hoped the water flow running down her back might whisk away some of his excess fluids.

"Let's try something else," Lester bent forward, his gut pushing into his thighs as his hands snaked under Sarah's armpits and pulled her up. Sarah felt her body complying as Lester stood her up and turned her around before pulling her down onto his lap.

"Mmmmmm," Sarah moaned involuntarily. She could feel his gut pressing into her lower back. His hands came up and began to run over her body. One grasped at her heaving breasts, while the other lowered itself down her body until it reached between her legs and grabbed his cock. He pulled it up and back so that it rested between her upper thighs and pussy. Then he began to thrust his hips up and down while he pulled his cock closer to her, steadily pushing apart the lips of her vagina with the shaft of his cock.

"We shouldn't," Sarah breathed, "We don't have time. We need to get going."

"Shhhhh," Lester whispered in her ear as he stroked himself with her pussy and mauled her breasts with his other hand. Lester began to lick the water off her neck. Sarah closed her eyes and let her guilt go. Her body was craving Lester's, and she just wanted to surrender. The workday ahead was becoming a distant memory.

Her hand found the back of Lester's head, and she began to move herself around on his crotch, swaying back and forth as Lester's cock pushed against her clit. Sarah's body ground itself against Lester's cock as he continued to thrust himself up between her legs.

Lester's hands grabbed her breasts hard, eliciting another moan from the young mother.

"Don't you want this cock one more time before you go into work?" Lester whispered in her ear, "To feel it inside you again?" He wheezed slightly at the effort, his breath hot against her skin.

"We shouldn't," Sarah said back as her hand reached down and grabbed the head of Lester's cock. Lester let go as Sarah began to guide the tip against her clit the way she wanted, the way she needed to feel a release. Its heat and rough veins were stimulating her pussy in the way only Lester's cock could.

"Let's not worry about *should*. Let's worry about what we both need," Lester growled into her ear as he continued to thrust his hips up off the stone bench. Sarah had her eyes closed again and leaned back on Lester's body. She was using his cock as a sex toy, teasing her clit and outer lips with it. Now that both of Lester's hands were free, they were running themselves over her chest, feeling every inch of her tits, lightly pinching her nipples. She groaned, resigned to let him do to her whatever he pleased.

One of his hands ran up her chest and lightly grasped her throat before moving upwards. Two fingers pushed past Sarah's lips, and she automatically began sucking them as she would his cock. Her tongue ran over the underside of his fingers before twirling around the digits. While she played with his cock, her other hand held his arm in place, wanting to continue sucking on his fingers. She pictured his cock in her mouth while she played with another giant Lester cock between her legs.

Lester moved his hand to the side, and Sarah turned her head to follow, intent on continuing to suck on his fingers. Lester abruptly pulled his finger out, turned her head further, and somewhat awkwardly pressed his lips against hers.

Sarah felt herself melt into the kiss. His fingers were replaced by his tongue, pushing into her mouth where he swirled it around, the size of it again fueling the horny wife's excitement. Lester held her head in place as he made out with the young mother, tasting her lips and marking her with his saliva.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned into Lester’s mouth as her hand stroked his cock against her clit and pussy. She arched her back and pushed her chest out into Lester’s hand as he roughly groped her, leaving red marks on her breasts.

Lester broke the kiss and stared at the young wife. She opened her eyes and stared back into his. They were both breathing hard and intently staring, each reading the desire on the other’s face. Sarah’s mouth hung open. She was overwhelmed by how erotic her morning shower had become. Lester released his grip on Sarah’s breasts, moving his hands up to her shoulders. He pushed them forward, pushing Sarah into a bent-over position with her ass still on his crotch. Sarah caught herself by putting one hand on her knee while the other kept its grip on Lester’s meaty cock. Her clit pressed hard against Lester’s cock, eliciting a soft grunt from Sarah.

Lester’s hands held her in place by her shoulders while his gut rested atop her succulent ass. He slid his hips forward and back, running his cock up and down her wet slit. Sarah was getting lost in the feeling of Lester’s cock rubbing up against her. She wanted him to keep teasing her all day like this. She loved getting fucked by the older man, but something about the frenzied nature of his thrusting and the spray of the shower was creating a new sensation she wanted time to sit with and really feel.

He abruptly shifted his weight and slid himself down while pushing hard on Sarah’s shoulder, forcing her to bend over farther. Sarah’s hand slipped from Lester’s cock as she quickly braced herself on her legs. Lester quickly grabbed the base of his cock and lined it up with Sarah’s opening. Holding it in place with one hand, he grabbed the back of Sarah’s neck and pulled her back towards him, straight onto his cock. Half of Lester’s considerable length disappeared into Sarah Williams.

“Ah, oh shit, Lester,” Sarah grunted, feeling Lester’s large cock push into her. She braced both hands on her knees to slow its assault. Slowly, she eased herself back, taking more and more of Lester’s girthy member into her. “Mhmmmm fuck that feels good.” Lester knew her body well, sensing when he’d prepared her enough to take him.

"I've wanted to fuck you in the shower since the first time you showered in the apartment," Lester held her shoulder tightly as Sarah took the entire length of his cock.

"Why didn't you?" Sarah said, looking over her shoulder at Lester, water running down her back and disappearing beneath Lester's gut. She shook as his thrusts beat a rhythm into her, fucking her the way he knew she craved.

Lester didn't have a good reply to her question; he just met her gaze and continued pounding his cock into her. She probably wouldn't react well to him revealing his peephole or the secret videos he'd made of her for months.

"You should have come in that first time and fucked me," Sarah said breathlessly, feeling the beginnings of her inevitable climax.

"Hmmm, you weren't ready then," Lester grunted. "I had to warm you up to me first."

"All you had to do was drop the towel, hhhuh, oh" Sarah hung her head and focused on Lester's cock invading her. She couldn't remember the last time she and Dan and fucked in the shower. "And show me this beautiful cock of yours. God, yeah, yes, YES"

Lester ran his hands down her back until he grabbed her hips. He pulled her down hard on his cock causing Sarah to grunt. He raised his hands back up, pulling her hips up before slamming them down again. He repeated this over and over until Sarah started matching the pace herself. Lester sat back with his hands behind his head and watched Sarah fuck herself on his cock. Her beautiful ass jiggling each time it came down. She was like a thoroughbred, her pussy made to be fucked on a cock like his. She moved so quickly, jacking his huge cock with the youthful clamping muscles of her heavenly snatch.

"I'm sure Dan would have been understanding," Lester said, licking his lips, "If he caught us fucking in the shower all those months ago."

"He would have come around," Sarah grunted in agreement, her eyes closed. She was focusing on the pleasure between her legs, not wanting this moment to end. "Ah, uh, he uh, you know how he likes to watch."

"Likes to watch you have the best fucking of your life," Lester raised a hand and slapped Sarah's ass. "Ouch! Fuck, Lester," Sarah whined, her eyes snapping open at the pain. WHAP. Lester's other hand came down on her other ass cheek, leaving a red hand print. He kept his hand on her ass, rubbing his fingers in the heat of her reddened ass.

"What the fuck was that for?" Sarah moaned. She tried looking over her shoulder but couldn't see Lester. Her torso couldn't turn past his gut pressing into her back.

"Just reminding you that Daddy gets to do what he wants with you." He grinned, his thumbs pressing into her buttocks, gauging the firmness of her backside.

"Tell me," Lester gritted his teeth. Sarah's pussy was already milking his cock so well that he could feel his balls beginning to tingle. "Do you ever want to go back to condoms now? Now that you've felt what it's really like to fuck me." His hand moved to caress her breast underneath her, expertly playing around her nipple, denying her direct contact.

"We uh, ah, fuck, I thought you had one one last night. I didn't know. I didn't, oh, mmm, that's good, that's it," Sarah said as she ground her pussy down against Lester's bare cock. The head was rubbing up and down against her g-spot. She bit her lip and focused on the crazy orgasm she felt herself working towards.

"That's not what I asked. Do you ever want to go back to condoms now?" Lester said, "Are you ready to give up this? Or would you rather feel that shitty latex between us?"

"Dan and I. We, uh, we have a rule. You are supposed to wear a condom anytime -" Sarah lost her train of thought. Lester pushed her forward and stood up. Sarah barely had time to process what was happening. She reached out and pushed her hands against the wet shower wall. Lester's hand was on the base of her neck, the other on her hips. He started to fuck her hard and fast.

"That's. Not. What. I. Asked." Lester was breathing hard. He held Sarah in place while he fucked her for all he was worth. "Do you want me raw, or do you want a condom on my cock?"

“Raw,” Sarah moaned as she struggled to keep pace with Lester’s relentless onslaught, “I want you to give it to me raw. ”

“Damn right,” Lester said. Her answer filled him with pride and made him thrust into her harder. He pushed against her more firmly, and her wet hands lost their grip on the wall. Sarah fell to her hands and knees, and Lester followed her onto the floor of the shower, bending his knees and staying inside her wet pussy. “I can’t wait to cum in you again.”

“God, ah fuck Lester, you should really pull out,” Sarah groaned. She dropped her head onto the floor of the shower, raising her ass into the air. She felt primal in this position, letting Lester take whatever he wanted—submitting herself to him fully, letting him have complete control. Lester held her hips and continued to slide his cock in and out of the young mother. He wedged his cock as far into her as possible. “Mhmmmmm shit, ah fuck. Lester. Jesus, you’re so fucking huge.”

“I’m not pulling out,” Lester slapped her ass to punctuate his sentence. “You’re getting all of this again.”

“It’s soo much,” Sarah whined from the shower floor. She could feel her orgasm quickly approaching. The angle of Lester’s cock was hitting the perfect spot and he continued to press against it over and over. The repetition threatened to make her lose consciousness. “So much cum.”

“You love it,” Lester sneered. He felt his balls beginning to tense up. “You love my cum. Don’t deny it.” Sarah stayed silent as she continued to thrust her hips back against Lester. She was so close she needed to feel herself cum. She had lost track of how many times she had cum on Lester’s cock in the past day.

Lester stopped thrusting into Sarah and removed his hands from her body, dropping them to his sides. A whine escaped her lips as she kept thrusting her pussy back onto his cock. “I’m gonna cum. If you don’t want it, you better get off it.” He slowly started to push his cock forward, he had no intention of her disengaging.

Sarah didn’t respond; part of her brain understood what he said, but she was too focused on her own orgasm. “Ah fuck, ah fuck, ah fuck,” Sarah screamed, her fingers splaying apart as her orgasm

rippled across her body. Her nerves lit on fire. The hot shower water battered her back as electricity coursed through her body. "Oh, Lester! OH, OOOOH, OH FUCK, FFFFFUHHH-"

"Here it comes," Lester bellowed, "I'm gonna cum, take it all, Sarah." He grabbed her hips in both hands and forced his rock-hard pole into her clenching vaginal walls. Sarah instinctively squeezed her pussy harder around Lester's cock. She wasn't sure if it was her orgasm or some other part of her mind trying to milk all the cum from Lester's cock. Whichever it was, she felt her orgasm deepen as Lester's seed exploded into her fertile pussy. She felt a warmth begin to spread inside of her, flooding every inch of her.

Sarah just groaned weakly, feeling Lester's cum spread inside of her. Her head rested on her hands as her orgasm began to wash away. The heat of the shower made it difficult to breathe. Sarah closed her eyes as she felt Lester's cock spurt the rest of its cum into her.

Lester was panting as he pulled his slickened cock from Sarah. When his hands left her hips, her body immediately collapsed into the fetal position as the hot water still rained on both of their bodies. With some effort, Lester grunted and pulled himself back onto the shower bench. He closed his eyes and felt completely fulfilled. Something that World of Warcraft could never make him feel. Not like this. He slowly drifted off as his cock twitched, revelling and gloating over what had just occurred.

Sarah laid there on the floor of her shower, catching her breath. Lester had fucked her three times within twelve hours, and each time he had shot a massive load of his illicit cum into her. She couldn't understand how she'd ended up here. Yesterday had been a typical morning, taking a shower and getting ready for work, and today she had been fucked in the bathroom she shared with her husband and was now probably running late.

Shit. Work. She had to get up and get going. She hadn't planned on getting her hair wet because she wasn't sure she had time to dry it. Now it was soaked since her head had been right under the shower as Lester relentlessly fucked her. Slowly, she got herself up into a sitting position and looked over her shoulder at the troll of a

man seated on her shower bench. The first thing she saw was Lester's gut sitting on his thighs. Between his legs, his cock was just beginning to soften, it still looked impressive. Lester's head was against the shower wall. She wondered how often he actually got out of bed before noon.

Sarah stood and let the water hit her body. She moved, trying not to touch Lester's legs sprawled out in front of him. After cleaning herself and trying to wash out as much of Lester's spunk as possible, Sarah quietly exited the shower and dried off. She took her hair dryer to the bedroom, closing the bathroom door behind her. She hoped to get out of the house without Lester trying to fuck her again. She needed to get to work.

She checked her phone, "Shit."

She wasn't late for work yet but she normally left the house by now. She quickly dried her hair and got dressed, wearing another professional blazer, dress pants and a white satin blouse. As she put her earrings on, she looked at the messy bed and tried not to think of the tender lovemaking session Lester had shared with her the night before.

Sarah looked on her nightstand for her wedding ring. It wasn't there. "Shit," she said, throwing herself onto her the floor to look under the bed. It wasn't there either. "Shit, shit, shit, where is it?" She quickly looked around the room, under the pillows and in her drawers. She couldn't find it, and she couldn't keep looking for it or else she would be late. She needed to leave the house.

Sarah debated leaving Lester in the shower but she didn't want him to have free reign over her house. She opened the bathroom door and knocked on the shower glass. Lester blinked his eyes and looked around not understanding where he was before a sly grin spread across his ugly face.

"Lester, we need to go to work. They are going to tell us if the board approved your proposal or not," Sarah said, dropping a towel on the floor. Lester stood up and reached for the towel as Sarah marched herself downstairs to make a coffee.

"Uh, come on, Lester," Sarah threw her hands up in frustration at seeing the sink full of dirty dishes from the night before. There

wasn't time to clean them now. Sarah hated waking up to a dirty kitchen and knew she was going to be stressed later coming home to one.

As her coffee finished pouring, Lester came down the stairs in the same clothes he'd worn the day before.

"You aren't wearing that right?" Sarah asked, "That's the same outfit you wore to the hospital yesterday."

"My other clothes are in the hotel. You said we were late, so I figured," Lester said, shrugging his shoulders.

"Then go quickly and get changed. Lester, you are reflecting on me. You can't show up wearing yesterday's dirty clothes." Sarah went to the door and put her heels on.

"I thought we could drive in together, though," Lester's hands came to Sarah's shoulder, giving them a gentle massage.

"I don't think so," Sarah said, getting momentarily lost in his touch. She rolled her shoulder and opened the door, "We can't show up together. If anyone saw that, it would look unprofessional that I have such a close relationship with a vendor, and it would also look really suspicious, especially since you are wearing yesterday's clothes."

Sarah checked her watch, "Besides, there are a couple of errands I want to take care of on the way to work."

Sarah stood at the open door and motioned for Lester to go. Grunting, he put his shoes on and left the house. Sarah locked the door behind her and walked quickly to her car, praying none of the neighbors noticed the odd couple leaving the house.

"Alright, meet you in your office," Lester said as he opened his car door. "Maybe we can get another quickie in."

"Let's just get going. We're gonna be late." Sarah said as she got into her own vehicle and started to back out of the driveway. As she pulled away, she saw Lester's SUV pulling out onto the street.

Shit. She had meant to call Dan after her shower. She would message him once she got to work. Right now, she had to make a couple of stops before getting to the hospital. As she drove, she felt more of Lester's cum seep out of her into her panties. She knew he was fixed and that she was at a safe in her cycle, but she still felt

uneasy about going around all day with little Lesters floating around inside of her.



"SO WHAT DID the board say, Drew?" As she sat in the war room, Sarah said, "Did they approve us trying to restore our systems?"

"They did," Jerry said before Drew could speak. "They want us to go ahead and prove that he can do it by getting one system online first. We are still talking with Swan Systems but aren't signing a contract with them for the rebuild yet."

"That's great!" Sarah beamed, hoping that the payroll system would be the first up. She looked around the room at her colleagues, who seemed to share her enthusiasm. Everyone except Drew. He looked like a child whose mother had just put him in time-out.

"The board wants us to get systems up and running in diagnostics and anything on the critical path to patient care first," Jerry said, "Other systems, like the ones in pathology, etc, will come online after."

"What about payroll?" Sarah said, looking around the room.

"Not critical," Drew said, slumped in his seat. "We have a manual workaround we can do for now."

"Exactly," Jerry said. "Finance thinks they can cut physical cheques like they used to, so we're going to go that route for now. 'We can't compromise patient care' is the message from the board, so we have to focus our efforts there for now."

"Okay," Sarah said, racking her brain for the next steps. Her phone chimed, and she checked it, hoping it was Dan responding to her earlier text. She had asked when a good time to call and update him was, but he hadn't responded yet. It wasn't Dan who texted. It was Lester.

She opened the conversation and was greeted by a picture of Lester's cock lying across a keyboard. She quickly closed her phone, mortified that one of her coworkers on either side of her would see it. She felt her face grow beet red and realized that the keyboard

was the one in her office. *Was Lester putting his cock on all her belongings in her office?*

"If we're moving ahead with Lester," Sarah looked around the room, "Can we do this properly? Having him work in my office yesterday was fine, but perhaps we should set him up with a proper desk and place to get going."

"Agreed," Jerry said. "I've asked my team to clear a cubicle for him in our area. Sarah, now that we are going to put a contract in front of him for the work, I was hoping to take point in our relationship with him just like my department would other IT vendors. I hope that is okay and you understand."

"Completely understood and agreed, Jerry," Sarah said, flashing him her beautiful white smile, "I'm just glad I could make the connection."

"Well then," Drew said, standing up, "Now that everyone is happy and everything is squared away, I think we can call this for now. Jerry, give me updates."

Before anyone else could respond or stand, Drew walked out of the room. The rest of the group began to gather their things and depart. Sarah leaned over towards Jerry, "Any idea what's going on with Drew?"

"Not a clue, but he actively recommended against this solution in the emergency board meeting yesterday." Jerry said, "So I think he is pissed we found a solution that didn't include his buddies at Swan."

"Huh," Sarah said, "Oh Jerry, Lester is parked up in my office. I have a few things to attend to around the hospital. Would you mind sending one of your guys up to fetch him and show him where he'll be working?"

"No problem," Jerry said as he moved towards the door, "I'll send someone up right now to get him."



THE TRAIN WAS PRETTY EMPTY, so Dan was getting a lot of work done. He hadn't felt this productive in months. Working on his own plan to improve his situation felt invigorating, much better than working on the crappy accounts Walt handed him recently. He felt like he was actually making progress towards a goal.

He checked the time on his laptop. It was just after lunch; he should be back in Middleton a few hours from now. Unfortunately, the train was doing the milk run, stopping at almost every station outside of Chicago. But Dan was somewhat thankful for the time to get things done.

Before leaving the city, he had squared away things with his current roster of clients. Nothing too pressing, and he felt confident he was up to date on everything. Now, he had spent the last hour or so writing up a content calendar of LinkedIn posts. His plan was to become a minor thought leader in his space and leverage that into something or get his posts in front of the right pair of eyes that could lead to an opportunity.

The onboard Wifi allowed him to schedule his first few posts, and he felt a renewed energy at what the future could look like. Sitting back from the laptop, he opened his phone and dialled Sarah. The line didn't even connect. He looked at his phone again and saw that he didn't have any bars. Sometimes, the train went through these dead zones in-network coverage. He would have to try again later. He was intrigued by her message and eager to hear the update she had messaged him about.

He wondered about what had happened the previous night. It was gnawing at him, knowing that Lester had likely been alone with her in his own house. Something had kept her from answering her phone, and he could clearly imagine what –

No. Don't derail. Focus on your tasks. Dan set his phone down and returned to his laptop. He checked his to-do list for the train. Social thought leadership posts drafted. Check. Time to move on to read the emails from his old contacts that he had reached out to. His goal was to set up Zoom calls with as many of them as he could to catch up, get a lay of the land in their industries and companies and see if there were any opportunities for him.

After another hour of writing up email responses, Dan shifted gears and started looking for new jobs. He quickly found some industry-specific job boards that weren't in his niche and wanted to search for new roles he could pivot into. He didn't waste his time meticulously tailoring each resume to every opportunity. He wanted to make this trip as productive as possible and get as many applications out as he could. It just felt better to do it here than in the oppressive environment of the apartment.

Dan tried his phone again. It rang but went to Sarah's voicemail. He should be back in Middleton soon. The train was scheduled to arrive just after Sarah finished up work. He would grab a taxi from the station if he didn't get a hold of her. Part of him wanted to arrive unannounced and see what he walked in on.

After sending out close to two dozen applications, he closed the laptop and sat back to think. He felt good. He had momentum on his side today. Now he needed to figure out a plan to get out of Lester's stranglehold on his relationship with his wife.



SARAH CLOSED her front door behind her and kicked off her heels. Her work day had gone by fast, and her feet were incredibly sore. She had avoided her office all day, instead opting to visit different departments around the hospital to catch up on long overdue check-ins with staff. These discussions quickly spiralled into the frustrations they were experiencing due to the ransomware attack.

She had heard that Lester was now set up in the IT department. Still, she avoided her office, the one place Lester knew to look for her and could potentially pin her down. He didn't know his way around the hospital or where she might be, so she used that to her advantage. She needed some space from him. It was better for her to have a clear head when thinking about him. She needed that time to think. Unfortunately, work kept her mind pretty occupied all day. She hadn't even had time to eat lunch. She was busy putting out one fire after another.

During a war room session towards the end of the day, Jerry had given an update that Lester had successfully managed to restore one of their systems proving that he could do it. Drew didn't seem pleased, which Sarah felt was strange. It wasn't lost on Jerry, either.

Sarah flopped herself onto the couch and laid there for ten minutes. It felt good to just be off her feet. She was thinking about ordering a pizza for dinner tonight. The kids were with her parents again. God bless her mother, who heard the stress in her voice earlier during a call and offered to take them another night.

Her relaxed lounging was broken by the doorbell ringing. She knew who it probably was. After a few seconds of not moving and wondering if she had just imagined it, the doorbell rang again.

Sarah dragged herself off the couch and realized she had probably creased her blazer and would need to iron it before hanging it back up in her closet. She opened the door, and Lester stood there with that dumb grin on his face. As much as she hated to admit it, her body reacted to his presence. She could feel herself growing damp between her legs. This man only meant one thing to her body and it was mind-blowing sex.

"You shouldn't be here, Lester," Sarah said, standing in the doorway. Lester pushed past her and walked into her home.

"You almost got me caught with my pants down," Lester said loudly.

"I'm sorry, what? I haven't seen you all day." Sarah said.

"You sent that IT guy up to your office to get me. I barely got my pants up in time." Lester said, his face flushed with embarrassment.

"Lester, I don't know how you work with other clients but at the hospital, we have a professional code of conduct. You can't just get naked whenever you want, wherever you want," Sarah said in a professional tone. In her mind, she found the whole thing quite funny.

"Argh," Lester threw his hands up, "You were supposed to come back to your office. Not some random guy."

"Lester, that's my place of work. I am busy, and I have things to do, just like you. You have a job to do so I suggest you focus on

that," Sarah stood with the door open, "Now I think it's best if you go back to your hotel room. My kids are going to be home soon."

"I'm here for dinner," Lester said, not moving towards the door. "I plan to have dinner here each day that I have to spend in this little town of yours. I want to come home after a long day and play wifey with you. If you want your kids here, that is up to you, but they are going to have to get used to having Uncle Lester around."

"That's not," Sarah was taken aback by his demand. She had thought yesterday's dinner was a one-off thing. She hadn't planned on anything more than that, "That's not what we agreed on. You're already getting paid by the hospital, that should be enough."

"Mmm, well, that pay isn't enough, and it's not why I came all the way out here," Lester said as he walked up to Sarah and pushed the door closed. "I'm here for my little slice of the American dream you have."

Lester pushed his crotch into Sarah's, backing her up against the door, "I want a vacation from Chicago, and I couldn't think of a better place than that bed upstairs with you next to me."

Sarah could feel Lester's growing hardness pressing into her. She moved to the side and, wrestled out of Lester's grip and put distance between them. She backed up into the kitchen and tried to change the subject, "Well I wouldn't mind a vacation myself with Dan, someplace warm. Now, there isn't much I can offer for dinner. The fridge is pretty bare. Maybe you could go and find something close to your hotel?"

Lester walked into the kitchen, his eyes roaming up and down Sarah's body. He looked intent on getting what he wanted. He licked his lips, "I can think of something else I can eat. Why don't we go upstairs and pick up where we left off this morning."

Sarah felt her knees grow weak, thinking about being taken by Lester again. Her panties already felt wet. It seemed so depraved, though, for Lester to keep fucking her in her own house. Having sex with him in Chicago already felt like a line that had been repeatedly crossed. Now he was here, in her kitchen, trying, no, demanding to fuck her. *The kitchen full of yesterday's dirty dishes.*

"It's been a long day, Lester," Sarah said, moving to the other side of the island. "I'd like to just relax tonight."

"There will be plenty of time to relax, after," Lester said as he rounded the edge of the marble island, "You ditched me at work today and you need to be punished for that. From now on, I get you every day in your office and here at home afterwards. I can see by the look on your face you want more of my cock right now anyway."

"Lester," Sarah said, backing up into the living room. She was trying to do her best not to succumb to this strange attraction she had to her husband's roommate. "I can't. It's not right. It's going too far. All of this."

"You'll change your tune once I get this back inside of you," Lester grabbed his crotch as he crossed the room towards Sarah. There was no island in between them now. Nothing holding them back. Sarah backed herself up against the back of the couch. Lester could see the desire on her face; he knew the game she was playing. He just needed to make contact, and she would be his –

The sound of keys turning the lock on the front door caused Lester to stop where he was. Sarah's head whipped towards the sound. The door swung open, and Dan stepped into the room. He stood there silently surveying the scene. They all could hear the crickets chirping in the yard behind him.

"Dan!" Sarah shouted, "What, what are you doing here?"

"Come here, honey," Dan said, gesturing his wife towards him. She moved from the couch and walked up to her husband, who hugged her tightly and kissed her deeply. After a few seconds, Dan broke the kiss and looked up at his roommate, "Lester."

Lester stayed where he was, assessing the situation. Dan took off his shoes and dropped his bag by the door.

"Did I interrupt something?" He asked as he strode into his home. He passed Lester and headed into the kitchen.

"Lester was just leaving," Sarah followed him, feeling a renewed sense of safety.

"Is that right?" Dan asked. "Lester, are you heading out? Why are you here anyway?"

Lester didn't speak right away. He seemed caught off guard and trying to figure out a response. Dan held up a finger, "That's right. You were probably here to try to sleep with my wife, right?"

"Dan, nothing happened, but we need to talk about yesterday," Sarah said.

"We will," Dan looked at his wife and smiled. "I love you. We will. But right now, I want to talk to Lester."

"Let's talk then," Lester said, squaring his shoulders and stepping forward into the kitchen. "I'm here to help your wife out of her work situation and plan on fucking her every night that I'm here. In your bed upstairs."

Dan felt his cock stir but ignored it. He had to press on and not get sucked back into letting his lust win out.

"Is the hospital paying you?" Dan asked flatly.

"Yes, but -" Lester started.

"Then that's your compensation. Sarah and I didn't agree to anything more, and from where I'm sitting, you came down here and took an extra date yesterday that we never agreed to." Dan cocked his head to the side, eager to see Lester's response. It felt good being back in his own environment. He was glad he arrived before Lester could taint it further.

"Hardly," Lester scoffed, "I couldn't keep your wife off me. It's not my problem that she can't help herself when she's around me."

Dan quickly glanced at Sarah, "That's what I want to talk about. Her being alone with you. We're going to change the terms of our arrangement."

"How's that," Lester chuckled. "I'm still getting my dates or I won't pay your half of the rent. I know how bad things are for you right now. You can't afford that."

"Sure," Dan said, stepping closer to Lester. "That's true. For now. But sooner or later, things will change. So if you want to enjoy this brief moment in your life while it lasts, we're going to change the terms. If not, I'll figure out another way to get the money. I'll start working at McDonalds after work if I have to."

Lester rolled his eyes and took a step back, "Let's hear it then. What do you want?"

Sarah leaned forward. This was unexpected. She hadn't known Dan was coming home and didn't have a clue what he was talking about. She didn't want to interrupt him and ask. He seemed to be on a roll here.

"Going forward, you two can still have your little dates, but I'm going to chaperone." Dan narrowed his eyes. "Sarah and I started this together, and we're going to stick this out together."

Dan looked at his wife, "I shouldn't have let you go off on your own. For that, I'm sorry. But from now on I'll be there for you."

"I don't think so," Lester shrugged his shoulders. "That's going to cramp my style."

"It's a take it or leave it offer," Dan said.

"You're bluffing," Lester looked Dan up and down as if he was assessing him. "If you can't afford rent, you'll have to crawl back here or get kicked out on the street."

"I've already worked it out," Dan said. He could sleep in the office. Things were so bad right now that no one would notice. He would just appear to be the first one in and the last one out. He could shower at the YMCA down the street. He didn't want to reveal this to Lester, though. Dan had learned it was better to hold onto information around him. "If I need to leave the apartment, so be it but I'm not going to play by your rules anymore. That's over."

Lester stared at Dan for a long time, trying to read his face. Sarah was staring at Dan, loving how assertive he was being. He seemed to have broken out of his funk and stood tall in front of Lester.

"So let me get this straight," Lester said. "I still get to go on dates with your wife, and I'll still probably fuck her, and you are just going to follow us around and watch?"

"Not exactly," Dan smiled, "You still get dates, but nothing else is guaranteed. Which was, if you recall, the original agreement."

"You good with that, honey?" Dan looked at Sarah reassuringly.

"Sounds good to me, boo," Sarah reached out and held Dan's hand."

"I'm not going to pay for you," Lester said, "And you'll have to give us some space."

"Sure," Dan nodded.

"I don't like you trying to strong-arm me, Dan," Lester said. "It's not good form to change a deal that has already been struck."

"Well, it's changed," Dan said, "And it's taken me a bit of time to see it, but I finally realized you aren't really that meek little nerd that you presented yourself as when we first moved in. So now is a good time to renegotiate."

Anger flashed on Lester's face. Sarah didn't know if he didn't like being called a nerd or didn't like that Dan could see the real Lester.

"I have a condition," Lester looked between both of them. "I agree to everything but I have one condition."

"What is it?" Sarah asked.

"Before I leave Middleton, I want Sarah one last time. Here in your house. You can be here and watch whatever you want to do."

"What do you think?" Dan looked at Sarah. She was happy that he looked at her for input. She felt like they were a team again. She found the idea of fucking Lester again morbidly appealing. It was hot thinking about Dan watching them go at it in their marital bed.

Sarah squeezed Dan's hand, "Whatever you think. Once isn't terrible."

"Alright, Lester, once you finish fixing things at the hospital, on your last night, you can come over," Dan said.

"I wasn't finished," Lester said. "I want Sarah to wear an outfit of my choosing too."

"Okay," Dan rolled his eyes, "What are you going to get her like a slave Princess Leia outfit to wear? It's asking a little much here."

"Scout's honor, it'll be something she already owns. Just a certain outfit that she hasn't worn in a while."

"Which is?" Sarah asked. All of the outfits she had worn in Chicago started to filter through her mind.

"I'll let you know on that last day when I'm here," Lester said.

"Fine, Lester. Whatever." Dan put his arm around Sarah's shoulders and held her close. "Another thing. While you are at the hospital and during the rest of your time in Middleton. Leave Sarah alone. No trying to corner her in her office or anything like that. Got it?"

"Sure," Lester said flatly.

"Let's shake on it then. Seal the deal," Dan extended his hand. "No walking this back. You leave Sarah alone, and I come on your little dates. You get one more date here in Middleton before leaving."

"And Sarah wears an outfit of my choosing on that date," Lester added in.

"Sure, yeah," Dan said.

Lester reached out and shook Dan's hand. Dan grimaced, feeling the sweaty palms of his roommate, "Okay, now it's time for you to go."

Dan gestured towards the door until Lester got the message and moved towards it. Immediately after Lester crossed the threshold, Dan shut the door and locked it.

"Oh, Dan," Sarah said, hugging him from behind, her head against his back. "I'm so glad you are back here. How are you here? What did they say at work?"

"I told them I'm going to work remotely for a bit," Dan turned and hugged Sarah back. "So many people have been leaving lately that they are scrambling to stop the bleeding. I have a bunch of key clients so I decided Walt can bend a little. He didn't have a problem with it."

"Good," Sarah nuzzled her head into her husband's chest and inhaled his scent. He was so different from Lester. "Dan we need to talk about what happened yesterday."

"You're right," Dan said, looking down at his wife. "We do. But right now, I just want you."

Dan's lips pressed hard into hers. They kissed passionately as Dan guided them across the room to the waiting couch. Soon, Sarah was on her back, and Dan undid his belt buckle. Sarah smiled and pulled him back down on top of her. She felt his cock straining against his boxers as it pushed against the crotch of her dress pants.

Dan broke their kiss and sat up. He thumbed the button on her pants and pulled them off of her in one quick motion. Dan grinned, seeing the wet spot on her panties, believing that was entirely his doing.

Soon he was inside his wife. Her arms and legs were wrapped around her husband as they fucked hard on the couch. Neither of them even seemed to care that the living room blinds weren't drawn. They fucked like they hadn't seen each other for weeks.

Dan had an overwhelming urge to reclaim his wife and Sarah eagerly wanted her husband, especially after the domineering display he had just shown.

"Ohhh fuck Dan!" Sarah screamed as an orgasm hit her body. She tensed and her pussy gripped Dan's cock.

"Fuck Sarah," Dan grunted as he came, erupting inside of her. His cum shooting into her pussy. Adding to the overwhelming amount of cum that Lester had deposited. The couple laid there catching their breath for several minutes. Sarah closed her eyes for a second.

When she opened them, Dan wasn't next to her. The sun coming from the window had dimmed. Had she really fallen asleep? She quickly got dressed and hoped no one saw them through the window. Sounds from the kitchen drew her attention and she followed them.

Dan was standing at the sink cleaning the dirty dishes from the night before. Sarah was relieved she didn't have to do it but felt a pang of disappointment that her husband was cleaning up Lester's mess.

"Hey there," Dan smiled. "Sorry, I just couldn't wake you sleeping beauty."

"Hmmm," Sarah leaned over the counter and watched him work. His muscles were tight as he scrubbed a stubborn pan. "You are my prince charming."

"Heh," Dan smiled, looking at her.

"So I unpacked my bag upstairs while you were sleeping." His face turned more somber, "The sheets in the bedroom were a mess, so I threw them in the washing machine."

This was the moment Sarah had been dreading, to be faced with the reality of the previous night, "Yeah, ugh, last night Lester demanded dinner in exchange for his help at the hospital. Obviously, he tried more than just that."

"Tried? Or succeeded?" Dan was staring intently down at the dishes as he scrubbed them. It was almost like he wanted to take in the information but not look at her and acknowledge the reality.

"Succeeded," Sarah said guiltily.

"In our bed?" Dan already knew the answer but asked anyway.

"Yes," Sarah said quietly, "Twice."

"Twice?" Dan looked up, shocked.

"I'm so, so sorry, Dan. He said I looked tense and massaged me. Then, when I got worked up. Well, you can imagine. After I fell asleep and sometime in the middle of the night..."

Dan held up his hand, "Okay. I get it. Listen, I'm just a little upset at how he came into our house when I'm not here and just took over. You still turn me on and want to hear more details later, but I just need to process it right now."

"Okay," Sarah said. She couldn't help it. She needed to unburden herself, "And this morning before work in the shower."

Dan dropped the plate he was washing into the sink. It clanked as it hit another one, "Jesus Christ, three times? Lester fucked you three times since last night?"

"I know. I'm sorry," Sarah put her hands in her face, "It's like he has some spell on me. I just can't stop him. It's like in the moment, I can't stop it but after, I just feel like shit. Like I'm so weak that I couldn't say no. I'm sorry, Dan."

Dan furrowed his brow and picked the plate back up before scrubbing it hard. He started breathing slowly, trying to relax himself. After a minute of silence, he finally said, "I'm sorry too. For my part in all of this. Anything else?"

Sarah stared at the granite countertop, unable to look up at Dan, "He didn't wear a condom."

"This is why I came home and made those new rules," Dan said. "I fucking knew he was going to try something. Sarah, that was our one rule? Our last rule, honestly. Every single one of them has been broken!"

"I know, I know! I hate myself for it. I'm sorry Dan!" Sarah put her face in her hands again, "I asked him if he had one, and he said

yes! Then he just didn't use it, and it was too late before I realized it."

"Really?" Dan said, looking up at her, "When you realized it, you could have stopped. Told him to stop and put one on. You're telling me he tricked you three different times and you still went along with it?"

Sarah didn't say a thing. She just stared at the counter ashamed.

"I assume you enjoyed yourself?" Dan asked.

Sarah looked up at him with tears beginning to form in her eyes, "Yes. I'm not going to lie to you."

Dan sighed. "Look, I know how we can get carried away and lost in the moment. Believe me, you know I can. You've seen how far I let things get out of control in Chicago. It's just, this is a big one. Did he at least pull out?"

"I don't think so," Sarah said, shaking her head.

Dan picked up the bristle brush and started working on the pan with the dried-up pasta. He wanted to go over and console Sarah. He hated seeing her this way. But he didn't want her to feel his erection that was pressing against the lower cabinets. Knowing that Lester had cum in his wife was something that he was having trouble processing. It was a golden rule broken, but it was also extremely hot, thinking that some ugly troll like Lester came bare inside of his sexy young wife.

"At least he is fixed," Dan said as he finished the dishes, "I'm not sure how I would take it if he wasn't."

"Do you hate me?" Sarah asked. "I'm sorry."

"No, I love you, dummy," Dan said, "It's just a lot to process. A whole lot to process."

"I know, I know," Sarah said, looking at the ceiling as if the right words were written there, "I can't stop thinking about how much our lives have changed since you got laid off. I never in a million years would have thought I would be sleeping with someone like Lester in our own bed. Let alone everything that's happened in the last day."

Dan pulled the drain plug in the bottom of the sink before grabbing a bottle of wine from the cabinet. He poured two glasses and slid one across the island to his wife. Sarah eagerly grabbed it

and took a long drink. Dan took a sip. He noticed that Sarah wasn't wearing her wedding band but decided not to poke the bear too much. He'd ask her where it was later.

"Listen, I want to go shower and clean up," He moved strategically to conceal his erection. "We can talk more about this later but for now just enjoy that wine, okay? We're still good. We just need to figure some things out."

"You don't hate me?" Sarah said, turning to look at him.

"I love you, you naughty girl," He kissed the top of her head. "We'll figure it out."



AS DAN SHOWERED, he couldn't stop thinking about Lester taking Sarah bare and cumming inside of her. He wanted to hear all the details of what happened. Needed to hear them. But he didn't want to seem overly aroused when he did. He needed to take care of his dick so he could have a level-headed conversation with his wife.

He wasn't sure that was possible, though. Any details would probably send him into overdrive. His mind was filling in all the blanks of what could have potentially happened. The positions Lester took her in. The things he said to her. How did it happen when he came? Did he tell her what he was doing? Did she nod her consent to it?

Dan reached down and found his raging hard dick. He stroked it. He hated that he was pleasuring himself to the thought of Lester taking Sarah. His plan on the train was to be strong and rise above all of this. He didn't want to backslide.

She said they fucked again this morning. Dan opened his eyes and looked around at the shower he was standing in. They fucked right in here this morning.

Images flooded his mind of how they might have done it. Sarah screaming in ecstasy as Lester's cum filled her, flooding her pussy..

Dan closed his eyes and rested his forehead against the shower wall as he stroked his cock until he came. His cum hit the wall before

the water carried his seed down the drain.



DAN WORKED from the kitchen table in their home for the rest of the week. Much to Sarah's relief, Lester kept to his word and didn't bother her at work. The most she saw of him was his occasional appearance in the war room, giving updates on his progress unlocking their systems.

From what Sarah said, it sounded like the team at the hospital had begun to worship the ground Lester walked on. They were impressed with his technical prowess and grateful about getting back into their systems. It made sense, considering they were originally told it would be months to have their systems rebuilt. Now Lester had them unlocked and back to work in a matter of days.

Dan felt like he was making great progress. In fact he felt that he was more productive at home than he was in the office in Chicago. He wondered whether or not Walt would let him work from home permanently. Walt was kind of old school, though, but if Dan could demonstrate results, it might just be possible.

During his lunch hour, Dan continued to apply for jobs, but he found he was enjoying the engagement his LinkedIn posts were getting. In just a few days, he got dozens of responses to his posts. He enjoyed the interaction and feeling like a thought leader. He just hoped he could parlay these posts into something income-generating.

One small thought kept dancing in the back of his head. He hadn't seen Sarah wear her wedding band this week. They were in a good place now, and he was sure there was a good reason for it, but he hadn't mentioned it yet. Better not to rock the boat too much.

As he began to type up another post his cell phone rang. It was Sarah. His heart skipped a beat. Even though she said Lester left her alone, he wondered if something had happened every time she called. He felt his cock stiffen as he answered the phone.

"Hey honey," Dan said, trying to sound normal. He didn't want her to hear the anticipation in his voice.

"Hey baby," Sarah said cheerfully, "I have some news."

Dan felt his heart beating in his ears, "Good news or bad news?"

"Maybe both?" Sarah said, "Jerry just briefed us in the war room. It sounds like Lester has gotten us back access to our critical systems. By the end of the day, he should finally have the payroll system back online. There are some other minor applications still locked, but Jerry says they aren't critical and don't have data stored in them. His team can just wipe and reinstall them."

"That's great news, honey. But does that mean that Lester is done with his work?" Dan asked with bated breath.

"I think so. They are already talking about finalizing his payment, pending board approval. So tonight might be the night." Sarah said quietly.

"I didn't expect that to happen so soon," Dan said. "He hasn't tried anything at work has he?"

"No, he has stayed away like you told him to. I wouldn't be surprised if he shows up to ensure we are going to hold up our side of things," Sarah said. Dan was suddenly very distracted from his work.

"Do you think your parents can take the kids again? If not I could ask my folks," Dan was absently staring at his computer screen. He couldn't believe how unproductive he suddenly felt. He stood up and walked into the living room.

"I'll text them and see. It shouldn't be a problem. They are always eager to spend time with the kids. Though they might invite us over for dinner. It's been awhile since they've seen you." Sarah said into the phone.

"Yeah. Well, if that's the case, I wouldn't mind seeing them too. We'll just tell Lester to come over later on, unless he waits until tomorrow." Dan said.

"Okay, I'll shoot them a text right now. I'll message you if I have any updates. How is work going there?" Sarah asked.

"It's going," Dan said looking back into this laptop in the other room, "Work stuff is pretty much buttoned up. I'm actually

wondering if Walt would let me work remotely. I'll see if I can pitch that to him. Those LinkedIn posts I mentioned are starting to pick up traction. We'll see if I can make anything come of that." Dan sat down on the couch and put his feet up on the coffee table.

"I'm so proud of you, baby. I know that soon we'll be back on track and be able to close this chapter behind us." Sarah said.

I hope so. Dan cleared his throat, "Yeah, I know we will, baby."

"Alright, honey, I have to run. I love you." Sarah said.

"I love you too boo. Hope the rest of your day is good." Dan said before hanging up the phone. He sighed and rested his head on the back of the couch. He knew he needed to get back to work but his mind was elsewhere.

After a few minutes, he pushed the thoughts of Lester and Sarah aside and strode back into the kitchen to focus on what mattered. Moving his goals forward. At some point in the afternoon, Sarah texted him that Lester had spoken with her about his intention to visit tonight. Sarah's parents had also offered to take their girls and did want to have them over for dinner. Dan didn't let the message rattle him too much. He was able to successfully focus on getting his work tasks done for the week. He needed some fresh air so he took a walk to brainstorm ideas for his social posts.

A few hours later, Dan and Sarah had eaten dinner with her parents and left the girls in their care for the night. At home, Sarah and Dan opened a new bottle of wine and shared a glass before texting Lester and letting him know it was clear to come over.

"I can't believe we are actually doing this," Sarah was sitting on the kitchen counter with her wine glass cupped in both hands.

"What do you mean?" Dan asked, "I know it's kind of out there, but it's pretty par for the course of the last few months."

"I just mean," Sarah started, "It's in our house, and we're waiting for someone to come over to have sex with me. It just feels like we are living in a different reality."

"I guess in some ways we are," Dan crossed his arms and leaned back against the countertop across from Sarah. "Ever since my job blew up, it is like we've been living in the twilight zone."

"I guess you're right," Sarah took a drink of her wine. "Before he gets here, is there anything we need to talk about? Or go over?"

"You mean like a safe word?" Dan asked. "I'm going to insist on the condom. I'm putting that genie back in the bottle. Other than that, I'm not entirely sure."

"Are you going to be there?" Sarah lifted her eyes from her glass to look into her husband's, "You know, like in the room with us?"

"I think so," Dan said, "I mean, I would be lying if I said I didn't want to see it. It's been awhile, and it's been like torture knowing it is happening but not being there for you."

"Okay, good, I want you to be there," Sarah slid off the counter and leaned into her husband, "It's not the same without you. Sure, I might enjoy it, but I really love watching your face and seeing your reaction. That's probably the hottest part of all of this."

Dan kissed his wife's forehead. They stood there silently together until the doorbell rang. Lester had arrived.

"I'll get it," Dan said as he gently eased his wife off his body. He headed to the door and opened it. Lester stood there wearing a cheap-looking tuxedo that didn't fit him properly. The sleeves were too short, even though it appeared oversized on him, "A rental?"

"Yup," Lester stood impatiently as Dan waited, stock still in the threshold. After an uncomfortable few seconds, Dan eventually stepped to the side and gestured for Lester to come inside.

"What's the occasion, Lester?" Dan asked, "I've never seen you dressed up before."

"I thought it was appropriate," Lester said smugly, "Since we are celebrating tonight, after all. The hospital is free of its ransomware."

"Right, well, come on," Dan shut and locked the door. "Let's get on with it then."

Sarah appeared and leaned against the doorway to the kitchen. "Nice tux. So, what outfit of mine did you want me to wear tonight? I'll go get changed."

Lester grinned and pointed towards the table against the wall, "That one."

Sarah and Dan's eyes followed Lester's fingers to the arrangement of family photographs on the living room table against

the wall. There were several photos he could be pointing towards. Dan and Sarah both walked towards the table to see which one he was talking about.

"I thought you meant like a lingerie set, not some everyday outfit," Sarah said.

"The wedding dress," Lester breathed. "Not an everyday outfit."

Dan turned and looked hard at Lester, "That's not what we agreed to. You said an outfit you haven't seen in a long time."

"Actually, when we shook on the deal, what I said was that it was an outfit she hadn't worn for some time." Lester grinned triumphantly.

"That's not happening," Dan said.

"It's been years. I probably don't even fit into my wedding dress anymore," Sarah added.

"We shook on it. And I quote, you said that we were 'sealing the deal.' I held up my end of things. I didn't bother Sarah at work once, and I took care of the hospital's problem. Are you really going to renege on the deal now that I've done all the work?" Lester said.

Dan could feel his muscles tensing. He thought he had every angle covered here and was already allowing this Chicago bridge troll into his house to crawl between his wife's legs. Then he felt Sarah's soft hand on his back and it immediately slowed his heart rate.

"Shit," Sarah said quietly. "We agreed to this. I don't like it either, but we can't back out now."

"We can, though. It's your wedding dress," Dan said, "It's not just some outfit."

"I know. Like I said, I probably don't even fit into it. I've had two kids since then, for god's sake." Sarah said. "I can't imagine getting into that dress again. Especially for something like this."

"You only wore that dress once, for me, on our wedding day," Dan said, closing his eyes and pinching the bridge of his nose.

"And now she is going to wear it tonight for me." Lester grinned.

"Lester, do me a favor and go sit in the kitchen for a second while I talk to Sarah upstairs," Dan said pointing in the direction of the kitchen. "Come on, Sarah."

Dan led Sarah upstairs and around the corner before speaking in a hushed voice, "Are you okay with this? It's your wedding dress, Sarah. Don't you want one of the girls to wear it in their weddings one day?"

"Maybe. But they'll probably also have their own style of dress," Sarah said, "Dan, it's just a dress. It's been collecting dust at the back of the closet for years. Yes, it is special to me and to us, but you know how Lester is. He makes an outrageous demand like the dress that he knows you'll have a problem with so that you compromise for something else that he really wants. The way I see it, this is our way of coming out ahead."

"I still don't like it." Dan felt like punching a hole in the drywall, "He's pushing things too far."

"Well, I guess we don't have to like it, but we just need to get it over with." Sarah put a steadying hand on his chest to calm him down. "I suppose next time we should get all the details up front before agreeing to something with him."

"Next time," Dan scoffed. "You know, when I came back here the other day, I thought I finally had the momentum to control him and control this, but now I feel like I got outplayed, and the rug's been pulled out from under me."

"Hey, you still got this," Sarah smiled up at him reassuringly, "It was super hot the other day how you came in and took control of things. Don't let him rattle you. We got most of what we wanted from that. This is just a speed bump. Don't forget, it's you and me here. Lester is just a guest, and we'll remind him of that."

"What do you mean?" Dan said. He watched as a mischievous smile appeared on his wife's face, and her hand descended until it reached his crotch."

"Hmmm, all this wedding dress talk clearly has had an effect on you." Sarah's hands had discovered Dan's hardening cock. "Don't be ashamed. I know how it is for you. What I mean is, this whole thing is because of something we did together, and we can do that again tonight. I'll think about you and just focus on you there. Let's just look at Lester like a sex toy for something between us. Nothing more than that."

Dan sighed. He liked that reframing, and that viewpoint could get him through tonight, "Okay. I still don't have to like it, despite what my dick might be saying to the contrary."

"We can still back out. Maybe we can buy some more time to think up something else? Sarah smiled at him reassuringly. "What do you think we should do?"

"Let's just get it over with," Dan sighed. He was already breathing quickly, anticipating what the night would hold. "I'll just make sure we get it dry-cleaned in the morning."

"Okay," Sarah winked and stood up on her tippy toes to kiss her husband. "Go back downstairs and get yourself a drink. I'll get changed quickly for *you*, and we can get this over with."

"Alright. Thanks for calming me down," Dan said as he turned back towards the stairs. "I was ready to throw him out on his ass."

"And I would have liked to have watched that," Sarah said, backing down the hallway, "But I would be worried about what would come after."

"Like his ass would break the side walk," Dan said under his breath. He nodded to his wife as he walked down the stairs. Lester was sitting patiently at the kitchen table, staring at Dan as he entered. Dan went to the cupboard and made himself a drink. He purposefully didn't offer Lester one.

"So what's the verdict, chief?" Lester said from behind him.

Dan took a long drink before turning around to look at this squat roommate. He narrowed his eyes and moved to Lester's side of the island. Crossing his arms, he leaned back against it, "The verdict is that we are going to go ahead with it tonight. You're going to have to wear a condom, so you better have some. Afterwards, you get out and don't come back to my house."

It unnerved Dan the way that Lester smiled back at him. Sarah seemed to think Lester had another motive for the proposal, some other compromise he was willing to settle for, but his reaction seemed victorious.

"I'll go to my car and grab some condoms," Lester said standing. Dan didn't reply. He just watched the little man cross the room and exit through the front door.



LESTER HUFFED AS he crossed the driveway to his car. He slid into the driver's seat and shut the door behind him. His plan was working out. Sure, he hadn't expected Dan to arrive home in the middle of the week, but he was still getting what we wanted out of the arrangement.

He would have liked to have bent Sarah over her work desk or taken her somewhere at her work but for now, he would make due. There was still hope things could work out in the future. Besides, now he would get to fuck Sarah in her wedding dress in front of her husband. How much more humiliating could it get for Dan?

Lester looked back at the house to see if Dan was watching from the window. Satisfied that he wasn't, Lester opened the center console and removed the box of condoms marked with the orange X. He shoved a few condoms in his suit jacket before putting the box back in the console.

Dan didn't realize it, but he could very well be the key to pushing Sarah across boundaries that might have taken Lester months to break on his own.



AS LESTER CLOSED the front door to the house behind him, his breath caught in his throat as Sarah came down the stairs. The picture he had looked at earlier in the week did not do Sarah justice. She looked absolutely stunning.

The dress was strapless, showing off Sarah's sexy, slender shoulders. The corset was snug to her breasts, pushing them up to show off her cleavage. Lester licked his lips as his eyes roamed the tops of her breasts. She looked like she belonged on the cover of a wedding magazine. The white material of the dress had lace flower patterns on it. It hugged her hips tightly, enough to make any priest rethink his life choices. Sarah held the train of the dress in front of her as she took the last step. It ran down past her feet in what

Lester thought was called a mermaid style. Her hair was tucked up and a sheer veil sat over her face. He couldn't wait to fuck her. This might be the only time he didn't want to get her naked, well, not immediately.

"I guess it still fits," Dan said, leaning on the kitchen door frame.

Sarah blushed, "I'm surprised it does."

"I'm not, honey, you look the same as you did that day," Dan said.

"Much better than the Princess Leia slave outfit, huh Dan?" Lester was grinning ear to ear as he stepped up to Sarah. She looked quickly towards her husband who gave her a slight nod of reassurance.

Lester took Sarah's hand, held it above her head and made her spin in a circle for him. He whistled as his eyes danced over her ass, straining against the tight fabric of the dress. "Shall we?" Lester held out his arm for Sarah. She looked over her bare shoulder at her husband once more.

"Lester," Dan pushed off the doorframe and stood up straight, "Do you have the condoms from your car?"

Lester tapped his breast pocket, "I do."

"Let's get this over with then," Dan said, crossing his arms. Sarah smiled at her husband before turning back towards the stairs. Lester looped his arm in hers and walked up the stairs.

As the odd couple reached the top of the stairs, Dan placed his hand on the railing and started to follow. Lester looked down at him and said, "Doesn't this kind of feel like you giving your wife away to another man at a wedding?"

Dan felt his cock twitch in his pants, "Just shut up, man." Lester chuckled as he led Sarah around the corner, out of Dan's sight.

"You don't have to be such an asshole," Sarah said quietly. She didn't want Dan to feel emasculated, as she came to his defense. "We can all have a good time without you acting that way."

"I do it because I know you both love it," Lester remarked, "I know Dan's disdain for me adds something to this for both of you, so why not lean into it."

Sarah didn't respond but quietly contemplated Lester's words. She knew they were true for her. Something about submitting to someone her husband disliked was so taboo she couldn't help to be drawn to it. She knew Dan felt similar. As they neared the bedroom, Sarah heard Dan's footsteps on the top of the landing behind them.

"One sec," Lester cast a quick glance back at Dan before throwing Sarah's arm over his shoulder and leaning down to grip behind her legs.

"What are you doing?" Sarah was taken aback and didn't understand what Lester was doing.

"I want to carry you across the threshold," Lester wheezed as he picked Sarah up in his arms. His beady eyes looked down at her cleavage, now at a great angle for the pervert. He swayed slightly as he stood on unsteady feet before taking several steps and walking with Sarah into the Williams' bedroom before awkwardly setting her down.

"Jesus Christ," Lester muttered as he let Sarah walk a few steps ahead of him. His eyes were glued to her ass. The dress hugged her body tightly, but the material was no match for her amazing behind. The fabric strained to contain her ass. Lester licked his lips and had no doubt that the eyes of every man in attendance had been on her ass as she walked up the aisle. The dress exposed Sarah's flawless naked back as well. Lester couldn't wait to run his dirty tongue up her spine.

Sarah turned around and looked past Lester at Dan, who was tentatively approaching the bedroom. "What now?" she said to both men. Lester gestured towards the bed with his beefy hand, "Sit down there on the edge."

Sarah cast one last glance at Dan before complying with Lester's command. She shivered but didn't think either of them noticed. Following a command from another man in the presence of her husband felt strangely erotic. Especially coming from someone like Lester.

Sarah sat on the bed and watched as Lester approached her with a hungry look in his eyes. She noticed Dan slide into the room and hover near the chair in the corner. The chair never got much use -

originally, Sarah had purchased it as a reading chair, which is why she spent time finding something comfy with a fabric she liked. Unfortunately ever since Dan lost his job, she hadn't had much time for reading and the chair sat unused. Now it seemed to have found a new purpose. Dan kept his leg against it, its presence anchoring him to reality as the unbelievable occurred before him.

Lester knelt in front of Sarah and ran his eyes over her dress. He looked to the side and cast Dan a wicked smile before grabbing the bottom of Sarah's dress and slowly raising it. He took his time, being agonizingly slow, enjoying gradually exposing Dan's wife. "Just what I hoped," Lester muttered as Sarah's white stocking-clad legs came into view. Her husband watched as she posed her legs for his roommate. Her eyes submissively sought out Lester's approval.

He rested the dress above her knee and used both hands to run up one calf until they came to rest on her lower thigh. "I've always wanted to do this," Lester said as his hands rose higher. Sarah closed her eyes and threw her head back. Feeling Lester's hands on her was already making her wet. She felt guilty that her body was already responding to his touch. She felt even guiltier that Dan was right here and had no idea. She had told Dan everything that happened earlier in the week with Lester at their home, but words couldn't convey just how deeply Lester had affected her. Her breathing deepened as the fat man touched her.

Lester's fingers gripped the garter on her thigh, and he slowly lowered it down her leg. Even though he could already see her legs, feeling the material of garter peeled away from her skin felt like an additional, symbolic exposure. Sarah tried not to show how aroused she was, worried Dan might grow jealous and put a stop to things. She felt like she was losing her grip on reality but was ready to just let go.

Lester pulled the garter and stockings free from her legs. He turned and flung the garter at Dan, hitting him in the chest. Lester didn't bother to note Dan's reaction, his attention was already back on the young mother on the bed. Lester carefully removed the garter and stocking from her other leg and dropped them on the floor.

He stood up and hovered over Sarah. He stayed still until she opened her eyes and looked up at him, wondering why he wasn't touching her. That's when it occurred to Dan that Sarah hadn't glanced in his direction. She was breathing hard, the tops of her breasts straining against the fabric of her wedding dress as she stared up at Lester longingly. Dan recognized the look on her face. Lust. Suddenly the room felt really small. Suffocating. Dan felt the immediate need to sit down. He slid onto his wife's chair next to him and felt himself leaning forward, morbid curiosity drawing him in. He felt like he'd missed out on something again. Seeing his wife staring up at Lester with such desire was shocking. He remembered back in Chicago all those months ago when he was on the couch with Sarah. Her attention was entirely on him. Dan had told her to turn her head and to look at Lester. Pushing her to help fulfill his fantasy. Now, she was looking at his roommate freely with an entirely different expression on her face. Somehow, Dan hadn't realized how deeply his wife had succumbed to his roommate.

Lester reached a hand forward and placed it on her bare shoulder. Sarah's body stiffened. Lester's thumb gently caressed her collarbone. He ran his hand up her neck until he was cupping her cheek beneath the veil. He stroked her cheek with his thumb before letting it come to rest on her lower lip. He played with her bottom lip, pulling it with his thumb and letting it fall back in place. Before Sarah realized what she was doing, her tongue had eased out and met Lester's thumb, licking his fingertip. Boldened by her actions, Lester pushed his entire thumb into her mouth, which Sarah began to suck on. Sarah rolled her tongue around Lester's fat finger as she sucked on it. Her brain vaguely registered a cheesy taste, but she was consumed with wanting to suck his digit as she would his cock. She felt her arousal grow as the familiar taste of Lester's skin danced across her taste buds.

Dan watched as Sarah eagerly sucked on Lester's finger like she was sucking on his cock. Her eyes were open, and staring up at the short man before her. Lester removed his thumb from her mouth and gently pushed on her shoulder, causing Sarah to fall back onto

the bed. Dan waited for Lester to look his way and grin but he never did. He was entirely focused on Sarah.

Lester got onto the bed with Sarah, kneeling between her open legs as he stared down at the young mother lying in anticipation before him. Her blonde hair sprawled across the bed. The tops of her breasts rising and falling against the corset. Lester moved up the bed and pressed forward, his weight coming to rest on Sarah's body as he came face to face with her.

Dan felt his cock straining against his pants and a pit forming in his stomach as he watched Lester delicately lift Sarah's veil from her face. The same thing he himself had done so many years ago in a room filled with their closest friends and family. Lester stared into Sarah's eyes. He cupped her face with one hand and slowly inched his own closer. They didn't break eye contact as his lips slowly got closer and closer to hers. When they were just an inch apart, Lester held her gaze for several seconds. It seemed far more intimate than Dan had expected. He was surprised Sarah hadn't looked over at him yet.

"You forgot something this morning," Lester whispered. Even though Dan's heartbeat sounded like it was reverberating off the walls, he could still hear what Lester said.

"What?" Sarah said, breathing hard and looking up at the ugly face above her.

Lester reached into the pocket of his tux, "This." He slid out Sarah's wedding band and engagement ring. The ones she had been looking for this morning. Lester must have taken them before she got out of the shower. He took her left hand in his and held it up before sliding the bands onto her ring finger. Sarah shuddered, feeling Lester's intimate display.

Lester closed his eyes and pushed his lips against Sarah's. He kissed her softly and sensually. Sarah's eyes closed involuntarily and she returned the short man's kiss. Their wet lips exploring each other. Slowly, Sarah felt Lester's tongue begin to run against her soft lips. She extended hers automatically in response. Their tongues gently met and caressed each other before pushing deeply into each

other's mouths. She could feel the heat coming off Lester's body, and his inescapable primal scent filled her nostrils.

Dan wanted to take off his pants and stroke his cock, but his fingers were gripping the arms of the chair. Lester was kissing his wife like he would an intimate lover. He remembered seeing them like this for the first in the apartment, where he stood in the shadows of the hallway. He wanted to turn, feeling like he was intruding. He felt the same way now, like seeing something that was only supposed to be private between two lovers. His wife's hand grasped the back of his roommate's head, intensifying their contact.

Sarah felt the weight of Lester on top of her, pushing her into the bed. His gut pressed into her stomach. She felt like she was suffocating, but she continued to kiss Lester lovingly. It felt as if his lips were the oxygen she desperately needed. After gently kissing each other for a few minutes, Lester's kisses became more passionate. Hungrier. He started thrusting his hips between her legs, rubbing his growing firm length against her panty-covered sex in time with his rough kissing. His hands began to roam her body, running over the tops of her breasts and against her exposed shoulders before snaking his hands under her and groping her butt, seizing her cheeks in each of his grubby paws.

Sarah could feel Lester's hard cock pushing against her soaked pussy. Even though it was under his pants and likely his underwear, there was no denying its presence. She longed to feel its naked form against her bare skin. It throbbed as Lester sunk his tongue into her mouth. She pressed her open crotch back against him in response.

Dan felt like he was watching a couple grope each other on prom night. Or worse, a couple of newlyweds about to consummate their marriage. Sarah looked so beautiful. She was more beautiful than she did on their wedding day. She never believed Dan when he told her she grew more beautiful as she aged, but he could see it was true. Now he was watching that beauty be ravaged by a brute who had no business even breathing the same air as her. It was as if they were consuming each other.

Suddenly, Lester broke their kiss; a string of saliva connected them briefly as he moved back into a kneeling position and struggled

to remove his suit jacket. He fought to remove his arms from the shortened sleeves. Dan was ready to laugh but stifled it as he watched Sarah's hands reach forward and unbuckle Lester's belt. Before Lester could free one arm from the suit, Sarah had expertly pulled his belt from his pants and tossed it onto the floor. Then she determinedly started working on the pants button and zipper.

Dan's mouth was hanging open as Sarah's hand reached in and began to caress Lester's cock. Lester finally freed one arm from the jacket and started working on the other.

"Take it out," Sarah said loudly. Dan stared at the impression of Sarah's hand rhythmically moving beneath the belt line of Lester's pants, "Take it out, Dan."

His eyes snapped to hers. Her head was to the side and she was looking at Dan, seemingly staring into his soul. Her green eyes were focused on his. She was looking at him with that face that meant she wanted to be fucked, "Show it to me." She licked her lips sensuously.

Dan quickly complied, standing up and pulling off his pants. His boxers quickly followed until he was standing there in just his shirt. "There it is," Sarah said, biting her lip, "Don't forget to give it some attention for me. I'm going to be a little... busy." The tempo of her hand quickened in Lester's pants, ensuring his erection was ready.

He didn't need to be told twice. Sarah hadn't forgotten about him after all. He was in this with her together, just like she said earlier. Dan reached down and began to stroke his cock. It already felt like a gun ready to go off with a hairpin trigger. He needed to be careful or he would blow his load before anything happened.

Lester's suit jacket was now on the ground. He was off the bed, getting out of his pants. Sarah ran her hands over her breasts and down her abdomen as she stared at Dan's cock, "Don't stop, big boy," Sarah said as her hands reached under her dress, "Keep stroking him for me."

Sarah hooked her fingers under her white panties and began to lower them. Sarah's eyes continued to alternate between looking at his cock and the lust painted on his face. Dan was vaguely aware

that Lester was naked now, but he couldn't take his eyes off his wife. She was mesmerizing.

Lester reached forward and deftly pulled Sarah's panties the rest of the way down her legs. Grinning he knelt back on the bed and gripped the base of his cock. He held up the skirt of Sarah's wedding dress and stared at his prize between her legs. He took in a deep breath, savoring the scent of her arousal.

Sarah broke eye contact with Dan, her gaze shifting to Lester's cock pointing at her. Dan's eyes followed hers, and for the first time in weeks, he saw Lester's large bare cock. This time the grotesquely swollen organ was here in his bedroom. Lester shifted his knees, getting closer to Sarah. He was going to slide his girthy cock into her.

"Condom," Dan mumbled before catching himself and speaking loudly, "Condom, Lester."

Lester shot him an annoyed look. Dan held his gaze, challenging him to defy him. This was his house, and he wasn't about to be pushed around. Not anymore.

A small snarl appeared on Lester's face. He backed away from Sarah and looked around the floor for his suit jacket. He made a show of grabbing the condom he'd retrieved and tearing it open. He slid it onto his bulging cock and waved it at Dan. Then he turned and got back onto the bed, crawling up between Sarah's legs. He grabbed his swollen member and pushed the head of his cock against her wet entrance. Sarah was biting her lip as he eased the head of his cock just inside of her, her lips wet with anticipation.

"Do you want this?" Lester said as he eased himself down onto her. He held his cock at her entrance as his gut came to rest on her. There was a beat where the only sound in the room was the heavy breathing of the unlikely threesome.

"I do," Sarah said. Dan wasn't sure she understood the phrase that she'd just uttered but it wasn't lost on Lester. A sly grin appeared on his face. Lester slowly and deliberately pushed the entire length of his cock into the young mother. Sarah's hands gripped his shoulders, her face contorting in pleasure. Her legs

spread further apart, opening herself up, allowing Lester unrestricted access to her most prized possession.

"Ahh, fuck," Sarah moaned as she felt Lester's condom-clad cock slide into her, "Ah, Ah, Mhmmmm, oh, ahhh," Lester grunted, and he started a series of slow, long thrusts into the young mother. Sarah's pussy felt suddenly alive with the electric sensation of the cock within it.

Dan watched in awe. He hadn't seen this in a while, but it was much more vivid and gut-wrenching than he remembered. It was such a turn-on. He realized he was stroking his cock too quickly. He felt how shallow his breath was. Dan watched as Lester sunk his full length into Sarah, and her body convulsed once and then again. Sarah's long, slender legs extended and wrapped around Lester's waist, pulling her closer to him.

Sarah turned her head towards him and lazily opened her eyes. She smiled at Dan and blew him a kiss. Lester's thrust interrupted her, causing her breasts to jiggle and her face to register her ecstasy as her mouth formed an 'O' when she felt his length push deeper into her. Lester's grubby fingers grabbed Sarah by the chin, and turned her head back to face him.

"How's that feel?" Lester grunted as he continued his slow assault on Sarah's married pussy, punctuating his question with a hard push. Sarah closed her eyes and gritted her teeth, focusing on the feeling of Lester's cock sliding in and out of her. She'd become used to the ritual of her body adapting to Lester's increasingly frequent visits, but he seemed so much larger this time.

"Goo—" Sarah's breath caught in her throat at Lester's thrust, "Good. So good. Oh, oh, my—"

"Did you tell Dan about all the fun we had while he was in Chicago?" Lester smiled, looking down at the young woman enjoying his cock, "All the fun we had right here on this bed?"

Sarah nodded her head and turned to look at Dan. Lust and a hint of worried shame played on her features. She wanted to focus on her husband like they'd planned. She tried not to think about how tenderly Lester made love to her and then how he fucked her again in the bed and then the shower. Lester's hand began to play with

Sarah's breasts. Kneading the tops of them, stoking the flames of her excitement. "But did you tell him how many times you came on my cock? How long we went at it? Did you tell him how you begged for me to cum inside you?"

Sarah closed her eyes, remembering the feeling of Lester's hot cum spurting out like a geyser inside of her. She could feel an orgasm beginning to stir, a deep vibration that seemed to be happening all over her body at once. Sarah felt her ankles lock and tighten around Lester's fat ass. She ran her hands up his stomach, rings of his hair running through her fingers until they came to rest on his flabby chest. She tried to picture Dan on top of her but the distinct aroma and lack of tone chest was too much of a disconnect. It could only be one person - Lester, "Mhmmmmmmmm," the moan escaped her lips and surprised her.

Lester cast a glance towards Dan, "It's true. She couldn't get enough once I got it in her raw. She went wild for it. She practically came right away. When I told her I was going to cum she wouldn't let me pull away."

Still facing Dan, Lester suddenly pushed his hips forward, redoubling his effort and thrusting his cock hard into Sarah. He rapidly thrust several more times in quick succession until the condom broke. He felt his bare core break free of its latex prison and feel the true warmth of Sarah's pussy. If Sarah realized she did not react, Dan was completely oblivious to Lester's scheme.

Dan wanted to say something, but his throat suddenly felt really dry. He tried to say something to counter Lester, to put him back in his place, but he couldn't think of anything. All he could think of was seeing Sarah orgasm under Lester.

"Isn't that right, Sarah?" Lester turned his attention back to Sarah. "Tell him," Lester turned her head towards Dan. She lazily opened her eyes. "It felt good. So good." She was speaking to her husband, but her eyes weren't focused at all.

"You wanted my cum, didn't you? Tell him," Lester began to pick up his pace. He could feel Sarah's thrusts back against him growing more urgent. He knew she was on the verge of cumming for him.

"Ah, uh, ah, mhmhhh," Sarah moaned as she felt her orgasm growing closer, "Dan, I, uh, ah, mhmhhh. I didn't stop it. Ah, mhmhhh. I didn't stop him. Didn't want to stop. Couldn't stop, ah." Sarah dug her nails into Lester's ass, urging him deeper into her, ensuring he didn't stop what he was doing.

"Don't stop," Sarah whined, "Don't, don't stop Lester. Oh, oh fffuu-" Sarah's hips were rising off the bed frantically to meet Lester's thrusts. Even with the condom on, it felt like Lester's bare cock was pulsing inside of her. It felt just as good as it did earlier in the week. She could feel the veins of his cock as they rubbed against her sensitive insides. Moisture from the walls of her pussy flooded in, covering Lester's cock.

Dan was sitting back in the chair freely stroking his own cock with abandon. He knew Sarah was about to cum. He couldn't stop himself - he wanted to cum with her at the same time. He wanted to cum as he watched her face contort in pleasure of receiving a dick other than his.

"Cum for me, Sarah, cum on my fat cock," Lester grunted as he thrust hard and rapidly into Sarah. Dan had trouble reconciling the dweeby nerd he had met that first day in the apartment with the man now power thrusting into his wife, rattling the headboard of his bed.

"Ah fuck, ah fuck, ah fuck, fuck fuck, FUCK," Sarah screamed as her orgasm ripped through her body. She felt her nails dig deeper into Lester's ass, pulling him as far into her as possible until his balls pressed against her. Her toes curled, and she felt every fiber of her being contract as pleasure washed over her. "Ahhhhh mhmhhhhh fuuuck. Oh my God, Lester. Oh my fffucking god."

Dan couldn't hold back any longer, hearing Sarah vocalize her pleasure always sent him over the edge. He didn't say anything, his cock just began erupting all over his lower body, his hand covered in his own spunk. Clarity slowly began to seep into his mind. He watched Sarah come down from her orgasm but realized that Lester hadn't cum. He was still pressing forward, thrusting himself into Sarah. His wife was lifting her ass off the bed again, fully intending to cum again. The room suddenly felt very small around him. His

throat was dry and he couldn't catch his breath. He felt dizzy. Dan stood up and walked out of the room into the hallway and down the stairs.

It was only when he reached the main floor bathroom that he realized he'd left Sarah up there alone with Lester. She said they would do it together as a couple, and he left her. He quickly cleaned himself up and walked into the kitchen to get a glass of water. His throat felt like a desert. As he took his first sip of that thirst-clenching water he heard Sarah scream from upstairs.

Dan downed the rest of the water, his dizziness seeming to clear up and slowly approached the stairs. "Ahhhhh, ughhhhhh, mhmmmmm," Sarah's moans echoed through the house. She seemed louder now than she had earlier. *What is going up there?*

He wanted to sprint up the stairs but his body wouldn't let him. He took the stairs slowly, each step punctuated by another sound from his innocent wife, "Ah, ah, uhhhh, fuuckk. YES! YES! Right there!"

"LESTER!" Sarah screamed as Dan reached the top of the stairs, "Oh FUCK!" As he neared his bedroom, he could hear rhythmic slapping sounds, Lester's heavy breathing, and of course, his wife, "Uh, ah, uh, oh, mmmhmm."

Dan's eyes bulged out of his head as he stepped back into the room. Sarah was on her elbows on the bed, her ass in the air as Lester stood next to the bed as he repeatedly fed her his cock. The zipper on the back of her corset was unzipped and her breasts were spilling out of her top as Lester fucked her from behind. Her veil was nowhere to be seen. He had her dress bunched up around her hips. Lester was a mess. Sweat was running down his hairy chest and dropping onto the pristine white of Sarah's dress. His hands disappeared underneath the fabric of the dress, but one reappeared for a split second before coming down hard and slapping Sarah's ass.

WHACK

"Ahhhhh fuck," Sarah moaned into the mattress. Lester was holding her tightly as he fucked her relentlessly. "Did Dan fuck you like this on your wedding night?"

Sarah stayed silent, not wanting to reveal anything to Lester. She hadn't shared the events of her wedding night with anyone, and she wasn't about to tell them to Lester—

WHACK

Lester's fat palm came down on her ass again, leaving behind a red handprint. Sarah whimpered at the pain but felt herself grow wetter at Lester's dominance. She felt her resistance crumbling beneath his weight.

"Did you get fucked like this on your wedding night?" Lester said louder. He squeezed Sarah's ass cheek to emphasize his question.

Sarah hadn't seen Dan reenter the room. Who knows if she even noticed if he left or not. "Uhhh no, no. Not like this." Lester smiled at Dan as he put one leg up on the bed to push himself further into the young mother, "What was it like?"

"Uh, uh, uh, fast sloppy drunk sex and then we fell asleep." Sarah groaned, feeling Lester's cock inside, pushing deep into her. "Not like this."

Lester chuckled, "Well, let's consider this a redo then and consummate this marriage right." Lester roughly pulled Sarah back onto his cock, dragging her toward the edge of the bed. He pushed down on the small of her back, pressing into the fabric of the dress with his sausage fingers.

Dan thought this was going too far. Lester was being too disrespectful. He stepped towards them, "Alright, that's enou—" Something wet squished under his foot. Dan looked down and saw a discarded condom on the floor. While he was gone, Lester must have taken it off. Lester the bridge troll of a man from Chicago, was raw inside of his wife.

"Lester! What the fuck!" Dan said causing the couple to stop, "You took the fucking condom off!?"

"It broke," Lester said as he slowly continued thrusting into Sarah. Her hips pushed back to meet his, "I put on another one. It's okay."

"I don't fucking believe it," Dan said, "Sarah, is he wearing one?"

"I think so," Sarah moaned from the bed. A mess of her hair obscured her face. Lester sighed and pulled himself out of Sarah,

causing her to groan in disappointment. Dan looked down and saw Lester's bare cock covered in Sarah's juices. A broken condom hung limply at the base of his cock.

"Shit, not again," Lester said, pulling off the broken condom. He chucked it toward Dan. It landed at his feet. Lester quickly grabbed his suit jacket and grabbed two more condoms out. He set one down on the bed, and he ripped the other open and put it on his cock, "Happy?"

Lester had just had his bare cock inside his wife. Dan's face felt flush with anger, but he was surprised to feel his cock was hard as a rock again. Usually, he needed minutes if not up to an hour, to recover from cumming, but here he was already hard.

Without asking for permission from Dan, Lester stepped back up behind Sarah. She reached between her legs to grab his cock and line it up with her waiting pussy. "Now, where were we?" Lester pushed back into the young wife, and she immediately moaned, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

Dan stood there, unsure how to react. Lester had put the condom on like he asked, but he had still been naked inside of her. What if he had cum? The thought of Lester's cum inside of his wife was too much to bear. He leaned against the wall and just watched the obscene coupling happening before his very eyes. Soon he could hear the unmistakable sound of his wife about to cum.

"Ah fuck, ah, ah, oh, oh Lester, oh, Lester, mhmmmm, Lester," Sarah ground her ass back on Lester's cock. Trying to take it as deeply into her as she could. This was nothing like their wedding night. After all the dancing, they had fucked quickly, and both passed out from booze and exhaustion. Dan glanced at his watch. They had been going at it for over forty minutes, and it didn't seem like Lester intended to stop.

"Get it." Lester gasped out. "Get it inside you." Lester began power thrusting, punctuating each of his words with his body as he leaned forward and fucked Sarah harder than anyone had ever done before. "Get. This. Cock. All. Up. In. Side. You!" He held himself firm, entirely inside the young wife, shaking with his own pleasure and

the thrusts back from her sweet pussy. Dan saw the muscles straining in his neck as the odd man exerted himself.

"Squeeze me," Lester grunted, "Squeeze my cock. Yeah, just like that, my little bride. Keep squeezing Uncle Lester." He groped around and hefted Sarah's left breast, tweaking a nipple before returning his hand to her ass, caressing it lustily.

"Ah fuck, ah fuck, fuck, FUCK," Sarah screamed, throwing her head back as she thrust her body back onto Lester's waiting cock. Lester tried to continue thrusting into her, but her pussy held him still, not letting him move an inch. "Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah moaned, feeling the electricity of her orgasm rock her body.

"Uhhhhhhhhhh holy fuck," Sarah grunted as her head fell back onto the bed. Lester leaned forward and grabbed a handful of her hair. He pulled her back up until she was on her hands and started to power fuck her again, pushing through her clamping pussy. He gripped her hair tightly, holding her in place. Dan watched as Sarah's corset dangled limply off her body, her magnificent breasts jumping freely with each of Lester's thrusts, her nipples occasionally rubbing against the bedsheet. The mermaid train of her dress was bunched up around her hips. Parts of the dress had fallen to the floor where Lester stood on it with his bare, dirty feet. Dan's eyes were drawn to the light glimmering off Sarah's wedding band as she scrunched the sheets with her hands.

"Tell me how good you're getting fucked on your proper wedding night," Lester grunted, "How's my cock feel inside of you."

"Uhhhh, so good." Sarah grunted, "So fucking good. Fuck me properly, Lester. Don't stop. Give it to me. I want it."

"Are you glad you're getting a redo?" Lester grunted.

"Oh yes, yes, yes Lester," Sarah's nails were digging into the bed as she used whatever leverage she could to push back and get more of Lester's cock. Both of their bodies were smashing into each other with abandon until they both suddenly came to a stop.

Dan didn't know what was happening, but something had changed between them. He was absentmindedly stroking his cock again, feeling his balls beginning to swell, "What going on?"

"The condom broke again," Lester said. He was standing still, not moving. Sarah's hips were gently thrusting back onto his bare cock, "Feels fucking fantastic. Did you have Sarah bare on your wedding night like this?"

Dan didn't answer. Sarah was ovulating on the night of their wedding, and they didn't want kids right away. He had been careful. Despite their drunken state, he had remembered to wear a condom. He didn't need to tell Lester that.

"Sarah," Lester breathed. "We need to stop so I can put on another condom." Sarah didn't move for several seconds. She kept her grip on his cock. Dan didn't know how to react. He hated how intoxicating it felt knowing Lester's bare cock was inside of his wife at that moment. That someone so foul and beneath him was experiencing everything she had to offer.

Finally, Sarah released her grip on Lester's cock. Just like before, his big hairy cock was jutting out of the broken latex. Dan averted his eyes and decided to move back to his chair in the corner of the room. He needed to sit down and catch his breath. His balls felt painful, waiting for release again.

Lester ripped open the condom package and rolled it onto his cock, "Last one." He looked at Dan to make sure he heard his announcement. He walked back to the side of the bed. Sarah was bent over, her ass hanging in the air. Her hips were gently rocking side to side, waiting for the return of Lester's cock. Instead of pushing himself back in, Lester moved around her and climbed into the bed. He sat himself down against the pillows and the headboard, "Come to Daddy."

Sarah lifted her head and saw Lester sitting there waiting for her. His big cock stood upright between his fat legs. She smirked and crawled up the bed towards him, the train of her wedding dress following her. Sarah struggled to gather up enough of her wedding dress in front of her so she could mount Lester's cock, wrapped in latex. Dan watched as his loving wife lowered herself onto Lester's cock, her wedding dress sprawled out around her.

Hearing a sharp intake of breath, Dan knew that Lester's cock was inside his wife. Sarah's eyes were closed as she slowly

descended, taking more and more of Lester's cock into her wet pussy. Parts of her wedding dress were bunched up between them, pressing against their sweating bodies. Lester reached up behind her and unzipped her dress the rest of the way. Her corset dangled limply between them. Lester's hands reached under the sides of her dress until each one found an ass cheek to grip.

"Ohh god," Sarah hung her head, her eyes closed as she began to ride Lester's cock in earnest. Her arms were on his shoulders. Lester's ugly face stared up at her. He was breathing hard. Dan knew that he had to cum soon.

Dan could feel his own impending release. His cock felt like it was ready to explode like a rocket. He gently stroked it every few seconds. Anything more, and he would cum. He didn't want to cum early like last time. He wanted to see this through to the climax.

Sarah began to move her hips rapidly, rising up and falling back down onto Lester's cock. It almost looked like she was dancing on him. "Mhmmmmmmmm god." Sarah moaned. Lester grinned. He gripped her ass cheeks and started to thrust up off the bed into the young mother. Sarah's back was glistening with sweat, her face red.

"You love my cock?" Lester said through gritted teeth. He was breathing quickly. Sarah nodded and kept her eyes closed. "Say 'I do.'" Lester said, thrusting up to meet Sarah. Her ass jiggled each time she slammed down onto his cock.

"I do," Sarah moaned, "I do." Lester cast a glance at Dan who was totally fixated on his wife's face. "Louder," Lester demanded. "I DO!" Sarah shouted, clenching her pussy around Lester's cock. "I DO Lester, I DO. I LOVE YOUR COCK. I DO! OH FUCK!"

Sarah bucked her hips. She was racing towards an orgasm. She could hear Lester's breathing beginning to change. She knew she was about to make him cum. She rode him fast. Harder. She wanted to make that big cock cum for her. She felt amazing. She felt his cock pushing inside of her. It felt amazing. She felt his bare cock expanding inside of her. The condom must have broken again. She didn't slow down. She needed release.

Lester glanced at Dan, "Condom. Broke again."

"What?" Dan said, tearing his eyes away from his wife. She looked so beautiful in the throes of pleasure like that. "The last condom broke."

Dan stayed silent for several seconds, processing Lester's message. Sarah was still riding his cock. She was getting close to cumming. He felt his own cock twitch, he was so close to cumming himself. He didn't want this to stop.

"Sarah?" Dan said, looking for confirmation that the condom was broken. She turned to him, her face masked with pleasure. She was biting her lip, staring at him. She nodded, confirming that she was riding Lester's bare cock.

Dan wanted to stop this but he didn't want to stop Sarah from cumming. He needed to cum himself. He felt paralyzed with indecision, torn between the angel on his shoulder and the devil on the other one. Lester decided to tip the scales, "Sarah tell your husband how good my bare cock feels inside of you. Look at him."

Sarah stared at Dan with her bedroom eyes, "God, Dan, it feels so good. So fucking good. It's so big, it's touching me everywhere."

"Tell him you don't want to stop, that you can't stop riding this cock." Lester grunted, lifting his ass off the bed. He could feel his balls beginning to swell. One way or the other he was going to cum in Sarah Williams again tonight.

"Fuck Dan," Sarah rolled her hips, "It feels so good. So good. I don't think I can stop. Should we stop Dan?" She leaned over and swabbed her tongue on the side of Lester's neck, knowing from experience that it would spur him to thrust harder.

Dan's cock twitched again. He didn't dare touch it or else he would explode all over himself again. "Tell him, hhh, tell him you want to cum on my cock."

"God, Dan, I'm so fucking close, Sarah moaned, arching her back, her hands coming to rest on Lester's fat thighs. Dan stared at her wedding band pressing against Lester's leg. Lester released his grip on her ass, and his hands started to maul her breasts, "So fucking close, Dan. I'm going to cum. What do I do? Dan? Dan, tell me what to do."

"Don't stop," Dan whispered with a hoarse voice. His throat felt incredibly dry again. "Keep going."

"Are you sure?" Sarah breathed hard focusing solely on Dan staring into his eyes hard. "Do we really do this?"

Dan silently nodded. He had secretly fantasized about seeing something like this happen for years. Despite all the safeguards and justifications he had put in place, they still had somehow found themselves at the pinnacle of his own perversions. He felt guilty that his once proper wife had fallen with him to the point that she wanted it too.

Sarah nodded and pushed herself back up, and started to ride Lester's cock. Her hands fell onto his head as he opened his mouth and started to lick and suck Sarah's breasts. Her wedding band shone, distracting Dan. She gripped onto his head, holding him close. Her wedding dress was plastered to his hairy gut with sweat.

"God I'm close," Sarah groaned. Lester's big cock splitting her in two, and his mouth on her breasts was too much for her to handle. She could feel the walls about to crumble and a wave of her orgasm ready to burst.

"Me too," Lester grunted, "I'm going to cum. Beg for it." He latched onto her right nipple and sucked hard, grazing it with his teeth..

"Ahhhhhh fuck," Sarah screamed as her orgasm rippled through her body. Through clenched teeth, she shouted, "Give it to me, Lester. Give me your cum. I want all of it. Cum for me. I want to feel you. I need it. Fuck me! Oh my God, ohmygod, OH MY FFFUUUCKING GHAAAAA!"

"AHH, AHH, AAAAAARRGH! AHH, FUCK YES! FUCK! YES!"

Lester roared triumphantly in harmony with Sarah, he roughly gripped handfuls of her wedding dress over his hips as his cock erupted inside of Sarah. Ropes of cum shot out and plastered her insides, filling her to capacity as her pussy milked him as she came. Sarah felt her body being filled with Lester's virile cum, spreading inside of her. Reaching everywhere.

Dan's cock exploded without even being touched. It shot a load of cum across the room, almost hitting the bed. More cum shot from

his cock, hitting the carpet, the last drops dribbling onto the chair as he sat there exhausted and mentally fucked from what he had just witnessed. Dan had held his breath throughout the entire explosion.

Lester and Sarah slowed their bucking bodies, both of them breathing hard. Their foreheads touching one another. Sarah's eyes were closed as she tried to catch her breath. Lester looked up at her, "You may now kiss the bride." His lips pressed hard onto hers, his tongue snaking its way into her mouth.

Dan watched in stupified silence as Lester and Sarah sat there kissing. All Dan could think about was Lester's cock still embedded in his wife, with loads of his sperm swimming around inside of her. Eventually, Lester and Sarah broke their kiss, a beady string of saliva connecting their lips. Sarah groaned as she dismounted from Lester's cock and rolled to the side.

Lester sat there satisfied with his cock still half hard, covered in their combined juices. Mission accomplished. Sarah got up off the bed and stumbled immediately. She caught herself on her dresser, her legs weak from riding Lester's cock and the all-around workout of their fucking. As she walked to the bathroom, her dress fell off her body of its own accord. She felt Lester's massive loads of cum running down her thighs and watched as a big glob of it dripped onto her dress.

Dan felt pathetic at having let Lester cum in Sarah. This was the one outcome he had wanted to avoid. After his planning on the train and his discussion with Sarah earlier, this was the one thing he wanted to rectify, and he had failed. His wife went into the bathroom, shutting the door behind her, leaving Dan and Lester alone in the bedroom.



SARAH STEPPED into the shower and let the hot water hit her naked body. That had been intense. Not only had Lester fucked her senseless, but she had done it in front of Dan. Seeing his face as Lester took her, nodding to her and encouraging her to let Lester

cum inside of her. She wondered what she would have done if he had said no. Could she have pulled herself from Lester? Right now she felt that she would have easily been able to but part of her worried that if asked in the moment, she might not have been able to.

She felt warmth on her legs, and it wasn't the water. More of Lester's cum was trailing down her legs. She shuddered, thinking about Lester's ugly face contorting as he came inside of her, but the wave of pleasure that followed. Never in a million years would Sarah have thought that she would let a brute like Lester deposit his seed inside of her. Dan's fantasy had taken them to places neither of them had imagined. It wasn't just Dan's fantasy anymore, though. She had learned to embrace it a long time ago, and now she was with the consequences.

Sarah ran her hands through her hair. She still had difficulty reconciling how easily she had begun to bend to Lester. It was like everything else washed away whenever he was there in front of her, and she had trouble focusing on anything else. She was a professional hospital administrator, respected in her workplace. She was a daughter, a loving mother, and a dutiful wife. But when Lester was there, it was as if she was there to pleasure him as much as possible.

All she wanted to do now was shower off and try to get as much of Lester out of her as she could. Then, she could crawl into bed and sleep. She felt exhausted. Sarah really wanted to talk to Dan and know what he thought of what just happened. Would he be turned on or would he be pissed? Would he want to reclaim her tonight, or maybe they would have morning sex tomorrow? Either way, she just looked forward to being held by her husband and knowing everything was going to be okay. She had a hard time imagining all of this happening without him. She loved him with every fiber of her being. She needed to know he was okay.

As if on cue, Sarah saw the bathroom door open out of the corner of her eye.



LESTER DIDN'T PAY Dan any attention, but Dan grimaced, looking at the ugly man sitting on his bed, looking satisfied with himself. He couldn't look at him anymore. His ugly grin and satisfied smirk were a reminder of Dan's failure to get a handle on his own destructive fantasies. Dan's gaze fell to Sarah's discarded wedding dress on the floor as he heard the shower starting from the bathroom. It was such a bizarre sight. He was used to seeing its pristine white fabric hanging in the closet in a protective garment bag. Now here it was bunched up in a pile on the floor like regular laundry, deeply in need of cleaning, if not burning.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose as he contemplated what to do next.

As he released his nose, his gaze fell back on the dress. Lester's fat foot stepped over it. He looked up and saw Lester enter the bathroom and close the door behind him. Dan's traitorous cock stirred in his pants as a soft moan seemed to punctuate the sound of the shower in the other room.

AFTERSHOCKS

Dan sat in the chair in their bedroom, unable to move his body. His gaze was still transfixed on Sarah's soiled wedding dress on the floor. He had just watched Lester repeatedly power fuck his wife in front of him without a condom. Worse, Dan himself had wanted to see his vile roommate take his wife unprotected and finish inside of her. Even though the room was quiet, the shared screams of the two lovers still echoed in his head.

Another soft moan seemed to ring out through the sounds of the shower punctuated by a splash of water. Dan shook his head, trying to regain his bearings. This hadn't been what he wanted. When he came back to Middleton, he hadn't planned for this. He needed to push through and try to regain his footing.

Dan stood up and pulled on a pair of sweatpants. He strode warily across the bedroom, taking special care not to step on Sarah's discarded wedding dress. He reached the bathroom door and turned the knob. He exhaled, relieved it wasn't locked. Dan pushed open the door and stepped into the steamy fog of their master bathroom. His breath caught in his throat.

Lester's ugly, squat body was sitting on the bench in the shower, his face buried in Sarah's ample chest. His tongue was lapping at her breasts as she stood before him, offering herself, her hands bracing

herself against the wall as the hot water hit her back. Steam billowed out of the shower. Lester's rough hands were groping her ass and back as his mouth tasted her breasts.

"Uh," Another soft moan escaped Sarah's lips. Her eyes were closed. Neither of them had seen Dan enter yet. Sarah shifted and put her foot on the bench next to Lester, seeming to ready herself for him again. Dan tightened his fist, trying to hold back his depraved fantasy from overtaking his rational brain. His own dick swelled in his pants, and he willed it from getting any stiffer.

LESTER'S HAND found the back of Sarah's neck and pulled her face down towards his. Sarah's lips immediately opened and pressed against Lester's. The two shared a long passionate kiss before Sarah's hand ran down Lester's chest, past his flabby stomach until it reached his cock.

SARAH GASPED and started to stroke his cock, "I can't believe you are already hard again. Fuck."

"HOW COULD I not be with you right here in front of me." Lester grunted as he started to kiss her neck. Sarah's body leaned forward and seemed to melt onto Lester, her hand never leaving his cock as she stroked it.

"MHMMMM," Sarah moaned as she lowered her body onto Lester's thigh. He was arching his leg while she began to tease herself, grinding her sensitive pussy on it, "Uhhhhh."

DAN STEELED his nerves and breathed deeply before exhaling through his nose. He opened the shower door, reached in and turned off the water.

SARAH SEEMED to snap out of her trance while Lester looked up at Dan with an annoyed look. She put her raised foot back on the shower floor, but her breasts were still in Lester's face. Sarah looked flustered and slightly disappointed that things had ended while looking ashamed because of Dan's reaction.

"DATE'S OVER," Dan said. He felt shaky but used the same voice he had countless times at work: "It's time to go, Lester."

LESTER DIDN'T BUDGE. He sat there looking up at Dan while Sarah's breast was pushed against his cheek. Lester held his gaze for several seconds. Without looking down, all three of them were aware that Lester's cock was still firmly pointing straight up. Dan felt like Lester was challenging him to see which of them would back down first. Dan felt his cock throb. Thankfully, having just emptied his balls, he could think clearer than he had a few minutes ago.

"Now," Dan added sternly. Sarah stepped back out of Lester's reach, leaving the troll-like man sitting there alone with his hard-on.

"FINE," Lester grunted as he stood. Dan took a step back, allowing the awkwardly shaped man to pass. Without asking, Lester grabbed one of the towels hanging on the wall and dried himself off. When he was done he dropped the towel on the floor.

DAN KEPT his eyes on his roommate as he followed him back into the bedroom. As Lester began to dress, Dan registered the state of the bed. It was in complete disarray. Dan could feel Sarah's presence behind him. He turned and softly said, "Go finish your shower in peace. I'm going to walk him out."

SARAH NODDED and shut the bathroom door. Dan heard the lock engage before hearing the shower start again. Lester finished

getting dressed. He left the bedroom without a word or a look in Dan's direction. Dan followed him through the hallway and down the stairs to the front door. Smelling a freshly showered Lester as he followed him was odd for Dan. Their mutual exhaustion made it almost like they were leaving a gym after a workout.

HE FELT SLIGHTLY awkward standing there, watching Lester put on his shoes. Lester's movement was casual, as if this were a regular occurrence. Dan felt the need to say something to ensure his roommate understood that he was closing the door to him ever coming back here. "See you back in Chicago," Dan said as Lester started to open the door.

LESTER TURNED to him with a half-smirk. "Right," he drew the word out slowly before walking out of the house down the driveway to his car. Dan stood in the doorway watching Lester until his vehicle drove off out of sight. Sighing, he closed and locked the door, knowing that he needed to go upstairs and figure things out with his wife.



LESTER PULLED his SUV into the parking lot of a 7/11. He gritted his teeth as his fingers dug into the steering wheel. He thought he had finally broken Dan, that his acceptance of letting him cum in his wife while he looked on was the nail in the coffin of his defiance.

HE HEAVED himself from his car and walked into the convenience store. After walking up and down the aisles, he found what he was looking for - a party-size bag of Cheetos. He navigated to the back of the store to fill up an extra large Big Gulp. Whenever it seemed like he'd finally broken Dan down and had gotten him to submit to his whims, the idiot would suddenly grow a spine. Perhaps breaking a man down vs a woman was not as similar an undertaking as he'd

considered. He knew there would likely be some differences, but it's not like this was something he could Google for answers.

THIS WAS something he would need to consider more. With women, they would inevitably develop some kind of emotional connection that Lester could leverage. With Dan, he wasn't as sure. Maybe his ego was the thing getting in the way of his submission. Still wanting to be the man in the bedroom and not wanting to be supplanted. Or at least not once he came and began to think clearly. Would he respond better to Lester leaning in to replace him, or would it be easier to manipulate the man if Lester appeared to let him take the lead?

WITH HIS CHEETOS and Big Gulp, Lester paid the clerk and deposited his goods into his car. Lester had a long drive back to Chicago with a mind full of ideas and scenarios to run through. He smiled as he pulled his car onto the street, thinking about the surprise Sarah might be discovering at work.

DAN CHECKED his watch as he ascended the stairs. It was getting late. Sarah and Lester had fucked for longer than he expected. A lot of things had happened differently tonight than he expected. He would figure it out. Right now, he had to focus on what was right in front of him.

HE STIFLED BACK a yawn as he opened his bedroom door. For a moment, the scene from hours earlier flashed in front of him; his wife bent over in ecstasy, repeatedly slamming herself back against the monster they'd let in. Reality reestablished itself - Sarah was sitting on the bed in just a towel as she dried her hair with another one, "I wasn't planning on a shower tonight. Wanted to take one in the morning. And now I can't sleep until I dry my hair."

"WHY NOT USE THE BLOW DRYER?" Dan asked as he stepped into the room. He had to admit that his wife looked good with just a towel wrapped around her. He looked to the floor and saw that Sarah's dress was no longer there. She must have hung it back up.

"I'M GOING to take it to get dry-cleaned tomorrow," Sarah said, noticing where Dan's eyes had gone to. "And I'm not using my blow dryer yet because I wanted to hear you come back up. I didn't want to miss you. I feel like we should talk."

"WHAT GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?" Dan said, reservedly crossing his arms and leaning back against the door frame.

"DON'T BE LIKE THAT," Sarah said, giving him a flat look. "I knew something was wrong when you burst into the bathroom and threw Lester out. I thought you wanted him in there at first, or else you would have stopped him, so I went along with it. I didn't think you would be upset. Now that I know you are, I just want to check in and see how we are doing."

DAN PINCHED the bridge of his nose and exhaled. "I think we are okay. It's just that things got a little carried away. More than I was expecting."

"LIKE THE WEDDING DRESS?" Sarah asked, leaning forward with a concerned look, "I know that was a bit of a surprise. It was a surprise for me too, I just - "

DAN HELD out a hand to silence Sarah, "It's not, yes, it is the wedding dress, but it's also more than that. The whole multiple broken condoms thing and then letting Lester, y'know cum inside of you."

"THAT WASN'T JUST on me, Dan," Sarah said, "Yes, I admit I got lost in the moment, but I looked at you and asked you what you thought I should do, and you told me to keep going."

"I KNOW," Dan said, pushing himself off the wall and walking over to the bed, "I know I did. It's just in the moment, seeing you like that, with that fire, and then especially hearing you ask me in such a sexy voice, it's like I'm powerless to say no."

"I STILL FEEL like you're making this my fault, Dan and that isn't fair," Sarah said as she broke eye contact and focused on drying her hair, "In the moment, you want it, but then afterwards, it's like you get buyer's remorse and take that regret out on me."

"LET ME START OVER," Dan said, holding his hands up, "It's not just about you. When things are heating up and escalating, it's like my mind glazes over, and all I can think about is seeing it happen. All reason and everything else goes out the window. It's like I can't say no, and then it scares me."

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, Sarah stopped drying her hair and placed one of her hands in Dan's, "I know what that's like. I get the same way once things progress past a certain point. It's like my body and mind are disconnected. Like my body is in control and my mind is locked in a closet somewhere. I can hear its muffled protests, but it's not in the driver's seat. In the heat of the moment, I can't think of anything else, but afterwards, I can't understand why I did what I did."

"EXACTLY," Dan breathed. "When I see you with him or think about you with him or, Christ, or with others, it's like another part of me takes control and just wants to see it happen, damn the consequences. And yesterday, before things started, I know we

talked about doing it together and being in it, but once it started, I just felt like I wanted to melt into that chair and just watch."

"WOULD YOU...WANT to get involved next time?" Sarah asked. "Like with Lester and I?"

DAN SHUDDERED, "No, I don't think that's something I need to experience. I don't think I want to be that close to Lester, especially during something like that. It's just a strange idea - it seems wrong. What I mean is I felt like we both kind of forgot about each other. You seemed focused on him, and I'm not, like, upset at you because I also did the same thing - I focus on what he's doing to you. I got so lost in the events that I forgot about you and what you wanted. I just needed to see it happen. And I feel like shit that I left you in the middle of it and went downstairs."

"I WAS WONDERING ABOUT THAT. What happened? I'm not going to lie. I was surprised to look up and see the chair empty. Where did you go?" Sarah asked.

"I JUST NEEDED to get out of the room. I splashed my face, then grabbed a drink of water. It felt like the room was closing in on me, and I couldn't breathe." Dan said.

"THAT WORRIES ME," Sarah said, caressing his hand, "What do you think caused it?"

"I DON'T KNOW, probably my mind wanting and yet not wanting to see what was happening. At war with itself. Using up too much brain power and oxygen fighting with itself. I don't know if that's a thing." Dan shrugged, looking into his wife's eyes. "I'm a mess."

"WELL, I FEEL LIKE A MESS, TOO," Sarah shrugged. "Sometimes I feel like this powerful woman in the workplace, strong and independent, and I somehow balance being a mom and dealing with all these stresses that we have, financial and otherwise. When it comes to Chicago and Lester, it's like an outlet to put those things in a box for a while, you know? At first, it was just a fantasy, but now it's become something more. I love seeing your reaction. I feed off of it, but now it feels like we're doing something else, something different."

"I GET IT," Dan said. "I get it. I do. I just don't know what we do going forward. It's not like we can call things off and just pretend he doesn't exist. He's my roommate, and I'm stuck there right now until we can figure out another source of income."

"YEAH. With him covering your rent, it's making a big difference financially but there are other costs associated with it. Like my time with you in Chicago is split with your roommate. And we're also dealing with all of this stuff we've just been talking about." Sarah laid her head on Dan's shoulder. "Here I was trying to be sexy for you tonight, and it seems like I just ended up torturing you."

"IT'S NOT THAT BAD," Dan breathed, "You did look incredibly sexy. And the whole thing did turn me on. It's just that I can get a little lost in everything. Honestly, sometimes I think I need you to protect me from myself."

SARAH LEANED up and looked at Dan, "Is that something you actually want me to do? Like if I notice things going the wrong way, do you want me to pull back and put a stop to things?"

"I DON'T KNOW," Dan said, not wanting to admit what he wanted fully. He did need it. He felt like a sex addict needing his next fix. Unfortunately, his wife was in the passenger seat with him as he was

speeding towards a cliff. "I don't know, maybe? Maybe we just need to check in with each other and make sure we are both okay and that we're making decisions together."

"IT MIGHT BE HARD, but I'll try. Just don't get mad at me if things don't happen as neatly as we want. Like I said, I can get lost in things too." Sarah smiled and kissed Dan's cheek. "Should we have some kind of safeword?"

"SAFEWORD? Like the phrases kinky couples have?" Dan asked.

"YES, and not to judge, but I think we've officially crossed the line into becoming one of those kinky couples," Sarah playfully pushed on his shoulder, "What I'm thinking is that in the moment you said it's hard for you to think straight. Your body doesn't respond because it's fighting against your mind. Maybe with a safeword, all you need to do is say that one thing, and it'll stop. That way, it's clear to me or you that we both need to pull back without either of us having to go into it."

"OKAY, I think that's a good idea," Dan said. "What should our safeword be? Pineapple?"

SARAH LAUGHED hard and rolled onto her back, "Pineapple? That's not sexy at all." She couldn't stop laughing and buried her face in her hands.

"I DIDN'T THINK it was supposed to be sexy," Dan said, grinning from ear to ear, "That's the whole point."

"SORRY," Sarah said, sitting up and wiping tears from her eyes, "You're right. Probably best it isn't sexy. 'Pineapple' it is."

"THAT DOESN'T HAVE to be it," Dan said, rolling his eyes, "It was just the first thing I could think of."

"WELL, I LIKE IT. 'PINEAPPLE' stays," Sarah smiled warmly, and Dan felt his heart flutter the same way he had when they'd first been dating. It was clear to him that no matter what they went through, he would always love her, and she would always be crazy about him.

"I WAS THINKING," Sarah bit her lip, and her eyes flashed that dangerous, seductive look, "Back to yesterday when we mentioned wanting to do this together. Let's think up some fantasies, scenarios - and other situations that we want to explore. Even if Lester is there, it's something we can do together. For each other. Lester doesn't need to know. It'll be between us. Something private, secret to keep us connected in the moment. Just for us."

"I LIKE THAT," Dan said, "Even with Lester around, it's like we can take control of it and have the events be something fulfilling just for us."

"EXACTLY," Sarah yawned. Dan felt the pull of sleep then, too. Now that they seemed to be back on the same page, it felt like their bodies were winding down and ready for rest. He couldn't blame her, given the events of the night. Sarah held her hand over her mouth as she finished yawning, "So what fantasy do you think needs to get fulfilled next time I'm in Chicago?"

"HMMMM, That's hard. I think I need to make a list first." Dan smiled and thought about all the fantasies he had dreamed up over the years. The ones he had told Sarah about and the ones that he had kept to himself. "You know, I will say that I'm a little jealous that I missed out on your escapades in Lester's SUV. I think I'm owed a do-over."

"ARE YOU NOW?" Sarah said, leaning forward and kissing Dan's lips. "Well then, as your wife, I think I need to make that happen for you."

"OH YEAH?" Dan grinned back, blinking as his eyes began to feel heavy, "What if Lester says no and wants something else?"

"YOU FORGET how persuasive I can be," Sarah said, "Besides, I think it's time Lester remembered that women hold all the power in relationships."

"HMMM, I like the sound of that," Dan yawned as he put his head back onto his pillow, "And maybe some dirty talk while you look at me."

"THAT I CAN DO," Sarah stood up and walked back to the bathroom, "Just let me blow dry my hair, and I'll join you in bed." Dan nodded as Sarah went into the bathroom. The sound of the blow dryer started, but the partially open door obstructed his view of his wife. Soon, the white noise from the blow dryer lulled Dan's mind off to sleep.

"SHIT, SARAH," a voice said from close by. Sarah didn't want to open her eyes. She needed more sleep. The bed was warm. Her eyes couldn't open anyway. She could just sleep a bit more. She didn't have anywhere she needed to be. "The hospital's calling."

"UGHH," Sarah's eyes begrudgingly opened. She looked up at Dan, standing beside the bed with her phone in his hand. He was already dressed and looked too handsome for whenever it was in the morning. It wasn't fair.

"UH, WHAT TIME IS IT?" Sarah asked as she extended her hand for the phone.

"IT'S JUST AFTER NINE, but I think your phone was on silent. I think they've already called a couple of times," Dan said, crossing his arms and moving across the room to give her some privacy. He would still listen in but likely didn't want to make any noise while she was talking to her workplace.

SARAH SWIPED the answer button on her phone, "Hello, this is Sarah."

"SARAH," After a few seconds of her brain fog clearing, she recognized the voice as Jerry from their IT department, "It's Jerry. We've been trying to reach you. The board called an emergency meeting for all senior staff and department heads this morning. You need to get in here fast. The meeting is at ten."

"SORRY, yeah, Jerry, I'll be in. See you soon. Thanks for letting me know." Sarah hung up the phone and let it fall onto the bed. She closed her eyes and felt the pull of sleep reaching back to her.

"WHAT'S GOING ON?" Dan asked. Sarah opened one eye and saw Dan's concerned look from across the room.

"SOME EMERGENCY MEETING," Sarah sighed and sat up, "Need me in there for ten, which means I need to get there earlier. I have to get up. Good thing I showered last night."

"EMERGENCY MEETING," I don't like the sound of that. The last emergency meeting I had was the one where my pay got cut. Besides, I thought we could go out for breakfast before picking up the kids." Dan's face of concern melted, and he smiled, shifting gears, "Okay, what can I do to get you moving faster?"

"MHMMM, I LOVE YOU," Sarah smiled warmly at her husband. "Coffee, please. I'm going to get dressed."

"ON IT," Dan said as he left the room, walking with purpose. Sarah slowly got up and shuffled over to her closet to find something to wear. As she stripped out of her pajamas, she thought about how Lester had disturbed her while she was in there earlier in the week. That had led to Lester fucking her raw for the first time. And then last night, how he had fucked her in her wedding dress. She took a moment, remembering what had happened, then she glanced at the garment bag hanging up. She grabbed it and put it on the bed, intent on bringing it to the dry cleaners after work.

DAN'S COMMENT about the emergency meeting at work set her on edge. It couldn't be that bad, could it? She didn't see how they would be cutting her pay. The hospital was already severely underfunded - unless Lester had done something with all the systems access he'd been given.

SHE SHUDDERED at the thought and moved a little faster. He wouldn't do something, would he? What could he possibly have done? She realized she didn't know what Lester was capable of with a computer.

"GOT YOU COFFEE," Dan said as Sarah finished getting dressed. He presented her topped off work tumbler, the smell of coffee waking up the rest of her senses.

"THANK YOU, YOU'RE A LIFESAVER," She said, taking a long, warm sip. "That's good."

"YOUR BAG IS ready by the door. I threw in some snacks and a water bottle in case things go longer than expected," Dan followed her out

of their room and downstairs to the front door.

"I LOVE YOU," Sarah said as she put on her shoes. "You're too good to me. I'll try to get back as early as I can. Maybe after the kids go to bed tonight, we can spend some time together."

"I LIKE THE SOUND OF THAT," her husband said as he leaned forward and kissed her. It was a soft, lingering kiss. Sarah melted feeling the electricity run through her body. Dan broke the kiss and looked into her eyes, "Hurry back. I'll go grab the kids from your parents and take them to McDonalds for breakfast."

"NO FAIR," Sarah pouted as she opened the door to leave. She was joking but didn't want to miss a family meal together. They got so few of those lately as it was. "I'll be home soon, I hope. I love you."

"LOVE YOU TOO, babe. Drive safe, okay?" Dan stood at the door as she walked to the car. She could feel his eyes on her until she pulled onto the street and out of his view. Now, all her thoughts were back in work, wondering what she was walking into. Why was the board calling a meeting? This was highly unusual.

SARAH MANAGED to get to the war room before most of her peers. She sat in the back with Jerry, both with their laptops open on the table they faced. Sarah couldn't help but feel back to herself again, having her laptop connected to their network, able to operate as she usually did.

SHE HAD ASKED Jerry why the emergency meeting was called, but he didn't want to say. He knew something, but he stayed silent despite

her best efforts to pry it out of him. The room filled with her peers, preventing Sarah from grilling Jerry further.

A MIDDLE-AGED MAN with graying hair and a sharp suit walked in exactly at 10 o'clock. "Hey everyone, thanks for coming in on a Saturday. You may not recognize me, but I'm John Walsh, a member of the board. The board asked me here to relay some news to you all." He was polished and calm, giving no hint of what was to come.

SARAH and her peers looked around anxiously at each other, wondering what the news would be. Then, Sarah realized that she hadn't seen Drew yet this morning.

"AS YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED, Drew Bailey isn't here. As of yesterday evening, the board unanimously agreed to part ways with Mr. Bailey. We will be conducting a hunt for a new CEO starting Monday. For now, I will operate as the interim CEO, and you will all report to me. Now, don't worry, I plan to be pretty hands-off and expect most of you to be able to handle your departmental responsibilities with autonomy. I'll be posted up in Drew's old office for now, so come to me with anything you need escalated and support on."

THE HEAD of HR raised her hand. Sarah had worked with her, Marcie, long enough to know that she liked being in the loop on everything personnel-wise in the hospital. Marcie looked upset. Clearly this was the first time she'd heard the news about Drew. "What happened? Why was Drew let go?"

"WELL, THERE WERE A NUMBER OF REASONS," John said, wringing his hands. "For now, though, we don't want to get too into the weeds, and we'd rather look to the future. The handling of the cyber attack highlighted some ongoing concerns the board had."

"FROM WHAT WE have heard from you in this room and others closely involved, he wasn't much help in navigating the crisis." John looked around the room, and his eyes settled on Sarah, "If it weren't for Mrs. Williams, we probably wouldn't have gotten through the crisis as quickly as we did. Sarah, thank you for holding things together across the hospital and bringing in that specialist. I don't even want to know where we would be without you. The board wanted to thank you for your efforts as we navigated this crisis." He was nodding at her and made his sincere gratitude clear.

SARAH HADN'T EXPECTED to be put on the spot. She felt her cheeks blush at his comments. At the same time, she cringed as she felt the remnants of Lester's cum start to leak out of her. "Thank you, I was just doing my job."

"YOU WENT ABOVE AND BEYOND. Thank you again." John smiled at her warmly before turning his attention back to everyone else.

"AND THANK you to everyone else in this room who held things together," John said. "The board is well aware of our great team here, and we are behind you 100 percent. I'll be here for the rest of the day and through the weekend to help oversee the transition. If anyone has anything, please stop by the office and let me know."

"EXCUSE ME?" The head of legal said. "So what are we doing about Swan Systems? Are they still our vendor? What will prevent a security breach like this from happening again?"

"I'LL TAKE THIS ONE," Jerry said, leaning forward, "We plan to continue our relationship with Swan until we find another vendor. A proper vendor that can meet all of our security needs and requirements. Until then, we will take some of the tasks on internally and hire accordingly. We've also offered Lester Marshall a contract to help us

secure our network, conduct regular pen testing and other things to ensure we are secure.”

“WHAT’S PEN TESTING?” Sarah asked, the realization dawning on her that Lester might have done too good of a job.

“PENETRATION TESTING.” Jerry said, “To see if outside actors can penetrate our network.

PENETRATE SARAH COULD FEEL a large glob of Lester’s cum oozing out of her and soaking her panties. She prayed she wouldn’t have a wet stain on her pants that she would need to explain. “Thanks, Jerry.”

“OKAY, thank you all again for coming in,” John said before opening the door. Several people rose and approached him with questions. The rest of the room got up and began to filter out. Sarah quickly glanced down at her pants and was relieved that no dampness was present. She stood up and felt Lester’s cum on the tops of her thigh. *How much of his cum is inside of me?* This triggered a memory of him yelling and thrusting as he’d emptied himself into her the night before. Her eyes widened at the image, and she decided to head to the bathroom.

“SARAH, ONE SECOND,” Jerry gently held her elbow, holding her back. He watched as everyone began to filter out. Once no one was in earshot, he said, “I wanted to let you know John and the board really do know how much you did to navigate this crisis. We made sure to let them know. Drew was a scared chicken lashing out while you acted to fix things. I really think you should put your name in contention for the CEO position.”

SARAH WAS TAKEN ABACK. She hadn’t considered that an option at all, “I’m flattered, Jerry. Thank you. It means a lot. I just don’t know if

I'm qualified for it."

"YOU'VE BASICALLY BEEN DOING Drew's job since he started. All the department heads respect you more than they ever did with him. The only thing he did that you didn't was make fraudulent contracts and go golfing with vendors. You should really think about it." Jerry patted her on the arm and went to leave.

"JERRY?" Sarah said in a hushed tone. He turned back, looking confused, and then returned to where Sarah stood. "About Drew. It was clear John wasn't happy, and something went down. Do you know what happened?"

JERRY LOOKED AROUND, making sure no one was within earshot, "Listen, you can't repeat what I'm about to tell you. The board wants to keep it hush hush so they don't look bad."

SARAH NODDED, and Jerry continued, "While we recovered each system, I had asked our IT specialists to try to search and find any contractual obligations that Swan Systems had regarding the hospital, especially around security. As you know, there were strong objections to using them, and IT was never consulted on our contracting with them. Drew handled that himself. Unfortunately, we found details that Drew was essentially receiving kickbacks from Swan Systems. Drew was profiting off the relationship while Swan delivered us sub-par service, resulting in the mess we found ourselves in."

"REALLY?" Sarah said, "Holy shit."

"I KNOW, it's a mess, honestly. My department has a ton of work to do. We're really going to be leaning on Lester to help us out here."

Jerry said as he made his way to the door. "Think about what I said about the CEO position. I mean it."

SARAH FOUND herself standing in the conference room by herself. This morning had not gone as she had expected and was getting stranger by the minute. Sarah took a step towards the door and froze. She swore she could feel Lester's cum running down her thigh. She needed to clean herself up and maybe check in with a department head she was friendly with before returning to Dan and the kids. She still couldn't wrap her mind around the bomb Jerry had just dropped on her.

SITTING in the booth at McDonalds, Dan smiled as he watched his daughters bicker while eating their hash browns. It felt good to pick them up and spend some father-daughter time with them. He needed to make this a regular thing, to find his way back to something normal. He knew things needed to change.

AS DAN WAS FINISHING up his breakfast sandwich, a notification pinged on his phone. He assumed it would be Sarah, letting him know she was done with work. When he checked his screen, it wasn't his wife. It was a LinkedIn notification. He opened it, hoping it wasn't a pointless contact request.

EYEING HIS DAUGHTERS, who were still too invested in one-upping each other to notice, he checked the app. It was a message from someone he didn't know asking about some of the work he'd mentioned doing in his posts. It appeared that this person wanted to meet on Zoom to chat about one of Dan's past projects. The message mentioned the contact was undertaking a similar project and might require some guidance.

IT WAS A SMALL VICTORY, but Dan felt like the plan he'd put together was starting to bear fruit. This was just a Zoom meeting, but who knows, it could lead to something else down the road. It could be a paying freelance opportunity for him. It was a start.

FOR NOW, he had to keep his day job going while he looked for a new company to join. His freelance dreams were just that. A dream, at least until he found someone willing to pay him. He couldn't strong-arm Walt into letting him work remotely full-time. Dan would try to leverage what he could, but he knew the old man wouldn't let him go full time.

DAN QUICKLY RESPONDED to the message and set up some potential times later in the week to meet this guy. He put his phone back in his pocket and looked at his two young daughters. *Whatever it takes.*

"HERE IT IS, MY WEDDING DRESS," Sarah handed over the garment bag to the woman at the dry cleaner. With the emergency meeting done at work and all the bombshells that had been dropped, she was thankful to be out of the hospital and back on with her weekend. She just had to drop off her wedding dress before she could join Dan and the girls. She just hoped the dry cleaner could erase the previous night and restore her dress back to its pristine condition. "Just take extra special care of it okay? Oh, and there should be a veil in the bottom of the bag. Could you be extra careful with it? The veil is made of lace from Belgium. We bought it while we were overseas just after we got engaged."

"VERY BEAUTIFUL, I'll take care of it, "The woman unzipped the bag and pulled out Sarah's dress, "But I don't see any veil in here."

SARAH SCRUNCHED UP HER NOSE, "Weird, okay, I'll check at home. Thank you."

The woman scrunched her nose and looked closer at the dress. A suspicious look appeared on her face as she appraised the state it was in. "Very beautiful," she said again, though it sounded more accusatory this time. "Maybe ask your husband about your veil."

SARAH SMILED and nodded as she headed for the door. The woman's use of the word husband threw her off, since it was Lester who had done the damage to her dress. Sarah calmed herself down and headed for her car.

WITH HER DRESS DROPPED OFF, Sarah got back in her car and headed for home. Dan's message said they were done at McDonalds and heading back to the house, too. Sarah wanted to beat them home and go upstairs and look to see if her veil was under the bed. Unfortunately, Dan and the girls got there first. She picked up one of her daughters in her arms and fell back immediately into mom mode. Sarah reveled in having her family back together under one roof and set off making dinner plans and figuring out which Disney movie they would watch with the girls tonight.

SHE WANTED to make the most of their family time before Dan had to leave for Chicago.

LESTER'S fat fingers formed a steeple as he sat back in his command center chair, staring at his computer screen. The Williams' file was open on his desktop, where he had made fresh annotations and had reviewed all the information he'd compiled. Two new sections were on the Williams' home and Sarah's hospital.

SINCE DAN HAD BECOME his roommate, Lester had spent most of his time devising how to push Sarah's buttons and edge her closer to his ultimate goal. Now, he had his focus entirely on Dan. Who did Dan think he was pushing him out of the house like that? Did he not understand his place in all of this? A simple bystander who needed to get out of his way so he could have Sarah? Lester was growing red in the face with anger. He didn't like how Dan had humiliated him twice in the last week, especially in front of Sarah.

LESTER SMIRKED, thinking about how he had still managed to overcome Dan's presence and take his wife right in front of him. Even cum inside of her unprotected, breaking Dan's number one rule. *What would Dan think if he knew I wasn't snipped?* Lester's grin broke wide.

ON THE DRIVE back to Chicago, he had debated which course of action would be better. To let Dan think he was complying with his rules or to put Dan in his place and make him face his new reality. He so wanted to do the latter. Lester logged onto WoW to distract himself from his impatience. He knew that he shouldn't let emotion cloud his mind and throw off his planning. He needed to take out some aggression. Emotions led to compromising behavior, the same way Sarah and the women he'd had before her had opened themselves up to his manipulation.

No, he needed something else for the Williamses. Something else to both punish Dan and to further tighten his grip on them. For the first time since this all started, he felt like he was wavering, unsure which was the best course of action. Sarah had finally succumbed and let him cum in her fertile pussy, unprotected, willingly. But he needed to dominate her completely. Dan and her kids might be the things letting her hold on, but he needed to make her let go. He needed to break Dan's will and teach him his place.

HE LOGGED off WoW and brought up his videos of Sarah Williams. Lester pulled down his sweatpants and began to slowly stroke his cock, watching Sarah's face contort in ecstasy as he fucked her. He knew these videos of Sarah could bring in a substantial amount of money, but he didn't want to share them. She was his. Cronos got close to discovering her, and he wouldn't let that happen again. Lester unlocked and opened his desk drawer. He reached in and pulled out Sarah's veil and smelled it. Her sweet scent lingered on his nose, adding to the sounds of her moans emanating from his computer speakers.

HE WOULD MAKE HER HIS. Completely.

IT HAD BEEN a few weeks since Dan had been at home in Middleton. Since then, things have been going great. His LinkedIn posts were gaining a lot of traction. Several people had reached out to him to connect, and one was getting close to hiring Dan to do freelance work on the side for a very generous fee. They were waiting for the rest of their team to sign off on Dan's proposal. With any luck, he could secure several other new clients in short order.

HE HADN'T TOLD Walt about the side work. His day job kept him plenty busy. He had checked his contract, and no provisions prevented him from moonlighting with outside clients. In fact, Walt would probably encourage it if it could help land the company a meaty client. As it was, the side work was mostly shaping up to be somewhat trivial things for Dan. He was careful not to take any calls or work using work resources. He was even careful not to take important calls in the apartment anymore, just in case Lester decided to walk around naked.

HIS CELL PHONE and a new Chicago Public Library card gave him lots of new resources. It felt good just getting out of the depressing apartment. He felt like things were on the upswing. He just needed to hold on for a bit longer before things truly happened for him.

THINGS WERE MOVING AHEAD for Sarah as well. Things at the hospital were going great. One of her colleagues thought she should try for the CEO position. Dan certainly agreed that she could do it, and he'd finally convinced her that she was qualified enough for it. She was much more hands-on than any of the past CEOs, and she knew that place inside and out. Sarah had begun to make small moves at work to show the interim CEO just how capable she was. If she could land that job then Dan could score some of his own clients and maybe even upgrade his job to something he could do from home. They would be out of this mess and could put it behind them.

WHEN HIS CELL PHONE CHIMED, Dan practically jumped off the couch. He opened his phone and read the message.

"I'M HERE," It was from Sarah. She would have just pulled in downstairs. Dan rushed out the door and took the elevator down to greet his wife. As the door opened on the lobby, Sarah walked in, pulling her carry-on suitcase behind her. Her face beamed when she saw him. Dan held her and kissed her. "I missed you so much. I love you." Sarah looked and smelled fantastic. As always, his love for his gorgeous wife buoyed his spirits.

"THE GIRLS and I missed you so much, too," Sarah whispered into his ear. They rode the elevator back up to his apartment. Dan held her carry-on as they walked down the hall to his place. As he opened the door, he was waiting to see Lester's ugly face waiting for them.

EVER SINCE HE threw Lester out of his house, his roommate had barely shown his face around the apartment. He'd hoped that Lester

had got the message, but Dan was on high alert, waiting for him to try something. It was a few weeks since Lester's last *date* with his wife. He would probably poke his head out of whatever hole he was hiding in and demand his due.

THAT'S why Dan had planned ahead. He was ready for Lester. As Dan closed the door, he was relieved and wary that Lester hadn't appeared to try to grope his wife. "Sarah, I know you just got in, but I have reservations for us for tonight. Get ready. Ten minutes tops, and we are going out."

"TEN MINUTES? Dan, I just got here. I want to relax a little bit. Where are we going?" Sarah asked, looking bewildered. "I'm just surprised you made reservations."

"LISTEN, I have been dying to hold you in my arms again since I left you and the girls. I don't want you-know-who ruining things tonight, so I got us reservations at a nice French restaurant, and then we're going to see that comic I was telling you about at the Chicago Theater. We're going to Uber there and back so we can have a great night."

"DAN," Sarah said, linking her hands around his neck, "I love this. I love seeing this side of you again. It's like you're determined and looking forward. I've missed this, Dan."

"SO HAVE I, baby, so have I." Dan leaned forward and kissed his wife before taking her hands and putting them down at her side. He twirled her around and gave her a playful slap on her ass, pushing her down the hallway. "Ten minutes and we are out the door."

SARAH SMILED over her shoulder as she left the living room. Dan felt his heart thumping in his chest, excited to get his wife alone.

Especially to get her alone away from Lester. As much forward momentum as Dan felt right now, he worried about how much he might backslide if Lester and Sarah were in the same room together.

HE JUST PRAYED the fat little troll didn't come out before they left.

LESTER LISTENED to the couple catch up and trade cute little small talk. It was disgusting. His computer screen showed a live video feed of the couple in the living room. Sarah was too domesticated for Lester's tastes. She should be on her knees under his desk, worshiping his cock. He knew she thought about it. Thought about him all the time. This whole show she was putting on with Dan was growing tired.

HE SNEERED at the screen and reached for his cell phone. He had spent every day since his time in Middleton formulating different plans for the two of them. His new contract with Sarah's employer provided many great opportunities for him to push the envelope. He just needed to figure out how to break Dan down some more.

THE KEYS LAY in Dan's fantasies. Lester would weaponize them. Corrupt them. While showing Sarah that only he could be the one to satisfy her darkest desires. Make her feel complete. All while turning the screws on Dan. He'd found one particular pressure point he knew would get Dan to buckle.

HE DIALED a number on his cell phone. After a few rings, it answered. "It's Lester. We're still on for tomorrow."

LESTER LISTENED to the voice on the other end before abruptly cutting them off "Listen, when she goes up on the dance floor, that's your

signal. Then you do your job. Got it?" He rolled his eyes as he listened to the person on the other end. "Good."

HE HUNG up and turned his attention back to the couple on his screen. It was time to set things in motion.

SARAH WAS surprised that Lester hadn't tried to interrupt her night out with Dan. She was sure he would try to intercept her before they left, but much to her surprise, he hadn't. Dan took her to a great little restaurant and afterwards to a comedy show at the iconic Chicago Theater. It was a great night, and she cherished spending time alone with her husband.

IT WAS a nice distraction from the thoughts that had been dominating her mind. Should she go for the CEO position at the hospital? The more she thought about it, the more it made sense. Sure, she might lack some experience dealing with a board of directors, but she felt like the rest of her resume was solid. She knew the hospital inside and out and had plenty of ideas on how to make it run better. She could comfortably schmooze with donors and other stakeholders. It was strange, thinking that she might just have a shot at that position. It had always been a man in that role, but why not her? The board seemed fairly progressive, and she was making good inroads with John. She knew she could do it.

WHAT SURPRISED Sarah the most about her night out with Dan was Lester didn't try anything once they got back to the apartment. She'd had a few drinks with Dan throughout the evening, and both of them were feeling great. The Uber home allowed them to partake a little heavier than they might normally have on a date night back home. There had been so many times before in the apartment when she would be fooling around with Dan, only for Lester to deliberately interrupt them. She was expecting something, but Lester didn't

come out of his room. She felt a pang of anger, wondering what could be so important as to keep him in there. Still, it was nice just getting Dan alone and naked under the sheets, even if his bed was a little small for the two of them.

WITHOUT THE KIDS anywhere in sight, they could sleep in until the late morning. She even managed to shower quickly without Lester popping his head out of his room. Sarah was wondering if he had lost interest or maybe Dan had said something that scared him away. Maybe Lizzie had reached out, and he wasn't even home. It was a few minutes before Sarah realized she was standing in just a towel in Dan's room. She had been thinking about Lester for longer than she'd realized. Sarah crossed the room and opened her suitcase to find something to wear. She held up the sexy shirt and pants she had considered wearing last night. Ultimately she didn't have time to iron them before their Uber arrived, so she wore something more modest. She'd packed them, hoping to be able to wear something sexy this weekend, but with the way things were going, it didn't seem like Lester was going to cash in on his date either. Maybe she would just lounge around with Dan and spend the day in the apartment.

SARAH OPTED for a pair of hip-hugging, tailored sweatpants and a tight white tank top that showed off her midriff. She undid her towel and dried her body off before putting on a matching pair of white bra and panties. The sweatpants felt snug on her legs, and she almost laughed at how well defined her chest looked in the tight white tank top. She felt like she was wearing a second push-up bra with the way her cleavage sat on her chest.

BEFORE LEAVING THE ROOM, Sarah looked over herself again in the mirror. Satisfied that she still looked presentable, even if the outfit wasn't exactly CEO material, she left Dan's room and joined him on the couch. They sat there together for a few hours while Dan

resisted watching her reality shows. Instead, they watched the last half of a TV movie. At some point, Dan checked his watch and said, "It's already getting close to four. We're going to have to think about dinner soon. I guess no Lester today?"

"YEAH, I'm honestly surprised he hasn't poked his head out yet. It's strange." Sarah kept her eyes fixated on the TV. She didn't want to look down the hallway again. She nuzzled her head into Dan's shoulder.

"WHO KNOWS what that guy is up to. I don't know if he is even here –" Dan cut himself off as the sound of Lester's door opening and closing reached them. They simply sat there listening as the door to the bathroom opened and closed. They exchanged a glance before the bathroom door opened again, and the sounds of fat feet plodding feet grew ominously closer.

SARAH STARED AT THE SCREEN, her head unmoving. She didn't want to look first. She didn't want Dan to see her looking for Lester. Dan should look first. After the way that Lester fucked her the last time, she didn't want to seem too eager in either of their eyes.

"LESTER," Dan said flatly as he turned his head toward his roommate.

"DAN," Lester's voice came from behind Sarah. He must still be standing at the entrance to the living room, "Hey, Sarah. Looking good."

"HI. THANKS," Sarah gave him a quick glance and a wave. She felt her chest growing flush and could hear her heart beating in her ears. Since when did her body react like this to just the mere presence of this man? It was like her body associated him with sex and was

preparing itself for him. She tried to control her breathing, worried that Dan would notice Lester's effect on her. She hadn't forgotten their discussion back home about doing things together and for each other. She kept that front and center in her mind, even if her body wanted other things. She casually folded her arms over her chest.

LESTER STEPPED into the room and walked along the back of the couch. His hand ran over the leather until he reached the section behind Sarah's head. Dan stood up, likely so he didn't have to look up at Lester—some male thing of being on the same level.

"I THINK," Lester started, "That, if I'm not mistaken, tonight is my date night. Since you stole your wife away last night." He said the last part with a slight sneer.

SARAH COULD FEEL LESTER'S fingers begin to stroke the hair on the back of her head. She scooped her butt up away from the back of the couch and turned to face Lester. He was wearing a pair of worn sweat shorts and one of his signature faded t-shirts. This one had a piece of cake with the words 'the cake is a lie' underneath. He looked just as disheveled as he usually did. His hungry eyes immediately met hers and then flicked down to feast on the sight of her chest. Sarah felt her breasts rising and falling rapidly as she breathed, putting on an unintentional show for him. The determined look in his eyes reminded her of the way he had taken her in her home.

"I'M RIGHT HERE," Sarah said, trying to steel the nerves in her voice, "I'm not some property you two trade back and forth. You can talk to me too."

"RIGHT, SORRY," Lester smirked, "It's time for our date night. I have a full itinerary planned."

"WHERE ARE you planning on going tonight?" Dan said flatly, "Don't forget I'm tagging along now to all your little dates. Got it?"

"I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN," Lester rolled his eyes, "As for the plans, you'll just have to wait and see."

"NOT GOOD ENOUGH," Dan said, "We want to know ahead of time what to expect. Not that I don't trust you or anything." Sarah smiled inwardly at Dan's use of the word 'We,' affirming that they were in this situation together.

"FINE," Lester said sourly, "Tonight I'm taking Sarah dancing. Only the place doesn't open until later, so I ordered some food. I figured we'd just enjoy some time together watching TV until then. Is that fine with you, Dan?"

"WHAT KIND OF PLACE? Not a strip club, I hope, because that's not happening," Dan crossed his arms looking at Lester.

"NOT A STRIP CLUB. A regular club that plays music where you dance," Lester shot Dan an annoyed look. "Anything else? Any more questions? Because you are taking up precious date night time."

"YOU CAN DANCE?" Sarah blurted out. She couldn't imagine Lester dancing, but she was excited to get out and dance. It had been years since Dan had taken her dancing, and she felt a pang of shame at being so excited.

"I'LL MAKE DUE," Lester said. He opened his mouth to say something else, but a knock on the door interrupted him. He turned away from the couple and answered it. A delivery man handed Lester a bag before he paid with a credit card.

LESTER SHUT the door and walked into the kitchen before returning with bowls and cutlery. "You like Chinese, right?" Lester said as he placed the food on the table before them. Lester began unpacking the bag, putting take-out containers all over the table. Dan stood there looking at this all unfolding like he was trying to figure out how to respond. Lester finished unpacking the bag and sat down next to Sarah. "I ordered you Cantonese chow mein and barbecue short ribs. Those are your favorite, right?"

SARAH WAS TAKEN ABACK. She hadn't realized that Lester knew what her favorite dishes were. When was the last time she would have eaten Chinese in front of him? "Yeah, those are my favorites. Thank you, Lester." She cast a glance at her husband. He was eyeing the food.

"I GOT the sweet and sour chicken for myself," Lester eyed her mischievously, "But I am always open to sharing." Lester opened a container and started to dole out food into a bowl. Sarah grabbed one of the bowls Lester had set out on the table. As she was about to start putting food into it, she realized that there wasn't a third bowl for Dan. She looked around for another bowl before Lester said, "I just grabbed food for me and my date. It's one thing if you want to tag along, but I'm not paying for a third wheel."

"SUCH A DICK," Dan muttered under his breath. Sarah cast Lester a hard glance, stood up, and strode over to the kitchen. She found a bowl in the cabinet and brought it back to the table, where she put some of her food into it. She handed the bowl to Dan and gave Lester a flat look.

"PLAY NICE, LESTER," She said as she sat back down and started eating her food. Lester hid a smile behind a mouthful of sweet and sour chicken. That he kept close to himself. Sarah wondered if he

knew whether or not that was Dan's favorite dish. It seemed to be another thing of Dan's that Lester was trying to enjoy for himself.

THE THREE OF them ate the remaining Chinese food in silence. It was delicious. The food was from the same place that Dan liked to order out from, close to his workplace. They threw all their garbage into the takeout bag, which Sarah grabbed, along with the empty bowls, and took into the kitchen. When she returned, Lester was sitting in the middle of the couch with his legs spread wide and his arms on the back of the couch, while Dan remained seated in the other chair. Lester thumbed the remote, flipping through Netflix to find something to watch. His head turned, and his eyes ran up and down her body. He patted the couch next to him, "Date night has started. We can't go out until later, but we can get cozy on the couch."

SARAH'S EYES flicked to Dan, who rolled his eyes, crossed his arms and sat back in the chair. He nodded, telling Sarah he was okay with what was happening. Sarah made her way back to the couch and began to sit down. She tried to sit an arms length away from Lester, but as she sat down, he scooted his rotund body over towards her. As her firm ass sat down, Lester was right beside her with his fat arm behind her seat on the couch. Lester grinned and looked over at her husband. "You really want to sit there alone the whole time while we watch a show?"

"I'M NOT GOING ANYWHERE bud. Welcome to the new status quo," Dan said as he stared ahead at the screen. Lester stared at Dan as his hand moved to Sarah's shoulder. She felt his grubby fingers resting on her skin. One of his fingers drew light little circles, sending little volts of electricity coursing through Sarah's body. Lester's scent was invading her nostrils. Sarah shifted in her seat as she felt herself being pulled against Lester's body.

"WHAT DO you think of this one?" Lester asked as he stopped the screen on 'Love is Blind' one of the trashy reality shows that was one of her guilty pleasures. "I heard it's good."

"SURE," Sarah said. If she had to be here in this awkward situation, she might as well let herself get distracted by a guilty pleasure like this, "I haven't seen the new season yet. Can you start it?"

"YOU GOT IT, BOO," Lester grinned and started the show up. Sarah saw Dan roll his eyes and cast her an amused glance. She returned the smile and nodded her head, letting him know she was on the same page as he was. They were in this together even if Dan couldn't stand these types of shows.

AFTER AN HOUR and a half of watching the show, Lester looked in Dan's direction and asked, "Hey Dan, why don't you head to the kitchen to grab us all some drinks?" Without taking his eyes off the screen, Dan replied, "You got two legs bud."

"HMMM, well, I'm kind of busy," Lester grinned as he took Sarah's hand and placed it on his sweatpant-clad crotch, "Sarah is about to be too." Lester used Sarah's hand to stroke himself over his pants. Sarah was shocked at the movement. Her eyes immediately broke from the TV and tracked the movements of her own hand. She could feel Lester's hard cock rubbing up and down the palm of her hand. *When did he get so hard?*

SHE COULD FEEL the heat emanating from between her own legs as she felt Lester's cock rock hard against her hand. She had expected something later in the night but not so soon. She couldn't believe how wet she had become with just this one simple gesture. Sarah squeezed her fingers over Lester's cock and started to stroke him. She realized that she had been staring down at his hidden manhood and flicked her eyes up to her husband.

BACK IN MIDDLETON, they had agreed to do everything together, but she felt ashamed that she had forgotten that just for a brief few seconds. Lester's cock had distracted her. Part of her worried she might let go again and get lost with Lester. Dan's eyes flicked up from her hands and met her eyes. She could see the hunger in them. The desire to see her touch Lester. Gone were any regrets or trepidation. She knew she had to protect him from his fantasies to stop things from going too far. They had their safeword they could use if either of them felt uncomfortable. Right now, she didn't think a hand job was anything she needed to worry about.

LESTER SHIFTED his hips and pulled his sweatpants down his chunky legs. Sarah had to break contact with his cock for a second but was immediately pleased to see that Lester wasn't wearing any underwear. His musky primal smell once again filled the air between them. Her delicate hand touched the skin of Lester's oversized cock and began to stroke him. He raised his hands behind his head and focused his attention on the TV. Dan's eyes stayed fixated on her hand encircling Lester's cock. Sarah made eye contact with her husband and licked her lips while raising her eyebrows at him. She mouthed 'love you' to him. He smiled and mouthed it back. Lester's hand started playing with Sarah's tank top strap. Without looking, he looped his thumb underneath it and pulled it down her shoulder. His fingers began to slowly caress her shoulder before inching down and caressing her collarbone and then the top of her chest. Nothing aggressive, delicate lingering touches that began to rile Sarah up.

"WHAT TIME ARE WE GOING OUT?" Sarah asked as she stared into Dan's eyes. Dan was rocked by the surreality of the situation. Her mouth was so close to Lester's cock it was as if she'd spoken into it, as if it were a microphone. He blinked, trying to clear his head.

"AFTER I MAKE love to you again," Lester grinned as his hand dropped into the top of Sarah's tank top, beneath her bra until his hand was

massaging her naked breast. Sarah let out a whimper as he rolled her nipple between his thumb and finger. She could feel her body responding to Lester's touch. She looked down at his cock in her hands and could feel how hot it was. Her body wanted to feel it inside of her. All she needed to do was lower her pants and let Lester fuck her here on this couch. It had been a while since she'd been fucked in this apartment.

LESTER PAUSED THE SHOW, his other hand coming up and lowering her shoulder straps. Was Dan going to do anything, or would he watch Lester take her? He'd seen her get fucked by Lester before but he hadn't been there when Lester made love to her. It was different. How would Dan react? Lester began planting soft kisses on her neck. She closed her eyes and let his ugly lips move up and down, exploring her. Tasting her. His fat fingers touched her chest, his lips and tongue on her neck. His other hand was beginning to tug at her tight sweatpants, trying to inch them off of her. She was about to have sex with Lester in front of her husband. Her eyes snapped open, and she looked at Dan. He had that same hungry look in his eyes. She knew he was giving in to his fantasies, letting them play out before him. She watched his lips, looking for their safe word, but it didn't come. Sarah could feel herself breathing hard. She knew that in just a few moments, Lester would push her onto her back and have his way with her.

He had managed to work her sweatpants down to her knees, her toned legs exposed to the entire room. She knew Dan wanted this but back home he had mentioned wanting to watch her with Lester in a car. He wanted the dirty talk. He wanted them to do this together. Sarah used all of her strength to push Lester's hands off of her. Lester looked shocked, but Sarah stood up and moved away from him before he could say anything.

SHE COULD FEEL both men's eyes on her, tracking her movements. Disappointed by what she hadn't done, but intrigued by what she

was doing. Sarah needed to take control. She turned and looked at both men before reaching down and pulling the bottom of her tank top up over her head. Then she stepped forward between both men and bent forward. She stared into Dan's eyes as she lowered her sweatpants the rest of the way. Dan's eyes flicked down to her bra-clad chest, not realizing that Lester was staring at Sarah's perfect ass as she was bent over at the waist.

"LESTER," Sarah purred as she stood back up. She gave Dan a playful look before turning to look at his roommate. "I don't need someone to make love to me tonight. I need to get fucked."

SARAH STARED into Lester's beady eyes as she closed the distance between them. She pushed apart his knees with her legs and stood in front of him, "But you're going to have to wait." She wanted to fulfill Dan's desire to see her in the car with Lester, to do that she had to hold him off until later on. "I really want to go dancing, and I don't want to get tired out before we go."

SHE LOWERED herself onto her knees and ran her manicured nails up Lester's pasty thighs, "I wonder, is there anything else we could do in the meantime?" Her hands gently began to tease Lester's cock. Lester was looking down at her, his face flush. He seemed to be caught off guard by her assertiveness. She smirked and looked at her husband, who stared intently at her. "What do you think, Dan? Is there anything you can think of?" she smiled wickedly at her husband as she lowered her face towards Lester's cock.

SHE STUCK HER TONGUE OUT, inches away from Lester's manhood. Lester bucked his hips, trying to push his cock into her mouth, but Sarah moved her head to the side. "Should I lick it?" She whispered loudly to Dan. "I want to. Licking his cock makes me so wet. I think it'll help when he puts it inside me later."

DAN STAYED silent and just stared. He nodded and eagerly watched as Sarah leaned forward and ran her tongue up Lester's shaft. She didn't break eye contact with her husband until her tongue reached the head of Lester's cock. Sarah twirled her tongue around his head and closed her eyes. She involuntarily moaned, feeling Lester's cock at her lips, "Mhmmmmmmmm."

HER MIND RACED, trying to think of dirty things to say that would turn Dan on. She opened her mouth and took Lester's cock into it, stretching her lips. Lester thrust his hips up off the couch, his cock hitting the back of her throat. Sarah placed her hands firmly on Lester's thighs to hold him in place as she sucked his cock. Satisfied that he wasn't going to try something again, she let go of one of his thighs and brought her hand to his cock to stroke it. She enjoyed being in control of Lester and his cock. It felt good knowing she was the one that got to decide when his powerful cock would come. She cast a glance at Dan. His hungry look turned her on. She knew that if she looked at Lester he would likely have the same look. Knowing that they both craved her caused her to rub her thighs together. She was intoxicated by having this power over two men. Her men.

"MHMMM GOD DAN, this thing tastes so good," Sarah took her mouth off Lester to talk dirty to her husband. She looked at Dan and winked. She wanted to make this memorable and wanted to lean into the thing she knew would drive him crazy. "I've missed tasting you, Lester."

"YOU TASTE SO FUCKING good big boy - mmMMMMM," Sarah said as she slid her tongue down Lester's shaft. His public hair pushed into her face as her tongue began to swirl around his balls. She felt Lester's hands on the back of her head, trying to take control. She pushed herself back from him until she was back between his thighs. "No, no. Now you be good. Today, I do the touching. You just get to watch and feel what I do. I know how to make you feel good."

"YOU LIKE THESE LOWERED, RIGHT?" Sarah said as she played with her bra straps. Then she reached behind and undid the clasp on her white bra, letting it fall to the floor. "What do you think, Dan? Should I cover up, or should I let your roommate keep looking at me?" She cupped her breasts in her hands and held them up to Lester while looking at her husband.

DAN WAS LOOKING at her like she he wanted to throw her down and fuck her. She couldn't get enough of it. "Are you going to stop me, Dan? Or are you going to let me suck on Lester some more?"

SHE STARED into Dan's eyes as she inched herself closer to Lester's cock. Waiting for him to say something. To say their safeword. But he didn't. He just watched until her lips pressed against Lester's cock, and she began to kiss every inch of his shaft. She started to kiss it faster. She needed to kiss it faster. Her body wanted to feel his cock in her mouth. She kissed up the shaft until she reached the head and it disappeared into her mouth. Sarah moaned around Lester's cock, feeling it fill her up.

LESTER SAT BACK and let Sarah suck his cock with abandon. She was trying to put on a show for Dan to show she was in control. Lester decided to sit back and enjoy the show, neither of them aware of what he had planned for later that night. He'd let her have the illusion of control for just a bit longer before giving her what she needed.

"MHMMMMM," Sarah moaned as her tongue lapped up some precum oozing from Lester's cock. Sarah was using both hands to stroke Lester's cock, feeding it to her mouth. Her cheeks hollowed out as she sucked him in and down, his head stopping at the entrance to her throat. Lester's fat fingers started stroking the back of her head. She told him not to touch, but she didn't care at that moment. She just needed to feel this cock in her mouth. Lester's hand pressed

down on the back of her head, and he shifted his thighs up, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth.

“Mhmmmmmmhmmmm,” Sarah groaned as she felt his powerful thrust into her. It was like he was fucking her mouth. Her body shuddered, remembering how Lester fucked her in her wedding dress. How he took her on her bed in front of Dan. Knowing Dan was watching, seeing how she behaved excited her in ways she was still just beginning to understand. She understood Lester though. The troll kept the pressure on her head and thrust up again. He wanted to cum and was wrestling her for control.

SARAH KEPT one hand on his cock and pushed the other down onto his thigh. He pushed up again, hitting the back of her mouth. Sarah was impressed by his strength but finally broke free from his group. Her mouth left his cock while her hand continued to stroke it, “I said no touching. Today I’m in contro – hrmmpff.” Lester shoved two fingers into her mouth and pushed down on the middle of her tongue. He slid them back out until his fingertips touched her lips and then shoved them back in all the way to the knuckles. Lester had a determined look on his face as he firmly worked his digits into the sexy mother’s mouth.

“UGHHHH,” Sarah moaned around his fingers. She started stroking his cock faster as Lester fucked her mouth with his fingers. He pistoned his fingers in and out, mimicking a second cock in her mouth. Sarah sucked his fingers with abandon, running her tongue under his digits, tasting the remnants of Cheetos on them, “Mhmmmmmmmm.”

LESTER BROUGHT his fingers down towards his cock, Sarah’s mouth followed. He pulled his fingers out and used his other hand to push on the back of her head, pushing her mouth back down onto his cock. Sarah groaned at feeling Lester’s real cock stretch her mouth.

Lester pushed his fingers into the palm of her other hand, in and out, just like a cock would.

SARAH'S GRIP tightened around Lester's fingers, and she stroked it. She sucked on Lester's cock while stroking his other fingers. Her brain started to imagine there were two Lesters and she was being shared between them. One cock in her hand, the other in her mouth. He pulled his hips back and shoved his fingers back into her mouth, alternating which cock she was imagining sucking on.

WITH BOTH OF Sarah's hands full, Lester shifted his weight and sat up, pushing Sarah backwards off the couch, fully onto her knees before him. Lester turned his body so he was fully facing Dan. Sarah followed his cock and fingers turning her body, not realizing Dan was no longer in her line of sight.

"YOU LIKE THAT?" Lester said, "Having one cock in your mouth and another in your hand?"

"MHMMM HMMMMM," Sarah responded as her mouth was now full of Lester's cock again. Her pussy was dripping wet. She could feel herself losing control, but she didn't care. She just wanted to feel the cocks in her hands explode.

"I CAN'T HEAR YOU," Lester said as he pulled his cock from Sarah's mouth.

SARAH STARED up at him defiantly and nodded, "Yeah, I love it. Having two cocks to play with."

"THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT," Lester chuckled as Sarah's mouth started to suck on his fingers while her hands rapidly stroked his cock. "If

you're good, maybe I'll make that happen. Give you a second cock to pleasure."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's fingers. She could feel her body working up to an orgasm even without touching herself. Just the idea of pleasuring two cocks at once was explosive. Two men at once. Both of them wanting her, both of them hard for her. "Mhmmmmmm."

"I'LL TELL you one thing, though," Lester said as he pulled his fingers from Sarah's lips. She turned her head and quickly found his cock, sucking it into her mouth. Her fingers instinctively reached out for Lester's fingers. He grabbed onto her wrists instead, holding her in place, delaying her search for a few seconds before letting go. She quickly began stroking Lester's fingers like it was another cock. Lester stood, his hand gripping the back of her head as he started to thrust his cock in and out of her mouth.

SARAH TRIED to set the tempo with her hand but failed. Lester's pistoning cock was setting the pace, and all Sarah could do was try to hold on. Feeling Lester's cock force itself in and out of her mouth, taking what he wanted was making her want to push him down and fuck him. To feel him inside of her. To get fucked the way he was using her mouth. Her hips began to undulate in the air, visualizing the fucking the hot wife imagined.

"IF WE EVER DO INVOLVE ANOTHER cock," Lester grunted, feeling his balls tighten. "It won't be your husband's."

"MhmmmmhmmffffmMMM," Sarah had forgotten all about Dan, but her mind was quickly aware that Lester's thrusts were getting erratic. She felt his balls contract and knew his delicious cum would be shooting into her mouth. She pushed all other thoughts aside for now. All she wanted to focus on was his cum. The first rope hit the

back of her throat. Then another. It seemed like Lester had been saving all of his cum for her arrival. Sarah swallowed. Her mouth was filled again with Lester's cum, some leaking out before she could swallow again.

SARAH LET Lester's cock fall from her mouth. She was panting and tried to catch her breath. After several seconds she regained her focus and realized she was still stroking Lester's cock and his fingers. She opened her hands and let go. Lester flopped back onto the couch with a dumb smile on his face.

SARAH LOOKED over her shoulder at Dan, who had a bewildered look on his face. His pants were still on, but she wasn't sure if he had been touching himself. It felt like time had skipped - she'd been watching Love is Blind on the couch and the moment she'd touched Lester's hard cock she needed to make it explode. She'd lost track of him the moment Lester started to take control. That thought worried her, but more importantly, she was worried Dan was hurt or upset again. She made her way over to him and whispered, "Are you okay?"

"I JUST WISH we could go into the bedroom where I could fuck you," Dan whispered low enough Lester wouldn't be able to hear, "That was intense." He didn't mention that he could smell Lester on her breath. He also didn't mention that fact wasn't making him any less hard.

"OKAY, THOUGH?" Sarah asked.

"IT WAS OKAY," Dan said nodded looking exhausted, "It was a lot but it was pretty hot. You're a dirty girl."

"STOP IT," Sarah smiled. She leaned forward and whispered. "I'm going to freshen up, but maybe you can meet me in the bedroom, and I'll show you just how dirty I can be."

DAN LOOKED CAUGHT off guard by her comment, he raised an eyebrow. Sarah smiled mischievously, left the boys in the living room, and went to the bathroom. She felt incredibly horny after blowing Lester. Her body needed to be fucked, and she wasn't sure she could wait until afterwards. Shutting the bathroom door behind her, Sarah started to freshen up. She made sure to brush her teeth and use some mouthwash, not wanting Dan to accidentally kiss her after she swallowed loads of Lester's illicit cum. Staring at herself in the mirror, Sarah felt a wave of guilt wash over her. While she had been blowing Lester and sucking on her fingers, her mind had imagined a second Lester or even some stranger's cock. She hadn't been picturing Dan. She'd briefly forgotten about her husband, which made things worse. The plan was for her to put on a show for Dan, but at some point, that changed and she was entirely focused on Lester's cock.

IF YOU REALLY WANTED A SECOND cock, you could have asked Dan to join in. Sarah stared at herself in the mirror at the realization. He was right there while she was lapping on Lester's fingers. All she had to do was turn around and tell him to get it out. She would make it up to him right now. Even if he didn't realize his lack of participation, she needed to do something to alleviate her guilt.

SARAH FINISHED FRESHENING UP and left the bathroom. As she walked back down the hall toward the living room, she tried to think up something sexy and seductive to say to Dan to lure him to the bedroom. As she stepped into the room and opened her mouth, Lester spoke first.

"I THINK it's time we all get ready to go," He said, standing up, "It's getting a little late, and the club should be open by now from what I've seen online."

"REALLY?" Sarah asked, walked over, and grabbed her phone. She was surprised to see that it was after 9:30 pm. *How long was I sucking on his cock for?* Dan came out of the kitchen with a glass of water and approached her.

"ARE you still okay with going tonight?" Dan asked as he gave her lower back a loving caress. "I think you've already had a little mini date here."

SARAH HAD BEEN LOOKING FORWARD to dancing. It had been ages since she had gone to a club. Dan rarely took her anymore. She wanted to go. Getting ready would take some time, but she needed to get out. She would make it up to Dan and soon get him alone in the bedroom. Besides, she couldn't fulfill Dan's desire to see her in a car with Lester from the apartment.

"IT'S OKAY," She said, putting a hand on Dan's chest, "I want to go." Sarah kissed Dan on the cheek and moved back towards the bedroom. "I need to go get ready. Give me twenty minutes," She said loudly enough for Lester to hear. As she walked down the hallway, she thought of the outfit in her carry-on that she had wanted to wear the previous night. She knew it would cause the jaws of both men to drop. A sly smile spread across her face as she closed the door behind her.

"WHAT'S TAKING her so fucking long?" Lester was pacing back and forth in the living room. An amused smile crept onto Dan's face, and

his eyes flicked up to look at his roommate. His arms were crossed, and his going-out outfit looked hilarious. His clothes looked newer than those he usually wore, but he looked like a background character from Night at the Roxbury. He probably felt like a kid going to his first-grade school dance.

"SHE SAID TWENTY MINUTES. It's been almost a full hour," Lester looked at Dan, frustrated. Dan maintained his spot in his chair, his attention focused on his phone. The Chicago Blackhawks were up 2-1 over the Kings. "What's taking her so long?"

"YOU SURE SEEM NOT to know a lot about women," Dan said, glued to his phone. "Perfect takes time. You might as well just sit down."

DAN HEARD Lester huff and continued his pacing. A few minutes later, Sarah finally emerged from the hallway. She walked into the room as if she hadn't just taken an hour to get ready, ignorant of Lester's impatience. Dan felt his cock stir looking at the way his wife was dressed. He always loved when Sarah did her hair up. She had one of the sexiest necks he'd ever seen. The shirt she was wearing, if you could call it a shirt, did a great job of accentuating the elegance of her neck. To Dan, it looked like a piece of black material that just covered her breasts and the front of her stomach. A thin little strap went around the back of her neck and connected to the black, satiny-looking material that obscured her chest. It was cut so that there was a large V that went down between her breasts, exposing her chest. Her cleavage was hidden, though, as the material stretched over the tops and sides of her breasts, enveloping them, another thin strap running across her ribs and clasping behind her back. The rest of the material ran down over her stomach, but the sides were exposed for anyone to see.

HIS WIFE WORE high-waisted white pants that hugged her body, leaving very little to the imagination. Her ass looked amazing,

popped out slightly but not obscene, as always. The pants were cut like jeans, but they were made of some other cotton or polyester-like material. She had a pair of black high heels on, too. Dan loved these kinds of outfits. Even before everything had started with Lester, he'd always gotten off on seeing other men's heads turn to watch his wife when they were out.

"READY TO GO, BOYS?" Sarah said as she turned and looked at herself in the mirror.

DAN LOOKED AT LESTER, who seemed equally stunned at Sarah's appearance. Dan stood up, eager to get this night over with. "Yep, let's head out."

THE ODD TRIO walked down the hallway together. It wasn't wide enough for them to walk side by side, so Lester followed behind the couple until they reached the elevator. As the doors closed Lester spoke, "Dan, are you planning to ride with us or drive yourself?"

DAN HADN'T THOUGHT that far ahead. He'd been too preoccupied with the hockey game. He could probably watch the score while they drove if he rode with them, but he didn't love the idea of sitting in the backseat like some child. Besides, Lester could try to pull something and ditch Dan at the venue before taking Sarah someplace else. If he drove himself, there was a chance Lester could try to ditch him like he had that one night, but now he had Sarah's location tracking enabled on her phone. He could find her. He preferred to have his car with him anyway.

"I'LL TAKE MY CAR," Dan said while slyly checking out his wife. "I'll follow you there." Sarah raised an eyebrow at him, but he nodded reassuringly. When the elevator doors opened, Lester stepped out, seemingly oblivious to the custom of letting ladies out first. At least he opened his SUV door for Sarah. Dan navigated the parking lot

and got into his own car. He quickly drove to the other side of the lot, where he was surprised to find Lester's SUV was still waiting. As soon as he got close, it started to drive.

HE FOLLOWED them out onto the street. Lester led them to another part of town that was unfamiliar to Dan. He wasn't a Chicago native, and most of the city was still new to him. This area had some rundown-looking storefronts but if Dan was correct about his Chicago geography, it was in the general neighborhood where he'd thought he'd had a job interview a few weeks back. That area had at least been nicer than this one. After a few minutes, Lester turned off the street into a driveway that went down into an old parking garage.

DESPITE ITS AGE, it featured a modern payment system. Dan had to tap his card before receiving a ticket that would let him exit later in the night. Everything seemed fairly automated; the door rolled up as he took his ticket, and the gate closed behind him. There wasn't anyone in the old security booth, and Dan spotted several burnt-out bulbs that needed changing. This garage didn't seem to be as well maintained as others Dan had been to. Dan followed Lester's vehicle through the garage and up a ramp onto the next level. There weren't many cars up here, and it was more dimly lit than the previous level.

DAN GUESSED that the garage was fuller during the weekday with office workers but probably emptied out at night and on the weekends. Lester drove to the part of the garage where no cars were parked. Dan followed as they turned around a concrete wall and into an empty section of the garage. A brick wall was visible beyond a chain link fence. They were likely at street level, and the brick wall was from the next building over. Lester parked parallel to the fence, backing into a spot. Dan pulled in directly in front of Lester's SUV so that the noses of their cars were facing each other.

Just in case Lester tried to pull a fast one and leave the garage before he did, his roommate couldn't maneuver his car out of the spot.

BOTH DOORS on the SUV opened up. Dan quickly killed the ignition and stepped out of his vehicle, locking it behind him, "Why the hell did we drive through the whole parking garage? There were plenty of open spots."

"CLOSER TO THE STAIRS," Lester pointed at a door against the far wall, "Unless you want to walk around the block. Elevators don't run on the weekends. The club is just around the corner."

IT SEEMED like Lester was somewhat familiar with this club and this part of town. That struck Dan as odd, given Lester's reclusive nature. Lester began walking, but Sarah stayed and waited for Dan. "All good?" Dan asked as they fell into stride together.

"A COMPLETE GENTLEMAN. Didn't talk too much, to be honest." Sarah said as they closed in on Lester. He was at the door, holding it open. "Good," Dan replied. Sarah didn't mention that he hadn't so much as touched her either, which, if she was being honest with herself, she wouldn't have minded. She knew she was still worked up from earlier.

LESTER LET Sarah walk through the door and then stepped through behind her. Dan caught the door before it could shut and followed them up. Lester was ogling Sarah's shimmying ass with each step of the staircase. Soon, they reached the top, and the door opened onto the empty Chicago street. Lester reached down, grabbed Sarah's hand, and led them down the block. Dan followed behind, not enjoying Lester's PDA. He was surprised that Sarah didn't look back at him, almost like she didn't think holding Lester's hand was a big deal.

DAN FINALLY SAW THE CLUB. The 'Sound-Bar' sign lit up a small alleyway just off the other side of the street. Lester led them up to the door and knocked on it. A heavysset-looking bouncer opened the door and eyed them up before he stood aside and let them through.

"TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS EACH FOR THE GUYS," a young girl behind the coat check area said to the group. Lester paid for himself and went to walk ahead into the club. Sarah held his arm and waited for Dan to pay. He hadn't planned on dropping a \$25 cover charge but he sure as hell wasn't about to let Lester take Sarah into a place like this alone. Dan paid with a wincing look on his face and followed Sarah and Lester into the club.

AS DAN ROUNDED the corner he felt a wave of heat rush over him. The club was packed with bodies gyrating together to loud house-style music. Dan felt a pounding that began in his ears and proceeded throughout his body as the bass on the track continued to bounce. They had to walk down a flight of stairs to get to the club floor. It was a space with several different dance floors, rooms and bars. As they navigated the crowd, Dan saw different roped-off sections, including dance floors and bar areas. Different rooms had different DJs playing music. Every room seemed to have bodies pressed against one another on the dance floor. A balcony ran across the top of the space, ending with doors that went into unknown rooms.

SARAH LOOKED BACK at him and said something, but he couldn't make it out, "WHAT?" Dan shouted. "BAR. LET'S GO TO THE BAR." Sarah yelled back. The three of them went up to the bar and eventually got the bartender's attention to order a round of drinks. Lester took out his phone and started typing on it before wandering away from them. Dan slid up next to Sarah and rubbed her back while taking in the club's sights.

IT HAD BEEN a long time since he had been in a nightclub and never one quite like this. Lester returned and handed his phone to Sarah. She read the screen and then handed it to Dan. There was a message written on it, 'Remember, like we agreed, if you see something and want to stop, just say it. Also, I'm not paying for you.' Dan rolled his eyes and gave Lester the OK sign with his hands.

LESTER LEANED in and whispered something in Sarah's ear. She turned to Dan, "LESTER WANTS TO DANCE. IS THAT OKAY?" Dan nodded and gave his wife a thumbs up. He couldn't wait to see Lester attempt to dance. It would probably be one of the funniest things he'd see all year. He turned back to the bar and downed his drink before telling the bartender he wanted another. As she was getting his drink ready, Dan turned back to watch Sarah and Lester, but he couldn't see them. He'd lost them in the disparate crowds of bodies on the dance floor.

LESTER LED Sarah through the pressing bodies of the crowd. He hated it here. It was too loud, and there were too many people. These were the kinds of people he had hated ever since high school. Idiots drinking their faces off until they couldn't function anymore. He did like the look of some of the women in here, though and would be more than happy to help them after their night was over. Tonight was about Dan, though, and humiliating him for throwing him out of their home. He needed to be taught a lesson.

HE LED Sarah to the roped-off section at the back of this room. The bouncer was standing at the foot of a short set of stairs that led to a raised platform with its own dance floor and private round booths inset into the walls. A small railing partitioned the raised area from the rest of the club. The bouncer nodded to Lester, recognizing him from earlier. The bodies were packed tightly around them. Lester

turned to look at Sarah as they stepped up the stairs. She looked back at him, seemingly overwhelmed by all the stimulation around her. He was confident she hadn't noticed they had moved to a more private part of the club.

DAN WOULDN'T BE ALLOWED up here. Not unless he had pre-purchased bottle service. Still holding Sarah's hand, Lester led her to a private booth where the waitress had already set out some drinks for them. Lester slid into the booth, and Sarah followed, looking over her shoulder for her husband. Lester handed her a drink and took a long sip of his.

"WHERE'S DAN?" Sarah said as she started on her second drink of the night. She could already feel a slight buzz beginning to creep up on her. "I SAW HIM STANDING BY THE BAR A FEW SECOND AGO. GIVING US SOME SPACE MAYBE." Lester said, pointing toward the bar they had just come from. Sarah craned her neck but couldn't see him.

"WHERE?" she said loudly, leaning back towards Lester. He pointed in the general vicinity of the bar. He honestly had no idea. All he knew was that Sarah wouldn't be able to see the stairs leading up here from their booth if Dan was there trying to convince the bouncer he belonged. "OVER THERE," Lester pointed again.

SARAH SHOOK HER HEAD, unable to locate her husband. He couldn't have lost track of them that quickly, could he? He was probably watching, just like Lester said. He would probably look on the dance floor for them since that's where they said they were going. She leaned into Lester's shoulder, "I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO DANCE?"

"I DON'T DANCE," Lester said back, "BUT I'M GOING TO WATCH YOU DANCE."

“WHAT DO YOU MEAN?” Sarah said loudly and then took another long sip of her drink, shocked that it was already done. Lester grabbed a bottle off the table and mixed another drink for both of them. To Sarah, it looked like it was mostly tequila.

“YOU’RE GOING TO FULFILL DAN’S FANTASIES. GO UP ON THE DANCE FLOOR AND DANCE WITH THE FIRST GUY THAT APPROACHES YOU. DANCE FOR DAN AND ME TO WATCH. DOESN’T MATTER WHAT THEY LOOK LIKE, SHOW DAN HOW DIRTY YOU CAN BE.” Lester ran a finger up her bare spine, causing her to shiver, reminding her of what was to come. The music was already causing her body to sway back and forth. She wanted to move to the beat. It had been ages since she’d gone out and danced.

LESTER THOUGHT she needed to be pushed over the edge. He leaned forward into her ear and said, “Remember, Dan calls the shots tonight. If he doesn’t like you dancing with someone else, he can put a stop to it. But I think we both know it’s going to drive him crazy.” As he was talking, he noticed she’d moved closer to him, ostensibly to hear him better, but she seemed comfortable with her ear against his mouth. Once he’d said what he had to say it was a long moment before she moved away.

SARAH LOOKED BACK AT LESTER. He could tell she liked the idea but was eyeing him suspiciously. Sarah slid out of the table, and Lester groaned, watching her ass in those tight pants. With a mischievous glint in her eyes and a smirk tugging at the corners of her lips, Sarah subtly raised her eyebrows and downed the rest of her drink before motioning to Lester for another. Lester finished pouring her another drink and saw the playful spark in her eyes, silently acknowledging that she was up for the game he wanted her to play.

LESTER SAT BACK and stared at Sarah’s ass and uncovered back as she made her way onto the private dance floor, unaware of the plan he

had set in motion.

SARAH WAS ONLY ALONE in the crowd of bodies swaying on the dance floor for a moment before someone slid up behind her. Back in college, this is where she would either stop moving and get away from the person or look back to see who it might be. Tonight, it didn't really matter. They were just a prop for her to tease Dan and Lester with.

SHE TOOK a sip of her drink and continued to move her body to the music alongside this stranger. The heat from his body was running up her bare back as his crotch pushed against her ass. Sarah felt his hands on her hips, tentatively touching her body. Sarah scanned the crowd for Dan, hoping he was watching. She hooked one arm around the back of the stranger's neck and ground her ass into his crotch. His hard bulge was immediately evident, and part of her was satisfied that even after two kids, she could still have this effect on a man.

AS THE SONG ENDED, another began with a slower tempo. Sarah's eyes tracked the crowd, looking for Dan, but she couldn't find him in the sea of bodies. Lester stood out from the booth, staring in her direction. Even from here, she could tell how turned on he was watching her. She pressed harder against the stranger behind her as she stared at Lester. Her bare back pressed into his chest. She could feel his breath on her neck and his dick pressing into her ass. She ground her ass back and forth against the stranger's dick. Closing her eyes, she tried to picture Dan's face watching her, but soon all she could focus on was the hard dick pressing into her ass, so close to her. If a couple of layers of clothes were removed it would be touching her bare ass.

THE STRANGER'S hands began to move off her hips slowly. One ran down and rested on her thigh while the other started to graze the naked flesh of her stomach. She wouldn't normally let a stranger touch her like this, but she wanted to turn Dan and Lester on. Dan would intervene if something crossed the line, right? Sarah continued to sway her hips, goosebumps running over her skin as the stranger's fingers traced up her bare rib cage. Sarah dropped her hand from his neck and let it fall to her side as she danced.

ANOTHER SONG STARTED with a faster tempo. Sarah danced a little faster, her partner matching her movements. She decided to tease him a bit, moving her ass off his crotch. Denying him her touch. Now she was turning her hips and body with the music, not just grinding her ass back into his crotch. He was trying to keep up with her, but she could tell he wasn't the best dancer. As Sarah moved her body to one side, he was a few seconds behind her. As the beat of the song increased, so did Sarah's movements. She turned her body with one hand in the air, the other holding her drink. The stranger was behind her, trying to match her movements, she turned, and her hand accidentally grazed his crotch. For a brief second, her fingertips could feel his hardness. As soon as she felt it, they moved again.

SARAH COULD FEEL her heart thumping in her chest. Her body felt like it was on fire. She looked back at Lester and saw him smiling. She wondered if he saw what had just happened. Another song came on with a less frantic tempo. The stranger stepped back up and pushed his crotch against her ass. Sarah could feel his hard cock pushing into her. She instinctively ground herself back against it as her bare back pressed against his body. One of the man's hands was on her hips while the other was slowly tracing its way up her bare back. Sarah shuddered, feeling another man's hand on her.

HER BREATHING WAS GETTING SHALLOW. The man's hand came to rest on the thin material on the back of her neck before he slowly pushed

forward. Sarah knew what he wanted. She'd love to see Dan's face watching. She wished he was here in the crowd with her instead of off to the side somewhere watching. Sarah obliged the man's demands. She would show Lester and Dan just how dirty she could be. The man's hand continued its pressure. Sarah bent forward, pressing her ass further into the man's crotch. She ground her ass up and down along the man's considerable cock.

HIS HAND MOVED to her shoulder, pulling her back up to him. Sarah could feel sweat dripping down her forehead. There were so many bodies in here, not to mention the heat emanating from the man behind her. His hand snaked its way around her torso and found the opening in her top. Sarah watched as the man's white hand disappeared beneath the sheer material of her black top and cupped her bare breast.

SARAH'S BREATH caught in her throat. Wet lips began to kiss the nape of her neck, one of her most sensitive areas. Sarah's ass pushed back into the man's crotch all on its own, seeking connection with his hardened cock. She could feel his hot breath on her neck, driving her crazy. The man's other hand quickly grabbed hers and pulled it behind her, pushing her palm against his hard cock.

DAN HAD DONE a lap around the club, looking through various rooms, but couldn't find them. The buzz of the alcohol was dimming his senses. He made his way through the dance floor, looking for Lester. He would stand out in a place like this. Bodies pressed against him on all sides, and some young women pushed their backsides against him as he passed.

HE RETURNED to the main room where he had lost them and ordered another drink. As he paid the bartender, he finally caught a glimpse

of Lester over her shoulder. His fat squat body was sitting alone in a booth in the back of the room. Dan kicked himself for not seeing them earlier. They hadn't gone nearly as far as he'd thought.

TAKING a big swig of his drink, he moved to the back of the room. *Where was Sarah?* As he approached Lester, he realized his roommate was alone, but his attention was transfixed on the dance floor. Dan stared in the direction Lester was looking. All he could see on the raised platform were bodies dancing. He squinted, looking through the throngs of people until he saw a glimpse of Sarah's outfit. She was dancing but she wasn't alone. Someone was dancing with her. He couldn't quite see exactly what was happening. Dan looked to his side and saw a short staircase to get up there.

HE QUICKLY APPROACHED IT, but a firm hand pressed against his chest, "VIPS AND BOTTLE SERVICE ONLY."

"I'M SUPPOSED TO BE UP THERE. MY WIFE AND ROOMMATE ARE WAITING FOR ME." Dan shouted back.

"THEN HAVE THEM COME GET YOU. I CAN'T LET YOU IN WITHOUT A PASS." The bouncer pushed firmly on Dan's chest. Dan left the bouncer and walked around the outside of the raised platform, trying to get Lester's attention. His roommate's beady eyes were laser focused on Sarah dancing with some stranger.

"SARAH," Dan tried shouting, but he knew it would be fruitless over the club noise, "SARAH." Some people left the dance floor, and Dan got a better look at Sarah. She was grinding her ass against the man behind her. His hand was inside of her shirt, groping her breast. Her head was leaning back against his chest as the guy was kissing his wife's neck. Then Dan felt his heart sink, recognizing who she was dancing with. It was Jesse.

FUCK THAT BOUNCER. Dan quickly jumped onto the railing and climbed over it, landing on the same platform as Sarah and Jesse. He felt his legs sway a bit, the quick motion not agreeing with the alcohol he had consumed. Dan pushed through the other club goers on the dance floor until he reached Sarah and pulled her off his ex-subordinate. Jesse had an amused look on his face, and Sarah was shocked to see the anger in Dan's eyes. She looked back and saw that it had been Jesse she was dancing with and looked mortified in response.

"DAN, I DIDN'T KNOW!" Sarah said loudly, clutching his arm. Dan balled his hands into fists and was about to have a serious conversation with Jesse. Suddenly, a pair of strong arms grabbed Dan by the shoulder and pulled him backwards. Soon, another pair of hands were on him, pulling him away from Sarah through the crowd. Dan was disoriented and tried to fight off their strong grips, but he couldn't. A door opened up somewhere ahead of him, and cool air washed over his body. Suddenly, he felt like he was flying, and then he felt pain as he landed on concrete.

HE BLINKED OPEN his eyes and realized he was outside on the street. Sarah was quickly by his side, asking if he was okay. Over her shoulder, he could see a pair of bouncers looking at him angrily as they shut a side door to the club behind them.

"ARE YOU OKAY, DAN?" Sarah asked, holding his arm, trying to get him to stand up. Dan knew he was going to have a wicked hangover in the morning. He let Sarah pull him to his feet, hoping the ringing in his ears would subside once he was standing straight. "Just my pride," Dan said.

"WHAT THE HELL were you doing dancing with Jesse?" Dan could feel the crease on his brow furrow as he looked at his wife. "I lost track of you guys."

"I THOUGHT you were watching me the whole time," Sarah said. Lester appeared from around the corner, clearly not knowing about the secret side door. Sarah continued, "Lester didn't want to dance, so he told me to go put on a show for you and him. I didn't even look back to see who I was dancing with. I was more focused on being sexy for you. For both of you. I thought you would stop things if it made you uncomfortable."

DAN EYED LESTER, "Why was Jesse dancing with Sarah?"

LESTER LOOKED DUMBFUNDED, "Who's Jesse? What are you talking about? All I saw was you jumping the railing and getting us kicked out of the club. Were you trying to ruin my date night?"

"JESSE! He used to work with me until he got fired. Why was he dancing with Sarah?" Dan shouted.

"HOW THE FUCK should I know? I have no idea what you are even talking about. Did he know Sarah from before?" Lester shouted back.

"YEAH HE HAD MET her a couple of times on business trips," Dan said, looking back and forth between Lester and Sarah.

"ON THESE TRIPS did he ever, you know..." Lester trailed off, looking at Sarah.

"EW. NO WAY," Sarah exclaimed. "The trips weren't like that. At all."

"OKAY, so he saw your wife on the dance floor by herself and tried to take his shot then?" Lester shrugged, "How would I even know who

the hell he was? I can't keep track of everyone from your past, roomie."

DAN WANTED SOMEWHERE to direct his anger but Jesse was still inside the club. Lester was the next best choice. It didn't make sense that Lester would know Jesse. Besides, Lester couldn't keep his hands off his wife. He was more likely to try to get her alone in a dark corner of the club.

"WHY WERE YOU DANCING ALONE?" Dan asked Sarah.

"THAT'S ON ME. I knew Sarah wanted to dance, but I don't like dancing. I feel like an idiot up there. So I thought it would be hot to watch her dance, and I figured it would get you off to see her dancing with another guy. It's my fault. I fucked up. I'm sorry," Lester said sincerely.

LESTER'S APOLOGY caught him off guard. He looked shaken up by what happened. The little cave troll probably wasn't used to violence. Seeing the bouncers throw him out probably spooked him, "Whatever, let's just go." Dan said as he rotated his shoulder. He had landed hard on the concrete and wasn't looking forward to the pain tomorrow. At least for now, the alcohol had numbed everything.

LESTER LED them back up the sidewalk as Sarah and Dan followed hand in hand.

SARAH FELT MORTIFIED as she held onto Dan's arm. As they walked down the parking garage's staircase all she could focus on was the events of the last few minutes. Jesse's tongue on her neck, his body pressing against hers. The feeling of his hardening cock pressing

into her ass. Her hand on his crotch. She hated that she now had some idea of the size of Jesse's cock - he was not small. The anger in her husband's eyes as he pulled her from Jesse.

SHE COULDN'T LIE to herself. Seeing the anger and jealousy on Dan's face had been incredibly erotic. Sarah felt ashamed at just how horny it had made her. In her defense, Lester had turned her on earlier when she sucked his cock. She wanted to take Dan after that, but they had gone out. The sweaty bodies and gyrating in the clubs hadn't done anything to temper her horniness. And Jesse's dancing and groping only served to dial things up.

STILL, she knew how mad Dan had gotten, but she couldn't help feeling embarrassed at the scene they had made, seeing her husband being man handled and thrown out of a club. Everyone's eyes were watching them as she quickly followed the bouncers out. She was glad to be out of there, away from the judgemental eyes. She wished she could have spent longer in the club and danced with her husband. Lester had at least thought of Dan and tried to plan something involving him and his fantasies. She would have to find a way to thank him for that.

LESTER OPENED the door onto their floor, and the trio crossed the empty parking level. Sarah did feel bad about Dan getting thrown out of the club. She wanted to find some way to make it up to him. As they neared the cars, an idea hit her—the car. Dan had wanted to see her in a vehicle with Lester. He had missed out on her past dates with Lester and wanted a redo of her performance.

SHE STOPPED and held onto Dan's hand, slowing him. He turned to face her, "What?"

With Dan's back blocking Lester's view, she ran her hands up and down Dan's crotch, "Did you still want to see what I do with him in the car?"

DAN GULPED. She could see him doing the mental calculations in his head. He nodded softly, unable to verbalize a response. Sarah smiled, "Remember, we have the safeword." She could see Dan's face turn a shade of crimson. She leaned into her husband and gave him a deep kiss, shoving her tongue into his mouth. "I think you're going to like this."

HOLDING HIS HANDS, she led them to Lester's SUV, where he was waiting, "Lester, get in the backseat. Dan, go get in the passenger side." Sarah opened the back door of the SUV and got in while both men stood there dumbfounded. Lester was the first to move, heaving his body through the door following Sarah. Dan quickly moved between the vehicle's hoods and opened the passenger door. He did it carefully, trying not to hit the chain link fence that looked out into the alleyway.

ONCE DAN WAS in the seat and turned around to look at them, Sarah got started. She knew this would turn Dan on, and she wanted to lean into the dirty talk for him. She felt like she failed him earlier and wanted to make it up to him. The first thing she did was repeat the kiss she had just given her husband, but now it was Lester she kissed. Dan watched as their tongues played against each other, his heart sinking as his roommate clutched the back of his wife's head. Once the kiss had gone on nearly a minute, they broke apart, each breathing heavily. Staring into Dan's eyes, Sarah dropped her hand and started to massage Lester's crotch, "My, my, what do we have here?"

"YOU'RE gonna have to open that up to find out," Lester grunted. Dan could hear his heart beating in his ears. The volume in the club had messed with his eardrums and now seeing Sarah and Lester together in the car was causing his body to go into overdrive. He had wondered what this would be like. He hated imagining Sarah alone with Lester in the car, like their previous dates without him.

Now, he was seeing it happen. Was this how they had started it before?

DAN GULPED as he watched his wife slowly unbuckle Lester's belt and pull down the zipper on his roommate's pants. She reached in and began caressing Lester's cock. She turned and stared at Dan, her chest heaving as she said, "I found something, Dan. I think I need to get a closer look at it. What do you think?"

ALL DAN COULD DO WAS NOD WORDLESSLY. He knew he was about to step off a cliff here but couldn't stop himself. Lester sat back and let Sarah tug at his pants. She pulled them down past his knees until his tight white underwear appeared. Sarah hungrily yanked those down, too, until his cock sprang out and slapped against his thigh. Lester used his legs to kick off his pants and underwear as Sarah wrapped her hands around his cock, "It looks like someone's happy to see me."

SARAH CONTINUED to gently stroke Lester's growing cock with her delicate, manicured nails. She stared at Dan and said, "It's crazy how this thing is always hard and ready for me. Even though I already swallowed a load earlier, look at it." She gently squeezed him, her thumb massaging his glans and the pronounced ridge of his cockhead.

"THAT'S BECAUSE IT LOVES YOU," Lester grunted, thrusting his cock towards Sarah's face. She turned and kissed its head. Dan watched as Sarah looked at him and said, "And I love it too. God, this cock really has me begging for it. I think about it all day while I'm at work."

"HOW ARE you doing over there, baby?" Sarah said, looking at her husband as her tongue licked the underside of Lester's cock. "Feeling better?"

DAN GULPED AND WHISPERED, "YEAH. BETTER."

"GOOD," Lester chuckled, "You seemed pretty upset with your old friend there. What was his name again?"

"JESSE," Dan muttered as he focused on his wife kissing and sucking Lester's cock.

"SARAH," Lester's eyes flicked to Dan to see his reaction, "You seemed to enjoy yourself on the dance floor. Do you think Jesse enjoyed himself, too?"

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN?" Sarah paused, looking up at him.

"COULD you tell if he was hard or not?" Lester grinned, "As you moved your ass against his crotch."

SARAH SQUEEZED Lester's cock and looked at her husband, "He was." Dan felt his stomach drop and his cock twitch, knowing that little shit Jesse had his cock pressed up against his wife's fantastic ass. Getting stimulated by her dancing on it.

"LET'S NOT FOCUS ON THAT," Sarah said, looking back at Lester as she lowered her lips to the top of his cock, "Let's focus on rewarding you for such a nice night out. It would have been nice to stay and dance a little longer with you boys, but I want to show you how much I appreciate the effort."

"FUCK YES, show me how much you appreciate me and my cock," Lester thrust his cock up towards Sarah's face.

SARAH SMILED and kept her focus on her husband as she planted soft kisses up and down the shaft of Lester's cock, "I'd do anything for this cock. I love the taste of it." Dan groaned from the front seat, hearing his wife talk like this. How she looked at him was almost too much for him to bear. She was toying with him like she always did. When she looked at him like that, he never knew if she was being serious or performing for him. He knew she loved toying with him, and he was putty in her hands.

"ANYTHING?" Lester smirked, looking down at Sarah, whose tongue was delicately licking his shaft; keeping him hard but not sucking him off. He smiled inwardly at just how little effort he had to put into the evening. Here he was about to have his cock in Sarah's mouth in front of her husband. He thought back to their first meetings and all the subtle manipulations it would have taken for her to even touch his cock. Now, she was willing to do anything for him. Sarah looked up at Lester repeating his thought, "Anything."

LESTER GRINNED and looked back and forth between Sarah and Dan. "Then follow me." Dan stared in disbelief as Lester opened the door and looked like a weirdo stepping out into the parking garage without pants, his hardened pole flopping around in public. He quickly peeled off his shirt and threw it back into the car. Sarah looked at Dan, who could only shrug in response, not knowing what would happen. She followed Lester out of the car, and he guided her directly in front of his SUV.

DAN WATCHED Lester kneel and disappear from view. Sarah planted her hands on the hood of the SUV and squirmed back and forth. Dan tried to get a better view of what was happening, but soon Lester stood back up, holding Sarah's tight white pants victoriously. Dan's eyes immediately scanned the garage roof, looking for video cameras, but didn't see any. He doubted a dingy parking garage like this would be equipped with the latest in surveillance. Dan's eyes

shifted to the rest of the garage. Behind this concrete wall, they were obstructed from view. The rest of this level had very few cars parked on the way in. He felt confident no one would accidentally stumble upon them.

LESTER WHISPERED something in Sarah's ear. She looked up and held her husband's gaze as Lester's hands began to explore her body. Sarah was biting her lip, and then Dan understood what was happening. Lester's hand must be in her panties, playing with her.

"UHHHHH," Sarah moaned as Lester's fingers played with her clit. He was rubbing his finger against it softly in a circular motion.

"KEEP LOOKING AT DAN," Lester whispered as he nibbled on her earlobe, "He loves seeing you like this. Let's put on a show for him."

"MHMMMM," Sarah kept her eyes locked on her husband's through the windshield. She could see that hungry look in his eyes. The same one she had pictured on the dance floor. Then she remembered his anger. She focused on that as Lester's fingers started to run up and down her wet slit. Soon, Sarah was bucking her hips back towards Lester. She could feel his hard cock pressing into her panty-clad ass.

LESTER LOOKED up at Dan and started planting kisses on Sarah's neck. He was enjoying every minute of this. Why he had never gone after a married woman before baffled him. It was one thing to dominate a woman and make her open her legs for him. It was on another level to do that in front of her husband. Lester relished the control he exerted over the couple. Dan had better learn to stay in his place from now on, after his lesson tonight.

"AH FUCK," Sarah braced herself against the hood of Lester's SUV as he pushed a finger inside of her. Soon, a second followed, causing

Sarah to drop her head to try to catch her breath. She hadn't realized quite how worked up she'd remained with all the ups and downs of the evening. His other hand groped her ass cheek as he opened her up. Lester smiled as he pushed his fingers into Dan's wife. Even at this angle, he made sure he could brush them against her g-spot to make her body quiver for him.

DAN WATCHED from the passenger seat with a mixture of arousal, lust and disgust as he watched the coupling. Seeing Sarah's beautiful face contorted in pleasure while Lester's ugly, determined face was next to hers sent chills down his spine. He felt like he was taking a drug and couldn't stop watching.

PART of him wanted to open the door and step out into the garage with them. The other didn't want to move, to continue to watch the events unfold behind the safety of the windshield. It felt surreal to him, and it would become more real if he stepped out to join them. He felt his cock aching in his pants. For now, he just gently rubbed it; not sure if he wanted to pull his pants off in Lester's car.

"UH FUCK, LESTER," Sarah squirmed back on his fingers. Lester licked the side of her neck, "I love it when you say my name, Sarah. It sounds so sweet off your lips."

"LESTER, MHMMMM LESTER," Sarah moaned, "Don't stop Lester, right there. Right uh, mhmm, there." Down her thigh behind her she felt the tip of Lester's cock graze her. It never ceased to amaze her how long and thick Lester's cock was. How big it got before it was inside her.

LESTER PULLED his fingers out of the wife and pushed down on her back. Sarah's hands collapsed, and her elbows dropped onto the SUV. Lester pulled his shirt off and ripped off Sarah's white panties, tearing them at the sides, "Ahh, uhhhh."

HE LINED his cock up with her wet slit and slowly pushed the head of his cock into the young mother, never forgetting to savor how her walls held him tightly, milking him from the very start. "Oh my god, fuck," Sarah moaned, feeling Lester's cock beginning to enter her. Lester's eyes flicked up to watch Dan's reaction. He was still sitting there transfixed on his wife, whose hair was now splayed out across the hood of Lester's car. *Good. No reaction from either one of them about my bare cock.* His subtle, patient planning had paid off.

LESTER FELT he deserved an Oscar for his performance at the club earlier. Watching Dan get thrown out brought him immense pleasure. Dan wanted to throw him out of his house? Well, Lester made sure the same thing happened to him, just more painfully and more publicly embarrassing. Sometimes it was too easy. Dan could be so predictable. It was a success in another way, though. Learning just how sensitive Dan was to his old coworker Jesse. There was plenty more to leverage there. Jesse was quite the open book about all things Dan and seemed easy to manipulate.

"OH FUCK LESTER, slow baby slow it down," Sarah whimpered as she felt Lester's cock stretching her out. Lester had his hands upon her bare back, intent on ripping off her top soon. He gripped the back of her neck and pulled her up off the SUV. At the same time, he shoved the entire length of his cock into her. "Ah, shit, Lester." His casual disregard for her while taking what he wanted put Sarah dangerously within reach of an explosive orgasm.

"I KNOW YOU, SARAH WILLIAMS," Lester grunted loudly into the empty parking garage as he pulled his cock out and slammed it back into her, "And what did you say before? You don't need love tonight? You like getting fucked hard and fast, and that's how I'm going to give it to you tonight." His eyes focused on some faraway point as his hips sped up.

LESTER'S PUDGY fingers sank into Sarah's hips as he started to pound her pussy relentlessly. Sarah tried thrusting back against him, but the angle of their connection and his furious pace made it impossible. She braced herself with her elbows against the SUV and just hung on as Lester fucked the shit out of her.

THE TROLL-LIKE MAN slowed his pace and grabbed a handful of Sarah's hair, yanking her upright. He turned her head and shoved his tongue into her panting mouth. Sarah's tongue snaked into his, exploring and tasting him. Lester broke the kiss, and Dan watched his wife look at his roommate with intense arousal. Then Lester started kissing her neck, planning a trail of kisses onto her shoulder.

"GOD, YOU'RE SO FUCKING BEAUTIFUL," Lester said as his kisses set her nerves on fire. "I just want you in my bed every night so I can fuck you senseless." Lester stopped his kisses at the nape of her neck before increasing his pace once again.

SARAH WAS PANTING, her head resting on the hood. She opened her eyes and saw Dan's face staring at her. His arm was moving. He was stroking himself, watching her get fucked by his troll of a roommate. She never expected her beauty, and the beast-type fantasies would include getting fucked by the beast in a parking garage.

SUDDENLY, she felt her body begin to tense up. Lester's cock head was rubbing up against her g-spot. Back and forth. Back and forth. Her orgasm came without warning, causing her to push off into the balls of her feet into her high heels. It radiated throughout her body and her breath caught in her throat. Her perfect ass pushed back onto Lester's cock, letting him fully penetrate the young wife. "Ohhh fuckkkk ahhh Lester." Her fist pounded on the hood emphasizing the turmoil inside the young wife.

"THAT'S IT," Lester grunted, sweat beginning to drip off his forehead "Cum for me, my little slut. Squeeze daddy's cock." Sarah held her breath as her body stiffened, and she felt a wave of pleasure wash across it. Her eyes closed, and Dan disappeared from view. All she wanted to focus on was riding this orgasm out. Even though her pussy was gripping Lester tightly, he still was pushing into her, keeping her orgasm alive.

SARAH EXHALED and took in a deep breath. She had to breathe. Holding her breath so long gave her a minor headache, and the booze was making her a little dizzy. She stepped back down into her heels and steadied herself against the SUV. Lester pulled his cock out of her and spun her around until her ass was pressing up against the hood of Dan's car. She instinctively laid back, resting her heels on the front bumper as Lester moved between her legs.

DAN STARED, watching his young wife lay herself onto the hood of his car as Lester got into position to mount her. This whole experience was like some pornographic amusement park ride - the inside of the car shook and shuddered from the couple's frenetic fucking. The corners of Dan's mouth formed a disgusted look, now being treated to a view of Lester's hairy, flabby ass.

LESTER PUSHED his cock into Sarah, and her legs wrapped around his waist, the high heels jutting into his ass. Nothing was going to stop him from fucking her. "Did you forget something?"

"FUCK, UH, WHAT?" Sarah grunted as she finally could move her hips down and fuck Lester's cock. "What?"

"No CONDOM," Lester said through gritted teeth. Immediately Sarah's bucking on his cock increased. Lester grinned, knowing that her body had responded to the idea. He wasn't sure whether it was

because of its taboo nature or desire to be bred, but he would surely reap the benefits of it, "Want me to stop and get one?"

SARAH'S EYES WERE CLOSED, focusing on the sensation of Lester's bare cock sliding in and out of her. Fucking her senseless. There was no way she wanted to stop right and lose this feeling. Not when she could feel another orgasm starting to build up inside of her.

"WANT ME TO STOP?" Lester repeated, holding her hips tightly as he fucked into her, "We can ask Dan to grab a condom."

"DON'T," Sarah started. She heard a sound someplace off, but it barely registered in her brain. She needed to feel his cock. She didn't want to stop. Didn't want to let this feeling go. If they stopped, it would ruin everything, and there was a chance Dan might say the safeword. "Don't. Fucking. Stop."

LESTER GRINNED and threw his weight forward, plunging his cock as deep into Sarah as possible. His fat gut pushed her legs slightly apart as it came to rest on her stomach. He gripped her hands and held them over her head, pinning her to the hood of Dan's car, "Good because I wasn't going to stop anyway, not until I fill you with my cum."

"AH FUCK," Sarah grunted. She felt a second orgasm rippling its way to the surface. Lester pinned her down and increased his pace. Saying that he was going to fill her up, not letting her have a choice in the matter. It was all serving as fuel to make her explode again. "Fuck Lester, give it to me. Give me your cum. Give it to me."

LESTER LEANED in and whispered in her ear, "We don't need condoms anymore because your pussy is all mine now."

LESTER WASN'T STOPPING. He kept hammering his cock into her at lightning speed. Sarah felt her body tensing again. Another orgasm began to rip through her.

"AH FUCK, FUCK," Sarah's screams echoed in the empty parking lot. Her entire body felt like it was on fire, every nerve dancing together in harmony as her body squeezed Lester's cock for his cum. She wanted it. All of it. "Mhmmmmm, holy shit, Lester."

SARAH WAS PANTING, unable to catch her breath as the last traces of her orgasm started to soften. She felt another one slowly building as Lester continued to fuck her. He leaned in and whispered in her ear, "I'm going to be back at your hospital soon. I plan on fucking you at your desk. What do you say?"

"FUCK," Sarah grunted, pushing her ass down onto Lester's cock. She could feel his big hairy balls slapping against her ass with each thrust. "I can't wait."

"HEH," Lester grinned, wondering what Dan would think. He agreed to stay away from her in the workplace until he got their systems back online. He never promised to stay away forever. Sarah's head came up off the hood and she sucked on his neck, spurring the fat man to fuck her harder.

A SOUND from his right got his attention, and Lester turned his head towards the chain link fence. Slowly, the shadow of a man came into view. Lester slowed his thrusts into Sarah as the shadow got closed. Soon, the dim lighting of the garage illuminated a vagrant in shabby clothes making his way down the alleyway. The man's dangerous eyes were transfixed on Sarah lying across the hood.

SARAH OPENED HER EYES, wondering why Lester had stopped giving her the fucking she craved. She saw his ugly features looking to the side of the car where the fence was. Her eyes followed his, and she was shocked to see another man standing on the other side of the chain link fence watching them. The man looked homeless with stained, baggy sweatpants and shoes that were falling apart. His black t-shirt was full of holes and stains, and a dirty denim jacket was over it. Sarah could smell the booze from here. He reeked of it. His face was sun-damaged with tons of wear and tear on it. The man's face had a permanent scowl, and it looked like he hadn't shaved for weeks. His eyes looked hungry and desperate, one seemingly bigger than the other.

"DON'T STOP BECAUSE OF CASH!" The homeless man shouted, "Keep fucking her!"

LESTER TURNED his head and looked back down at Sarah. She was staring at the homeless man, but her pussy was squeezing his cock. Lester was surprised when Sarah gently rolled her hips on his cock. He shouldn't have been so surprised. He had noted extensively that Sarah was likely a closet exhibitionist, and she did get turned on by lesser men. What's lower than a homeless bum? It was time for her to come out of that closet.

DAN SAT THERE like a deer in the headlight as this homeless vagrant was staring at his half-naked wife. With his eyes solely focused on Sarah, he hadn't noticed Dan in the car. What should he do? Should he get out and try to warn the guy off or stay concealed in case something happens and he needs to act? All these thoughts ran through his head, trying to formulate a plan. Figure out the best way —

"MHMMMMM," Dan's mind blanked as he focused on the sound and the car dipped again more forcefully than before.. He looked back at

Lester and Sarah. Lester had started moving his hips again, and Sarah seemed to be thrusting back onto him. She was okay with Lester fucking her in front of a homeless man? Dan's erection twitched in his hands. He tentatively stroked his bare cock. The idea of some street trash seeing his beautiful, proper wife naked and getting fucked seemed to add fuel to his lust. Soon, he felt like his hands were slipping off the steering wheel of his self-control.

"UGH FUCK," Sarah groaned, closing her eyes. Lester let go of her arms and held onto her hips as he resumed his relentless pacing, sliding his cock in and out of her. "No," Lester grunted as his balls slapped against her ass, "Open your eyes."

SARAH OPENED her eyes and looked up at her husband's roommate as he fucked her. "Don't look at me," Lester grunted, "Look at him."

NERVOUSLY, Sarah turned her head to look at the older homeless man staring at her. His dirty sweatpants were around his thighs, and he was stroking his cock. He looked at her like she was a meal he needed to devour. He looked desperate for just a taste. Lust was painted across all of his features. Neither Dan nor Lester had ever looked at her with such intensity. Her eyes dropped to the motion of his hand stroking his cock. Her eyes bulged out of her head when she saw his cock. It wasn't as big as Lester's, but it was girther and far more unkempt.

"LIKE CASH'S COCK HUH, GIRLIE?" The homeless man shouted. He was stroking his cock with one hand while the other hung onto the fence. There were old letters tattooed on his knuckles, but Sarah couldn't make out what they said. Sarah turned her head away. Her face was beet red at having been caught staring at the homeless man's cock.

LESTER GRABBED her chin and turned her head back to look at the strange man. This was just like when Dan had first fucked Sarah on

the couch and made her look at Lester. He doubted any of them recognized the similarity except him. And now he was in Dan's place, bare inside the young wife while a stranger looked on.

"TELL HIM YOU LIKE HIS COCK," Lester grunted as she pushed his cock deeper into Sarah eliciting a loud moan from the young mother. Sarah's eyes snapped back to the homeless cock a few feet from her, "Your cock looks thick."

"COME AND GET A CLOSER LOOK," the man shouted as he thrust his cock through the fence. It was pointing right at her, desperate to get as close to her as possible, "Hey, lardass, let's see those tits. Cash ain't got all night."

LESTER FELT sweat running down his back as he fucked Sarah. He shot the man an angry look before slowing his pace and running his hands up Sarah's stomach and then to her chest, still covered by the sheer material. Sarah turned her head and watched as Lester's hands reached her neck. She felt her breathing increase and her chest get flush at the idea of being completely naked. Not only would she be naked on the streets of Chicago but in front of some dirty old homeless man. Yet she didn't make a move to stop him.

LESTER FOUND the clasp at the back of her neck and undid it. Then he reached under, found the other on her back, and followed suit. He stared into Sarah's eyes as he pulled the sheer material from her body, exposing her completely to the dark Chicago night. Sarah felt the cold air wash over her nipples, making them harder. Lester tossed the top aside and took a firm grip on Sarah's thigh.

"HOLY FUCK," The man rattled the fence with both hands, "Whoooo-wee! Holy fuck, look at 'em!" Sarah looked at the man and saw him licking his lips, devouring her with his eyes. He started pumping his cock faster, "Fucking hell, woman."

"HER NAME'S SARAH," Lester grinned as he watched Sarah's beautiful breasts jiggle as he resumed fucking her.

"SARAH, SARAH, SARAH," The homeless man shouted. "SEXY SARAH. Cash wants to come all over those tits. Whadya say you share sexy Sarah with Cash, huh?"

LESTER SMIRKED as he looked down at Sarah. Her legs were wrapped around his waist, her nails digging into his biceps as he fucked her. Her eyes looked up at him with pure lust. He wasn't sure she would say no if he did decide to share her. Dan might protest, but who knows? But for tonight, Lester wasn't prepared to share Sarah. Not yet.

"SHE'S ALL MINE," Lester slid his cock all the way out before slamming it back in. "Ah fuck," Sarah moaned in response.

"ISN'T THAT RIGHT, SARAH?" Lester furrowed his eyebrows and started to fuck her quickly, "You're all mine."

"MHMMMM," Sarah rolled her head to the side to look at the homeless man. "Just his," she teased.

"CASH IS STILL CUMMING for you tonight," The excited man seemed full of energy, bouncing around on the other side of the fence as he stroked his cock. "Tell Cash you want to see Cash cum."

LESTER SMIRKED and nodded to Sarah. She bit her lip and looked at Cash's cock. "I want to see you cum for me. Cum for me, Cash."

"ARRGGHH, SEXY SARAH," the man grunted as he continued to stroke his cock. He was staring at Sarah's white pristine chest as he

furiously stroked his member.”

“LESTER,” Sarah whispered, “Don’t stop. I’m close. So close.”

LESTER SHOT a glance over his shoulder. Dan was still seated in the car, watching everything unfold. He wondered how far he could push things until Dan snapped. Lester bent forward and mashed his lips against Sarah’s, slowing his fucking. She wrapped her arms around his head and kissed him back, her tongue massaging his. From the car Dan watched as the lovers’ heads twisted with each other, delighting in their contact above and below.

LESTER BROKE the kiss and slowly pulled his cock all the way out of her. Sarah expected him to slam it back in, but he didn’t. Instead, he grabbed her by the thighs and pulled her off the hood of the car. “I want to cum in you from behind,” Lester said as he pulled Sarah to the side of the car.

SARAH GULPED as Lester pulled her beside the car, directly in front of the chain link fence, in front of their homeless stranger. The smell of booze and the street was stronger right in front of him. Lester leaned back against the side of the car and pushed Sarah’s hips, causing her to bend over. She caught herself on the fence as Lester pushed the head of his cock into her.

“AH FUCK YEAH,” The homeless man shouted into the night. Sarah was bent over right in front of him, her perfect breasts presented on display. “Come to CASH, Sexy Sarah.”

SARAH HELD onto the fence for dear life as Lester began fucking her in earnest. Her body slammed her ass back against his cock, needing to feel it deep inside of her. She opened her eyes and saw the homeless man staring at her. He was licking his lips and bouncing

around with the energy of a caged animal, with its prey lying on the other side of the fence. He kept stroking his fat dirty pole furiously. Sarah couldn't stop herself from looking down at this strange, girthy cock just a foot away.

"AH FUCK LESTER," Sarah said through gritted teeth as she gripped the fence. "Don't stop. Close, so close."

"CASH IS CLOSE TOO!" The homeless man shouted as he leered at Sarah. He seemed to be alternating between stroking himself and thrusting his cock through the fence at her.

DAN SAT THERE STARING at the scene unfolding in front of him. Lester was taking his wife from behind while she braced herself against the fence where the homeless man was standing. His cock was hard as a rock, and he wasn't even touching it. It was standing upright, twitching. Dan watched as Sarah's breasts shook from Lester's fucking, her ass jiggling as it slammed back against Lester's cock. Sarah's eyes stared down at the homeless man's cock. The look of lust on her face as she stared at it.

"PINEAPPLE," Dan whispered to himself as his cock exploded on its own, drenching his thighs in cum.

"FUCK YES, right there, Lester. Don't stop. Ah, Please. Uhhh." Sarah gripped the fence as hard as she could as she thrust her pussy back onto Lester's crotch. Her mouth hung agape as she breathed hard, her firm breasts hanging back and forth.

THE HOMELESS MAN stared at her breasts, licking his lips as he stroked himself in front of her. Sarah couldn't help it. From her position, her head hung down, looking right at the angry cock of the vagrant.

"SAY MY NAME, SARAH," Lester slapped her ass hard, causing her to yelp and jerk forward before pushing herself back down on his thrusting cock. "Say my fucking name. SAY IT!"

"LESTER!" Sarah shouted for anyone to hear, "FUCK ME LESTER."

"UGH YEAH," the homeless man grunted, "So fucking sexy." The man was pressing himself up against the fence. It looked like he was trying to will his body through the fence so he could get closer to Sarah's naked body. He was still jerking his cock while trying to push it through the hole towards her.

"Do you like being watched by this guy, Sarah?" Lester bit down on his lip as he took long, powerful thrusts into Sarah. "Are you going to let him watch you cum?"

"UHH, AHH, FFUUCK," Sarah moaned, closing her eyes as she fucked Lester back. The image of the vagrant's cock was still burned into her memory. She could still see it even with her eyes closed.

HIS OWN SWEAT was beginning to sting his eyes and he could taste it. Almost there. "Sarah. Tell him. Tell Cash who I am. Tell him who's fucking the shit out of you."

THE DEFILED wife looked up at Lester with an exhausted quizzical look on her face. "Wha? Lester?"

LESTER'S exhausted look turned into a toothy grin as he punctuated his words with each thrust. "TELL. CASH. WHO. IS. FUCKING. YOU. IN. THIS. CITY. TONIGHT!!" he shouted.

SARAH WAILED as she felt the beginnings of the one she'd been waiting for. "OH, OH. My, my boyfriend, Cash my Chicago Boyfriend is fucking the shit out of me!"

"I'M GONNA CUM SARAH. I'm going to fill you up again with my cum. No condom. You want it, right?" Lester slapped her ass hard again, leaving a visible red mark on it. Gripping her waist tightly with one hand, he used the other to grab her by the hair on the nape of her neck. He pulled her head back, "Tell me how much you want it. Tell our friend here how much you want your Chicago boyfriend's cum."

"I WANT IT!" Sarah shouted again into the night, "I want your cum Lester! Give it to me. Fill me up."

"YOUSE GONNA GET KNOCKED up tonight, girl!" A toothless smile spread onto the homeless man's face. "That Chi-town fucker's gonna fill ya."

"AH FUCK, LESTER," Sarah moaned at the abhorrent thought of Lester putting a baby into her. She knew it wasn't possible, but the illicit idea set her body on fire. Her pussy clenched down on Lester's cock as her orgasm reached a crescendo and burst inside of her, "Ahhhhhh FUUCK. Mhhmmmmmmmm, god."

SARAH WAS on the balls of her feet again as she came. Lester felt her squeezing his cock harder than she had in weeks. He couldn't hold back any longer. He felt his balls tighten and came, "Take it Sarah. All mine now.!" His foot stamped on the ground giving him leverage to get every last bit of his cock inside the screaming woman.

SARAH FELT Lester's hot cum spray into her, running unchecked through her sensitive pussy. As rope after rope of cum battered her insides, she felt each one ratcheting up her orgasm, making it hit new heights. She closed her eyes and focused on his cock, "Fuck LESTER. Oh. MY. GOD. FUCK. MHMMMMMMMM."

"TAKE IT," Lester was panting as sweat dripped off his body. He stared down at Sarah's heart-shaped ass connected with his crotch. He leaned forward, spent and licked some sweat off the young mother's back.

"HERE CUMS CASH!" The homeless man yelled. Sarah's eyes snapped open in time to see the girthy cock in front of her begin to spasm as cum shot out. A thick milky white rope of cum sprayed from his cock and easily crossed the small gap between them. It hit Sarah square in the chest, dripping over her naked breasts. Another hot load of cum landed on her breasts, causing Sarah to quiver. She had been coming down from her orgasm but feeling the hot cum on her skin set her body back aflame.

"AH FUCK," Sarah whispered, gritting her teeth and holding onto the fence as hard as she could. Lester could feel Sarah's pussy tighten again on his cock. He knew she was cumming again. "Holy fuck," she said with a hoarse voice.

"UGHHHHHHH," the old homeless man growled as another rope of cum hit Sarah on the hip, inches above her pussy. The man seemed to be leaning against the fence for support now, physically spent. Another load of cum hit Sarah on her bare foot while another hit the pavement in front of her.

SARAH GRASPED THE FENCE, gasping for breath. Lester groaned from behind her. She looked over her shoulder and saw him leaning back against the car, looking like he had just run a marathon, sweat

pouring off of him. She just wanted to lie down and go to sleep. Knowing she couldn't sleep here, she took a mini-step forward, spreading her legs and letting Lester's cock slide out of her.

FROM INSIDE THE CAR, Dan watched as his wife stood there, covered in the cum of a vagrant while remnants of his roommate's orgasm dripped down between her legs. He couldn't help but think he'd never seen her more sexually alluring. He'd married a goddess and he was seeing her now covered in tribute. It was both an incredibly low moment and one in which he realized he'd never loved her more.

SARAH STEPPED AWAY FROM LESTER, and her foot landed on something sticky. Letting go of the fence, she turned to look for her clothes. A wet sensation touched her shoulder. Sarah jerked back from the fence, only to see the homeless man sticking his tongue through. He had just licked her, "You taste sweet."

WITH HER RATIONAL brain coming back online, Sarah put distance between her and the fence, resuming the search for her clothes. Her ripped panties were next to the car. She quickly picked them up and found her pants close by. She looked around for her shirt but couldn't find it.

THE DOOR to the SUV opened, and Dan stepped out looking shell-shocked. In that moment, Sarah realized she had lost track of her husband and potentially failed to help protect him from himself.

"WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU?" The homeless man said, reaching through the fence. Sarah saw his hand grab a pile of black material from the ground. Before she could say anything, he withdrew his hand along with her shirt. He sniffed the material and tucked it into a pocket inside his denim jacket.

"HER HUSBAND," Dan said, coming around the car to help shield Sarah from view. He opened the passenger door of his vehicle for her. Sarah put her pants on while looking at the homeless man, "Please give me my shirt back...uhh. Cash?"

"NO CAN DO. It's Cash's now. That's the rule of the streets. Cash gonna use it later unless you want to trade for it?" A hungry glint appeared in his eyes, and Sarah knew what kind of trade he meant. She took her ruined panties and tried to wipe off the homeless man's cum from her body. Dan saw some of Lester's body hair matted with sweat, stuck against Sarah's bare back.

"FINE, KEEP IT," Sarah grunted as she pulled her legs into the tight-fitting pants. She didn't want to think about how dirty the shirt would smell now that it was tucked in his pocket. Sarah slid into the passenger seat of their car, Dan closing the door behind her.

LESTER WAS MOVING NOW, pulling on his pants and shirt, "See you back home," he said to Dan as he opened the driver's door of the SUV. Dan circled his car, trying not to get close to the fence within reach of the homeless man.

HE STOOD there at the fence, staring at Sarah through the windshield. As Dan got in the car, "Let's get out of here."

"ROGER THAT," Dan said as he turned on the ignition and took his shirt off, handing it to Sarah to put on. Sarah could see that the muscles in his neck were tight. She shook her head, looking at his toned body. When her husband looked like that, here she was, bent over by a fat troll-like man while a homeless guy jerked off to her. *What was she doing?* Dan paused partway out of the garage and turned on his GPS to help him navigate back. Lester had already left.

"HER HUSBAND!" The homeless man cackled as he walked off further down the alley. "That's fucked up!"

"THAT WAS SOMETHING," Dan said when they were a few blocks away from the parking garage.

"I DIDN'T EXPECT that guy to show up. It was, I don't, I don't even know, honestly. I'm still processing it." As she looked out the window, Sarah said, "It wasn't too much? I know I lost control back there, but what about you? How are you feeling?"

"HONESTLY, I DON'T KNOW," Dan said, watching the road, "I think I need some time to process it too. I just can't believe a homeless man saw my wife naked."

"ME EITHER," Sarah shuddered, remembering the desperate hunger in the man's eyes. "I really need a shower before bed."

"LET'S GET YOU HOME, baby. We'll figure the rest out in the morning," Dan said, looking over at her and smiling. "I still love you, don't worry about that."

"I LOVE YOU TOO," Sarah said, relieved. As crazy as the night had been, she still had her rock in Dan. Always there to ground her. "Did you, you know. Did you cum?" Sarah asked.

DAN MOMENTARILY GLANCED down at his crotch. "Yeah. I did."

"WHEN?" Sarah asked, "How long ago was it?"

DAN DIDN'T ANSWER but kept his eyes on the road. After a moment, he whispered, "Right before you came, right when the homeless guy

started going nuts.”

SARAH DIDN'T RESPOND, but her mind started working. Did the homeless man being there turn Dan on? Did he like seeing a guy so below him, so, so far down beneath him seeing his wife exposed like that? She will have a ton of questions for her husband tomorrow.

AS THEY RODE IN SILENCE, Sarah felt a warm rush of liquid leak out of her. Lester's cum. She thought back to the homeless man's comments about her getting knocked up. She turned to Dan, "Lester didn't use a condom again."

DAN TIGHTENED his grip on the steering wheel, "I know." Dan shifted his weight in his seat. Sarah quickly glanced down at his crotch, and although she noticed his cock getting hard. She didn't say anything. Not yet. She leaned her head against the passenger seat window and closed her eyes. She'd just sleep for a little bit until Dan got them back to the apartment.

DUNGEONS & DRAGONS

DING Lester rolled his eyes and pushed his phone further away across his desk. He turned back to his computer monitor trying to focus on his game. All he wanted to do was play his new game, Helldivers 2, but between his cellphone and Discord people kept bothering him.

On-screen, Lester was alone, the last member alive from his team, battling against hordes of alien creatures.

DING

Lester glanced away at the distraction of his phone screen lighting up. When he looked back at his monitor, a giant alien bug was mutilating his character's corpse.

"God FUCKING DAMMIT," Lester said, flinging his mouse across his room as his phone began to ring. He angrily reached over and saw who it was. Jesse, Dan's old coworker.

"What?" Lester almost shouted into the phone as he answered it.

"I've been trying to get a hold of you," Jesse said breathlessly as Lester retrieved his mouse from the room's corner and started checking his Discord notifications. He ignored the messages from his private server and instead opened up the one he shared with his

D&D group. "I was wondering if Sarah mentioned anything about me since that night at the club?"

Lester had to stifle a laugh, "Come again?"

"Has Sarah mentioned me?" Jesse repeated, "I know she felt something on the dance floor. It was like we were moving together, completely in sync. I can't completely explain it, but I felt this magnetic pull between us, and I know she felt it too—until Dan ruined it, of course."

"How many times have you jerked it to that memory, kid?" Lester cycled through messages from his group until he saw the most recent one from Shadowweaver, aka Eugene, the royal pain in his ass.

"Uhhhh," Jesse nervously laughed into the phone, causing Lester to frown.

"What is it you want, Jesse? To answer your question, no, Sarah hasn't mentioned anything about you." Lester said while reading Eugene's message. Ever since Ned had mentioned to the group that Lester had a girlfriend, Eugene had been ragging on him to prove it, adamant that he was lying and making this woman up.

Usually, Lester wouldn't care, but since Lester joined their D&D group, Eugene was the only player who wouldn't capitulate to Lester's demands. Quite the opposite, he was the one who always had to be diametrically opposed to whatever Lester wanted, almost out of spite, it seemed. The older man pissed Lester off to no end, but Lester had to maintain appearances. Very few active groups played in Chicago that would have him, especially with what Lester had done in his last group.

"Can you give her a message for me, Lester? I need her to know how I feel. So she can feel assured about leaving Dan," Jesse pleaded.

Lester wanted to put Jesse out of his misery and block his number. His ramblings were pathetic. Still, Lester didn't want to take a pawn off the board. As the Russians would say, Jesse was a useful idiot.

"Jesse," Lester said calmly. It's not a good time for her to hear that message. Listen, I will contact you when the time is right, okay?

Goodbye.”

“But, uhh, I did what you wanted. I really should have another—” Lester heard Jesse hurriedly trying to make a last plea to his obsession. Lester hung up and silenced his phone. He focused back on Eugene’s text, replying to something Ned had said in the group chat.

Shadowweaver: “Bullshit. That’s as fake as Lester’s ‘hot’ girlfriend.”

Keeping his life in siloes had always been Lester’s modus operandi. When one silo got tainted, he could burn it completely without poisoning the others. But now Lester was thinking about how Sarah could help him shut Eugene down once and for all. It was a risk worth taking - Sometimes, you had to cross the streams. He typed up a response.

Darkspire: I’ll host Saturday’s D&D game at my place. I’ll bring my ‘pretend’ girlfriend too.

Surgebinder: WOOOOO

Lester rolled his eyes at Ned’s dumb response. *What a moron*

Shadowweaver: This is your first time hosting in ten years. I guess I finally got under your skin. Since we’re playing make-believe, I’ll bring Santa on a unicorn.

Lester exited Discord and went back to his game. He didn’t like deviating from his plan with Sarah, but sometimes, he needed to put people in their place. Eugene had it coming for a long time. He knew deep down that this kind of emotional response could derail long-term plans, but Eugene was a long-term problem that he could solve once and for all.



SARAH WALKED QUICKLY down the hallways to keep pace with John, the Interim CEO from the board. He’d had them in back-to-back meetings with department heads and outside vendors, trying to pivot the direction of the hospital. John was a head taller than she was, and she had to walk briskly to keep up with his casual gait. Her

heels clicked on the floor as she walked. Sarah loved this pair of heels; they matched her black slacks well. She looked professional today with a conservative brown sweater and dress shirt underneath. The shirt's cuffs extending beyond the sweater's sleeves were slightly rolled up. The collar of the shirt framed her neck demurely.

They were heading up to a meeting on the third floor with Marcie from HR. As the elevator doors closed behind them, John said "Great work on finding those cost savings in the diagnostics department. They've been dragging their asses for months on doing that."

"Thank you, John. It's just part of the job," Sarah said, smiling back at him.

"No," John said, looking into her eyes, "It really isn't. You go above and beyond your role here. You keep this place running. That's been obvious since the first week I was here. You're a real asset, and we're lucky to have you."

He placed his hand on her bicep and gently squeezed it as he smiled. Sarah didn't know how to answer, and they stared awkwardly at each other before the elevator doors opened. His hand quickly left her to hold the elevator door, letting Sarah exit first.

"How's progress on the CEO hunt?" Sarah said, changing the subject while trying not to sound too eager as they walked to their meeting.

"Slow but good," John said as they turned a corner. "I can't say much, obviously, but a couple of external candidates look promising."

As they reached the meeting room, John stopped outside the door and added, "...and there's one internal candidate getting a lot of attention."

John winked at her and then walked into the meeting room. Sarah smiled to herself for several seconds, basking in the glow of a job well done. She gave herself five seconds to enjoy it before putting on her best poker face and following John through the door.



DAN HAD a few minutes before his meeting started, so he looked at his LinkedIn page. Today, he was meeting with some people from the Elevate Engagement Group, but Dan didn't have high expectations for the meeting.

They were Chicago-based and discovered him because of his new social strategy. They'd reached out with questions and wanted to meet with him. Dan was on his lunch break for the call. He didn't want Walt to discover what he was doing, and after Lester had walked naked through his job interview, he'd opted not to take any calls at home either.

That's why he was posted in the Starbucks a few blocks from his office. He had also learned how to put a virtual background on and cancel ambient noise to make these calls a bit more controlled and professional.

Hesitantly, Dan typed Jesse's name into LinkedIn's search bar to see what that kid was up to since he'd been fired. Dan felt a little bad about what happened, but ultimately, he'd done what he needed to do to protect Sarah.

Dan felt a lead weight drop onto his stomach when he saw where Jesse was working now. Not only had Jesse landed a job before he had, but Jesse had landed one of the positions Dan had applied for. He was now a director at a competing firm in the city. *A Director!*

Jesse could barely tie his shoelaces, and within a week of his dismissal, he'd landed a better job than Dan. Dan pinched the bridge of his nose and breathed out, trying not to work himself up before his call with the potential new client. Not only had Jesse just recently groped his wife at a club, but now that little shit was doing better than him. Dan briefly imagined Jesse comfortably paying a Middleton mortgage, having two kids, a gorgeous wife, and no Chicago roommate.

Sometimes, Dan just wanted to give a middle finger to life. This was one of those times.

He checked the time and quickly started closing the windows on his laptop. He had gotten so lost in LinkedIn and Jesse's profile that the meeting had snuck up on him. He was a minute late and quickly logged on.

"Hey there," a friendly voice said through his headphones. A handsome man's face appeared on his screen. He looked friendly and probably ten years younger than Dan. It looked like he was calling in from his home office. "Dan, right? Nice to meet you. I'm Bill from Elevate Engagement. How are you?"

"Hey Bill, nice to meet you. Doing alright for a Monday. How about yourself? How was your weekend?" Dan immediately fell into his professional small talk voice that he had honed and perfected over the years.

"The weekend was..." Bill hesitated for a second. It seemed like something in the background at Bill's house had distracted him, "Good. Yeah, it was good. My wife and I celebrated our fourth wedding anniversary."

"Oh congratulations," Dan looked at the screen, wondering if anyone else from Elevate would join them, "What did you guys get up to? Go out to one of the restaurants in the city?"

"No...uh," Bill hesitated again. This time Dan heard a thump sound from Bill's microphone. Bill looked like he'd heard it too but quickly recovered. "We actually stayed in. Kept it low-key. My wife Amber wanted to watch some home movies."

"Well that sounds nice too," Dan smiled. "Sometimes it's just nice to spend an evening alone, just the two of you. I get that."

Bill's face changed briefly as if Dan had just triggered a verbal landmine. It was a brief moment where a storm of distress was apparent on the man's face. Bill's friendly demeanor quickly returned, "Right, yeah. It was. So, Dan, I'm not sure where my colleagues are but let me just give you some background. We're considering expanding with a new office in California, but buildings and architecture aren't really our strong suit. We wanted to reach out and pick your brain on a few things."

"Sure," Dan said, sitting back in his chair, realizing that this call probably wouldn't lead to a paying gig. "Let's start; what kind of questions do you have?"

Dan chatted with Bill for the entirety of his lunch break. He explained in depth what Bill and his company should look for before thinking about building a new office building in another state as well

as what they should look for when drawing up architectural drawings and hiring a contractor.

Bill took a lot of notes and mentioned that they might reach out with more questions. He even asked if Dan was open to consulting on small projects like the one they discussed. Dan mentioned that he was, and shortly after that, the call ended. He wasn't optimistic about the potential work they'd discussed, but Bill seemed like a solid guy. Maybe they'd get a beer someday when Dan was back on his feet.

As Dan returned to the office, he rechecked his email, hoping for news from the other prospect he had been chasing down. He sighed as he only saw junk mail in his inbox. Later that night he would reach out to his contact. The company was called Sentinel Security Solutions. They were planning on building a massive new data center. Dan had a consulting contract in front of them. He was just waiting for it to get signed.

Dan rode the elevator back up to the office in silence. All he wanted to do was get through this week and spend time with Sarah when she drove up on Friday.



"MHMMM, I'VE MISSED YOU," Sarah said as she embraced Dan in the living room of the Chicago apartment. Waiting the rest of the week for their reunion had been agonizing. "It's been a crazy week at work."

Dan held his wife tightly, not wanting to let her go. He inhaled the scent of her hair and felt the neurons firing in his brain. Memories of the two of them together flashed to the front of his mind, "Well at least from what you've told me it sounds like work is on an upward trajectory for you. I might even be calling you CEO soon."

Sarah pulled back and looked at her husband, lightly slapping his chest, "Don't jinx it. It feels weird even just getting my hopes up

about it. But I'd be lying if I hadn't convinced myself I could actually get it. It just feels so strange."

"It's a huge shift in your career and for us," Dan stroked her arms and looked into her eyes, "And a welcome one. After all my career issues this last little while, it's nice to have some good news we can celebrate. I feel like I've just been treading water lately. I'm happy for you."

"Don't count yourself out just yet, mister," Sarah let go of her carry-on bag and removed her jacket, "From what I'm hearing, you're starting to make some good connections with your LinkedIn work. Something is going to happen there. I know it."

"Well, I just wish things would happen faster," Dan sighed, "I'm putting in all this extra time and energy, but no bites yet."

"What about that one company? The one that's reviewing your contract?" Sarah asked.

"Sentinel Security? Still nothing yet. I reached out. They said their teams are still reviewing, and things take time to work through their organization. Want anything to drink?" Dan moved towards the kitchen, and Sarah followed closely behind.

"Just water would be great," Sarah said, casually checking out Dan's butt as he opened the fridge.

"Here you go," Dan handed a water bottle to her. "I hope something happens with them, but I'm not holding my breath. I'm still working on some other things. I had a call with another potential client today. They are a marketing agency, but they don't know what they want yet. It's too early to bring me in. Maybe I could get some kind of project guidance consultation from them, but I don't know. We'll see."

"How were they? Were they nice? Did they seem professional?" Sarah asked. She didn't want Dan to get involved with another company that would chew him up and spit him out.

"Yeah, they seemed okay. I talked with one of the guys before everyone else showed up. Bill was his name. He seemed nice, but something seemed to be distracting him on his end. Anyway, like I said, I'm not putting all my eggs in one basket. I'll keep working on..."

Dan trailed off, his eyes looking over Sarah's shoulder. She turned around to see Lester walk into the living room. Usually, she heard Lester before she saw him, his feet smacking off the hardwood floor—this time, she hadn't.

"Hey, Lester," Sarah smiled. Dan's roommate stopped short and stood there looking apprehensive.

"What's up?" Dan said, stepping up next to Sarah. "You know the deal. There are no date nights on the first night."

"That's not why I'm here," Lester said, walking forward and leaning onto the couch with his arms crossed. "I need a favor for tomorrow night."

"A favor?" Dan raised an eyebrow, "Alright, that's interesting. Let's hear it."

"Tomorrow's date night is going to be a little different," Lester said, eyeing Sarah. "You look great, by the way, Sarah."

Dan rolled his eyes. Sarah felt her face blush, "Thanks, Lester. The favor?"

"Right, well, I'm not sure if you know this, but I'm part of a D & D group," Lester opened his mouth to continue, but Dan cut him off.

"D and D? Is that some sort of sex thing?" Dan said.

"No, pretty far from a sex thing," Lester stared at him flatly. "D & D. Dungeons and Dragons. It's a role-playing game I play with some friends. Not on the computer but around a table. We each pick a character and progress through a campaign built by the DM, the dungeon master."

"You're right. It doesn't sound like a sex thing at all," Dan chuckled, "Sounds like something that people who have never had sex would play."

"You'd think that," Lester huffed, "But I do ok." The trollish man nodded at Sarah, looking directly at her nipples, which both men could see were obviously in an aroused state. Sarah smiled, happy that Lester wasn't escalating the situation like he could have.

Dan's face grew red, and Sarah could see one of the veins on his neck sticking out. Lester held up a pacifying hand as Sarah folded her arms to be on the same page with her husband. But she couldn't help but feel a tiny spark of excitement at Lester's words. Knowing

that the two men were competing for her. "Lester's mentioned this game before...on one of our...dates."

"I didn't come for a fight. I wanted to say that tomorrow night, it's my turn to host our D&D game here. So the rest of my group, four other guys, will be here for a few hours to play."

"That sounds okay, Lester. What do you want from us? Do you want us to switch the date night to tonight so you can have your little game tomorrow?" Sarah felt herself growing wet, thinking Lester might take her ahead of schedule. She caught herself beginning to touch his arm, initiating contact that could become more intimate.

"No," Lester said before she could reach him. He stood up off the couch and looked at the couple. "I want you both to play with us tomorrow. Jump into our campaign and role-play with us."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "Lester, we've never played Dungeons and Dragons before. Why would you want us to play with you?"

"I really don't," Lester said, "It's honestly gonna suck with you guys."

"Then why are we having this conversation, Lester?" Dan said. Sarah could tell that his patience was wearing thin.

"Because," Lester said looking at Sarah. "I want Sarah to be there. To show her off in front of them. And remember, you've insisted on joining us on all of our dates."

"Lester, I don't know how to play. Couldn't I just parade myself around the apartment in front of your friends?" Sarah asked, looking to Dan for agreement.

"I want you there at the table next to me. They don't believe I could land a hot girlfriend so I want to rub it in their faces all night. They never met my ex, Lizzie, so they just assume I was lying about her. That I couldn't land someone as hot as you or her. I want you to tease them and make them squirm." Lester said.

Sarah thought back to how Lester had saved her ass at the hospital. She could do this one thing for him. Besides, it bugged her that these guys were giving him a hard time. Just like when that homeless man called him fat, or that stranger subtly insulted him.

Even the way that people looked at them when they were out together. Hearing Lester mention Lizzie being hot kind of pissed her off. She made up her mind she was going to do this and do it well.

"Tease them how?" Sarah eyed Lester.

"I wouldn't presume to tell you how to tease a group of men, Sarah," Lester licked his lips and smiled, "I'm sure you can think of a few ways to get under their skin."

Sarah looked to Dan for reassurance. He shrugged back, smiling, knowing full well how far her teasing could go. She was able to teasingly torture him with expert precision. Who knew what she could do to a group of people she wasn't in love with.

Lester's invitation to play made more sense now. This is the first time she would meet any guys from Lester's world. She was intrigued at the opportunity to learn more about him from other sources. "I'm game then." Sarah looked at Dan, "What do you say, Dan, should we get our nerd on?"

Dan sighed and crossed his arms. "Fine. Whatever. Maybe it'll be fun. So you're going to tell all these other guys that Sarah is your girlfriend? Have her tease them all night? What about me?"

"You can just be my roommate, Dan," Lester grinned. That's all." Dan took in this information dryly, his expression unchanged.

"How do we play?" Sarah asked, "What are the rules?"

"Well, it's not hard. First, you have to pick a character. Since the rest of my group is advanced, we'll let you use some pre-built characters we have. Then it's just a matter of –" Dan held up his hand, silencing Lester.

"Lester, Sarah just got in. As amazing as your instructions will be, can you give us some space? We'll join you for your little game tomorrow, but tonight, it's just us, okay?"

"Fine." Lester stared at Dan and turned back towards the hallway. Just before he left the living room, he turned back to the couple, "Oh, just one more thing. During the game, Sarah and I will spend some alone time in my room. I'd like the rest of the group to know just how capable I can be with a beautiful woman."

Before Dan or Sarah could respond Lester had retreated back to his room and closed the door. Sarah could feel her pulse quicken at

the thought of Lester taking her in his bedroom while an apartment full of men listened in. Dan turned to look at Sarah with a half disgusted look, dashing her daydreams, "Nerding out is not quite the date I had expected Lester to choose. Not after how the last one went."

"I think one thing is safe to say," Sarah stared down the empty hallway. "We never know what to expect from Lester."

"I'm gonna have to talk with him again. Just assuming that you are going to go back to his room with him like that," Dan's arms were crossed as he looked down the hallway.

"Well," Sarah said, following his gaze, "What else are you going to look at through that peephole if I'm not in there?"

Dan chuckled and cast an amused glance at her, "I love you, you know that?"

"I know, baby. I love you too," She leaned forward and placed a lingering kiss on his lips.

"What do you think about the teasing thing?" Dan asked her, pulling away slightly. She looked back at him and smiled. "I think it could be fun. You know how much I like teasing you. Just imagine how much fun it will be to tease a room full of shy, sex malnourished men."

"As long as you don't get off on it as much as you do with me," Dan said, playing his part as the jealous spouse. Sarah stepped up to him and whispered in his ear, "Who knows? Maybe I'll like it more. A room full of men squirming under my teasing. That sounds hot to me. Don't you think so?"

"Please," Dan said, stepping away from his wife. "You're not going to make me bend that easily. Besides, you tease men all the time. The only thing you need to do is walk into a room, and they squirm."

"True," Sarah said, closing the distance again to her husband, "But I don't always get to put on a show for you. Seeing your reaction to the things I do or say. That is what is going to be so hot about it."

Dan cleared his throat. Sarah's words had clearly affected him. It was adorable how he tried to change the subject, "So dinner tonight.

What are you thinking? Maybe we can eat here in front of the TV?"

Sarah smiled, taking the victory over her husband: "Sure, honey. That sounds nice. Maybe Chinese?"



SARAH AND DAN spent the night together in front of the TV before retreating back to his room to enjoy each other. The next morning, they went out for breakfast and spent the day walking around different areas of Chicago. Sarah wanted to pick up a few things for their daughters.

There were a few moments where she covertly read some texts from Lester. It's not that she wanted to hide things from Dan. She just wanted him to focus on their morning together. He needed the mental break.

Lester sent her a heads-up about what to expect with the DND game, the type of character she would be playing, and some other ideas on how she could tease his friends. She raised her eyebrow at his plan for the two of them to eventually separate from the group and go back to his room. He always seemed to have a plan, which Sarah appreciated. She was surprised to feel a bit of wetness between her legs at Lester being so forward and actually giving her instructions to follow.

When they returned to the apartment it was well after dinner. Lester had rearranged the living room so that the couches and chairs were pushed closer to the TV. A large fold-out table with six chairs was in the newly provided space. Unlike his usual stained t-shirt, Lester had on a t-shirt he'd evidently worn for the occasion, which read "She Thought I Was Into Some Kinky Shit When I Told Her I Was A Dungeon Master."

"Good, you're back," Lester said, carrying several bowls of chips from the kitchen and placing them on the table. It was rare to see Lester do things for others. The two of them stopped momentarily and took in Lester, preparing the place for the evening.

Lester noticed them watching, "Everyone will be here soon. Snacks are part of the host's duties. Sarah, if you don't mind, I left something in my room for you to change into."

"Oh?" Sarah raised an eyebrow to Dan, "Not another wedding dress, right? Or a Princess Leia outfit?" Dan stifled a laugh.

"Believe me, I was tempted," Lester flirted back. But not this time. Maybe in the future. It's just something to rile up the others."

Sarah held onto Dan's hand and turned back towards him. She kissed him on the lips and whispered, "Okay, time for me to get into character as Lester's girlfriend. I'll see you later. Remember, say 'pineapple' and the date stops."

Dan nodded and whispered back, "Just don't let those nerds put their hands on you, okay? And you let me know if you need rescuing."

"Please," Sarah smiled, "I think I can handle a few guys. It'll be like taking candy from a baby."

"Remember," Lester said, watching them, "I want you to tease the shit out of these guys. I want them to be really uncomfortable. Torture them."

"We'll see," Sarah stepped back from her husband and headed down the hallway toward Lester's room. Dan watched her go. His mind was still stuck on her words about being able to handle a few guys. He shook his head, gulped, and turned around to see Lester staring at him.

"What now?" Dan said, "What do we do?"

"I'm going to set things up here," Lester said, moving back towards the table, "Can you grab some cups and the soda in the fridge?"

"Sure," Dan said. He walked into the kitchen and saw a pack of plastic cups on the counter. He grabbed a stack and looked in the fridge for the soda. There were several jugs of Pepsi and Mountain Dew. He took one of each and brought it to the table. As he set them down, someone knocked on the apartment door.

Lester walked over to the door and opened it. Without any fanfare, he said, "Come in, gentlemen." Dan watched as three men entered the apartment, looking exactly like he'd imagined.

"Hi, I'm Ned," the short man who entered first said, making his way across the room to Dan. "I'm Lester's best friend." Dan saw Lester roll his eyes as Lester shut the door behind the other men. Ned did seem like a mini Lester in some ways, but more meek. He wasn't as rotund as Lester and seemed more friendly and outgoing. Ned had a scraggly beard and a thick pair of glasses. He wore baggy cargo shorts and a t-shirt with a spaceship and a logo mentioning a federation, "Who are you?"

"I'm Dan," he said, hearing the sound of defeat in his voice. He shook Ned's hand and looked back at the other men starting to filter into the apartment, "Lester's roommate."

"Never seen your place before, Lester," one of the other men said. This guy looked older than Lester and looked to Dan like some kind of wizard, wearing a black t-shirt with a skull surrounded by writing that read "Dungeon Master est. 1974." With his thinning, gray, wispy hair and long white beard, the only thing missing was a wizard's hat. He reminded Dan of his old chemistry teacher from high school. This guy had to be in his sixties, at least. "Nice little spot. Why have us over? Getting tired of bringing all your shit down to Ned's shop?"

"That's Eugene," Ned said, pointing him out to Dan, "He's the elder statesman of our group. And that's Greg," Ned gestured to the other guy who had already sat at the table and was setting some things up. Greg looked up and waved to Dan before returning to what he was doing, "Greg is our Dungeon Master. Charlie couldn't make it tonight, which is where you come in." Greg wore a black t-shirt reading "The Dice Giveth, The Dice Taketh Away."

Dan knew Greg's type. He seemed like a meek guy who spent more time with his nose in books instead of interacting with the real world. He was rail thin, and his clothes looked too big. Behind his thick glasses, his eyes seemed to dart around the room, assessing threats and looking for danger. Likely a trait he picked up in high school, where bullies probably targeted him. He looked like he took better care of his appearance than the rest of the group, but it likely still wasn't his priority.

Ned turned his attention to Eugene, "Lester's bringing his girlfriend tonight. He didn't want to bring her down to the shop in case my customers got too handsy."

Eugene looked Dan up and down, "That ain't no girl. 'Dan' was it?"

"Yep, that's me," Dan began to feel increasingly awkward with each passing minute, "Lester's roommate." He nodded and hoped his smile seemed sincere.

"What character do you play, and what is their class?" Eugene stepped up to Dan like he was sizing him up. It was clear that the older man was trying to intimidate him somehow.

"I honestly have no idea what you're talking about," Dan said, shaking his head with another friendly smile.

"What the fuck, Lester?" Eugene spun around, looking at Dan's roommate, "You're going to bring some complete noob in here with us?" Eugene walked over to the table and took a handful of chips into his hands. Ned seemed to cower back like he was watching his parents fight. *What an odd dynamic.*

"It's okay." This from Greg, the guy sitting at the table setting things up, "Lester already talked to me, we have character sheets set up they can play as."

"Sit down, Eugene," Lester said, staring daggers at the older man. "We're going to start soon."

"What's their deal?" Dan whispered to Ned, who had begun unzipping his bag and pulling out packets of Twizzlers and other candy. Dan had quickly decided to turn to Ned for anything he didn't understand in the game. Talking to him seemed to cause the least friction within the group.

"Oh, that?" Ned whispered, "Don't let it scare you. Those two just don't get along. They both have control issues. Been like that since day one when Lester joined us."

Dan understood that. He felt like he had been on the losing side of an arm wrestling match with Lester for months now.

"How long ago was that? That Lester joined?" Dan asked.

"Mhmmm I don't know, maybe ten years ago?" Ned turned and raised his voice, "Okay we have chips, soda and candy. I think we

are good to begin. Greg, are you all set up?"

Greg nodded in the affirmative. Ned gestured to an open chair, and Dan sat down. Lester stood, waiting for Eugene to sit first. "Where's this girlfriend of yours then, Lester?" Eugene laughed as he sat down at the table. "Let me guess, she just ran out with her girlfriends. Or better yet, she lives in Canada?"

"Maybe she's just running late!" joked Greg.

"Maybe she's already here. She's Lester's left hand," Eugene made a stroking gesture with his hand. "Aww, let's be kind to her. After all she's so 'hot' the best she could do is Lester here!" said Eugene, using air quotes to emphasize the ribbing.

Eugene looked at Ned, who quickly laughed along. Lester glanced at him, and Ned's smile instantly evaporated.

Lester purposely pulled out his chair slowly and sat down, his face serene. "She's getting changed. She'll be out here in a minute. Then we can go over the rules." Eugene crossed his arms and leaned back in the chair defiantly. Dan smirked, knowing that this guy's mind was about to be shattered when Sarah came out. The Eugene guy started running his mouth again, which Dan could tell really irked Lester.

Ned seemed to be trying to play peacemaker. Before the game even started, it seemed to devolve into anarchy. Dan just sat back and watched, amused. He got up and grabbed himself a beer from the fridge. As he sat back down, the sound of a door closing from down the hallway reached the group, causing a silence to fall over them.

All of the men's eyes were trained on the hallway. Eugene seemed legitimately stunned, considering the possibility that Lester may have told the truth. Dan heard audible gasps at the table when Sarah finally emerged into the living room. She walked gingerly on bare feet, her ass clearly defined in revealing pink booty shorts and a white v-neck tee under a nondescript gray hoodie.

Dan noticed Sarah's wedding ring was missing. He felt a pang of sadness. Hopefully, she hadn't left it in Lester's room.

"Hey baby." Sarah had stopped next to Lester, her breast just against his cheek. He turned when he felt her, and she leaned down,

inserting her tongue into his mouth for a deep kiss. The room was quiet except for the breath from their mouths as they made out slowly. Dan's stomach dropped hearing Sarah call Lester 'baby.' He watched the kiss in utter fascination. Sarah played her part well. Maybe too well. It really seemed like a sincere, if inappropriate, kiss. Dan's dick agreed, suddenly coming to life. He could feel himself breathing in quick, shallow breaths. He closed his eyes and steadied himself, focusing on the mechanics of his breathing to calm himself down. After a few moments Greg made an awkward cough that seemed to remind Sarah and Lester that others were present.

"Hi, boys," Sarah said, standing back up and taking the empty chair next to Lester, "I'm Sarah, Lester's girlfriend." Hearing her introduce herself as Lester's girlfriend caused Dan's stomach to knot up. Lester cast a glance at Dan before looking back at Sarah. Dan hadn't realized it before but it felt like he had missed something significant about tonight.

Sarah was being introduced as Lester's girlfriend to people he knew. These weren't just strangers at a restaurant or to people he was consulting with at her work. These were people in Lester's life, making the relationship feel more real. Dan shifted uncomfortably; his pants felt tighter somehow. His wife's hand covered Lester's grubby paw on the table.

Still, seeing the way these guys' eyes were popping out of their sockets as they looked at Sarah made him hide a grin. He loved seeing other men drool over his wife, and she was leaning into that.

"Okay," Greg said, setting up some sheets in front of him, "Now that we're all here, I'll quickly go over the rules for our newcomers joining us for this session, and you are always welcome to join in the future," Greg's eyes lingered on Sarah's body.

"Sarah, sometimes we have noobies joining us, but since we've been playing a long time together, our characters have been well-developed and have earned various powers. So, for green beans like you, we have a set of pre-made characters you can choose from. Your boyfriend thought you'd like to be a cleric," he said, handing her the sheet.

"Dan, do you want to pick one?"

Dan grabbed a random character sheet and looked at it, a confused look forming on his face. "What's a bard?"

The players all groaned, and Eugene said, "Someone who talks a lot and who supposedly can manipulate foes with their words and music."

"But not much help in a fight," said Lester.

"Whatever," thought Dan as he read the abilities on the character sheet and scanned the room. Maybe he could find a way to be useless and ruin Lester's game. Best case scenario, he wouldn't have to play much. His mind drifted to his high school buddies, who would be laughing over who he was hanging out with. None of these guys would have been in Dan's athletic circle of friends.

What would they think of me now; struggling financially, in a dead-end job, and willingly letting some Chicago fat troll rail my gorgeous wife and show her off to all these nerds?

Sarah broke his reverie with a question, "So, my character, Val, is a cleric. I see I have some magic spells I can use? When do I use them?"

A look flickered across Greg's face, quickly replaced by an overly warm smile. He explained, "When we're role-playing on the adventure, we'll come across situations where we work together to overcome traps and foes and trickery in order to get to treasure, and the more treasure we get, the more character points we earn, which gets us more powers—like your spells."

"But you have to be careful because if you get injured, you'll have to roll the dice to see how many health points you lose. If you lose too many, you'll die or not be strong enough for the adventure, and you could slow down your partners," said Greg.

"Hmm, Lester, I see one of my spells is the Aura of Vitality." Maybe I should cast it on you later when we're, um, role-playing?" Sarah said, blushing. Her eyes focused on inspecting her miniature figure before she set it back down on the gameboard.

"Sarah, you know vitality has never been my weakness when you're around," Lester responded, stealing a quick kiss from the married woman. The guys looked like they could barely keep it together. Dan rolled his eyes at Lester's shitty attempt at flirting. It

seemed too obvious that he was putting on a show, but then again, these guys didn't seem to get it.

"Um, can I just ask one thing?" Sarah said, "Can we put little name signs on the table so I can remember who's who?"

Eugene sighed and rolled his eyes as Dan began to scan the character sheet in front of him. Sarah was paying close attention to what Greg was explaining but Dan wasn't listening. He was reading the character sheet in front of him.

Eugene sighed again and looked at Greg in a way that begged him to intervene. "Of course," Ned said, leaning forward eagerly, grabbing sheets of paper to fulfill her request. His eyes weren't able to meet Sarah's. "We can do that just for today. No problem. I'm Ned, this is Eugene and Greg. Do you know Dan? He's Lester's roommate." Ned began writing out names, their real ones and their character names, and folding the sheets into display triangles.

"Nice to meet you all. I've seen Dan around a little bit, but usually, my boyfriend and I are busy in his room," Sarah said, causing the table to fall silent.

Shit Sarah, you're selling this pretty hard, Dan thought.

"Right, so let's begin. I'll set the stage. Your party is standing in front of an old manor. You're on a quest to retrieve a magical item, the Aetherial Orb of Luminescence, which emits a soft, soothing light, capable of revealing hidden paths or concealed objects in dark places. It can also be used to cast minor illusions or enhance spells related to light and visibility."

"Wait, I'm sorry to interrupt, but I'm confused. So I'm a cleric with magic spells and I see I have a sword too, so I can fight? Then what are you guys?" Sarah asked.

"I'm a warlock, Shadowweaver," said Eugene. "It means I have arcane powers from the universe with a great number of spells because of my experience level."

"Ooo," laughed Sarah. "Maybe I'll fall under your spell!"

"I'm a rogue, er, basically a thief," said Ned. "My character has a high level of dexterity and can move silently, which might come in handy to get the Orb. Samrick is the name, dear lady."

"Yeah, but rogues can't be trusted," said Lester.

"But dexterity comes in handy in some, um, situations. Right Lester?"

"I can think of a few scenarios where dexterity could come in handy," Sarah stared into Ned's eyes, causing him to look away. Sarah turned to Lester and playfully punched him in the arm. "Hey, what's your character?"

Lester smirked, "I'm a barbarian. Barbarians have great strength and are great in a fight."

"How about stamina, my barbarian? Can you wrestle all night long?" Sarah teased, stressing his character class.

Dan winced. It was odd how easily Sarah seemed to integrate her teasing with the nerd jargon. Still, knowing how long Lester could last in bed caused him to believe her comment. It stung, but he could also feel his dick stirring in his pants.

"So, are there female characters in this game?" she asked as she paged through the Players Handbook. "Some of these pictures are pretty hot. Like this female wizard in the tight black bodice and high boots with a staff. She has plenty of skin showing. Do you guys ever dress up for your roles?"

Ned blurted out, "We have some costumes at my shop but feel rather geeky wearing them," seemingly unaware of the irony of his statement.

"We've been playing together for a long time and it's sorta awkward to introduce rookies into our game, so no, we haven't played with any females," remarked Greg.

"That's a shame, " Sarah said with a pout, turning the book around to show a picture of a scantily clad half-elf woman fighter. "I think it would be fun to wear something like this," as she turned the page to a picture of a female wizard dressed in a red bikini top holding in amazing breasts and red matching bottoms with long slender legs reaching down into her boots, with a red shawl over her shoulders. Her blonde hair spilled over her shoulders, and her blue eyes held her gaze in a piercing view. "She looks something like me, doesn't she?"

The crew sat uneasily in their chairs. Dan suspected what they'd each done with such pictures in the D&D manuals. They all seemed

very familiar with the very image Sarah was holding up. Dan couldn't help but think there was an uncanny resemblance to his wife. The rest of the group probably considered how often they'd satisfied themselves with that picture. And now, a veritable clone of that character was sitting before them, talking with them, joining their campaign.

"Ahem." Greg cleared his throat. "Can we get started now? Remember you've all met together for your adventure and obviously have just introduced yourselves so you can see how you'll work together. Remember, rely on each other's abilities, and you just might succeed!"

"Okay, Cassius Silverstrings, er, I mean Dan, it's your turn. What will you do first?" Greg said. The entire group looked to Dan.

"Uh, well, I guess I'll go up to the door and knock on it," Dan said.

"You've just triggered a trap! The Knocker's Bane Trap! Hidden blades spring forth from the doorframe, slashing at Cassius', er, Dan. The force of the blades could be fatal! Quick, roll the dice to see your fate! You need to roll a six or higher to survive."

Dan grabbed the dice from the table and rolled a 3.

"Cassius Silverstrings is dead!" Greg said, bowing his head solemnly. Ned leaned over towards Dan and whispered, "You should have used a spell to check the door for traps."

"I guess so," Dan shrugged, "Well, I guess I'm dead then."

"What a dumbass," muttered Eugene.

"What'd you say?" Dan shot back.

Lester piped in, "Well since you're new, you should have asked your party for advice instead of just rushing in and getting yourself whacked. Now we're down a man and have hardly started the game. You should learn to make better decisions."

Dan didn't like the insult but was out of his element. He took a breath and relaxed. He tried not to take Lester's comment to heart and think about how it could also be true for the rest of his life.

Dan sat and listened as the group took turns playing their characters. Sarah was unexpectedly good at the game, but he wasn't too surprised, given her commitment to their bedroom

roleplaying. Dan was looking at his phone and barely paying attention until he felt a tension in the air. He saw Sarah unzipping her hoodie to reveal a tight v-neck t-shirt that read "I'm The Player Your DM Warned You About." He heard a sharp intake of breath from Ned next to him as the top of Sarah's cleavage came into view. Lester looked at Dan, and the two shared a knowing smirk at the others' reactions.

Dan watched Sarah and knew that she was enjoying teasing these guys. He was enjoying it a bit himself. It was too easy for his wife. They weren't prepared at all for the levels of teasing and flirting she would inflict on them. He could feel his crotch responding to his wife's antics.

At some point, the group had managed to make it into the make-believe house. The adventurers were mapping their exploration and searching the rooms for the orb, all the while the Dungeon Master was periodically rolling his dice to compare against his chart of events. Greg suddenly shouted, "A hellhound bursts forward into the room!"

"I cast Protection from Energy! Shielding me from the flames!" Eugene shouted, rolling his die. The rogue, Ned\Samrick, quickly jumped around the corner out of reach of the flames. The barbarian, Lester, was about to speak when Sarah blurted out, "I stab at the hellhound with my sword!"

Greg rolled his 20-sided dice, looked at the number, and said, "Fire envelopes you. Your clothes start to burn," Greg said.

"I strip off my clothing and lunge for the hellhound's throat," Sarah said in a very seductive voice as she played with the neckline of her T-shirt, eyeing the men around her. Greg had her roll the dice, and it seemed to Dan that they landed positively. Greg announced, "Our new cleric, Val, has pinned the hellhound down!"

Lester, playing Darkspire the barbarian, said, "I rush forward to slay the hellhound," and rolled the dice. The die rolled off the table, past where Sarah was sitting. Dan watched as his wife stood up to retrieve it, her toned, slender legs coming into view before she turned away from the table. Her fantastic ass was showing itself for the entire table to appreciate. Dan's eyes flicked to see all of the

men at the table ogling his wife's behind. Sarah bent over at the waist to pick up the die, causing more than one of the men's jaws to fall open. Dan couldn't help but enjoy the way she teased these guys.

"Eighteen," Sarah said as she returned to the table, pretending to be oblivious about what she'd just done.

Greg regained his composure and said, "Dar, the barbarian's crushing blow kills the hellhound."

"My clothes are burnt and falling apart on the floor. I'm standing naked in the room, looking around at the three handsome men in my party, wondering which will offer me something to wear." Sarah eyed the men at the table, who seemed to be losing their composure.

"Milady," Ned said, "I offer you my humble rogue's cape to wear around your body. It offers an extra camouflage."

"Why thank you kind sir, er, Samrick." Sarah said leaning forward, the top of her cleavage pushing together for Greg, Ned and Eugene to see. "Once this quest is over I'll have to think of some way I could repay you, Sam. Perhaps I'll cast you under one of my spells."

The table was silent for several seconds while the three men stared at Sarah, who was pretending to read her character sheet. Her half-exposed breasts still prominently on display for the nerds.

"Erm, okay, right," Greg finally pulled himself together as he looked down at the sheets in front of him. "With the hellhound slain, a deep cold falls over the manor. Your breaths are visible, and you all feel goosebumps on your skin. If you don't find a way to warm up soon, you will each lose 20 HP per minute."

"From the looks of it, the cold is already affecting our lady, Val!" Eugene said, and the others noticed Sarah's hard nipples. Sarah pretended not to notice Eugene's comment. Dan could tell Sarah still had a bra on. It must be a thin, lacy material since her nipples were somewhat visible. It wasn't that cold in here, though. Was she getting turned on behaving like this in front of these men?

"I cast a fiery aura," Eugene said eagerly, "Enveloping myself in a warm gentle, comforting flame giving me a resistance to cold

damage. It has a one foot radius. Maiden Val, would you care to join me?"

Dan rolled his eyes but kept them on his phone. Somehow, Eugene thought he was being suave here. Still, Dan could feel his cock getting hard, knowing how these guys were lusting after his wife.

"Mhmmm, that sounds like exactly what I need right now," Sarah eyed him mischievously and leaned forward. "Is this close enough?"

"You, uh, sometimes the way we play, you should actually go over to that side of the table, Val," Greg said, "to keep the roleplay true."

"Okay," Sarah said standing, all the men stared at her body, "Ned, er, Sam, would you switch with me?"

Ned nodded and scurried around the table to change places with Sarah. She sat beside Eugene and pulled her chair right next to his. Her legs were pressing up against the sides of his thighs as she leaned against his arm, "Is this close enough?"

"Uhh, yes," the old man croaked out, his head turning to the side to try to look down Sarah's cleavage covertly. Dan watched the older man's eyes staring down at the tops of Sarah's breasts, knowing that sight all too well. Jealously started to creep in, especially with the act Sarah was putting on. The way she looked back at that guy felt wrong, like something that should be reserved for him.

Sarah looked at Ned, "Samrick, is the cape you gave me resistant to fire?"

"No, uh, I don't think so, Val..." Ned said wide-eyed.

"I'm gonna roll," Sarah said, picking up the dice, not waiting for Greg, "If we roll above a ten, the cape doesn't burn in your fiery aura. If it's below a 10, the cape burns, and I'm going to be bare naked again. Is that okay?" She looked at Greg for approval.

He eagerly nodded, "But it'll be Eugene's roll." Sarah picked up the dice and handed them to Eugene. She took his hand in hers and bent forward, blowing on the dice, "For good luck." Her eyes looked up at him expectantly.

Eugene stiffened at her warm breath on his skin. Without responding he rolled the dice onto the table. As they rolled, all eyes

were trained on the dice, eventually stopping on a five.

"Oh no," Sarah feigned surprise, "I'm naked again. At least I'm warm and protected next to this mighty warcock."

Sarah bit her lip, and then a small laugh emitted from her lips, "Oops, I meant Warlock. Not war-cock." She added extra emphasis onto the word 'cock.' as she brought her knees up to her chest and placed her bare feet on the chair, "Sorry Shadowweaver."

Dan could see Eugene beginning to breathe quickly. Even Ned looked like he was ready to spontaneously cum in his pants. Greg was harder for Dan to read, but he seemed pretty distracted by what was happening.

"We should continue on," Lester said, "Let's move further into the house and find this orb."

The group continued on their imaginary quest, with Sarah still sitting uncomfortably close to Eugene. The man seemed stiff as a board. Dan could only imagine how stiff the guy was in his pants. Dan had never seen Sarah so close to a man so much older than her. He knew she was toying with the guy, but he couldn't help but feel his dick stirring.

Performing his DM duties, Greg periodically rolled his dice, assessing the probability of each subsequent event happening. As the group moved down a hallway, Greg said, "Arrows spill out from the walls, shooting at the group. Lester rolled the dice, and his barbarian's shield successfully blocked the arrows from piercing him.

Eugene looked at Sarah and said, "I'll cast a shield to block the arrows from hitting us." Dan smirked. This guy really thought he was being a white knight or something to Sarah. Sarah put her arm around his and hugged him close like she was afraid. Eugene took a shaky breath and rolled the dice. Greg informed him of his success.

"I'll evade the arrows with a dexterity throw," Ned as said, throwing the dice. "Unsuccessful, Sam," Greg said, looking at the dice. You've been hit with a poisoned arrow to the knee and lose 10 HP. The poison will make you lose HP every second.

"Can I heal him?" Sarah asked.

Eugene looked at her desperately, "As a cleric, you could use a healing hands spell to heal a wound like that."

"Okay, I'll do that," Sarah said, standing up. She grabbed the dice and threw them onto the table, "I need to get close like the last time, right? Lester, can we switch?"

Lester raised an eyebrow at her, "Sure." He stood up to trade places with Sarah. As she moved to his side of the table, Eugene piped up, "If you aren't in my aura of fiery heat, you're going to get cold again and take damage." His eyes followed her body, staring at her juicy ass as she walked around the table, "And you're naked too."

"It's a risk I'll have to take," Sarah said as she took Lester's seat. She turned to Ned, leaned forward, and touched his knee. Ned's eyes seemed to bulge out of his head as he looked down at Dan's wife. He had the perfect angle to look down at her cleavage as she leaned forward.

"Was the roll successful?" Sarah asked Greg, not taking her eyes off Ned.

"No," Greg muted as he took his eyes off Sarah to look at the dice. Sarah grabbed them and rolled them again. She put her hand down on Ned's lower thigh.

"Unsuccessful," Greg muttered again. When he saw Sarah reach for the dice again, he muttered, "This isn't how it works."

Sarah repeated the process. She rolled the dice again, and this time, her hand came to rest on Ned's upper thigh. "Success," Greg said, "You've healed the wound, but the poison still inflicts damage on Samrick."

"Oh no," Sarah said, looking up at Ned for guidance. "What can I do? Should I *suck* the poison out somehow?" Sarah placed extra emphasis on the word suck.

"Uh, I uh, ah," Ned was having trouble forming a coherent sentence. Dan thought that his mind was probably tripping over itself at Sarah's use of the word suck. He had to admit that even he was getting riled up by Sarah's roleplaying performance.

"Try the 'Lesser Restoration' spell, Val," Eugene said to Sarah. "That'll cure the poison."

Sarah looked at Greg, who nodded, "I'll try Lesser Restoration on Sam's wound." Sarah reached across the table to grab the dice from

in front of Eugene. His gaze dropped to her cleavage hanging low in front of him. Ned's eyes flicked up, and Dan swore the little guy stopped breathing. His eyes were focused on Sarah's booty short-clad ass bending over the table just inches from his face.

Sarah rolled the dice again. "Success," Greg said, "You've cured the poisoning, eliminating it from Samrick's body."

Sarah smiled at Ned, and her hand lingered on his thigh. She gently rubbed it up and down and said, "I guess I paid you back for your cape."

"Ugh," Ned grunted, his face contorted, and his eyes lost focus. Sarah removed her hand, and Ned's legs slammed together, and he hunched over the table, panting. Sarah gave Lester a knowing look, and they both seemed amused.

"Everything okay there, bud?" Dan crossed his arms and looked at Ned. *He couldn't have just cum in his pants, could he?*

"Fine," Ned said breathlessly, "Just need a second."

The group of men sat slack-jawed as Sarah sat back up and pushed her chest out. She looked down at her character sheet. Finally, Greg mustered up the courage to speak: "The arrows stopped raining down on your group, and Ned is healed. But it's still growing colder. You'll need to find the orb soon. All of you have some kind of cold damage protection except for you, Sarah. Cold damage increases because you are, uh, still, um, naked."

"Silly me," Sarah said, looking each man in the eye, "I keep forgetting I'm naked. Nothing between your eyes and my cold, naked skin....but I bet you haven't forgotten." Her eyes stopped on Eugene.

"You should join me in my fiery aura. I'll keep you warm," Eugene was staring desperately at Sarah. His eyes were flicking up between her face and the inviting crease where her cleavage began.

"Hmmm, that sounds tempting. How exactly would you keep me warm?" Sarah stared at him, "How would you keep my naked body hot?"

"I can think of a few ideas," Eugene grinned, believing he was successfully seducing Sarah. As he rode the ego boost of flirting with a beautiful younger woman, he did not see her next move coming.

"Tempting, but what's this?" Sarah said, pointing at her character sheet. "It says my cleric has the spell 'teleportation circle.'"

"It lets you teleport anywhere. Somewhere in the manor or somewhere else in the world. It has a prolonged recharge time." Greg said, clearly flustered at the direction Sarah was taking his game.

"And remember, the teleport spell is only temporary; it will transport you back here when it wears off!" Lester grimaced at Greg. Dan wondered whether Greg was beginning to understand Lester's plan.

"Hmmm, that sounds good. I'm going to use that," Sarah said, rolling the dice without bothering to look at the results. I need to warm up, so I'm casting a spell to teleport back to my bedchambers. Can I bring the entire adventure party with me?"

Greg stuttered and said, "You're only a 4th-level cleric. I think the circle is just big enough for two."

Sarah stood and began walking around the table. Her hands lightly touched Ned's shoulders, who shuddered at her touch, "But which of my brave party members will join me?" Her fingers traced a line across Greg's back before moving onto Eugene's.

"I'll join you," Eugene said, eagerly looking at Sarah as her nails grazed the back of his neck.

"Mhmmm, I don't think that's how it works. You have to roll for it. The highest roll gets to join me and warm me up." Sarah said, her hands reaching Lester and toying with his fat shoulders. When she arrived at Dan, she winked at him and said, "Except you, I guess. You don't get to roll since you're dead and all."

Eugene eagerly picked up the dice and rolled a 15. He clasped his hands and excitedly looked at Sarah, who was still circling the table. Ned reached out and grabbed the dice. Sarah walked slide up next to him, pressing her body against him, "Do you need me to blow you?"

"Wha-what?" Ned's voice broke like a thirteen-year-old boy going through puberty.

Sarah leaned down close to him and whispered, "Do you want me to blow on your dice for good luck?"

Ned didn't respond but held his hands up to her mouth, where Sarah gently blew on the dice. A shiver ran through Ned's body, and he threw the dice onto the table. They came up a nine.

"Shame," Sarah said as she stood up and moved behind him. Her fingers lingered on his shoulders, "I really wanted to pay you back properly, over and over again, for lending me your robe."

"Well, you can pay me back for letting you into my fiery aura," Eugene said hungrily, "We need to get your naked body out of this manor and into your bedroom."

"But how should I repay you for letting me in your fiery aura?" Sarah whispered into Eugene's ear. "Hmmm," she breathed down his neck, and Dan saw the old man stiffen. "I suppose I would have to let you into my teleportation circle then," she said, letting the implication of intimacy linger in the old man's mind and pants.

"Not so fast," Lester said, leaning forward and grabbing the dice. "I still have to roll."

"Don't bother," Eugene jeered, "It's clear your cleric girlfriend has a thing for warlocks. I don't think she'll be warming your bed tonight."

"He might be right, Lester," Sarah said, biting her lip, "I might be going home with the warlock and playing with his staff tonight. Shadowweaver could help me learn to cast my own fire."

Lester threw the dice, and they rolled across the table and stopped with the 20 side facing up. "It looks like I'm joining you in the teleportation circle," Lester said, smiling.

"That's too bad," Sarah said, stepping up next to Lester, "Who knows what kind of magic we could have created, Eugene." As Lester pushed his seat back from the table, Sarah straddled his lap, her breasts directly in his face. She pulled him to her chest, "Now I'll beam us up," she said in an overly dramatic tone.

The fat man's hands mauled her supple ass, luxuriating in Sarah's display of affection. Around the table, the men weren't sure where to keep their eyes, on Sarah's amazing behind or where she was joined to Lester, sucking on his tongue. Dan felt lightheaded observing his wife atop the fat man, watching her kiss him again in front of the D&D party, her enthusiastic grinding only slightly

exaggerated for effect. It dawned on him that he could tell the difference because he'd seen it so often.

After a few moments of gloating, Lester pulled Sarah off of him, stood up, and led her around the table. As they passed her husband, Sarah's hand lingered on Dan's shoulder and gently squeezed it.

It was then that Sarah said, "Oh, did I break another rule? When my clothes were burnt, was I supposed to role-play in real life, too? Was I actually supposed to get naked?" As she walked away from the table, she split off from Lester toward the hallway. She grabbed the bottom of her T-shirt and pulled it over her head, revealing her toned back. "Sorry for breaking the rules. I'll get to my shorts in a second."

The three men's heads all spun and watched Sarah's bra-clad chest jiggle as she walked away. Their jaws hung open, and their eyes bulged out of their heads as they stared at Dan's wife. None of them had likely ever been so close to a woman as beautiful as Sarah, and now here she stood, right in front of them, wearing only her booty shorts.

With one last look over her shoulder, Sarah winked at the group of speechless men as Lester led her down the hallway to his bedroom, "My boys, my boyfriend needs me."

Dan noted the distinct lack of the 'Chicago boyfriend' that they usually played with. That was all part of this weird role play, right?

"What the fuck just happened," Eugene said breathlessly. He sat there stunned, staring down the hallway Sarah had disappeared into. "You don't really think that's his girlfriend, right? This must be some kind of joke."

Greg focused on the sheets of paper before him, "I don't know, but I guess the game is over for this week."

Ned quickly stood up, cupped his crotch, turned away from the group, and made a beeline down the hallway. The word "bathroom" came out of his mouth shortly before he disappeared.

"Looks like Ned over there has a mess to clean up," Dan scoffed with his arms crossed. He was relieved that the game was finally over, but his mind was drawn to the closed door at the end of the hallway. He and Sarah had agreed to do this together. Lester was on

board with letting Dan be present, but now he and Sarah were behind a closed door while Dan was stuck with these nerds. He couldn't just get up and –

The peephole. He had covered it with duct tape, but he could still watch Lester with Sarah. He just needed to find a way to get the nerds out of the apartment.

"Is she really his girlfriend? She's not a hooker?" Eugene had finally broken his stare down the hallway and was now looking at Dan. Dan could say she was a hooker to embarrass Lester but he'd feel like shit doing that. He wanted to keep Sarah's honor intact. Even though they were playing this fucked up roleplaying game, Sarah was still his wife, and no one was going to talk about her like that.

Dan shrugged his shoulders, not wanting to verbally say the word 'girlfriend,' "This isn't her first time at the apartment. And no, she isn't a hooker. That I know for sure."

"Jesus," Eugene muttered. He looked back and forth between Dan and Greg, "Do you think... do you think if Lester hadn't rolled higher that...uh...you know...it would be me and her in there right now?"

"Some guys are into that," Greg continued to pack up pieces of the game. "I don't really know about Lester." The dungeon master seemed all business, not comfortable discussing the details of what they'd all just witnessed.

Dan felt his face grow flush as the two guys discussed the fantasy of his wife sharing. It was not something he wanted to be revealed about himself. "What do you think, Dan?" Eugene looked at him. "You kind of know her. Do you think she would have?"

Dan had no idea what Sarah would have done if any of the guys besides Lester rolled a higher number. Part of him was excited at the prospect of seeing that play out, seeing what his wife would do in that situation. How sexily she could manipulate these guys was a turn-on for him. Still, his mind drifted to the bedroom at the end of the hall.



AS LESTER SHUT and locked the door behind them, Sarah felt anxious. It wasn't that same anxiety she'd felt so many months ago when Dan made her come in here to fetch Lester to watch them. It was a more excited anguish about what was going to happen next.

His room looked messier than Sarah was accustomed to. Earlier, she had been so focused on Lester's instructions and the outfit he had for her to wear that she hadn't taken it all in. She was surprised that it didn't bother her. She liked to keep her house immaculate. Seeing his mess just sort of made sense. It was somehow like an extension of Lester. Still leaning into her roleplaying, she said, "Hmmm, I guess I made a mistake. This isn't my bedchamber at all. It looks like your barbarian lair."

Lester just smirked, "You have no idea."

"How did I do?" Sarah said as Lester walked over and leaned against the bed, "Did I turn the screws on them enough like you wanted?" Sarah held her hands together, hoping she'd succeeded.

"Better," Lester smiled wickedly, "Those guys won't sleep for a week. They'll be dreaming of you."

'Aww,'" Sarah smiled and looked around Lester's room. The clean, tidy room was gone. It reminded her of the first time she'd walked in here when she was taking those sexy pictures for Dan. There were discarded clothes on the floor alongside takeout containers at different levels of emptiness. A few empty Cheeto bags sat on his desk. She could see a sheen of dust littering most surfaces.

More than anything, the room smelled like Lester. She couldn't help but find the smell arousing. It was like her brain associated it with sex. Lester watched as she went from simply standing in the room to posing, her ass and breasts slightly more prominent than a moment earlier.

"And they'll probably be jerking off to their mental image of you, too," Lester smirked, feasting his eyes on her.

"And you've ruined it," Sarah said, walking towards Lester. She didn't tiptoe around the mess on the floor. She walked through the

old clothes and refuse, "You're just lucky you rolled that 20. Otherwise, your friend would be here in your place."

Lester crossed his arms and raised an eyebrow at her. "He's not my friend. You wouldn't have brought him in here anyway."

"Are you sure about that?" Sarah said in a low voice as she stepped closer to Lester. She stopped a foot away from him, staring at him defiantly. "Are you so sure I wouldn't have brought him here, into your room and fucked him? I'm sure Dan wouldn't mind watching that. I don't think you understand that I hold all the power here." Her hand made a fist, and she held it to her chest as she plainly stated this to Lester.

Lester quickly grabbed Sarah's hips and pulled her to him, her crotch pressing against his. "Let's not beat around the bush. It isn't about Dan's fantasy anymore. This isn't about some random person."

"Oh?" Sarah asked, raising an eyebrow. Lester's hot breath was on her face. "What's it about, then?"

"It's about you and me," Lester licked his lips as he stared into her eyes. "It's about the way we fuck. The way you crave it and can't get enough. Say whatever else you want, but that's all it comes down to."

Lester held her hips tightly and mashed his cock into her waist. Sarah could feel his growing hardened cock pressing against her, "Is that so? Do you really think you have that kind of hold on – mhmmmmm."

Lester mashed his lips against Sarah's. Her knees grew weak, and she felt her body fall against his. Her breasts pushed up against his flabby chest as his arms encircled her. Lester's tongue parted her lips and thrust into her mouth.

Sarah moaned around his invading tongue. Her own flicked out and ran against the underside of his. Sarah was surprised to notice that her arms were already around his neck, pulling his head down towards her. Lester slowly withdrew his tongue from her mouth. Sarah pushed hers forward, desperate to find more of him. Lester continued to pull back and whispered, "Tell me you don't love the way we fuck."

Sarah smiled as Lester started to kiss and lick her exposed neck, "You fuck me good Lester." Sarah shuddered as she felt his cock growing against her pussy. When she saw he wanted more from her, she continued, "I love the way you fuck me."

"I knew it," Lester grunted, pushing himself against her harder. Sarah moaned, feeling his probing cock pulsing against her, "How about the way we make love?"

"We've only done, ah, that once," Sarah said, closing her eyes. She was getting lost in the feeling of Lester's large body against hers.

"But you loved it," Lester whispered in her ear, "You know how I know?"

"Mhmm, how?" Sarah moaned as Lester's lips started to work their way down her chest.

"Because of the way you dug your nails into me. How your legs held me tight and wouldn't let me go. How your pussy gripped my cock and milked it. How you let me cum into you unprotected, taking me fully into you." Lester's hands found her shoulders and drifted lower to her supple breasts. "Because you gave yourself to me completely."

Sarah's body shuddered at the revelation. She didn't want to admit to herself how much she enjoyed that night. Lester was right. Her body had responded to him. She hadn't wanted to let him go, even though he hadn't worn a condom. She had wanted his cum that night, but she wasn't ready to admit it to herself, let alone Lester. She didn't know what he was driving at now but needed to shift things before she admitted something she shouldn't.

Letting go of his neck, Sarah placed her hands on his chest and pushed Lester down onto the bed. Lester flopped back with a look of surprise on his face, caught off guard by her assertiveness. Sarah stared at him hard, her eyes running across his disgusting body, perplexed at why he turned her on so much.

Sarah lowered her shorts and stepped out of them without saying a word. Then she stepped forward, knelt on the bed, and crawled up Lester's body, "You want to make your little D&D group jealous? Do you want to make Eugene know how much of a man you are? No

more talk about making love, show them how well Lester can fuck. Make me moan your name. Let them listen to you fuck me.”

Sarah’s crotch found Lester’s hard cock through his sweatpants and ground against it, “Mhmmmm, what the fuck are your pants still doing on?”

Lester quickly tugged at the band of his sweatpants, trying to pull them down. Sarah’s thighs had his hips pinned to the mattress. He couldn’t get a firm grip to pull them down. She reached her hands down and grabbed his, quickly pulling them off her and pinning them above his head against the mattress.

“No,” She stared into his beady eyes, “That’s my cock. You understand? I’ll do what I want with it. You don’t touch it. Got it?”

Lester slowly nodded as Sarah eased herself off his hips, “That includes other women. No more Lizzie. No one else.” Sarah tugged at Lester’s sweatpants, pulling them and his boxers clean off quickly.

“Ughhh, you want me to be exclusive?” Lester said, pumping his hips into the air as Sarah took off her panties and straddled him again. “What do I get out of this?”

Sarah held the shaft of Lester’s cock against her spread pussy lips, feeling the throbbing of his cock against her clit. She closed her eyes, reveling in the feeling. Eventually, she opened them and stared at Lester.

“Isn’t it obvious? You get all of this. A sexy, devoted, married wife as his very own Chicago girlfriend,” She took his hands and placed them on her breasts. Lester squeezed them firmly, eliciting a soft moan from Sarah. Lester gritted his teeth, “Not fair. You still give Dan attention. And now he even comes on our dates with us. I want you all to myself.”

“Well, he is my husband, Lester,” Sarah teased, “Besides, you’re getting me alone right now, aren’t you?”

Sarah held Lester’s shaft with one hand while the other gently teased the head of his cock. She ran her thumb over the precum that had begun to leak out of it. Sarah brought her thumb to her mouth and licked it, tasting Lester’s cum, “Mhmmmmmm.” Then quietly, she said, “You’re delicious, you know?”

"Hmm. We both know Dan's going to be at that peephole in a minute, watching us," Lester thrust his hips up, pushing his shaft against Sarah's clit. She bit her lip and let out a long groan, "It isn't the same. I want you alone again."

"Mhmmm, ah, we can't, Lester," Sarah dropped her hands to Lester's flabby belly and ground her hips down onto Lester, rubbing herself against his shaft. "We just...just....uh...ah..just made that deal."

"Then we'll break it," Lester's fat hands gripped her waist as he pushed his hips up high off the bed. He shifted his weight and slid his cock down until it was lined up with her soaking wet entrance. Sarah could see his face turning red at the exertion. As he lowered his hips, his cock started to part the entrance to Sarah's pussy.

"Oh fuck," Sarah grunted as she felt herself being stretched around the head of Lester's cock. She bit her lips and braced herself against Lester's mass, "Ahh uhhhhh."

Lester pulled her down further onto his cock. "We'll find a way to get together alone so we can really let loose. I want to fuck you in your office at work."

"Ah, fuck. No, we, we can't. Can't," Sarah was having trouble regulating her breathing as Lester's cock pushed into her. It had been weeks since he'd fucked her in a parking garage. It was too long not to have his perfect cock inside her.

"Can," Lester slammed her waist down onto his cock, pushing himself fully inside of her. Sarah screamed, "AH FUCK LESTER."



NED HAD JUST FINISHED CLEANING up the mess in his pants. He'd used toilet paper to clean up as much of it as possible, praying it wouldn't run through and make a visible stain on his pants. He looked at his crotch in the mirror of Lester's bathroom. It looked fine. No one would know what had happened when Sarah touched his leg.

He'd never felt anything like it. He couldn't wait to get home and think about that moment. He'd share it with his Fleshlight. He

finished cleaning his hands and thought about Sarah and her blonde hair. She reminded him of the old Ms. Marvel, not the new Disney diversity Ms. Marvel but the old sexy Carol Danvers before she became Captain Marvel. Sarah was sexy, just like her. Or maybe even Sue Storm from the Fantastic Four. Sarah had the confidence of both women, but neither seemed as playful and sexy as Sarah.

Ned shut the bathroom door behind him and headed back towards the others. Sarah was sexy and confident, like Mary-Jane, Spider-Man's wife. Well, 'wife' before they did a soft reboot of the Spider-Man line. One thing Ned always hated about Marvel was their resets to the new status quo. Still, those big issues were collectibles. He would have to check this month's valuations when he got home to see if any in his collection were going for –

"AH FUCK LESTER," The words rang in his ears. Ned stopped in his tracks, slowly turning to look at Lester's closed door. Maybe he just imagined it.

"Uh. Mhmmmmm. God, fuck." A woman's voice moaned again. Ned felt short of breath and wished he hadn't left his inhaler in his backpack. Instead of returning to the living room to get it, he walked towards Lester's door. He leaned in and pressed his ear against the wood. He could hear grunting and ruffling sounds and soft feminine moans.

Was that really Sarah? Was she really fucking someone like Lester? If Lester landed someone like her, did Ned have a shot? He quickly returned to the Lester's living room.

Lester's roommate, Dan, had an annoyed look on his face and was sitting in a chair by the TV. Eugene was on the couch scrolling through Lester's Netflix account. Greg was beside him with his bag on his lap, all packed up and ready to go. No one turned their heads when Ned walked back into the room.

"Uh, guys," Ned said with a shaky voice, "You've got to hear this."

"What?" Eugene said, looking at Ned annoyed.

"Listen!" Ned hissed. Eugene reluctantly muted the TV. All four men sat there in silence until Sarah's soft moans started emanating from the hallway. Ned, Eugene, and Greg all traded glances. Dan seemed disinterested and kept his attention on his phone. Eugene

stood up and walked past Ned, listening to Sarah moan Lester's name.

"You've got to be fucking kidding me," Ned heard Eugene mutter. Ned looked at Greg, urging him to stand up, but Greg sat there and seemed to grip his backpack more tightly.

"What do we do?" Ned hissed to Eugene.

"I don't fucking know," Eugene spat at Ned, causing him to flinch back. Ned walked away from him to the couch, where he sat down. Eugene lingered by the entrance to the hallway.

"You guys plan on sticking around?" Dan said, looking up from his phone. I think the game's over. There's no telling how long they are going to be."

"What time's your curfew, Greg?" Ned asked.

"Midnight," Greg said, staring at the coffee table. Ned didn't want to leave yet. No way. Not when he might be able to catch another look at Sarah. What if she came out in the middle of the night and wanted more attention? Ned could be here for that.

"We're staying," Eugene sat back down on the couch, "At least until Greg has to go."

"I want to go now," Greg muttered. Eugene glanced at him with a furrowed brow, "Well, I'm your ride, and I'm not going anywhere."

"Well, guys," Dan said, standing up. "It's been great. Thanks for letting me play, but I'm going to bed."

Ned watched with a slack jaw as Dan walked down the hallway towards the sounds of Sarah and Lester's coupling. Ned closed his eyes, trying to feign sleep, but wanted to picture Sarah's face with the noises she was making.

He cracked one eye open as he heard a noise in the room. Eugene was standing up, looking down the hallway after Dan. Ned saw Eugene begin to follow him.

"Where...where you are going, Eugene?" Ned stammered.

"Something's up," Eugene muttered, still staring down the hallway, "And I'm gonna find out what."

Ned watched the older man disappear out of view as he left the living room. Ned's mind was racing, wondering what Eugene thought was happening. He wanted to follow his friend, but he felt paralyzed,

not wanting to leave his seat. He already felt embarrassed at having cum all over himself in front of everyone.



DAN SLID into his room and quickly went over to the peephole on the wall. He peeled off the duct tape, closed one eye, and peered through it. The first thing he saw was a blob of pale white skin. Lester's fat body was lying across the bed. Sarah's tanned, toned legs were straddling Lester's waist as she rode his cock.

Dan gulped and felt his heart race increasing. The word 'pineapple' danced in his head, but he kept his lips firmly shut. He was transfixed by Sarah's hip movements, which were grinding on top of Lester.

"I think your husband is watching," Lester whispered low to Sarah. He silently cursed Dan for interrupting his interrogation of Sarah. She was close to bending to his demands. He would have to press her again, "Let's put on a good show."

Sarah's body quickened its pace. The idea of being watched just turned her on. She thought about Dan's hungry look on his face and the way he stood as he stared through the peephole. Would he be stroking his cock, already watching them? How long would he last? Were the others still here? Could they hear her?

Sarah bit her lip and stared at the peephole, wanting Dan to know she loved that he was watching them. She could feel the tempo of Lester's heartbeat through the vein on his cock as it throbbed inside of her. Sarah couldn't deny that she loved feeling his cock inside of her. She hadn't even given a condom a second thought this time. She just needed Lester inside of her.

Ah fuck. Mhmmmm. God," Sarah grunted as she rolled her hips around on Lester's cock. "You feel so fucking good."

Dan could feel his cock starting to tent in his pants. He leaned against the wall, with his arm over the peephole, his forehead resting against his forearm. Dan stared hard, watching his wife ride Lester, the way her bare chest was still heaving up and down as she

tried to catch her breath. She didn't want to stop. Dan wondered how long before she had her first orgasm of the night.

"Whatcha doing?" A voice hissed from the doorway. Dan snapped his head to the side to see Eugene and his dirty old beard staring at him. Dan felt like a deer in the headlights, not knowing how to react. He had gotten caught with his secret fetish and didn't have a response planned. Dan hadn't closed the door, not entirely. He tried to slip into the room quietly to observe his wife, not wanting to alert the couple to his presence. It looked like that shitty door with its messed up lock had cost him.

"Watching," Dan finally croaked out softly, wanting nothing more than to turn his head back to the peephole. Eugene stepped into Dan's bedroom and said, "Let me see."

This strange older man was in his bedroom, where Sarah would sleep and get dressed. It felt like such an invasion of privacy. Dan remembered how Sarah toyed with this guy before, leading him on. Making him think he might have a chance. She wouldn't ever give the likes of him a chance. No way. But the idea of it. Seeing her toy with him. The possibility. That turned him on. Lester didn't get along with this guy either. He hated him from the vibes Dan could pick up. If Dan let him watch, it almost felt like he would be getting one up on Lester, choosing to let this guy see something that Lester thought was his.

Dan realized he had stepped back from the peephole, allowing Eugene to shuffle in front of him and take his place.

"My god," Eugene muttered under his breath at the sight of Sarah's toned body riding Lester.

"Ah fuck Lester," Sarah's nails were digging into Lester's stomach as she gripped him, "You feel so fucking big inside of me."

"Squeeze me, Sarah, ah," Lester grunted, pushing his cock into Sarah, "Yeah, just like that. Squeeze Daddy."

Sarah felt a pang of electricity run across her skin at Lester's words—goosebumps formed on her back. Every time Lester tried to use that word, 'daddy,' it made her feel strange. She thought about the word over and over in her head as she rode Lester's cock. She

couldn't say it. Wouldn't say it, especially with Dan listening at the peephole.

Her body responded anyway. Lester had her ass in his hands, moving with her as she rode him, catching her and slamming her down on his massive cock. She felt an orgasm rapidly forming, ready to drop down and crush her, "Fuck don't stop, uh, uh, stop Lester."

"I'm not stopping until you cum all over my cock," Lester grunted. He put his hands behind his head and watched the beautiful mother ride cock. The buttery walls of her pussy pulled at his cock deliciously. It was amazing how well his plan was serving him. The more he fucked her, the more he took his pleasure in doing so, the more she wanted him to do it again. He smirked, watching her beautiful face contort in pleasure. She was increasing her tempo, likely about to cum any second now.

"Jeesuss," Eugene muttered as his hand disappeared into his pants, and he stroked his cock. Dan stood there perplexed about why he had moved over for this stranger and why he still felt paralyzed. He could push Eugene out of the room or tell him to fuck off. But part of him knew the truth, that he was getting off on letting a guy like Eugene watch Sarah just like he had gotten off on letting Lester watch them on the couch.

"Fuck right there, agh right therrrrreeeeeeee," Sarah's pussy clenched down hard on Lester's cock as she felt herself begin to cum. Her body tensed, and she held her breath as pleasure radiated out from her sex and seemed to light every nerve in her body on fire. She felt complete at that moment, with Lester's cock buried deep inside of her. Just then, Lester flexed his cock inside her, and she felt a new level of bliss explode inside her. "Oh, OH, OOOHH, OH FUCK, LESTER, HOLY SHIII..." The quivering wife jumped off of Lester, shaking in the middle of the untidy room. She had a fearful look on her face, unprepared for the intensity of her orgasm after thinking she knew all of what Lester could do to her. She took a few breaths and looked at her overweight lover. He was grinning knowingly and patted his belly for her to get back on, his cock a solid spike standing in the air.

“Jesus, Lester. Nobody fucks me like you do.” Having recovered from her first orgasm, Sarah returned to the bed and straddled Lester, positioning his huge cockhead at her pussy lips. Once ready, she pushed herself down and allowed Lester’s entire length into her again, his girth making her eyes flutter with the intense sensation of stretching her open. Lester moved with her, ensuring that when their bodies met, he was deeply embedded. Sarah took her cue from Lester and laid upon him, their bodies mashed together as she slammed her midsection against the ugly man, repeatedly thrusting herself against him as she never had before.

The twinges of a second orgasm started to form in her outer extremities. She felt a tingling begin in her fingers and toes that worked its way to her core. Wherever she went when Lester made her cum was rapidly becoming her favorite place in Chicago.

“OH Lester, OHHhhhh, fuuuck. Don’t stop, don’t, don’t you fucking, uhhhh...!”

Before she knew it, she was in the throes of cumming again, this one not at all intense, feeling like a warm blanket of pleasant warmth and a tingling in her scalp.

“Ohhh Fuck,” Sarah groaned as she came down from her orgasm. She was still gently rocking her hips back and forth over Lester’s cock, nursing the residual feelings of her orgasm and trying to ignite yet another one.

Dan backed himself up against the other wall of his room as this strange older man drooled at his peephole. Images flashed through Dan’s mind at what the old nerd could be witnessing. His eyes ran over Sarah’s naked body as she writhed under Lester. Dan felt himself beginning to hyperventilate. What would this guy do now that he’d seen Sarah? Would Sarah be pissed that Dan let this guy watch her without her knowing? These were things Dan could worry about later. He just wished he could see what Sarah was doing in Lester’s room.

His eyes glanced to the side at the picture of his family on his bedside table—Sarah and him standing there with their girls. Had Eugene seen that? Did he know that Sarah was actually his wife?

What was he thinking, but more importantly, what was he seeing? It was a sight only Dan should see.

"Let's switch it up," Lester said, rolling his hips to the side, trying to dislodge himself from her. Sarah begrudgingly let him go and felt a pang of disappointment as his cock slid out of her, "Wha-what?"

"Come here," Lester said, standing up. His meaty fingers closed around her wrist, and he dragged her off the bed and over to the set of drawers against the wall. He pulled her close and pushed her up against the drawers, facing away from him. Her thighs were pushed into the bureau, and Sarah placed her hands on the wall for support. She opened her eyes and saw that she was face to face with the peephole.

"One second," She said to Lester, who was already trying to line himself up with her from behind. She gave the peephole her best fuck me eyes and slowly lowered one of the shoulder straps on her bra. Sarah licked her lips and pushed them together, blowing a kiss at the hole. Then, she let the other strap fall, dangling loosely beside her bicep. "Lester, can you please unstrap me?"

Lester did as he was told. Sarah felt the clasp of her bra open on her back. She held the front of the bra against her chest. "This could have been you tonight," she said seductively into the peephole, "But you missed your chance. Now my barbarian Lester is going to fuck me all night long."

Sarah let go of her bra, letting it drop to the floor. Her breasts proudly spilled out for Eugene's eyes to feast on. Dan heard a sharp intake of breath from the older man. He wondered what was happening on the other side of the wall. The walls of his room felt like they were closing in again. He left the bedroom and headed for the kitchen. The other two guys on the couch were discussing some kind of anime. Dan ignored them and poured himself a glass of cold water. He quickly gulped down his drink and debated staying in the kitchen until it was finished or returning to the bedroom.

Sarah gazed into the peephole, trying to eye fuck Dan on the other side. Lester's hands roamed up her body until each one grabbed a breast. He started roughly massaging them, rolling her nipples between his thumb and finger. Lester's hips were pushing

forward against her ass. She could feel his cock pressing between her thighs, getting ready to fuck her again.

"Fuck me," Sarah stared into the hole, wanting both men to think she was talking to them, "Fuck me."

Lester's meaty hands left her breasts. One grabbed the base of his cock and lined it up with Sarah's pussy. The other hand held her waist still. Sarah looked up at the hole, bracing her hands on either side.

"Oh fuck," her mouth formed a perfect 'O' as she felt Lester's cock slide back inside of her. Lester decided to fuck her slowly and methodically, wanting to savor every second with her. To draw out Dan's agony on the other side of the wall. He pulled his cock out slowly before pushing it slowly back in fully.

"Mhmmmmmm fffuuck," Sarah groaned while trying to keep her focus on the peephole. She wanted to give Dan a good show but was having difficulty concentrating, "Take it out for me, baby, stroke it."

Eugene did as instructed and lowered his sweatpants to his thigh, and started to stroke his old cock.

"Look at me," Sarah moaned as Lester was slowly pushing in and out of here, "Don't stop looking at me. Stroke yourself for me. I want you to cum for me."

Eugene started stroking his cock faster in Dan's place at the peephole. Sarah was moaning just inches from him. Her beautiful eyes were staring right at him. Lester suddenly decided to pick up his pace. Sarah was slammed forward, her fingers arching out, trying to keep leverage. She was bent so far forward she was on tippy toes, her thighs pushing into the dresser. Sarah tried in vain to push herself back, to thrust back against Lester, but she couldn't. Lester held onto her hips and pumped her relentlessly with his cock, pushing deep into the young mother.

One of Sarah's hands dropped to the top of the dresser, crushing an empty bag of Cheetos, "Oh. God. Lester. Fuck." Lester gritted his teeth and fucked Sarah as hard as he could. He wanted Dan to watch and see his wife cum on his cock again. Sarah felt the tops of the dresser pushing into her thighs. It was starting to hurt, but she

didn't want him to stop. Sarah's hand slipped off the wall, causing her to lose her balance. Her breasts hit the dresser first, smooching into wretched garbage Lester had forgotten there. Sarah's hair was sprawled out among Lester's discarded items. Sarah searched for something to grab onto, but Lester never let up. He just continued to pound into the young mother. The violent pummeling she was taking threatened to make her lose consciousness.

Lester grinned at the peephole, enjoying that he had successfully taken Sarah away from Dan's view. Sweat was dripping off his brow onto Sarah's ass cheeks that were slamming against his crotch. He couldn't keep up this pace; he needed to switch positions.

With a firm grasp on her hips, Lester pulled her back from the wall. Sarah's feet were able to touch the ground again. Sarah quickly pulled herself off Lester's cock and spun around. She pushed herself up so that she could sit on the dresser. Her ass crushing whatever garbage that had been on it. Lester saw a fire in her eyes and knew only he could quench her desire.

Lester was standing there huffing and puffing after pounding the blonde beauty for five, almost ten minutes straight at his fastest pace. Sarah looked at him hungrily and spread her legs before him. "Put it in me."

She didn't need to ask him twice. Lester was quickly between her legs with his cock lined up with her waiting pussy. Sarah wrapped her legs around Lester's back as his cockhead began to push back into her, "Oh fuck. Fuck."

Sarah pulled Lester's body against hers as the rest of his cock slid into her. She threw her head back and closed her eyes, her mind concentrating on the feeling of Lester's big cock inside of her. Her blonde hair covered the peephole, obscuring Eugene's view of the beautiful young wife.

While Lester had meticulously measured the height of his bed to ensure he could fuck Sarah on it while standing up, he'd never done so with the dresser. Lester had his hands under her thighs and was standing up on his toes to get his cock fully into the young mother. The awkward angle proved to be quite powerful for Sarah. Lester's

cock was sliding up at an angle that made the cock head push against her g-spot.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and held him to her, feeling his cock sliding up and down, stimulating her. Sarah opened her eyes and ran her hands through Lester's thinning hair as she felt another orgasm start to push its way to the forefront.

As Lester fucked Sarah, the dresser tilted slightly off the wall before slamming back into place. Each time he pulled his cock back, Sarah held on tighter, her ass firmly planted on the dresser causing it to shift with them. Over and over, the dresser slammed back into the wall. Neither Sarah nor Lester cared about the sounds they were making. Everything was miles away from their fucking.

Lester could feel his balls begin to tighten. After fucking her from behind in the parking garage last time, he wanted to cum with her on her back this time. Using all of his strength, Lester grabbed Sarah by her thighs and pulled up, lifting her off the dresser.

He wasn't used to carrying any weight. On shaky legs, and spun them around and dropped Sarah onto the bed, his cock never leaving her pussy. Lester moved onto the bed with her and laid on top of her. Sarah's legs closed around his hips, locking her ankles together and not letting him go. Her breasts mashed against his flabby chest as he dipped his head down and kissed her hard. Sarah pulled Lester harder into her as her tongue drove into his mouth, exploring and licking every inch of it.

Eugene was happy he could see again. He was slack-jawed, staring at his D&D frenemy fucking the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. As much as Eugene hated to admit it, there was no way she was a prostitute. He could clearly see the passion between them as they fucked on the bed. It seemed like something more to him. He wasn't sure if it was love, but they had a magnetism. He felt like he was watching something that should be private—an outsider watching two people about to mate.

It didn't stop him from furiously stroking himself, getting ready to cum. Consequences be damned. He leaned against the wall, trying to get as close as possible. He could hear Lester whispering

something but couldn't make it out. Why had Sarah forgotten all about him?

"You like getting fucked by me?" Lester whispered as he started to increase his tempo, his hips bucking against the young wife's. Sarah's hips were thrusting up to meet his unrelenting pace. She was so close to cumming again. She didn't want to lose it.

"Uhhhh I love it. I love the way you fuck me, Lester," Sarah grunted as her tongue licked the side of Lester's face. Just needed to taste him. "I think about it all the time."

"Ugh, uh, even at work?" Lester grunted, feeling his balls getting ready to explode.

"Yes," Sarah whispered back through gritted teeth.

"I want to fuck you in your office," Lester grabbed a handful of her ass and thrust into her. Sarah gasped as Lester continued to drive her crazy, "I want to fuck you right on your desk."

"Ah FUCK LESTER," Sarah screamed. It had always been a fantasy of hers to have sex at work. "DO IT. I WANT YOU TO FUCK ME."

"Fuck Dan. You're just going to be MINE," Lester grunted as his balls began to tighten, "I'm going to fuck you in your office next time I'm in town, and there isn't a damn thing anyone can do about it."

"Oh fuck," Sarah moaned, "Fucking do it. I can't wait. I want you to fuck me everywhere!"

"Good girl," Lester grunted as he started to jackhammer into Sarah. There was no going back now. He couldn't stop himself. His biological impulses were in control, "I'm gonna cum Sarah. Who do you belong to? Whose pussy is this?"

"Ah fuck! FUCK!" Sarah screamed, her nails digging into Lester's dirty sheets. An orgasm seemed to rip through her body. She felt her ankles go numb as blood rushed to her head, "It's yours. All yours, Daddy. I'm yours."

"FUCK," Lester lurched forward and held his breath on the edge of cumming. His cockhead expanded and then exploded inside of Sarah, jetting thick ropes of sperm into the beautiful wife. Sarah moaned into his ear as she felt his hot cum spraying inside of her,

pelting her inside with his illicit seed. Another orgasm seemed to rise and ripple throughout her body, reverberating each time Lester's cum blasted the walls of her fertile womb.

"Aghh," Eugene grunted as he came, cum splattering out against Dan's wall. Eugene breathed hard, having just cum harder than he ever had. He closed one eye and looked back through the hole; one last glimpse of the goddess Lester was bedding. Stepping back from the wall, he looked down at the mess he had left there. Not wanting to get caught anywhere near the peephole, he stumbled out of the room and back towards the others.

Lester and Sarah kept fucking each other for several seconds, both of their hips not getting the message that they had both just cum. Slowly, their bodies came to rest, Lester still embedded inside Sarah. He rolled off of her onto his side, trying to catch his breath.

"Jesus," Sarah muttered, breathing hard and covered in a sheen of sweat. "You're an animal, Lester."

Lester just chuckled and basked in the afterglow of sex with Sarah. Knowing how willing she was to have sex with him was one thing. How comfortable she was becoming around him was another step in the right direction. He knew he had to play nice with Dan, at least for a bit, but he really did want to get Sarah alone to further his goals.

Sarah could feel her eyes getting heavy after the workout Lester had just given her. She could feel herself getting a little too comfortable in his bed. She knew she needed to get back to Dan. Wetness slid from between her legs. Sarah reached down and felt Lester's load dripping out of her. With a heavy sigh, she sat up, "I'm gonna jump in the shower."

"You coming back here after? Sleep here tonight." Lester yawned, staring at Sarah's naked back. He could feel himself growing harder, knowing Dan's wife was beside him.

"I think I'm going to check in with my husband after, Lester." Sarah stood up and moved around the room, trying to retrieve her clothing. It took her a couple of minutes, as her clothes blended into the mess on Lester's floor.

He reached out and grabbed her arm, pulling her towards him on the bed, "One more kiss before you go?"

Sarah bent over and pressed her lips against Lester's. To her surprise, he didn't stick his tongue in her mouth. He just let his lips linger on hers tenderly. Neither of them broke the kiss right away. Sarah was the one who pulled back as she felt more of Lester's cum leaking out of her.

"Do one last thing for me before you go in the shower," Lester said, looking up at her.



SARAH COULDN'T HELP but smile as she tried to ease Lester's door shut quietly. She wasn't sure if it was because of the intense fulfillment Lester had just given her or the devious little request he just asked for. It felt good knowing she could make him finish so thoroughly and do little things for him.

The nerds' voices abruptly cut off further down the hallway. Clearly, she hadn't been as quiet as she had hoped. How long had Dan ended up watching at the peephole? Did he watch the way Lester kissed her? Or that he asked her to spend the night in his bed?

The idea of sleeping in Lester's room felt, well, complicated. She was exhausted, and knew that if she slept in there, Lester would try to go for another round at some point....

While she wasn't opposed to that happening, she did feel somewhat guilty about leaving Dan with the nerds. She wanted to check in with him and ensure things were okay. She really had put him in kind of an awkward situation with the whole game thing. He hadn't said 'Pineapple' during it, but then again, he was behind the peephole as well. She'd unwittingly put him in a position where he couldn't say it to her.

Still trying to be quiet, she eased the door to Dan's room open and stepped inside. Sarah caught a glimpse of her reflection in the

mirror, and a wicked smile spread across her face. Those nerds weren't ready for her—not by a mile.

Her eyes drifted to the rest of the room, becoming aware that Dan was no longer there. When did he leave, and did he enjoy what he saw? She looked at the peephole and noticed below it a creamy sticky substance spattered onto the wall.

I guess Dan did enjoy himself, Sarah thought. She must have put on one hell of a performance for her husband to just leave a mess like that on the wall. Sarah decided she may as well clean it up, since she was partially responsible for it. Dan was probably off recovering somewhere or grabbing a glass of water.

Sarah grabbed a handful of tissues, walked over, and knelt next to the wall. Being so close, she could smell how potent it was. She started wiping it up but then decided to take her manicured finger and scoop up a globe of Dan's cum.

She licked her lips and raised an eyebrow as she felt the thick substance between her fingers. *I really shouldn't let all of this go to waste.*

Maybe she was still horny from Lester's fucking, or maybe she just wanted to taste her husband's cum. She didn't spend too much time thinking about it. Sarah stuck her cum covered finger into her mouth and sucked it clean. Her tongue rolled against her finger, ensuring she didn't waste a drop of it.

More bitter than usual, Sarah withdrew her finger from her mouth and licked some remaining cum off her lips. Then she scooped up another glob of the thick, creamy substance and repeated the process.

Mhmmmmm, it tasted less bitter this time. Perhaps her taste buds just got used to its flavor. She moaned slightly,, closing her eyes, knowing how badly she was behaving. As she finished sucking off the remaining cum from her finger, she felt herself getting wet all over again.

Sarah cleaned up the rest of the mess with the tissues. Satisfied that she hadn't missed anything, Sarah left the room to find her husband.



DAN WAS STILL STANDING in the kitchen, letting events unravel around him. No matter how hard he tried, Sarah's being with Lester was his kryptonite. He felt his willpower drain away, and he was a bystander watching a car crash, unable to do anything.

Maybe he should check his health insurance to see if it covered therapists, he probably needed to talk to someone about his, even if it was shameful. Dan gripped his glass of water tightly as he saw Eugene walk back into the living room. The guy looked like he had just seen a ghost.

"Are you okay?" Ned said, looking up from his discussion with Greg.

"Yeah..I...uh...uh," Eugene started. He looked around at the apartment, perplexed. "That woman is something..."

"Yeah," Ned agreed eagerly, looking at Greg for agreement. Dan had let a complete stranger take his place at the peephole and watch his wife. Knowing Sarah was being watched by someone like Eugene felt strange to Dan, but he let it happen anyway. Part of him told himself that Dan stepping away was a sign of strength, not needing to watch Sarah and Lester, not allowing himself to be pulled in again. But the other part of him wanted Sarah to be seen, wanted someone like Eugene to see her.

"Where have you been, anyway? Bathroom too?" Ned asked.

Before Eugene could respond, the sound of a door opening down the hallway caused all three of them to freeze in place. Dan could hear light footsteps coming from the direction of the bedrooms. Sarah must have left Lester's room and gone into his. Then, her footsteps grew louder as she approached. All their heads turned towards the noise in anticipation of what would come.

Sarah stepped into the living room wearing nothing but her black silk robe. Dan had to do a double take because he hadn't seen her wear it in a long time. The loose robe stopped midthigh, and Sarah had it loosely tied so that the side of her chest would occasionally be visible.

“Hi, boys,” Sarah smiled as she cast them a seductive look. Before they could respond, Sarah turned her head and continued walking towards the kitchen. Dan watched as all of the men’s eyes stayed glued to Sarah’s ass, watching her walk away.

Once out of view of the others, she winked at Dan, “How did you enjoy the show I put on for you?” Sarah poured herself a glass of water and took a long drink. Dan quickly realized she wasn’t talking about walking through the living room in a robe. She must have done something on the other side of the peephole, assuming it was him watching. His eyes dropped down to her thighs, noticing the fluids leaking out of his wife, reminding him she had yet to take a shower.

“It was amazing,” Dan lied. He still didn’t fully understand why he had moved aside for Eugene, but he didn’t want to admit it to Sarah, let alone himself. “You’re amazing,” he said.

“Oh, I know,” Sarah smiled and covertly ran her hand across his crotch. “I’m glad you liked the show. And don’t worry, I cleaned up that tasty mess you made in there.”

Sarah ran her tongue across her mouth and raised her eyebrows at Dan before turning around and walking back into the living room. Then, loud enough for all the men to hear, she said, “I’m going to take a shower.”

She began undoing the silk belt of her robe as she walked towards the hallway. The nerds’ eyes were glued to Sarah until she disappeared into the hallway, dropping her robe on the floor at the same time.

Ned leaped out of his chair and dashed towards the hallway. As he got to her discarded robe, he caught a glimpse of Sarah’s naked back as she went into the bathroom.

“Alright,” Dan said, finally finding his nerve again. He strolled across the living room to Ned, who had picked up Sarah’s robe and sniffed it. Dan grabbed the robe from his hands and looked at the men loitering around the living room. “Game night’s over. I think it’s time you all head out.”

Dan was surprised Lester hadn’t come out to see his guests off. But then again, Lester never really gave a shit about anything. He’d

gotten what he'd wanted, which was to make a statement to the group by showing Sarah off.

"Yeah, okay, that makes sense," Ned said as he collected his things. Greg already packed his bag and beelined to the door, looking extremely uncomfortable. Eugene stayed planted, standing in the middle of the living room, staring at the robe in Dan's hands. His gaze shifted over Dan's shoulder to the empty hallway.

"Okay," Ned said, walking up to Dan and extending his hand. It was great meeting you, Dan."

Dan looked down at the man's hand and thought back to how he had cupped his crotch while running to the bathroom. "No offense, but I'll wait until next time to shake your hand."

Ned looked down at his hand, and his face turned scarlet, "Completely understand." Then he turned and walked towards the door where Greg was waiting. "Eugene, you're our ride, dude. Let's go or Greg's mom is gonna be pissed."

"Right," Eugene said, finally shifting his gaze from the hallway. "Let's go."

Dan watched the three men shut the door behind them. The living room was still in disarray, with crumbs left on the table and the folding chairs still set up. *I'm not cleaning up this shit.*

He held onto Sarah's robe as he walked down the hallway. He debated heading into his room to wait for Sarah, but Lester might slide into the bathroom. But she probably had locked the door.

Dan tried the knob on the bathroom door. Turning it the entire way. She hadn't even bothered to lock it. He remembered all the issues they had with locks in this apartment. Maybe she just doesn't care anymore? That seemed like such a strange idea.

He opened the door and closed it behind him. "Hey," he said, unsure what to say to his wife. "You put on quite the performance tonight."

"Did you enjoy yourself? Well, I know you did for the second show. But what about the first one at the table with the game?" Sarah stuck her head out of the shower and was still wearing her fuck me eyes.

"You were something else. You had them eating out of the palm of your hand. I think you made that Ned guy cum in his pants," Dan chuckled as he leaned against the counter, arms crossed.

"I do have that effect," Sarah grinned, waiting for him to say something.

After he stopped watching, he wanted to ask about what happened in the room with Lester. Or ask if she really licked up the cum in the room, but he didn't dare mention anything. He started to feel like he was keeping some fucked up secret from her now, and he was already in too deep. The best course of action was to keep moving forward and hope it didn't get brought up again.

"Lester did ask me to spend the rest of the night in his room." Sarah said, "I was planning to come back to your bedroom to help you relieve any built-up tension from tonight, but I see that you already did that."

She was talking about the cum on the wall. He needed to zig away from that, but it would be tough get any relief out of her tonight without giving it up. He'd have to play the satisfied husband card and not try anything. "Well," Dan said, "It's hard not to relieve that tension when I'm watching you. Doesn't matter, though, I still want you in bed with me tonight. Just to be close to you. You're not going anywhere."

"Okay," Sarah smiled, "I'm all yours. Just give me a couple minutes and I'll finish up. I'm just rinsing off."

"Yeah, no problem," Dan said, not moving.

"You don't need to wait here, Dan," Sarah said as she rinsed her skin in the water.

Dan could go back to his room and wait for her, but if Lester had already made a play at having Sarah again that night, he might try another one while she was still in the shower.

"It's okay, I like to watch you," Dan said, "You're so fucking sexy."

"Bad boy," Sarah grinned and winked at him. Then she turned and continued to rinse off.

The white noise from the shower was therapeutic for Dan. He closed his eyes and replayed the night's events and possible ideas of how he could have changed things. The most egregious was not

shutting the bedroom door and allowing Eugene to watch Sarah ... and then not telling her what had actually happened.

Still, the way that Lester and Sarah were getting along bothered him. The way they seemed to gel together during the game earlier. Sure, she had been putting on a bit of an act. The same way she did for him when they'd roleplayed, but she was so committed to it. It was hard knowing what was real and what was pretend.

He couldn't believe he had let Eugene watch. To allow someone else into his spot at the peephole. To watch his wife and her body. To see into this fucked up fantasy of theirs that was spiraling out of control. To roll the dice....*Stupid D&D.*

Dan decided on his next actions. He needed to take control of this fantasy and try to find a way to cut Lester out. At the very least find new ways to explore it without him. Otherwise he worried that for his wife, the fantasy would just warp and center around his roommate.

PLAYTIME AT WORK

Dan realized he was breathing too quickly. He took a moment to try to calm himself down and steady his breath to slow things down. He also realized he was already hard as a rock, a development he was happy to see. Not that he didn't expect to be able to achieve it, but just that he didn't have any problems getting hard without his roommate being involved somehow.

After the events of the Dungeons and Dragon game, he realized that he'd fallen off the deep end. Even though he and Sarah had made a pact to keep each other safe, he didn't think she fully grasped how powerless he'd become when it came to succumbing to his fantasies. He was ashamed at just how easily he'd shrunk back from the wall to let a relative stranger watch his wife at his place at the peephole. To allow her to share her infidelity with other people watching.

His *place* at the peephole. That just sounded so... wrong ...and pathetic. What the fuck was he doing? He'd had a hard time reconciling his thoughts with his actions lately. Work was still a shitshow, but at least he was making an effort to regain control by pursuing side gigs. And that was going pretty well. He felt like he was on the right track. He just needed to put in some more time. But his marriage felt chaotic. Sarah's visits to be with him now

seemed to revolve around his roommate, Lester. Just like with his work life, he needed to take back control. He had continued attempting ways to get back in charge there but kept falling short. Somehow, his fantasies always won out. So, tonight, they were trying something else at Dan's suggestion. He wanted to cut out the middleman and —

"I can't believe we're doing this," Sarah purred as she climbed into the backseat of the car with him. I don't remember the last time we played in a car, do you?" She whispered conspiratorially, a mischievous smile playing on her face. She leaned in close and kissed his neck, nuzzling in.

Dan couldn't remember the last time they'd played outside either, "Probably back sometime before we bought the house."

He had spent the past few days back home in Middleton with his family. He'd have to make the trek back to Chicago tomorrow, but tonight, he wanted to try something new. Even though he planned to come back for good soon, he felt like he needed to explore his fantasies without Lester present. *They* needed to do that. Otherwise, it was like they were just stuck in his roommate's fucked up orbit. That's why he suggested dropping the kids off at Sarah's parents' house and spending the evening alone. She was surprised at his suggestion of parking somewhere and fooling around, but she didn't hesitate to give an enthusiastic 'yes.' Her parents were happy to come to their house and babysit the kids until their date night ended. Not exactly what Dan had envisioned but he'd take it.

"Mhmm, you're probably right," Sarah turned and bent over into the front seat. The motor on the passenger seat whined as Sarah adjusted it forward. Dan openly ogled his wife's upturned ass as she worked. He used considerable willpower in not picturing his hideous roommate behind her, his thick fingers mauling her cheeks. Dan blinked as his wife made the same forward adjustment for the driver's seat before turning back towards him.

Dan couldn't help but admit how beautiful his wife looked, even while having thought so after all this time. She looked at him with her bedroom eyes, struck now with a look of naughtiness, and kneeled in front of him. She was wearing a gray hoodie that hid her

seductive curves, and a pair of sweatpants, and she'd put her hair up in a bun. Not exactly the sexy outfit he had hoped for, but it didn't dampen his desire for his wife. His cock ached behind the fly of his jeans.

He looked around at the empty parking lot, checking for the hundredth time to see if there were any other cars. Unfortunately, the lot was empty. Dan had researched to find an out-of-the-way parking lot with the privacy of tree cover. This one seemed the best since it was near a popular walking trail and abutted a nature preserve. Still, he hoped it wasn't too out of the way that no one would show up. He wanted to attempt reenacting one of Sarah's dates with Lester to try and wrestle back that fantasy for both of their sakes. Looking back at his wife in front of him, she was now focused on his crotch - biting her lower lip, moving her eyes to meet his.

Sarah ran her manicured fingertips up his legs, "So, do you think anyone will show up?"

"I don't know," Dan said, feeling his cock lurch against his jeans. He took another glance around the lot, not seeing any movement, and then turned to face Sarah. "I'm not sure if this is a popular spot or not."

"Well, how badly do you want someone to show up?" Sarah eyed him in the moonlight. He gulped. That look in her eyes as if there were a wild, unquenchable fire behind them. Her unpredictable nature always sent him over the edge. "Will you be disappointed if no one comes?"

"I plan to cum either way," Dan grinned, "So someone will be cumming, don't you worry."

"Mhmmm, that's for sure," Sarah whispered, "I'll make sure of it."

Her hands reached up and began to undo the button on his waist. With it out of the way, she began tugging his jeans down. She pulled them off, along with his boxers, in a few quick movements until he was naked from the waist down.

"I like what I see," Sarah grinned, leaning forward and planting soft kisses up his thigh. Working her way up towards his dick. "I was

surprised by your suggestion tonight, but I won't lie. It does turn me on."

He could feel her hot breath on his thighs, causing him to shiver in anticipation. He hadn't felt his wife's mouth on his cock in weeks.

"Your idea got me thinking about other fantasies you might have that we might want to explore. What else can I fulfill for you, baby?" Sarah looked up at him as her tongue darted out and gently ran across his shaft before teasingly retreating back in between her lips. Sarah resumed planting kisses around his crotch, studiously avoiding his balls and shaft. She was determined to tease him until he responded to her. Her tongue burrowed into his upper thigh by his nutsack, twirling and sucking.

Lester immediately flashed into Dan's mind, thinking how he'd watched him fuck his wife repeatedly through the peephole. How Sarah had enthusiastically fellated the disheveled man and the way he took her in her wedding dress. The time Lester roughly fucked her in the parking garage, and that bum had watched intently. He'd seen his naked wife exposed to the eyes of that dirty stranger as she fucked another man. He thought of Sarah exposed in other ways, all of those nerds watching her, surrounding Lester's bed as she had rode his cock. Maybe Sarah taking on two random guys, both at once, in some shitty motel in a rough part of Chicago. Her picking up a stranger from the bar and bringing him back to their room, giving him whatever he wanted, serving herself up to be taken.

Shit.

His mind was already losing control again. He needed to get a hold of himself if he was ever going to get this fucking impulsive shit under control. Dan needed to speak and say something. His cock throbbed, requiring his wife's attention.

"Your office - at work." Dan finally managed to whisper. He saw a smile flash on Sarah's face.

"Well," The hot breath that came with her words seemed to heat up his cock. Her tongue finally made brief contact with his balls, causing his entire body to stiffen. "...I heard Lester is supposed to be coming into the hospital this week. What if he corners me in my office again, Dan? I told him not to last time. We made that deal.

Did you want me to change it and fuck him there? There isn't any closet you can hide in to watch."

That's not what he'd meant. He'd meant the two of them. Sarah and him. Her husband. But hearing Lester's name being brought up in the car - Sarah using it to tease him here and her willingness, at least during this little roleplay, to indulge the idea of fucking Lester at work was too much for him.

"That's, uh, fuck," Dan said as Sarah's tongue began to work up his shaft. "I meant me in your office. Me and you." In his head, the picture of Lester's reddened, straining face as his balls exploded and emptied into and onto his wife almost made Dan erupt just then. He opened his eyes, trying to focus on what was happening inside the car.

"Mhmmm," Sarah's mouth wrapped around the tip of Dan's cock. Her tongue felt so warm and wet around his cockhead. The horny husband's breath caught his throat, and he threw his head back onto the top of the seat. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the feeling as Sarah wrapped her hand around his shaft and started to stroke him as her tongue danced with the head of his cock. He watched as his wife skillfully took his entire length into her mouth, the head of his cock at the opening to her throat.

After a few minutes of sucking, she finally broke contact with him. Dan lifted his head, and Sarah was staring up at him with her fuck me eyes. "Are you sure that's what you really want? To fuck me in my office at work? Or are you just trying to be a good boy? I bet I know what you really want to see. I know you're really a bad boy. You want to see my boyfriend fucking me on my desk, don't you? He'd be a lot to handle during work hours."

Dan groaned. This wasn't what he'd planned at all. Sarah knew what buttons to push and was just trying to please him. He couldn't look at her as he battled his inner demons. He put his head back onto the seat as she continued.

"Lester already takes me out to expensive restaurants. It's weird. At first, I thought I would hate it but I actually have enjoyed all the dates he has taken me on. Maybe it's because I know that after the dates, I'll be fucked good..." Sarah was stroking his cock faster.

"...really, really fucking good. Nobody makes me cum that hard." He felt her breath on his balls, and her tongue began to lick circles into them. He groaned, pushing his balls up towards her tongue.

"What a lucky girl I am," Sarah said between licks of him. He felt her tongue everywhere: his balls, the bottom of his shaft, her tongue even darting under his sack, causing him to squirm. "Not many other women get to have a husband and a boyfriend. One to take care of them and the other to fuck the shit out of them. Though I have to say, Lester has been serving both roles lately."

"But I think you secretly like that. Don't you, Dan? Like having Lester take control." Judging by the tasty mess you left on the wall of your room last time, I'd say that's true. Mhmmm. I can't believe I did that. Licked up your cum off the wall. You really have pushed me into becoming such a naughty wife. You and your roommate."

Dan grabbed the back of Sarah's head and pulled her to his dick. Sarah moaned as his dick went back into her mouth. He held the back of her head down as she started to bob up and down on his dick, her hand wrapped around the shaft, gripping him tightly. He needed her to stop talking. To stop bringing up Lester and what he does to her. She probably thought her teasing was pushing him over the edge. And it was; that was the problem. He'd wanted a Lester-free night, but still, here he was, thinking about the guy brutally fucking her, making her cum over and over again. And he didn't want to hear about the mess blasted on the wall again. He hadn't told her that it wasn't his. The thought disgusted and turned him on, but he needed her to stop bringing it up. The moaning mewls his wife made as she blew him were starting to get him there, just a-

Dan's eyes blinked as a light shone on them. He snapped them open to see what it was. Another car was pulling into the lot. The gravel crunching under the weight of the tires. It stayed still for a moment, its headlights shining on their car. Eventually, it turned and pulled up a few spaces away from them.

"We have company," Dan whispered as he released Sarah's head. Hopefully, the stranger's presence would interrupt her teasing about Lester. He wanted this to be about them, not his fat troll roommate.

"Do you think he saw us?" Sarah whispered, her hand still gripping Dan's cock.

"I don't know," Dan breathed, his eyes fixated on the car. Knowing someone was this close to them. To see his wife in a sexual way. This is what he wanted: to explore their fantasies alone. Well, not alone, just not with Lester.

The interior light of the other car came on for a split second as the driver door opened and a man got out. The man loitered around his car for a second, but was clearly looking in their direction. Waiting for some kind of signal or assessment of the situation, Dan wasn't sure.

Sarah held Dan's cock as they both watched the stranger make his way around his car and slowly walk towards them. Both of them were breathing harder with every step the man took in their direction.

Dan could partially make him out in the moonlight. A bit older than they were. Likely in his forties. Looked a little rough around the edges. He likely did a blue-collar job of some kind based on his appearance. Maybe he was just getting off of a shift.

"Dan, our windows aren't tinted like on Lester's car," Sarah said as she slowly stroked Dan's cock. "He is going to be able to see everything. To see me."

"I know," Dan whispered back. His eyes darted to the door locks to double-check that they were engaged. The man stepped up to the window of the car, his eyes immediately looking them over before coming to rest on Sarah's kneeling form.

Dan could tell the guy liked what he saw. The arousal on his face was clear. Sarah took her hand off Dan's cock, which made him look back at her.

"Well, now that our VIP has arrived, we can get this party started," Sarah said, raising an eyebrow at Dan. She pulled out the band, holding her hair in a bun. Dan wasn't sure if the stranger could hear what she had said. He probably could, but Dan wasn't sure.

Sarah's golden locks tumbled down, framing her beautiful face. *God, this woman's incredible.*

His wife reached down and grabbed the bottom of her oversized hoodie and pulled it off, revealing her a sexy white sports bra underneath. The kind that made her cleavage look amazing, and he would be incredibly jealous of the guys at the gym if she'd ever actually worn it to go work out.

Dan thought he heard the guy outside mutter something, but Dan's eyes were focused on Sarah's body. He didn't know she was planning this or had been hiding such sexy underwear under those frumpy clothes.

"How do you like the show so far?" Sarah said. Dan was about to respond but realized Sarah was looking out the window at the stranger. She wasn't talking to him at all. His wife put her hand to her neck and brought it down her body, caressing her right breast, the one closest to the man outside the car.

The guy just stood there and nodded back, his eyes feasting on the visible skin of Sarah's breasts. "Well, the show isn't over yet," Sarah said as she stood up, partly hunched over and turned her sweatpant-clad ass towards the window. She backed up until her ass was directly in front of the man's face and slowly lowered her sweatpants. Her ass slowly, teasingly, came into view as she exposed herself to this older man. This stranger. Sarah was wearing a matching pair of white bikini bottoms, the thong type that cut down towards her rear, exposing her entire ass cheeks. Dan heard the guy try the door handle. Thankfully, it was still locked.

Sarah either didn't hear the rattling or chose to ignore it as she stepped out of her sweatpants and knelt back in front of her husband. She reached out and grabbed Dan's cock again and began to stroke it while she turned towards the man, giving him a great view of her chest and the rest of her body.

Dan sat back in ecstasy as Sarah stroked his dick with one hand while putting herself on display for this stranger. This was what he had wanted. To take the power of their fantasies out of Lester's hands and put them back in his.

"Oops," Sarah innocently said as she lowered one of her bra straps, letting it dangle loosely next to her bicep. "How silly of me."

Sarah looked at Dan with a confident smile, letting him know she was in control of what was happening. Her gaze shifted back to the stranger at the window. Seeing her attention on another man was driving him crazy. The way she looked at him, her posture, everything about it said, *'Take me.'*

He was glad the doors were locked and that their fantasy was contained, but what if they weren't? What if the doors were unlocked, and this guy opened one? How far would Sarah let things go? How far would Dan let things go?

Sarah kept eye contact with the man as she lowered her head towards Dan's dick. She eventually turned her head and opened her mouth, warmly welcoming his cock back again. "Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned around Dan's dick. Her hand gripped the base, stroking and squeezing him. Sarah's other hand reached up and lowered her other bra strap, exposing both her bare shoulders to this stranger.

Dan felt his balls begin to tighten. As if on cue, Sarah pulled her lips off his cock and turned to the stranger, "Don't you wish this was you? With me kneeling before you with your cock in my mouth?"

The guy simply nodded again, but Dan noticed his arm moving in an unnatural way. Actually, it was too natural. He must be stroking himself out there.

"HmMMM, I bet you do," Sarah said, raising an eyebrow at the stranger. "Would you just sit here and let me blow you? Cum in my mouth? Or would you try to fuck me? Fuck me until I screamed for you to cum inside me?"

The guy's arm movements became more erratic. Sarah's teasing was clearly affecting him. She turned her attention back to Dan's cock and slowly licked her tongue down its length until she started to lap at his balls. Her hand never stopped stroking his shaft.

"Mhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned loudly. Too loudly. She wanted the stranger to hear her. "I bet you would taste good. I'm picturing you sitting here instead of my husband."

Sarah turned her head. Her cheek rested on Dan's thigh. Her tongue was still darting out, licking Dan's balls as she said, "I bet you have a really big, meaty cock don't you?"

The guy's jerking got even quicker. Dan could feel his balls start to tighten again at the way Sarah was talking dirty to this man. This stranger. She knew just what to do to put him over the edge. Usually, when he watched Sarah act this way, he touched himself. Feeling her touch on him at the same time was just too fucking much for him.

Dan's breathing became more rapid. Sarah looked up at him, knowing that her husband was getting close to coming. She rose up, stroking his cock. She pressed her breasts together with her arms, putting a show on for Dan. Urging him to cum. She bit her lip and looked down at his dick and then back up at him. She smiled wickedly and turned to the stranger.

"Maybe tomorrow night I'll come out here without my husband. And we'll see which of you can last longer for me and whose cock is bigger." Sarah smiled and then lowered her lips down onto Dan's dick just as he thrust up into the air.

"Ah fuck," Dan gritted his teeth as he came. His balls felt like a weight had been lifted as his cum shot out directly into Sarah's mouth. His wife moaned as he started to empty himself into her. Sarah held his cock firmly in her hand, directing the trajectory of his ejaculation. She didn't hesitate. She swallowed load after load of Dan's hot cum down her throat.

Dan slumped back, exhausted from cumming. Sarah's mouth stayed connected to his cock, her hand gently stroking him. She sucked any last remnants of cum out of him before swirling her tongue around the head of his cock, causing his body to shudder.

Then she turned and looked back up at the stranger. He seemed to be panting as well, his arm no longer jerking himself off. Seeing a woman like Sarah and hearing her teasing words seemed to be too much for him.

The man stared at her for what felt like a full minute before nodding to her and turning back towards his vehicle. Sarah sat back on her knees, looking down at Dan's dick covered in her spit. She smiled at the exhausted expression on his face.

"So," She said, "Did I do good?"

"God, you were amazing," Dan muttered as he tried to find his boxers and pants. He didn't think his cock would get soft for at least a day.

Sarah licked her lips, "It's so much better this way. Tastes so much better when it's hot and fresh. Much better than licking it up off of the wall."

Dan's body froze, unable to respond. Sarah didn't seem to notice. She quickly pulled her sweatshirt back on and awkwardly shimmied into her sweatpants.

"It's almost eleven. Let's get back and relieve my parents from duty," Sarah said, lithely climbing into the front seat.

"Yeah," Dan said, trying to compose himself. His crotch felt slick as he pulled his boxers over it, followed by his pants. The man was pulling away in his car as Dan settled back into the driver seat. He looked over at Sarah, who was smiling back.

"You're amazing, you know that?" Dan said.

"Oh, I know," Sarah said, grinning.

Dan started the car and navigated to the parking lot's exit lane. He felt good. Not just because he had cum but because he felt like tonight had been a success. They'd done it, and it hadn't gone too far. He was starting to take back control. This was just one night, but it was an important step in wresting the power of their fantasies back from Lester.



IT WAS ALMOST time for the weekly management meeting. Sarah scrolled through the email on her monitor, scanning for anything urgent that she had to address today. It seemed like all the big fires had been put out, and there wasn't anything pressing to tackle after the meeting.

Still, she was sure a flurry of emails would come during the meeting. Her job had seemed to morph since Drew was fired from his position. The interim CEO, John, was doing a great job getting the board happy and motivated about the future of the hospital, but

all of the day-to-day operational things that Drew had overseen had fallen on her. John wasn't the kind of leader to get lost in the weeds. He was more big-picture.

Unfortunately, that meant a lot more work was falling on Sarah's shoulders these days. She tried to delegate as much as she could, empowering department heads and other team leads to make their own decisions, but it was an arduous process—one she was still ironing out on a constant basis.

However, all these changes would be welcomed if she were to get the CEO position. Just thinking about it seemed stupid, like it would make it not happen, jinx it somehow. Both Jerry and her husband had given her the impression that they thought that she could actually handle the role, though. These past few weeks of essentially doing Drew's job had proved to her that she could handle it, too. Even John seemed to hint at times that the board was seriously considering her a lead candidate for the role.

Getting the role would change things for Sarah and her family. Not only would it be a huge recognition for her years of work, but it would also mean a meteoric rise in her career. The salary change alone would be staggering. Dan would move back home, and they could figure out the next steps of his career together. They could be a real family again.

Still, she was guarded against getting her hopes up too much. She'd had her heart broken too many times over the past few years to open herself up like that. She'd hoped in secret and had done things like trying to straighten out new processes that could make her life as CEO easier.

She exited her email app and rubbed her eyes. It was still a lot of work, and she would have looked forward to going to Chicago for a break. Unfortunately, she was staying put for now. It just wasn't a good time to leave. She still needed to fulfill her obligation to Lester for a date before the end of the month.

Lester. She stood up from her chair and walked over to the large window behind her. She looked out over the parking lot, trying to find Lester's car. She couldn't see it, but he was supposed to be there today to do some things for Jerry. Her mind kept getting stuck

on the phrase *penetration testing* that she didn't hear the list of other things Jerry had mentioned.

Intellectually, she knew that she didn't find Lester attractive. He was everything in a man that she didn't like. Sloppy, lazy, ugly, fat, and pretty much an asshole. She remembered back to when she hadn't been able to stand being around him. He had given her the creeps. She knew those were real memories. Sarah could still identify with feeling that way. But she couldn't hide that she felt this pull to him whenever he was around. That what had offended her before now got her immediately aroused. She felt it now, just thinking about it.

She didn't know what it was. Almost surely, it was the mind-blowing orgasms and sex he had with her. Maybe it was just a short-term stress relief that she needed, but she couldn't help but feel drawn towards him. Rationalizing and overlooking all those character and physical traits she had previously found so repulsive.

She couldn't help but feel a strange attraction to him. It felt messed up, though, and not the same way she was attracted to Dan or previous boyfriends. She got a shiver just thinking about it. The pull she felt towards Lester felt almost toxic. It was dangerous, and she knew it was bad for her, but at the same time, it was strong—incredibly strong. It made her want to expose herself and make herself vulnerable to him, let him do whatever he told her he wanted.

Sarah checked her watch. It was time to head downstairs for her meeting, and she needed to make sure her head was on straight. Before leaving her office, she took a sip from her bottle of water, retrieved a few vitamins, supplements, and other pills from her purse, and quickly swallowed them.

She looked over herself in the mirror mounted on the wall. Even though part of her brain told her she looked good, she still felt like a mess. Sarah liked the outfit she had worn today. A smart dark blue button-up dress shirt with a cute collar tastefully showing off the tanned skin of her neck. It looked very professional, but her bust pressing against the fabric also made it look sexy. The shirt was tucked into high-waisted dress pants at her navel that hugged her

hips and ass but wore loose over her legs. The straight cut of the pants ran down to just above her ankle, and she paired it with silver heels on her bare feet. Even though the only skin she was showing was that of her hands, the tops of her feet, and a bit of her neck, it was an incredibly sexy outfit. Almost as sexy as what she wore underneath.

Then she took a second to compose herself and put her professional face back on before leaving the safety of her office. She walked down the hallway towards the elevator, hoping she wouldn't accidentally run into Lester on the way to her meeting.

The doors opened to an empty elevator. Sarah couldn't help but feel a pang of disappointment that he wasn't standing before her in the small room. She punched in the floor she needed to go to and rode it down.

She felt on edge and needed time to just relax away from the hospital. She was hoping that her night with Dan in the car would have helped alleviate things but it hadn't. Playing with Dan in public was fun, as was putting on a show for the stranger that showed up but something had been missing.

Sarah hadn't felt that same level of satisfaction or stress release that she normally did when she visited Dan in Chicago. Maybe it was because she only gave Dan a blowjob and hadn't gotten off herself. That was probably all it was.

The elevator opened, and Sarah stepped out, navigating the hallway with expertly confident steps as she found the conference room. She briefly greeted her colleagues before settling into an empty chair away from the others. She wasn't in the mood for small talk today.

Her phone vibrated in her pocket. The meeting room was still filling up and John wasn't here yet so she felt safe to check it. The message was from Dan.

D: Hope your day is going well baby. I love you. Just settling in here at Starbucks for a side business call. Wish me luck.

Sarah began to type up a response to her husband when she got another notification. This time it was from Lester.

L: What are you wearing? Send me a pic.

Then another message popped up containing a picture of Lester's large juicy cock. She stared at it for several seconds before quickly closing her app and putting her phone face down on the table. She recognized the background of that photo. He was somewhere in the building, probably in a cubicle somewhere in IT, with his cock out.

Sarah looked around the room to see if anyone had noticed. Thankfully, everyone else was engaged in conversations. Her phone buzzed on the table in front of her, causing a few people to look in her direction.

She reached out and quickly retrieved it, nodding in apology to her colleagues. She didn't know who the message would be from, Dan or Lester. Holding the phone close to herself and double-checking that no one was getting close to her, she opened the message.

L: I showed you mine. Now show me yours.

Sarah felt her breathing quicken as she quickly typed up a response.

S: I can't. I almost got caught last time. I told you I can't do this at work anymore.

John and Jerry walked into the room, carrying on a conversation from wherever they had just come from. Sarah began to tuck her phone away when another message appeared on the screen.

L: But last time in my room, you said yes to getting fucked in your office. I still plan on that.

Sarah quickly typed a response as everyone was quieting down.

S: That was Lady Val. Not me. Gotta go.

She held the power button on her phone and shut it off. She couldn't imagine it vibrating non-stop with dick pics from Lester while she was here with all her colleagues. John began talking to the group, exchanging pleasantries with everyone before diving into things.

These meetings had established a somewhat normal rhythm over the past few weeks. Every department head briefed John on urgent issues and the status of different activities that arose from the last meeting. Of course, Sarah already knew where everything was at. So did John, for that matter, since she prepared a daily briefing

email for him, but he still liked to have these meetings and hear from the department heads himself.

Everyone went around the room providing updates until the meeting was almost concluded. As Sarah thought things were wrapping up, John held up a hand, urging everyone to stay for a moment.

“Just one more thing. A quick announcement. As you know, the board has been conducting a thorough and exhaustive search for the hospital’s next CEO, and I am excited to announce that they have made an offer for a stellar candidate.”

Sarah’s heart dropped. She hadn’t heard anything, and she hadn’t even gotten a chance to interview for the position. They wouldn’t just give it to her, would they? There hadn’t been an offer in her email inbox a few minutes ago. Jerry looked in her direction, but Sarah couldn’t take his eyes off John, waiting to hear what he would say next.

A buzz of excited murmurs filled the room. Several people cast glances in her direction. It wasn’t the best-kept secret that she was a favored replacement.

“The offer hasn’t been accepted yet, but we’re really excited about this candidate. He brings a wealth of experience from Aurora near Chicago that we would be extremely lucky to get. He is decisive and already has a plan to transform this hospital, which the board is really excited about.”

Sarah felt herself grinding her teeth, trying not to show how much she was seething. It wasn’t just that they didn’t give it to her. They didn’t even give her an opportunity to fight for it. John continued, “I just want to add that the board looked at this from all angles and spent many nights deliberating about where the hospital’s future is headed, especially after recent events. We looked at where the hospital was going and how it was operating internally. We looked at every possible option for this role, which is the best hospital route.”

His eyes briefly locked with hers before quickly looking away. *Coward*. There it was. His last line was specifically meant for her.

Basically, telling her in front of everyone: *'Don't ask me about this. The decision is final. It was cute you thought you had a chance.'*



DAN TOOK a sip of his caffè americano before pulling out his headphones. He had slipped away from the office for an early lunch to take this call with Sentinel Security. They'd finally had time to review his proposal and wanted to discuss it. Dan had built some buffer into his quote but still hoped they didn't try to negotiate him down too much. He hoped they weren't just about to butter him up and keep things at a standstill.

Landing them as a client would be a game changer and help make up much of the ground he'd lost when his company cut his pay. After a big layoff and with all the other departures, he was surprised Walt hadn't given him a raise to get him to stick around. Maybe Dan should have asked, but until then, he had his own longer-term, sustainable plans to make - just like his plan to wean himself off Lester and his wife. He felt confident about his ability to get his fantasies under control. The more he thought about it, the more he thought that the best way would be to go cold turkey and detox his brain.

He still needed to protect Sarah but maybe she would be okay on her own. She knew how to handle herself and showed just how in control she was the other day in the car with that stranger. After the events in their home with the wedding dress, he swore he would always be present. Part of that was due to just how far Sarah seemed to be willing to go but also not wanting to be left behind himself, needing to be a spectator to this disgusting affair that was taking place in front of him.

Dan had jerked off many times to the memory of that night and others. His fantasies seemed to be seeping into other areas of his life, which is why he needed to cut himself off from them and focus. He couldn't let Lester control him.

He still needed to talk to Sarah about this and find out what she thought. God, it had been so long since they'd had an opportunity to talk about this stuff.

With two minutes to go before his call, an email popped up on the laptop screen before him. It was from Bill, the guy with Elevate Engagement. He was surprised because he didn't think they'd planned to actually follow through on things.

He read over the email. Elevate wanted to hire him on a consulting basis, paid hourly. They didn't try to negotiate down his hourly rate at all. He would be making the \$150 an hour he asked for. It looked like Bill was a stand-up guy after all. Well, it looked like he must have made an impression, at least on Bill. He quickly wrote down a to do-list item for himself to reply to their email but right now he needed to jump on this call with Sentinel Security.

Dan navigated to Microsoft Teams on his laptop and opened the meeting. Several boxes appeared on the screen of other individuals, none had their cameras on so Dan left his off as well. It was easier this way anyways. Sentinel seemed kind of stiff, and he didn't want to advertise that he was taking the call from a Starbucks.

"Hi everyone. I'm Dan Williams. It's great to meet you," Dan said enthusiastically to the group.

"Dan, great to talk to you again," Dan recognized the voice. It was his point of contact from Sentinel Martin Rivera. "We're eager to talk with you. I have some of my colleagues here that are interested in discussing your proposal for our data center projects."

Martin introduced his colleagues before delving into the specifics of Dan's proposal. They hammered him on certain details, which Dan felt justified in defending. Dan held his ground and asked them several hypothetical questions the group hadn't considered. Dan glanced at the clock and knew he was due back in the office soon. Still, he wasn't going to cut this call short. This one could be a game-changer for his finances.

"Well, Dan," Martin seemed to be wrapping up the call. "...we did review proposals from other firms, but we like the personal attention you've shown us. We're going to move forward with bringing you on board here as our main expert consultant on this project. However,

we will send back some amendments we think need consideration. First, we will need you to be in the office occasionally. Some matters of the project are delicate in nature, and we don't want to discuss them over the phone or email. Would that be a problem?"

Dan wasn't sure how he would make that work but would figure it out. Martin was based in Washington, D.C., but Dan could likely bill them for airfare. Maybe Sarah would want to go on another mini getaway. He would have to see how much leverage he had with Walt to see if he could work remotely during those trips. But that might mean a reduction in his ability to work remotely back home.

"That's not a problem," Dan said, "We just need to establish a schedule. I do have other clients and commitments, so we'll need to discuss those trips ahead of time."

"Great," Martin said, "Well, perhaps we can go over other details offline and let the rest of the group get back to work. We're really excited to meet you in person, Dan. Thanks again for the proposal. I know it's going to be great working with you."

"I feel the same way. Thank you everyone. Have a great afternoon." Dan said as he pressed the red button, closing the window. He sat back and took it in for a second. He'd just landed two new clients in thirty minutes. Things felt like they were finally clicking into place, and he soon would dig himself out of his hole.

Maybe just one or two more clients, and he could stop this fucked up arrangement with Lester. Then, if he got a few more long-term ones, he could quit his job and move back home while he continued to build his business or look at other opportunities. He would at least give himself some breathing room. He just needed time. Time to get it all together.

Time. He checked the time on his computer. Shit. He needed to get back to the office. Dan didn't want to draw too much attention by taking extended lunch breaks. Walt hadn't noticed anything yet, but Dan didn't want to advertise where and why he ran out of the office every day. Still, he couldn't wait to tell Sarah the news. Two pieces of good news on one day was rare. He was already planning on heading back home to Middleton later this week. Now they'd have something to celebrate.

After quickly packing his laptop away in his bag, Dan grabbed his coffee and headed toward the exit. He'd only walked a few feet out of Starbucks when someone called his name.

"Mr. Williams," The man said.

Dan turned to see a man around his age in a sharp-looking suit standing in the shade against the wall. He looked around to see if anyone else was approaching him. The street was full of people walking by, but none seemed to be fixated on Dan as the man was.

"That's me. Who are you?" Dan said cautiously.

"Call me Peter. I'm interested in retaining your services. The sustainability points you put out on LinkedIn are very impressive and well-researched. You clearly know your stuff." The nondescript man stood up off the wall and walked toward him, hand extended.

Dan cautiously shook the man's hand, "Nice to meet you, Peter. Did you just happen to be waiting outside this Starbucks for me?"

The man smiled, "You got me, guilty. I recognized you but didn't want to interrupt your call, so I waited."

Dan didn't recall seeing this guy in Starbucks. Not that he was keeping tabs on everyone - this guy didn't seem particularly noteworthy.

"What exactly are you looking for?" Dan asked.

"I'm interested in retaining your services. Particularly if you get in touch with an old client of yours, we're interested in any information you might be able to provide about one of their current projects." Peter said, smiling as if what he'd just said was perfectly legitimate.

Somehow his smile wasn't reflected in his eyes. "Who exactly do you work for, Mr...." Dan let his sentence hang there, leaving space for the man to provide his last name.

"Just 'Peter' if you please," the man smiled emptily. "We'll pay handsomely. In fact, if you could arrange to work for that company, we would even pay you a salary on top of what they pay you. Seems like a win-win, huh?"

Something was off about this. Dan didn't like it. "And I suppose you won't let me know who you work for?"

Peter's lips curled into a tight grin. "All you need to know is that I work for a party that is very interested in some non-public projects

that an acquaintance of yours is working on."

Alright. Red flags were going up in Dan's mind. This was beginning to sound dangerous, almost like corporate espionage. Dan couldn't help himself; he wanted to know more.

"What's the company you want me to spy on?" Dan said, cutting through the cloak-and-dagger bullshit this guy was selling.

The man winced at the word *spy*. He looked around the sidewalk at the people passing by. Then, he gently grabbed Dan's elbow and gestured for him to go off to the side towards the building.

"The Lincoln Group. You worked with Byron before he fired your company, right? He has a few projects under his portfolio we want to know about. Like I said, we would compensate you."

The Lincoln Group. What the fuck was this about, and what the fuck were they working on that some company would reach out to him in such a shady manner?

"How much are we talking here?" Dan asked.

"It depends on what you are able to procure," Peter whispered, "We would give you a base salary for your trouble and bonuses for valuable information you can provide. All cash."

"There's one problem here *Peter*," Dan said. He didn't feel comfortable with this. He was just digging himself out of his issues and this felt like he would be jumping back into a world of trouble. "The last time I spoke with Byron, I told him to go fuck himself. That guy hates my guts."

Peter's smile disappeared. "Byron is known for holding grudges. There is no way he is going to work with you now."

"I had the same thought," Dan said. "He didn't sound too happy the last time we talked."

"Tread lightly, friend," Peter said as he reached into his suit jacket. He pulled out a white card and handed it to Dan. Dan looked it over. It was blank, except for a telephone number written in black ink.

"In case anything changes," Peter said before joining the stream of bodies moving on the sidewalk. Dan stood there and watched him disappear around a corner, unsure what had just happened.

Dan had put the Lincoln Group behind him. He hadn't expected ever to hear their name again. This day had just taken a bizarre turn, and he didn't know what to make of it. Still unsure what all of it meant, Dan checked his watch. He was late.

Hurrying up the sidewalk, he walked briskly back to his office. Sarah would be interested in that conversation. It dawned on him that he hadn't even told her the good news about Engage and Sentinel. Once he got back to his office, he would call her.



THIS JOB WAS A JOKE. Sure, it could be a full-time job for somebody else, but what Jerry and the other idiots from the hospital's IT team wanted Lester to do was a joke - shockingly simple. They were all generalists pretending to know what they were doing.

No wonder it had been so easy for Lester to access and sabotage their systems. Now, they had him doing all kinds of tests, trying to infiltrate their network and highlight other holes that needed patching. It was easy but tedious.

He'd rather be at home playing video games than in this dumb little town. He couldn't deny that the job came with one perk: being close to Sarah Williams.

Lester punched in the number on the vending machine and watched the bag of Cheetos drop down. He retrieved it and headed back down the hallway. He wasn't where he was supposed to be. The IT guys had set aside a cubicle for him, but he'd already completed the work he needed to do on this trip. He had automated scripts running, so he didn't waste his time like these other peons.

No, he wanted to find her. She hadn't been in her office when he checked earlier, so no, he was walking the halls hoping to run into her. It wasn't that big of a hospital, after all. Lester believed that her routes must be predictable. Sarah wouldn't be in any patient rooms and would likely stick to conference rooms or department heads' offices. He followed a general route, checking these rooms off but had detoured for a snack.

Lester opened the bag and started to finger around inside it before finding a handful of delicious Cheetos. He downed them and reached back for another. These bags were always too fucking small. At least he had another bag inside his backpack for later.

He licked his thumb free of Cheeto dust and opened his phone as he walked down the hallway. A smile spread across his face as he opened Discord. His D&D group was still reeling from their last session. Ned had basically resorted to treating Lester like a god. The guy already didn't have a backbone, and now he felt comfortable being Lester's doormat. *It's always good to have a lackey.*

Ned was already asking to host the next campaign at his game store. He thought having Sarah there might be good for business. Lester had no plans to let the group see Sarah again. His mission had been accomplished.

Eugene had been pacified and now largely stayed silent. He wondered if his plan would have worked so well if Dan hadn't let Eugene have a turn at the peephole. That had surprised Lester and hadn't been something he accounted for.

Lester rounded a corner and headed back towards the elevators. He had checked the video feeds in his apartment after he had fucked Sarah in his room. Knowing the group's reaction after he left with Sarah had always been part of his plan. But he had been surprised at seeing Eugene at the peephole. Dan had just stepped aside and let him watch, and then he'd finished on the wall.

It still confused him, but he didn't really care. Dan was weak, and it was Lester's job to make him realize that. As much as Dan probably thought he was above the rest of the group, he would eventually learn he was just a doormat like Ned. Lester pushed the button to call the elevator. He stepped back and leaned against the wall as he finished his bag of Cheetos.

Eugene had seemed thrilled at seeing Sarah naked but disturbed at watching Lester fuck her. Lester didn't like to share unless it was under his terms. Eugene caught a glimpse of something he shouldn't. Lester made a note to pay him back for that one day.

But not even Eugene knew what happened after he left the room. After he left that mess on the wall. Sarah had actually gone in

there and cleaned it up, tasting it. *Fucking Eugene...*

It was Lester's fault. He shouldn't have let his emotions get the better of him by bringing the D&D group there. He just wanted to put Eugene in his place. Which ended up being the result of the night. But a nugget had also appeared. Dan knew that Sarah cleaned up Eugene's mess thinking it was his. Her husband never admitted it wasn't. Lester wondered whether Dan had admitted the truth to his wife yet. And if he hadn't, how would she react.

Lester looked left and right down the hallway. No one was there. So Lester dropped the small bag of Cheetos behind him on the ground. The elevator dinged and opened. Much to his delight, Sarah Williams was standing in there waiting for him.

She looked surprised to see him. However, the rest of her features appeared upset. Something was bugging her. Lester stepped into the elevator and pressed the button for his floor. He nodded to her, "Sarah."

Then he turned his back to her, playing hard to get. He knew she liked attention, and by denying that to her, he was already pushing her where he wanted her to be —where she needed to be.

They stood there silently for a few seconds before Lester finally turned and asked her, "Everything okay?"

"Yeah. I'm fine," Sarah said. Clearly a lie. "Just got some news I'm not thrilled about."

"Oh yeah? What is it?" Lester said, doing his best impression of a concerned person.

"It's nothing," Sarah sighed, "Just forget I said anything. I'm not really in a talkative mood right now, okay?"

"Sure, sure," Lester said, turning back to face the elevator doors, "I have a lot of work. I promised Jerry I'd get it done by the end of the week. I should probably get back to."

Sarah didn't respond. When the doors opened, Lester stepped out. Before they could close behind him, Lester held them open and said, "I know why you're upset, and I'm sorry for my part in all of it."

"Um, what?" Sarah said confused, "It doesn't have anything to do with you."

"It's my fault the guys were there. You know the D&D guys in our apartment?" Lester said. The elevator doors started to softly beep in protest.

"That's, that's not what-" Sarah started before Lester cut her off.

"I'm sorry that Eugene watched you at the peephole. He told me all about it after," Lester lied. The look of shock on Sarah's face told him everything he needed to know. Dan hadn't told her. She hadn't realized that Eugene had watched them. Saw her naked. So he decided to turn the screws a little more, "It was gross and uncalled for. He didn't even clean up the mess he made on the wall. I'm sorry if you or Dan had to clean it up."

Sarah's face dropped as she realized what had actually occurred. Before she could respond, Lester stepped back and let the elevator doors close. He was grinning from ear to ear as he walked back into the IT office and sat down at his cubicle. His scripts were still running, doing the job of a team double the size of the one the hospital employed.

Lester had just dropped a bombshell on Sarah. It was time to see what she would do and where the pieces would fall. All Lester knew for sure was that he would be the one to pick up the pieces when the dust settled.



IT HADN'T TAKEN Dan long to shake off the odd encounter at Starbucks. He was still riding high on landing two new clients in one afternoon, and he couldn't wait to tell Sarah about them and that strange interaction.

After a few client calls and a meeting with Walt, he was finally back in the privacy of his own office. Walt painted a nice picture of the firm, but the growing number of empty desks gave Dan a different impression.

Perhaps they were just finding efficiencies, but he still couldn't shake the feeling that he was on a sinking ship. Part of that might have been on him for how he dealt with Jesse and the Lincoln

group, but no company should depend on one client to survive. There must have been more systemic issues before they'd gotten to that point.

Still, that was kind of the position Dan was boxing himself into. If he ever did go completely out on his own with his own roster of clients, he would be beholden to them. Sentinel was a big get but he needed at least a couple of them to feel safe about the future. Safe enough to leave.

Dan walked around his desk and took a seat. His monitor had plenty of pending emails, but they could wait. He was anxious to speak with Sarah about everything that had happened that day. She was going to be ecstatic at the news. One person whose support Dan could always rely on was his wife, Sarah.

He dialed her number and waited for her to answer. Sometimes, she was in meetings but would send a covert text back to him. Other times, she just couldn't answer, which was fine. They both knew that sometimes, work obligations came first.

This time she picked up after a few rings.

"Hey babe, I got some great news. Two of the prospects I've been talking to want to work with me. I landed Engage. I told you about that one. The guy's name is Bill. He's from here in Chicago, and the other one is in DC. Sentinel Security. They said I might need to go out there on occasion, which I'll have to figure out with Walt and --"

"Dan," Sarah interrupted. "I want to ask you something."

Her tone caused the hair on the back of Dan's neck to stick up. What did she want to know? Was it something about one of the clients he just mentioned?

"Back during the D&D game in the apartment, when I left with Lester to go into the bedroom. I wanted to know, which position was your favorite?" Sarah asked.

Dan stayed silent for a second, puzzled at the abrupt change in topics. He was trying to figure out how the dots connected but couldn't see it. Maybe she was asking as a way to plan out something in the future. But that tone of hers. Something was off here.

"Uh, I don't know if I have a favorite, but it really turned me on to see you riding Lester," Dan said. In truth, that was the only position he remembered before he moved aside and let Eugene watch.

"That's it?" Sarah said, "Was that when I was riding him normally or when I did it reverse cowgirl?" Sarah asked.

"Normal," Dan responded. Now, his mind was flooding with all of the things he might have missed by letting that older man watch in his place.

"Hmmm," Sarah said with an edge to her voice, "I was surprised you never mentioned the dildo."

The dildo? Dan wanted to say, but instead, he chose his words carefully, "What about it?"

"Nothing, I just thought that you'd mention it. That's all. It was a new thing for us." Sarah continued, "Me sucking off Lester while he fucked me with a dildo. Did it turn you on?"

Dan felt like he was circling the drain here but he didn't see a clear way out of it. "I wasn't sure."

"Wasn't sure of what? Did it turn you on or not?" Sarah said.

"Kind of? I don't really know how I feel," Dan said, hoping that was a safe response.

"You weren't at the peephole at all, were you?" Sarah's anger was clear. "It wasn't your cum on the wall at all, was it?"

"Ah, fuck," Dan breathed, wincing at the fact that she'd probably just heard him. "I was, but then that guy found out and watched."

"So, you just let this other guy watch me and Lester fuck and then didn't say anything about it? I thought that was your cum on the wall, Dan. God, I licked it up and swallowed part of it. Do you know how fucked up that sounds?" Sarah said.

"Yeah, I know. It's fucked up," Dan felt like the wind had been taken out of his sails. "I didn't go in there meaning to. It just sort of happened. You know how I can get about letting someone watch you."

"What about after?" Sarah said. "I told you I licked it up, and you said nothing. Then, even the other day in the car, I brought it up, and you played it off again. Why didn't you tell me?"

Fuck. "It just felt like one of those things that got away from me, and I didn't know how to walk it back. I meant to talk to you about it, but I just have the opportunity."

"Dan. I'm not mad that you let someone watch. I'm not even that mad about the cum, even though it's disgusting to think about. It's the fact that you didn't say anything. Even after we had planned to do these things together. We're supposed to be a team, and you're hiding things."

"Well, how about you and Lester just leaving and going off to the room? Leaving me with all those guys. After everything, why was that okay to do?" Dan fired back.

"What? Do you want me to fuck Lester in front of all of his friends? Is that what you want? What's your fantasy now? We're only here because you pushed for it to happen." Sarah said.

"Please, you've been loving every second of it lately. Don't forget I've seen you with him. I know how you get lost in it. It's not just about my fantasies anymore. You're enjoying yourself too." Dan's face felt flush. He looked out the window of his office into the cubicle farm beyond. It dawned on him that he was speaking louder than usual.

"You know what? I am." Sarah said, "I didn't think I would, but you pushed me onto him, and now I enjoy fucking Lester. Is that what you wanted to hear? He gets his job done. He fucks me so good that I think about him all the time now. How fucked up is that, huh?"

Dan was at a loss for words. He didn't know how to respond. Hearing her say those words stung, not because of the malice in her voice but because of the truth behind them. He pushed her towards Lester, which was his fault because he lost his job. Dan put them into this situation and now he had to deal with the consequences.

Neither of them spoke for a full minute. Dan couldn't bear the silent treatment anymore. He just wanted to get off the call and go have a drink.

"Okay then," He finally said. "I don't know what to say here but I have to go to a meeting."

"Fine," Sarah said. The line clicked, and she ended the call.

Dan set his phone down and pinched the bridge of his nose, "Fuck. Fuck. What the hell was that?"

Why didn't he just tell her the truth? Why? Why did he have to keep his dumb mouth shut? Why did he step aside for that joker in the first place? This stupid fantasy of his was ruining his life. No. He was the one to blame, letting his fantasy control him. Manipulate him.

If he hadn't started this shit with Lester, he never would have had to flip on Jesse. If that didn't happen, maybe his pay wouldn't have been cut, and the team laid off. How many lives had Dan's fantasy ruined? If his pay didn't get cut, he wouldn't have had to pimp Sarah out to Lester on their fucked up dates that she was now seemingly enjoying. Where was this all headed?

And Sarah just admitted she liked fucking Lester and going on dates with him? Was she being truthful or was she just trying to hurt in the moment when their conversation got heated. Fuck.

Dan couldn't predict the future, but looking at the past, he saw that his fantasy wasn't serving him the way it should be. He wasn't enjoying it anymore. All the dominos that had fallen in his life recently had been because of it and how he had coped with it. Maybe it was time to take his hands off the steering wheel and see where things landed. It couldn't be worse than where Dan was guiding them.

But if he stepped back, what would happen to Sarah? He needed to get his shit under control. Would she understand?



THE MONITOR WAS TURNED OFF, and her phone was down on her desk. Sarah was turned away from all of her stressors. She had swiveled her chair around to face the window. She wasn't looking out, though. Her eyes were closed, and she was deep in thought, slumping slightly.

Today had not gone as she expected. What started as a predictable, run-of-the-mill day had been turned upside down by the

new CEO's announcement and discovering Dan's lie. She wasn't sure which upset her more, but right now, both seemed to be tangled together. Anger and disappointment mixed with her wounded pride.

She checked her watch. Only a little while before she could get out of there without raising any eyebrows. As the clock ticked closer to four, she was getting impatient. Get out of the hospital, grab the girls from their after-school program, get home, and make dinner. Then, once the girls were in bed, she'd open a bottle of wine and get in the bath.

The bath with a heavy pour of Cabernet seemed so far away. She just wished she could get away from the hospital right now. Her mind was still all over the place, and she felt like a mess.

She knew better than to have gotten her hopes up about the CEO position. She wasn't qualified for it despite what others had said. With the board being dominated by men, she should have known the chances of a woman getting it were zero—especially one like her who didn't have a fancy MBA or who'd gone to business school. No matter how competent she was, it just wasn't something that happened.

Would anything she ever did at this hospital matter? Sure, she made things run better, which helped improve patient outcomes, but was this job as far as she could go here? She enjoyed it, but she wanted more. Sarah had finally opened herself up to the possibility of more, and John stuck a knife in that opening. Her career had always been meaningful, but it had always played second fiddle to Dan's in their marriage.

Lately, her career has been the one keeping the family afloat, and she wanted to reach for more. She couldn't believe they didn't have the balls to interview her. John had been too much of a coward to even speak to her before he announced it this morning. That asshole had hinted at her being considered but now just dropped her like work meant nothing. Like she was nothing.

Sarah felt like she could feel steam coming out of her ears. That man had pissed her off. She might have overreacted with Dan afterwards, but he'd still lied to her. Even after all this time, after all she'd done for his fantasies, and after all the talk about being on the

same page, he'd gone ahead and lied. Lying was the one thing she absolutely couldn't stand for. It was disrespectful and made Dan seem weak. After being disrespected by her colleagues, she was getting it from her husband too.

Part of her felt justified in snapping at him, but a quiet voice told her she had gone too far. He was simply weak in the face of his fantasies, and it was her job to protect him. She wanted to feel justified in her anger, so she ignored that small voice, at least for now. Her feelings were valid, especially after how he'd tried to put things back on her. This whole mess was his fault. She wouldn't be in this mess if he hadn't gotten laid off and then failed to find a new job.

Sarah exhaled. She was working herself up, and it wouldn't do her any good. She turned around in her chair and moved the mouse. The monitor blinked back to life, and Sarah looked over her emails. Her mind kept drifting back to things, mostly to Dan. Maybe she should call him back and apologize or at least try to talk things through. It would be easier in person, though. She wanted him to stew for a little while. He needed to be the one to call back and try to apologize first. If she gave in now, he wouldn't learn anything. Maybe that's what Dan needs, a swift kick in the ass to get his head on the straight.

Someone knocked at the door.

Sarah took a moment to straighten up her appearance, "Come in."

The doorknob slowly turned, and the door swung open. Lester walked into her office with a straight face and shut the door behind him.

"Lester..." Sarah was surprised to see him here. The image of Lester sharing her bath later popped into her head. She couldn't think like that right now. It was still time to be in work mode. Besides she felt like a mess. She probably looked like a mess. God, what a weird thought, not looking good enough for Lester. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm just about to head out for the day. Back to the hotel," Lester stepped closer to her desk but didn't approach directly. He looked

around the room, seeming more interested in the decor than her. She must really look like crap today.

"But I wanted to check in on you," Lester took a step closer. "You looked really upset earlier in the elevator, and I'm sorry if I pissed you off."

"It's...." Sarah started. She wasn't in the mood to talk, but it was nice having someone check in on her, especially at work. She had her work friends, but she always had to keep them at arm's length in her role as administrator. Lester was not necessarily part of the hospital ecosystem like the others were. He had more of a neutral role as far as Sarah was concerned. It felt nice knowing someone cared. "It wasn't your fault, Lester. It's just some work stuff. Today was a stressful one, that's all."

Lester was now on the other side of her desk, looking down at her. He still seemed to be very good at getting closer to her when she wasn't looking, but she wasn't at all alarmed by his presence.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Lester said sincerely.

"No, not really." But she did want to talk about it—she wanted to scream about it. She hadn't gotten a chance to talk with Dan earlier before she went off on him. "It's just that something happened today. I was hoping for a different outcome, and now I'm not sure what to do."

"Ah, I get it," Lester said, moving around behind her desk and looking out the window. That wouldn't have happened with a colleague. They wouldn't have moved past the invisible line of her desk. His actions implied he was more familiar with her. He definitely was, but she wasn't sure he should be showing it at work. Behind her, Lester stared out into the parking lot as Sarah just sat there, aware of him only in her peripheral vision.

"It sucks," Lester crossed his arms. "To think something might happen only for it to fall through. To get your hopes up for it. Only to get the carpet pulled out from under you."

"Yeah," Sarah said, rechecking the time. It was almost time to hit the road. "It does."

"Did you know about Eugene?" Lester said quietly. "I didn't surprise you with that, did I? I'm sorry if I added to your stress."

"No, uh, hey just stop saying 'sorry,' okay?" Sarah turned towards him. "And no, I didn't know about it until you said something."

"Hmmmhmm." Lester continued looking out the window.

What did he mean by that? That sound. Like he was analyzing what she said. "What do you mean? 'Hmmmhmm'?"

"It just seems weird," Lester still wasn't looking at her. Was she that much of a mess? Normally, he would be all over her. They always say bad things happen in threes. God, that's just what she needed—to be rejected by Lester, worse, pitied by him.

"It's just...I always thought you and Dan were on the same page. You guys always seem to put me in my place, you know. It's weird that he would hide anything like that from you." Lester said.

It didn't sit right with her either. He had barely defended himself before he started to lash out at her—the way a child does when they get caught. Even Lester thought their relationship was solid but was not questioning it, not directly, anyway.

"I don't know, Lester. I haven't had a chance to talk with him about it. My mind has just been preoccupied dealing with all this work stress today." Sarah lied.

Lester moved, disappearing from the edge of her vision. She didn't want to turn and look for him. That might make her look weak or afraid; she only wanted to convey confidence here in her office.

His footsteps sounded behind her. Then she felt her chair move slightly before his hands came to rest on her shoulders. His fingers began to dig into the material of her blouse as she started to massage her.

"Lester, no, nnaahh..." Sarah said, but she couldn't deny that his hands were hitting the right spots. It felt good. She hadn't realized how much stress she had been carrying. "If someone walks in..."

"Shhhh," Lester said from behind her. "It's just a massage. I can see how stressed you are." His fingers pressed down, finding her knots and working to eliminate them. "Besides, I locked the door."

That made sense. The door was locked. No one would see. And anyway, it felt great. His fingers dug into her shoulders before one hand applied pressure to the nape of her neck, "Uh, mhmhm. I needed this. Thank you."

Lester stayed silent, focused on massaging her neck and shoulders, breathing in the sexy woman's scent. She always found it surprising how skilled he was at massaging her. He didn't look like the type, but what did she know? Maybe all those video games had built up his fingers' dexterity. Sarah closed her eyes and let her head relax against the chair. She shouldn't feel guilty about enjoying this after the day she'd had. Besides, this was the first time her mind wasn't drifting back to John or Dan.

After five minutes, Lester's hand reached down and softly undid the top button of her blouse. Sarah opened her eyes as Lester moved his hands inside her blouse and started to massage her bare skin, "Wha, Lester?"

"My fingertips were getting irritated against the silk. Besides, it's easier for me just to massage you skin to skin," Lester said gruffly.

That made sense. It did feel better, having him work directly on her skin instead of pressing her blouse down into her. "Uh," Sarah involuntarily moaned as Lester started to work on a knot in her shoulders. She knew he was pushing for more contact and allowed him to proceed.

"Am I hurting you?" Lester asked.

"No. Yes, a little, but it hurts good." Sarah's eyes were closed again as Lester pushed his thumbs into her shoulders.

"Heh," Lester laughed softly.

"What's so funny?" Sarah said absently as Lester manipulated her body. Her hands felt good on her. Her body felt like it was responding, and not just on her shoulders. Just knowing this man who fucked her so well had his hands on her was causing her to feel something between her legs.

"It's just that normally, when you say that it's for a different reason," Lester said. Sarah could hear the stupid grin on his face. She remembered the first time Lester had fucked her, how she'd felt stunned by the faint pain and immediate pleasure of what he could do to her.

"Well, you're just as good at massaging as you are at...other things." Sarah moaned again as Lester kept kneading her skin. She

opened her eyes and saw that her monitor had turned off again. Now she could see her reflection in the darkened screen.

When did that second button get undone? Sarah could see the floral patterns of her black lace bra in the reflection. She wondered whether Lester had a good view of her chest and if he was getting hard from this.

"Do you remember the last time I massaged you?" Lester asked quietly.

The night he came over for dinner, he surprised her in her bedroom. He said she looked stressed and directed her to the bed to massage her. Then he made love to her for the first time. It caught her off guard, knowing that he wasn't just fucking her but actually trying to make love to her. Something lovers do. She had gotten so lost in the moment. Both of them had. That was the first time Lester had cum inside of her, and she'd let it happen.

"Yes," Sarah whispered. The memories of that night and Lester's hands on her were heating up her body. She couldn't see it in the reflection, but she felt like her chest must be flushed.

"How would you rate the last massage?" Lester's firm hands continued to press into her shoulders, his fingers now exploring the top of her chest before pulling back up to her shoulders. His fingers slowly moved aside both of her bra straps, giving him better access to her skin. "Rate it out of ten."

Sarah didn't say anything for several seconds. Her head lolled to the side as Lester worked on her. It felt so good. All she had to do was focus on this feeling. All of her issues seemed so distant.

"Ten," Sarah said.

"Mhmmm, I see," Lester said. It felt like his head was now above hers, looking down at her. She kept her eyes closed, opting to focus on the pleasure his hands were giving her.

"And what about this one?" Lester asked.

Sarah bit her lip, "It's pretty good."

"But not a ten," Lester said. Sarah could feel his breath on her exposed neck. His mouth seemed to be close to her ear. Goosebumps spread across her shoulders, and the hair on the back of her neck stood on end. "Interesting."

“What makes it so interesting?” Sarah noticed her thighs were rubbing against each other.

“I think if I’m going to make this massage a full ten, then I need to add some additional services like I did last time,” Lester said before his wet lips pressed against her neck. Sarah felt a shiver run through her body as Lester’s lips began to kiss and suck one of her most sensitive areas. He lapped at her neck, and moisture surged between the married mother’s legs in response.

“Uh, mhmmmmm,” Sarah moaned as she quivered in the chair. She didn’t know what to do. She didn’t know what she wanted, but her body responded to Lester’s touch. He was making her feel good, and she didn’t want him to stop. After a day like today, she just wanted to cling to this, “What, ah, services would those be?” She steadied herself with a hand on her desk. Her other hand held Lester’s head to her neck, prolonging the contact of his tongue.

Lester licked a trail up her neck until he got to her ear. There, he began to nibble on her earlobe. His hands abandoned her shoulders for her chest, his fingers pushing in, diving underneath the material of her lacy bra to cup her supple breasts. He started to play with her hardened nipples, gently toying with them between his fingers and thumbs. Then he whispered, “Making sweet, slow love to you in your marital bed until you beg me to cum inside you.”

Oh god. Visions danced behind Sarah’s closed eyes of Lester, taking her slowly to her bed. Her and *Dan’s* bed. Feeling Lester on top of her, his fat body pushing down on her, almost suffocating her. His breath on her neck. His cock pushing deep inside of her, pulsating within her. His warm cum spurting out, flooding her insides, and claiming her.

She opened her eyes and saw Lester’s fat head planted next to hers as he devoured her earlobe. At some point, all of the buttons on her blouse had been undone. She sat there, exposed to the room. His hands were mauling her chest. This wasn’t her persona at work. She was a professional here, in control. She couldn’t. She couldn’t have sex with Lester here. Too many things could go wrong. She had to get back control. Take control from him. Tell him how things were going to go.

Sarah reached out and grasped her desk and pulled her chair forward. Lester's hands were pulled from her bra, but she could still feel them on her skin. His head lurched back at the sudden motion. The chair swiveled as Lester turned it around.

Sarah looked up and saw her husband's troll like roommate standing before her, his breath coming faster now. Below his belt a big tent pushed forward from his gray trousers pointing directly at her face. Above, he stared down at her with those dark hungry eyes of his. She loved that look on his face. The look that said he needed to have her. Such a primal look.

But she needed to get up. Didn't she? She couldn't have sex in her office, not with Lester. Someone would hear for sure. He could make her cum so loudly. Maybe it would be okay if she were quiet. No. She couldn't. She could make him cum quickly. No, that's not happening. Right? Besides, Dan wasn't here, and their rule had been...

Lester undid his belt and let his pants and boxers fall to the ground. His cock sprung out and pointed directly at Sarah as if seeing her while a fresh dribble of precum oozed from its tip. Sarah stared at it, her brain trying to restart itself and relitigate whatever arguments it had just been having. Maybe if they were quiet, it could work.

She had always been too nervous to do anything like this here with Dan. But the last time she gave Lester a blowjob, no one had known. It had worked out fine. That's what she would do. She wouldn't fuck him. Not here. No, she would just give him the best blow job of his life and make that beautiful cock cum. Cum for her.

Time seemed to stand still in the late afternoon light of the office. Lester stood hunched, his gaze shifting from his huge cock that stretched out from underneath his large belly to Sarah's face. He was waiting for her to make the first move. He knew she couldn't resist him for long. Sarah sat in the chair and took a long look at Lester's hungry eyes. The look of desire there was maybe slightly more of a turn-on for her than his huge cock, which she now turned her attention to. Sarah reached out and gripped Lester's shaft firmly in one hand. She couldn't help but get turned on every time she saw

this thing. It was like her body just responded to it. She started stroking Lester's shaft slowly and sensually as she looked up at Lester's smirking face. *God what an asshole....*

But she wanted to please him. To make him get off. To know that she'd done it. That was hot for her. This beast of a man succumbing to her skills. Sarah tried to picture what her old self would have thought about jerking off a guy like this in her office. That old Sarah seemed to be an entirely different person now.

Her phone started to ring just as Lester thrust into her stroking hand, causing this cock head to piston towards her. Sarah couldn't wait any longer now that she had her favorite cock in hand. She ignored the phone and scooted her chair forward until the bottom pressed against Lester's thighs. She leaned forward and took the head of Lester's cock into her warm, waiting mouth. Just feeling it sliding inside of her caused a fire to begin stoking inside of her.

"Mhmmmmm," She moaned around his cock. The more she played with him, the more it seemed to wash all her worries away. Sarah made a decision as her tongue reached out and licked the underside of Lester's cock. She was going to step off the cliff and just let go. Just get a little bit wild. She'd get her wine and bath later, but right now, she needed this.

Sarah continued to suck Lester's cock, her tongue sliding up and down its underside as it continued to push into her mouth. Sarah stroked his cock with one hand while the other steadied herself. Lester began thrusting forward, pushing deeper into her.

Sarah never let go of his cock, but her chair started to push back with all the action. Lester gripped the top of her chair and held it still while his other hand snaked around to the back of her head and pulled her further onto his cock.

His cock was beginning to hit the back of her throat, but that didn't phase Sarah. She just opened wider as Lester's cock explored her mouth. Knowing that she was pleasing that fat man was keeping her fire going, her pussy felt like it was vibrating on its own.

Finally, she needed to breathe normally for a second. She pulled his girthy cock out of her mouth but never stopped stroking him. Sarah dived down, her tongue licking around Lester's cock. Up the

sides and back down. Dancing over the head, flirting with his cockslit and lapping at the salty cum flowing from there. Then she lowered her tongue down, down, further down his shaft until this public hair tickled it. Then she went further down, licking his meaty ballsack, swirling her tongue all around it, exploring every inch of this troll.

"God damn, Sarah," Lester grunted, thrusting his shaft forward. It slid against Sarah's face, marking her with sweat. "You're such a good cocksucker." Her tongue whipped along the shaft and head, slurping and kissing it with abandon.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah just moaned back in response, not wanting to stop what she was doing. She was on a mission which was to make Lester cum for her. This was just what she needed. A small, easily achievable goal. At least one win for today.

"I've really turned you into a little slut haven't I?" Lester leered down at her.

"Mmm-mm," Sarah disagreed as her head dipped lower and started to lick the underside of Lester's balls. God, what she was doing was so filthy, but she couldn't help herself.

"No? You're not a little slut now? Look at you, sucking my cock in your own office. I'd say you are." Lester pulled on the back of Sarah's head, pulling her further down towards him. His balls mashed against her face, his shaft pressed against her head while her tongue licked between his balls and asshole, swabbing his taint, something she hadn't even done for Dan.

"Aggh, FUCK! Oh, oh yeah." she heard Lester exclaim from somewhere above her.

It was getting hard to breathe, and Sarah wanted to try to take back control. She moved her head to the side and used both hands to push against Lester's thighs. He relented and let her back up. She looked at him and said, "I'm not a slut. I'm a wife. A mother and a professional. I also just happen to be *your* slut." A new streaming dribble of precum leaked from Lester's enormous organ. She eyed the sticky fluid wantonly, knowing how delicious it would be.

"Heh. Just mine?" Lester grinned as Sarah started stroking his cock again, eye level with his head."

“Just yours...” Sarah repeated, looking up at his beady eyes. In many ways, what she was saying was true. She had never done the things Lester made her do with Dan, let alone anyone else. He always pushed her boundaries and made her discover a new side to herself. “God, that’s so bad to say.”

“You’re not Dan’s little slut?” Lester asked, “Just mine?”

“I’ve done things with you that I never thought in a million years I would do. Things that I’ve never done with Dan before. Just for my boyfriend.” Sarah wanted to make him cum. Memories flooded into her brain; being taken by Lester in front of a homeless man, kissing a stranger as Lester fucked her in a car, parading herself around for his nerd friends, her in her wedding dress, Lester’s cum shooting into her for the first time. She dipped her head back down and took Lester’s leaking cock in her mouth again.

“And you’ve enjoyed every minute of it, haven’t you?” Lester grinned. He loved this—his corruption of this wife and mother, pushing her and making her admit how much she loved what he did to her.

“Fuck, yes,” Sarah slid his cock out of her mouth. “I can’t believe the things you’ve made me do. Fuck, it makes me wet just thinking about it. I should hate you, but I can’t. I just can’t say no to you.”

Sarah went to put her mouth back on his cock, but Lester suddenly grabbed her. Bunching the hair on the back of her neck into his fist. Sarah winced, pulling against it.

“Say it again,” Lester said sternly.

Sarah felt like she had to answer him. “I can’t say no to you.”

“Whose little slut are you?” He demanded.

“I’m yours. I’m your slut, Lester,” Sarah admitted. “I’m a slut for you and this cock.”

“Good girl,” Lester leaned forward and grabbed Sarah under her armpits, pulling her up into a standing position. He kicked her chair away. It slid across the room, crashing against a metal filing cabinet before toppling over.

“What are —” Sarah started, wincing at the sound of the crash. But then Lester’s lips were on hers. Kissing her. His tongue roughly pushed apart her lips and invaded her mouth, tasting her. Sarah felt

her knees buckle as her tongue started to dance with his. Her kind, searching tongue battling against his vile, probing one, swimming against each other. Pushing and sliding back and forth into each other's mouths, neither willing to stop.

He held her tightly by the back of her head. His large stomach pushed into her taut one. She could feel his cock pressing hotly through the material of her pants. Would his cum stain them? She couldn't care about that right now. Her hand was still on his shaft, and she increased the pace, stroking him with urgency for herself. Her other arm snaked around his head, holding him in an embrace, pulling him against her as they kissed.

Lester stopped, took a breath, and stepped out of his pants. He was naked except for the shirt he was wearing. His hands started to tug at her blue blouse, pulling it away from her body. Her mind was racing but no coherent thoughts were coming to the surface, just her need. *This wasn't the plan* some distant, small voice said.

His lips moved to the side of her face and then her neck. Licking her skin savagely. Then he moved to the tops of her breasts, tasting her there as she felt his fingers fumbling with the button to her pants. They couldn't do that here. That's what she had said earlier. That had been important, right?

Goosebumps spread across her thighs as the cool office air met her naked thighs. Lester had managed to get her pants undone. The garment fell to her feet.

"Wait. Hold on," Sarah said as Lester backed her up until her panty-clad ass pressed against her desk. "We can't do this here."

Lester quickly knelt in front of her, tugging her pants off her legs. Her neatly ironed black pants were thrown across the room onto the floor in a second. Somehow, he had removed them while keeping her heels on her feet.

"What did you say before?" Lester grabbed her by the hand and pulled her towards him, his cock pressing into the black lace of her underwear. "You can't say no to me. You're my personal slut." He leered at her, not asking but telling her her truth.

Lester pulled her further away from her desk, pulling her to the big window. He pushed her up against it until her bra-clad chest

smushed against the glass. Lester moved behind her and kissed the back of her neck. God, she loved when he did that. It set her whole body on fire.

In between kisses, he started to tug at her panties. To her shock, Sarah felt her legs move, making it easier for Lester to slide them down. They hung limply by her ankles. She knew she shouldn't do this here. Not in her own office. Maybe they could go to his car.

"Lester, let's go down to your car. This is my office..." Sarah started, but her breath caught in her throat as Lester unsnapped her bra clasp. The only thing holding it up was the glass she was pressed against.

"You're my little slut, Sarah. And today, Lester is going to fuck you in your office. Just like I told you last time. Have you ever known me to break my word? To lie to you about what I'm going to do to you?" Lester whispered in her ear.

Sarah looked down and saw hospital workers moving through the parking lot towards their respective cars. If any one of them turned around and looked up, they might have been able to see her. Naked. At work. She was confident they couldn't, but she wasn't sure. Lester slid the bra away to the side, exposing her private beautiful breasts to the sea of parked cars.

"No..." Sarah whispered back. Her mind snapped to Dan's lie from earlier. Lester pressed his cock into her backside. Then, she pulled back and adjusted so that it pushed right between her thighs, brushing up against her wet opening.

"Then you know what's about to happen right now." Lester said, "What's going to happen, Sarah?"

Sarah felt her knees tremble with anticipation. The cold glass was teasing her nipples. She braced her hands against the glass, knowing what was coming next, "You're going to fuck me in my office." she said, resigned to the inevitable.

"That's right. This is your office," Lester said, bending his knees and holding his cock with one hand to find the right angle. His thumb rubbed up and down her slit, finding then spreading her wetness. The meaty digit pressed further in, opening the married woman up and preparing her for the shaft in his fist. "And this is my

pussy.” Then he pushed forward, and his bare cock head spread Sarah’s wetness open and began to push inside.

“Uh, oh my God,” Sarah moaned as she felt Lester’s cock begin to gloriously stretch open the lips of her pussy. She felt herself expanding inside to fit him. Her fingers tensed on the glass as she felt Lester penetrate her deeply. Lester grimaced with effort as he worked himself into the tight wife, mewls coming from her throat as she accepted his penetration.

Lester held Sarah’s hips firmly as he slid more of his naked cock into her. He looked down at her luscious ass pressing back against him. He took his time slowly working his cock in and out of her body, Sarah’s ass thrust back against him frantically, seeking more of him, wanting him to go faster. Her breathing had grown erratic, and she whined and yelped as Lester began to push into Sarah Williams rhythmically.

I’ve broken her in so well, Lester smiled. His hands started to maul her ass. He never could get enough of her amazing body. His eyes roamed over her naked back, and he wondered whether she ever thought in a million years that she would be fucked up against the window in her office. He thrust harder at the thought, making sure she understood he would take her anywhere he wanted and that she and her idiot husband should understand that.

Sarah opened her eyes and looked down at the parking lot. God, all these people were moving about, going to their cars. The cold of the glass on her nipples and breasts, combined with the relative warmth of what Lester was doing to her, was beginning to affect her. She felt a familiar deep sensation start all over her body. As she began to lose herself, she looked down at the lot. She saw people she knew. People she worked with. Other people in the hospital she didn’t know, but she was sure knew her or of her. Any of them might be watching her, seeing her get fucked by an ugly round man she wasn’t married to.

God, that was so dangerous, but admittedly, it was such a turn-on for her. Her surroundings were all secondary to Sarah, background noise to the feeling of Lester’s cock pushing itself further into her, satisfying its own need. She wanted more of it. Her body

was already ahead of her, trying to thrust back and get more of him, but Lester was holding her hips firmly, dictating their pace and driving his cock into her upturned backside. Sarah needed release. Lester's hand moved up her back while the other gripped her hip. His hand finally found her shoulder, and he grabbed it tightly.

Sarah held her breath in anticipation, knowing what usually came next. In one fluid motion, Lester thrust forward and sank the entire length of his cock deep into Sarah's pussy, his hand on her shoulder fixing her in place. "Ah fuck," The breath was forced out of Sarah's lungs as she felt the large organ expand inside of her.

Lester pulled back his entire length until just the head of his cock remained embedded in the young wife. Then he thrust forward and rammed the whole thing in again. Pulled back, thrust forward. Pulled back, thrust forward.

He could tell Sarah was enjoying it. Her moaning was growing more insistent. He knew she liked to get ridden hard, and he was more than happy to oblige. He held his cock in her at its deepest point, knowing her pussy well, feeling like it belonged to him. The scent of her arousal filled the fat man's nose.

"Ah, uh, fuck," Sarah moaned as he pulled back. Then he thrust forward against her ass, "Uhhhhhh. Mhmmmmmm." Lester kept up his relentless pursuit, bottoming out and slamming back into Sarah over and over. The wet colliding thud of their bodies against each other was obscene in the professional setting and became more so as their tempo increased.

Part of Sara worried he might thrust so hard that her upper body would shatter the glass she was braced against, and they'd both tumble down into the parking lot below. Her breasts kept pushing into the glass, her face mashed to the side as Lester continued to pummel her from behind with his driving hips. She could partly see Lester in her peripheral vision, and she wished she could turn her head further and see that intense look in his eyes as he fucked her. She wanted him to kiss her lips again, to have his tongue in her mouth. Her phone started to ring again, this time somehow sounding more urgent.

Pain. A shooting pain she'd felt before. Lester again bunched her hair into a fist and pulled her head back. Sarah felt herself bend into an unnatural position, her feet arching and her weight pressing down on her tippy toes.

"Ffffuck," Sarah groaned as her hands pushed forward on the glass, thrusting her ass back onto Lester. If Lester let go, her whole body would collapse against the glass, shattering it. She was sure of it. But he didn't let her go. Somehow, she was able to take more of his sizable cock into herself. She had thought it was already all the way in, but there must have been a bit more shaft now that the angle had changed. "Oh MY GOD!" the extra bit of shaft she'd taken in felt like it would drive her insane from the intense pressure. Lester steadily tugged at her hair amassed in his fist as he forced more of his cock into the frantic woman.

The coldness of the window disappeared from her breasts as they hung down, jiggling back and forth with each of Lester's powerful thrusts as he held her hair like reins. Sarah hung her head as much as she could, her eyes unfocused, looking at the ground below her. Movement out the window caught her eye. It looked like John was leaving for the day, walking across the parking lot to her car. Part of her felt inadequate as her eyes followed him.

God if he saw her like this. The thought sent a shiver down her spine and caused her pussy to contract around Lester's cock. She thrust back harder against him, feeling his fat stomach pushing back on her firm ass. Her eyes followed John through the parking lot as he got in his car. To her horror, he turned down the lane directly in front of her and drove in her direction. He was probably focused on the lot in front of him, but if he looked up...would he be able to see them? She thought the glass might have some privacy coating on them, but she wasn't sure. She thought of the vision they presented; the squat, ugly IT consultant she'd recommended having the married administrator bent over and fucking the life out of her in front of the hospital parking lot.

It was hard to focus with Lester's cock sliding in and out of her, but John's car stopped. She wasn't sure why. Maybe he had seen them. What was he doing otherwise? "Mhmmm yeah, god. Fuck."

Sarah groaned as Lester's fingers dug into her shoulder and hip. His unrelenting pace was stoking the fire inside of her. She could feel it building up quickly. She didn't want anything to change, just a bit longer, a bit more of this, and she would explode.

John's car started moving again, turning down another lane towards the exit. Who knew? Maybe he had seen them, but she didn't care right now. Sarah hung her head down and focused on her body, thrusting back to meet Lester's thrusting cock. The feeling of it inside of her as it moved in and out of her, bringing her closer to another climax.

God, it felt so fucking good. Feeling his naked cock inside of her drove her wild. Lester bottomed out and held himself there, the stretching feeling sending the young woman to another place. She hadn't even stopped to think about getting him to put a condom on. She wasn't sure they would ever go back to those. Not when it could feel this good. If Dan insisted, she wasn't sure how she would react. Would she say yes? Fuck, that didn't matter right now.

Dan... Fuck Sarah could feel her orgasm rapidly approaching. Lester was relentlessly moving behind her, his cock grazing against all the right spots inside of her. She could feel the sensation building. Getting more intense. Oh god. Oh god. Oh. OH

"OH FUCK!" Sarah screamed, her muscles flexing, growing tense. An orgasm rippled through her body. Her ass pushed back against Lester's cock forcing him up inside of her. She felt herself rise onto the balls of her feet as her pussy clamped down on Lester's cock, ensuring it wasn't going anywhere. Her nerves felt like they were on fire as the shockwave of her orgasm ran over her body.

Lester gritted his teeth, loving every minute of Sarah's pussy tightening around his cock. He pushed himself hard into her, trying to stroke her orgasm and keep it going. Every orgasm this woman had was one more chip in the wall of her defenses before it crumbled completely before him. He felt the young woman quaking and held himself inside her, pushing forward with all his weight. He felt the blood gather in his cock and flexed it, enjoying the power of his own cock.

The air in Sarah's lungs finally protested and escaped through her gasping mouth. She hadn't realized she had been holding her breath as she came. God, how long was that orgasm? It seemed to go on forever. Her muscles went limp, sore from flexing. She just needed a second to catch her breath. To let her mind catch up to where her body was.

Lester pulled his cock out of her and pulled her backward by her hips. Sarah was disoriented for a second, not expecting the move. Her ass pressed back into her desk. Lester wasn't behind her anymore. He quickly stepped in front of her, and Sarah's eyes ran up his body, over his thick thighs, to the impressive cock dangling between them. To his large, hairy stomach and flabby chest to that ugly face with his intense eyes.

She didn't know what came over her, and she didn't care. Trembling and breathing hard, she grabbed the back of his head and pulled his face down to hers, pushing her tongue into his mouth, tasting him. Savoring the feeling. Wanting him. All of him.

Lester was momentarily stunned by her lust but quickly recovered. He kissed her back hard, sucking on her tongue, licking her lips. They kissed each other hungrily, both wanting more of each other. They didn't need to speak. They both knew what the other needed. Lester was in heaven. Having a woman willingly submit herself to him like this was like nothing he had ever experienced. Sarah was in a similar place, knowing that the massive orgasm she just had would soon be followed by more of the same, if not better.

Sarah's legs parted as Lester moved between them. Her hands were gripping his neck and his back, urging him forward as her naked breasts pressed against his flabby chest. His gut pressing against her tight stomach. She felt his cock pressing up against her pussy again, ready for a second round.

As Lester's tongue danced across hers and slid into her mouth, his cock slid inside of her. Sarah groaned with his entrance and locked her legs around Lester's ass, trying to pull him deeper into her. His cock slid inch after inch inside, gliding on the wetness she'd produced until he was fully embedded in the young mother.

Lester broke their kiss and just stared into her eyes. The fire was there looking back at her, but there seemed to be something more. Something foreign evident on Lester's features. It was the same look Dan would give her sometimes. Was it love she thought she saw? It looked possessive. She'd seen it before but pushed that detail away...

She pulled him back down into a hard kiss, and Lester started thrusting into her. His controlled pace fell away, and she felt something else take hold. Something primal that needed releasing. Lester's fingers pressed hard into her hip and dug into her back as he fucked Mrs. Sarah Williams on her desk, fulfilling her husband's long-standing fantasy. As he fucked the horny mother, he looked around the room at her office and at all the professional decor. The fat man stuck his tongue out as if to insult the room and leaned down and ran it all over Sarah's neck. Sarah shivered at the contact, continuing to squeeze his gigantic cock with her tight pussy.

The desk squealed under their weight. Lester's thrusts moved the desk back off its normal angle. They kept fucking like that, Sarah holding onto Lester, one of her heels digging into the back of his ass, her panties dangling around her ankle. The other heel was lost somewhere in the room as her toes pointed in her bliss.

Lester broke their kiss, and a line of saliva connected their lips before breaking. His face was beet red, and sweat shone over his skin. Sarah could feel it on his back as her hands held him. Her chest was also covered in sweat, but she didn't know which one it had come from. It didn't matter. She was too focused on Lester; the phone ringing was distant and unimportant.

"I knew I'd be fucking you in here today. I've been waiting to fuck you in your office." Lester grunted, his balls slapping against Sarah. She pulled him down onto her desk. Pens and other objects clattered onto the floor as her body pushed them aside and her legs opened wider. The desk felt cool on her back, but the heat from Lester's body on top of hers made up for the chill.

"Mhmmm, so I'm fulfilling your fantasy then," Sarah said as Lester began to lick her neck as he fucked her.

"I think this is your fantasy, too. You wanted it. No one wears sexy underwear like that to work. You knew this was happening today, too." Lester said between licks and kisses on Sarah's sweaty skin.

"You don't know me at all, then," Sarah pulled Lester's head down towards her chest. She closed her eyes, and her head hung over the side of the desk. It squealed again as Lester's thrusts pushed the desk askew further into the room. More things clattered onto the floor. "I like dressing like this at work. It makes me feel sexy. Powerful. That's how I need to be." She pushed back against the short man, wanting both of them to cum.

"God, you are such a little slut. Now I'm glad I'll be here this week for my birthday. I'm going to fuck you so good this week you're going to forget about everything else in your life." Lester grunted. Her pussy felt great wrapped around his cock, so snug but dripping wet for him. Sarah was actively milking his cock with her body as her legs pulled him hard into her.

"Shut up and show me then," Sarah shouted before grabbing Lester's head and pulling it firmly against her chest. His tongue ran all over her, lapping at her breasts, sucking her nipples, and licking the sweat covering her. Her hands ran through his thinning hair, and she reveled in the carnal feeling.

Something loud clattered to the floor, but she didn't care to look. She didn't want this feeling to end. Lester's thrusts were getting more erratic as he pummeled into her. His cock rubbed against her G-spot and was stimulating other nerves that she'd never felt. Lester was going to give her another monster orgasm momentarily.

"Mhmmmm. Yeah. Right there. Lester, please. Please, Lester, don't stop. Fuck me. FUCK," Sarah whined. She realized she was being too loud. Way too loud. Someone would probably hear them going at it. She needed to stay quiet. She could feel another orgasm set beneath the surface, ready to breach and make its presence known. This was going to be a big one, the kind only Lester made her have.

"Fuck Lester, keep going. Don't stop. I'm almost there again," Sarah said in a hushed tone, trying to keep quiet, trying to keep

herself from being discovered. From her coworkers hearing her. Hearing her have sex. Hearing her getting fucked in her office. The image of a group of men standing outside the door listening to her. Waiting for their turn...

"AH, FUCK, FUCKING FUCKI!" Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as another earth-shaking orgasm washed over her. Her other senses seemed to dim as her body was entirely focused on the wave of pleasure washing over her body. Lester's cock felt so hot inside of her. It felt like the wave of pleasure was radiating out from it, washing over her body, causing her legs to tense and pull him tightly, threatening to cut off his circulation and crush him. From somewhere far away, she heard the desk creak again. As she opened her eyes, the ceiling looked so strange from this angle.

The couple was motionless for a moment, both of them huffing and puffing as Sarah's orgasm ebbed. They were once again looking into each other's eyes when they heard it. The snapping of wood and their worldview quickly falling away.

The desk's leg supports snapped under their combined weight, and the desk crashed to the floor with a deafening thud. Sarah's monitor toppled over and landed on the floor alongside the other contents of her desktop. She turned and looked around them. Everything was scattered over the floor, including her pens and papers. At some point, her trash bin had toppled over, and refuse had gotten everywhere.

The area between the broken desk and the door was littered with the contents of her office. It looked like her monitor was turned off with a crack in it. At some point, they must have knocked her laptop off the desk; thankfully, it looked closed. Hopefully, it still worked. A family photo of her, Dan, and the girls lay a few feet away. The glass cracked, obscuring her beautiful family.

Sarah pushed on Lester's chest to get him off of her. She hadn't wanted this. That sound of the desk crashing would surely attract someone to come and investigate. Lester gave her some space, and she turned her body and tried to move out from under him. She felt his cock slide out of her as she turned over and crawled off her

desk, trying to assess the damage in the room before someone knocked on the door.

The room was a mess. It reminded her instantly of Lester's dirty room. Maybe not as bad, but this wasn't like her. She always prided herself on her clean office but this was –

Lester grunted from behind her, and she felt his stomach pressing into her ass. She looked behind her and realized that he was positioning himself to take her from behind. He hadn't cum yet. She felt his cock at her entrance teasing her slit, waiting for her. Her head buzzed, and she heard a ringing in her ear. She looked around at the messy room, her eyes settling on the broken picture frame. Sarah closed her eyes to block it all out. It could wait.

With her eyes closed, she moved her ass backward, slowly at first, her pussy lips parting to allow Lester's cock entry to her. On her hands and knees, she felt Lester's humongous cock slide into her, running over her G-spot, running over every inch of nerves inside of her. His chubby fingers gripped her hips tightly. His legs, now between hers, he reared back, and he started to fuck her for everything she was worth. She matched his pace quickly, knowing she'd cum at least once more.

Sarah's fingers spread out onto the floor, trying to hold on as he fucked her relentlessly. Her hands moved pens and notes aside to press against the cold tile floor. They slipped because they were covered in sweat.

Lester was fucking her in the mess of her office. In the remnants of the professionalism she had carefully curated. She was getting fucked on the floor like an animal...like a slut. And she was loving it.

"Not gonna be long now," Lester grunted through his teeth. Sarah's ass was pushing back energetically, eager to take more and more of Lester's cock into her. This position always reminded her of primal humans and beasts. Lester was fucking her like an animal. It was a thing of nature. Something natural was happening.

Lester slapped her ass cheeks, causing her to whine. A large fat red handprint was left behind, "I'm going to cum soon, Sarah. I'm going to cum in your little married pussy."

His words were igniting something inside of her. She felt another orgasm quickly building. She never came this much with Dan. No one else could elicit this kind of response from her body—this troll of a man owned it.

“Ffuck,” Sarah moaned, dropping her head onto the floor, fully submitting herself before Lester. “Give it to me. Cum for me, Lester.”

“Do you want me to pull out? Shoot on your back?” Lester grunted again. His pace was increasingly erratic, desperate. She knew he was about to cum. The idea of not feeling the hot cum inside of her caused a pang of disappointment. No, she needed to feel it. She wanted to feel him wash her insides to put her over the edge.

“No. Don’t you fucking dare. Cum in me, Lester,” As the words left Sarah’s mouth, the orgasm felt ready to pop. “CUM IN ME LESTER.”

“FUCK, HERE IT COMES, BABY,” Lester shouted, his voice echoing off the walls in her room. “TAKE MY CUM, SARA.” Smoothly, as if in a single motion, Sarah’s pussy lips gripped the thick base of his cock and rose up the shaft, drawing a huge load up out of his balls. Lester’s eyelids fluttered spastically, the heavenly loss of control flowing from him.

“GIVE IT, UH, OH FUCK, FUCK,” Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs as she felt Lester’s cock explode inside of her. His hot cum shot out, hitting areas deep inside of her that no one else had ever come close to reaching. Her pussy tightened around his cock, milking it as she came. Every shot of Lester’s cum inside of her was like a flaming jolt of pleasure ratcheting up her own orgasm, setting her nerves on fire.

“FUCK yeah, Sarah, take it! Take it all!” Lester shouted as he continued to thrust into her. Her ass grinding itself back against his cock as she rode out her rapture.

“Fuck ohmygod, ohmygod, ohmygod,” Sarah clenched her teeth as Lester again bottomed out inside of her. Another orgasm ripped through her body as she was filled with Lester’s potent, pungent cum. She’d never felt so full in her life. His warmth was spreading inside of her, exploring every inch of Sarah’s core.

Her torso collapsed onto the cold tile floor. She couldn't catch her breath, her hands extending out around her as the last ripples of pleasure lingered in her body. Sarah's ass was still in the air, connected to Lester's body by his blessed cock.

His breathing was just as hard as hers. Eventually, he leaned back, pulling his still-hard cock out of her. Sarah's hips immediately fell to the side, lying on the messy floor naked, except for her one heel, which had still somehow remained on her foot.

Lester sat back on his ass. They stayed like that, covered in sweat and each other's fluids, breathing hard. Sarah felt Lester's cum start to leak out of her. She opened her eyes and looked around at the mess, trying to find the Kleenex box she usually kept on her desk. It was on its side near the filing cabinet. She crawled over to it, her muscles burning from exhaustion. Grabbing a handful, Sarah cleaned up what she could of the mess between her legs.

Through sheer willpower, she climbed to her feet and appraised the room. It was a fucking disaster zone. It looked like a bomb had gone off. Her things were everywhere. Some of them were broken. Her desk had collapsed, and one of the snapped-off legs was across the room by the door.

Lester just sat there like a tub of lard, watching her as she navigated the mess and found her underwear and clothing. As she began to get dressed, Lester got up and followed suit. He still had one thing left to do today, after all.

With his clothes back on, he watched Sarah pick up various things on the floor and arrange them on the small table against the wall. Her eyes seemed to linger on the broken photo in her hands before setting it down.

He moved across the room to her, causing her to turn in his direction. Lester leaned in for a kiss, but Sarah turned her head, his lips touching her cheek.

"Lester, this is a fucking mess. We destroyed my office," Sarah said quietly, now fully conscious of how loud and violent they had been.

"It's not that bad," Lester said, surveying the room. I hate to do this, but I have something I need to do for Jerry before the end of

the day.”

“It’s fine,” Sarah said, motioning to the door. “You can go. Just be discreet on your way out, okay?”

“I’ll see you later this week, then? It’s my birthday on Thursday, and I’m going to be stuck in town.” Lester said as he made his way to the door.

“I don’t know Lester. I don’t think so. This was too much. Too intense.” Sarah leaned against the table, crossing her arms.

“Felt pretty good to me,” Lester said, turning the knob and opening the door slightly. He peeked his head out and then moved through the gap, closing the door behind him.

He didn’t have to unlock the door. Did he even lock it in the first place? She wasn’t sure. Maybe he had just unlocked the door. But if he had never locked it...anyone could have walked in and witnessed what had just happened.

A ringing sound filled the room. Sarah didn’t recognize it, but it was definitely a ringtone. She walked around the mess, getting closer to the sound’s source. She bent down and pulled up her broken desk. Under it there was an unfamiliar phone. It must have been Lester’s.

She grabbed the device as it hummed out a somewhat familiar tune and, by instinct, turned it over to look at the screen. The name ‘Lizzie’ appeared on it with the option to answer or ignore the call. Why was she calling him? Sarah thought they were over. When Sarah wasn’t in Chicago, was Lester still seeing her? Did Lizzie want to get back together with him? If she did, what would that mean for them? She couldn’t help but think of seeing Lizzie bent over in Lester’s room as he fucked her from behind. Sarah pressed the ignore button and hurried over to the door, hoping to catch Lester before he went into the elevator to give him back his phone.

Closing the office door behind her, Sarah walked out onto the floor, bracing herself for knowing glances from coworkers. Except the floor was empty. No one was in their cubicles or offices. A custodian’s cart was outside one of the cubicles but no one was in sight. Sarah glanced towards the elevators, but Lester wasn’t there. She must have been too late.

Late.

What time was it? She turned on Lester's phone screen and glanced at the time in the corner. *Shit, shit shit!*. No wonder no one was around. They had all left a long time ago. It was well past the time Sarah was supposed to leave and....

Pick up the girls. She was so late picking them up. She hurried back into her office, grabbed her purse, and left the mess behind to deal with tomorrow.



LESTER STROLLED BACK to his cubicle in the relatively empty IT office. Only one other guy there, the IT tech, stayed on site overnight - the graveyard shift. Lester didn't know his name and really didn't care to learn it. He just needed to get his bag so he could head back to the hotel room.

He smirked as he slid the phone out of his pocket. What would Sarah think of Lizzie calling him? It was too easy. All he had to do was change the phone's number to display as Lizzie in the one he left for Sarah to find.

He grabbed his bag and made his way out of the hospital. As he left, he looked behind him at the window to Sarah's office, remembering the show he'd orchestrated there. He couldn't wipe the stupid grin off his face the entire time he was leaving.



THE WOMAN in charge of aftercare scowled at Sarah when she picked up her kids. Sarah had never been late in her life picking them up, but today her kids were the last ones left at the school. The lady had been pissed she had to stay late, and the principal had even called Dan, who obviously couldn't have helped from Chicago.

That's probably who tried calling her earlier. She'd rushed out of the hospital without checking her phone, mortified at being late to

grab her kids for the first time. She felt embarrassed and small under the dirty looks the staff gave her. The girls had been crying, thinking that no one was coming for them.

She drove them home to their house, and Sarah's mind was a mess with everything that had happened. Dan's lies, the rug being pulled out from under her with the promotion. *The earth-shattering sex with Lester.*

Sarah felt butterflies in her stomach thinking back to the rough sex that she'd engaged in less than an hour ago. Glancing in the rear-view mirror, the girls seemed to be settling down. They would be alright—time to hit McDonalds for an easy late dinner tonight.

The sex had definitely helped mute the other things that had thrown her for a loop today. Sarah thought back to earlier in the week when she and her husband were in the car with the stranger. She was still mad at Dan, but not as much as before. Maybe her little tryst with Lester had helped balance the scales. Guilt began to creep in that she hadn't talked to Dan about it before like they had agreed on, but then again, he let some old fucking pervert watch her without her consent and let her clean up the mess. A small voice reminded her that she'd seen a call from Lizzie to Lester. Why was she calling him? And why did Sarah care? If Lester had to choose either her or Lizzie, which would he pick? She dropped the train of thought before it could leave its station.

Sighing, she thought of how Dan would probably pinch his nose in this situation. All she could do right now was get the girls fed and get them home to bed. Today had been a mess, and she just wanted it to be over. As she pulled into their driveway, a large drop of Lester's cum flowed out of her, soaking her panties, reminding her of what they'd done.



JESSE SLUNG his gym bag over his shoulder and rode the elevator to the ground floor. One of the perks of his new job was an office on-site. As he worked out, all he could think about was Sarah Williams.

The next time she saw him, he would be buff and have more muscles than Dan. She wouldn't be able to resist him then. The way she'd backed her ass up against him on two different occasions was constantly on his mind.

She wouldn't be able to hide the feelings he knew she had for him. He could take care of her better than Dan could.

The elevator doors opened on the marble lobby. Jesse walked across it, passing by a group of young women who also worked in the building. He didn't dare look at them, it was better to seem disinterested but he felt a pang of shame when he noticed none of them had turned their heads to check him out.

He pushed open the lobby doors, and the cool Chicago air felt good on his sweaty skin. None of those girls were anything compared to Sarah. When they saw her on his arm, they would probably trip over themselves to talk to him.

Rounding the corner towards the El station, he noticed a man leaning against the building, smoking a cigarette. As Jesse got closer, the man stood up straight and stepped directly into Jesse's path.

"You're Jesse, right? The man looked Jesse in the eye and extended his hand, "My name is Peter, and I have an offer you're going to be interested in."

MORE TO COME

Lester and Sarah will return in Toxic Attraction Book 4.

THANK YOU FOR READING TOXIC ATTRACTION 3

I hope you enjoyed it as much as I enjoyed bringing it to you. I just wanted to take a moment to encourage you to review the book. Follow this link: [Toxic Attraction Book 3](#) to be directed to the book's Amazon product page to leave your review.

Every review helps further the my reach and, ultimately, helps me continue writing fantastic books for you all to enjoy.



Also in series:

[Toxic Attraction: Book 1](#)

[Toxic Attraction: Book 2](#)



Want to discuss my books with other readers? [Join my Discord](#) server today and be a part of the community.

You can also join my non-spam mailing list by visiting www.donsilver.org/newsletter and never miss out on future releases.

If you want to read ahead, I release stories in early access on my Patreon account.