

Toxic Attraction: Chapter 27 (Patreon)

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Content

It's pretty wild that we are on Chapter 27 of this story. I feel like I just started writing about these characters but it has been a blast getting here. There are a couple scenes that I am getting very impatient to write. Ones I have been wanting to write since the story began....we are almost there.

Big thank you to Grandeman for his edits on this one and all the Insiders who provided feedback. Some of the feedback I have saved in my files to include in future chapters/stories.

Quick update before we dive into this chapter. The Insider vote from a couple of months ago for an 'Undercover' short story is 95% done. Expect it very soon. Next up Neighborhood Encounters and Toxic Attraction 28. Then we'll do another short story and if I can somehow squeeze it in another new series I want to get to about a step-father-in-law.

Anyways, happy Friday everyone. Let's head into March and more dirty stories!

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Jesse's face was flush, and he was breathing hard. He had lost track of how many times he had done this since his encounter with Sarah that night. His sweet Sarah. If only she were there with him at this moment. It would be so much better.

Jesse shifted in his bed, trying to find the right angle to make this work. One sweaty hand on his dick while the other precariously held his cell in front of him. Sarah's angelic face filled his phone's screen. He'd finally managed to find a picture of her online from her inactive LinkedIn page.

It was like she was staring right back at him, smiling at him. He could almost smell her perfume and the scent of her body under it from that night at the hotel. She hadn't agreed to let him follow her on Instagram. Nor accepted his friend request on Facebook. He couldn't find her on TikTok or Snapchat. He'd even looked on Pinterest, but that had been a longshot that turned out to be a dead end.

Now he lay there, jerking off to her pixelated, enlarged LinkedIn picture. But he just couldn't get there. He had busted his nut to this photo countless times over the past few days, but today, no matter how long or hard he jerked it, it just wasn't happening. Maybe if he got one of those fake pussy things to jerk off into but that felt like he'd cheating on her. He wasn't going to fuck anything but his hand since he'd had her.

Those fucking bastards must have all her accounts locked down. There wasn't any other explanation for why she wouldn't be responding to him. They must be afraid that he and Sarah

would run away together. Especially now that he'd spent the night with her. Now that she'd discovered how much she loved him.

Baring his teeth, Jesse let go of his dick and swiped Sarah's picture off the screen. He opened this phone app and scrolled down until he saw Lester's name. Her gatekeeper.

Jesse didn't understand what kind of hold Lester had over the love of his life. Dan he got, he was her husband so maybe there was some loyalty there but Lester? Why was he able to control her?

His finger hesitated over the call button, memories of that night in the hotel flooding his brain. Watching, heartbroken as Sarah wailed while Lester impaled her with his cock. Fucking her senseless. He really wished that ugly bastard hadn't been there at all.

Jesse knew that Lester couldn't hold a candle to him. That Sarah and Jesse had really connected that night on a level that neither of them had ever experienced before. But Lester had still been there and managed to bring her off so many times. Maybe that had been a show for his benefit. Yeah, Sarah probably couldn't reach those highs without Jesse being there. That had to be it.

It had still been awkward having someone else there, let alone someone like Lester. Watching them make love. Judging his movements. It had been difficult at first for Jesse to perform properly, but that was quickly overcome by having Sarah right there in front of him. He knew she probably felt the same. But he had still managed to make her cum, even with that asshole there. That just showed how strong Sarah's desire was for him.

While Jesse had, at first, made love to Sarah, he had to watch on in horror as afterwards, Lester had just fucked her like a caged animal. And she'd loved it. At least, her body had, judging by how many times she seemed to have come with him.

So then Jesse had tried to have sex with her like that. Roughly and uncaringly, like Lester did. Maybe it was because they had already had sex or maybe it was because it was so anathetical to the way Jesse was but Sarah didn't cum as much or as loudly or as intensely as she had with Lester. And then the fucking guy had made love to her the next time, making her cum just as many times, and even more explosively.

The only thing that made sense was that she was performing. Faking it all those times just to satisfy that asshole. Because he had some kind of control over her, maybe she was afraid of him, of what he might have on her. Either way, Jesse knew he had to get Sarah out of Lester and Dan's clutches.

Jesse gritted his teeth and found the resolve deep within him. He had to do this for her. He pressed the dial button and steeled his nerves, waiting for Lester to answer. While the line rang, it abruptly cut off, going straight to the gruff man's voicemail.

Lester had screened his call. Jesse called back again with the same result. On the fifth consecutive call, Lester finally answered.

“What?” Lester barked. Jesse felt his blood begin to boil at Lester’s impatient tone. Jesse must have intimidated him; that’s why he hadn’t called him since that night. Lester had recognized him as a threat.

Jesse stood up. Sitting down felt like a weak position to speak to his competition from. He paced around his room, purposely avoiding the overdue rent and other bills on his desk.

“You’re going to let me talk to Sarah. Now,” Jesse said.

Lester chuckled, “Why would I do that?”

“Because I know what you’re doing. You’re controlling her. You and Dan. Trying to keep her away from me. I know you guys have locked her social accounts, so she can’t talk to me. So, back off and let me talk to her.”

Lester was silent. Jesse knew he had struck a nerve. Finally, he spoke.

“It’s not me,” Lester said, “I don’t have any control over her.”

“It’s Dan then? He’s the one controlling her?” Jesse asked.

“He is her husband. She has to do what he says, I guess,” Lester said.

“That’s fucked up, she’s her own person. She can think for herself. She doesn’t have to stay with him.” Jesse said.

“They have kids together,” Lester sighed, seeming sad he couldn’t help, like he had given up on her. Well, Jesse was still ready to fight for Sarah.

“I can take care of them. She can leave Dan. I’ll take care of her and her girls. You can tell her that,” Jesse said.

“I’m not sure when I’ll see her again,” Lester whispered.

Jesse gritted his teeth. This wasn’t going anywhere. He’d need to talk to Dan and fix this.

“Fine,” Jesse said, “I’ll call Dan then.”

“Wait,” Lester said, “Are you sure you want to do that? It’ll give him a heads-up and let him know you’re coming. He’ll be able to get ready for you.”

Lester was right. He didn’t want Dan to just be able to hang up on him. He needed to confront him in person. Dan had ambushed Jesse outside of his workplace. Maybe it was time for Jesse to return the favor.

“Bye Lester,” Jesse said and hung up the call. He opened LinkedIn and searched up Dan, confirming he still worked at the same place. It was time to go visit his old colleague.

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Sarah's heels clicked on the floor of the hospital's lobby. With her head down, Sarah crossed to the elevator bank. Yesterday's events felt much heavier in the cool sunlight of the morning. What had she been thinking going along with Lester's request? In the moment, right after Lester had fucked her in his office, the request had sent a dark, thrill through her. She hadn't wanted to say no. The idea of lowering herself to touch someone like Otis, let alone doing it in her workplace, touched a part of her that she usually suppressed in this building, in this town. And the fact she had an eager audience watching her just added fuel to the fire that had been burning within her.

But now, the cold reality of the situation was washing over her. She had fooled around with a coworker in her workplace. Lester....she didn't count him as a colleague. His was a unique circumstance, and someone she'd already had an existing relationship with. No, Otis was.....different. She didn't know him well, which made her stomach turn into knots as she couldn't anticipate what he might do or how he would react the next time he saw her. And the fact that he was....she hated to admit, even to herself, because it sounded so classist and elitist....on a lower social rung than she was. Though, her own status seemed to be slipping lately.

She'd felt confident last night walking out to her car with her head held high. Almost proud. She hadn't been able to find Lester but she had to quickly switch into mommy mode anyways and go pick up her kids. But today, she just felt nervous.

Sarah got into the elevator, her eyes flicking between other colleagues inside. She steeled herself, waiting for one of them to fix her with a look that said 'I know what you did last night.' Thankfully, none of them did.

When the elevator doors opened, Sarah squared her shoulders and walked out, trying to project an air of confidence that clashed with how she was feeling inside. She tried to channel how she'd felt months ago before the hospital takeover had started.

Sarah walked into the IT Department and froze in her tracks, eyes going wide. Through the rows of cubicles Sarah saw Otis' cart parked outside her office. The portly janitor was loitering in the area, far earlier in the day than he normally did. Sarah wanted to make a dash for Lester's office to talk to her boss. Instead she spun on her heels and marched back out into the hallway.

She needed to talk to Lester. If what she'd seen was right, he'd recorded her time in the basement with Otis on his phone yesterday. While it sent a strange thrill down her spine, the cold reality of a video like that existing shook her to her core. As much as she needed to talk to him, she desperately wanted to avoid interacting with Otis today.

Otis would eventually have to leave the IT suite. He couldn't loiter there forever. He was probably trying to catch her as she got to work that day. Who knows what he would say or try

to do. So, the best bet was to avoid him entirely. Sarah headed back to the elevator to go downstairs and get a fresh cup of coffee.

Half an hour later, Sarah was pulling open the doors to the IT department once again. She peeked her head in and felt the tension drop from her shoulders. Otis and his cart were nowhere to be found.

She strode across the room to her office, wishing it didn't look like she was arriving to work just now. After putting her things away, she walked over to Lester's office to talk to him about the video recording. Unfortunately, he wasn't there.

Sarah wanted to ask if anyone had seen Lester, but she didn't know any of the handful of IT people left, and she was supposed to be the man's right hand. It would look bad if she revealed she didn't know where he was. Sarah returned to her office, closed the door behind her, and logged onto her computer. She could see in her calendar that Lester wasn't available, but she couldn't see where he was.

She spent the next few minutes catching up on emails while trying to figure out more about how the department ran. Eventually, she had to run to a meeting, one she hoped Lester would attend as well. Unfortunately, he didn't. Nor did he turn up at the next one. Sarah texted him asking where he was but didn't receive a reply. This went on for the entire morning, Sarah seemingly unable to locate Dan's roommate, now her boss. It was almost like he was avoiding her on purpose. Sarah shook her head. Grasping at straws wouldn't help and almost made her feel like a high school girl wondering why the boy she liked wasn't giving her any attention. It was stupid and useless.

Between meetings and returning to her office, Sarah had to avoid Otis who seemed to keep poking around wherever she was. Lester's office had sat empty the entire time. On her way to the cafeteria to pick up lunch, she saw Lester waddling across the atrium towards the parking lot at the rear of the building.

Sarah hurried her steps, restraining herself from breaking into a full run. Lester was exiting the building as she closed the gap between them. She could see Otis wheeling his cart in her direction from the corner of her eye. Sarah hurried the last few steps, opening the exit door and catching up with Lester.

"Lester," Sarah said in a low voice, "Where have you been all morning?"

"Hmm? Oh, just, you know, working. Why?" Lester asked, not breaking his stride towards his car.

Sarah looked over her shoulder and saw Otis standing at the window, watching them.

"We need to talk about yesterday. About what you made me do," Sarah said.

Lester looked around the parking lot. Other people were heading to their cars, and more staff were streaming out the exit doors behind them. It was lunch, after all. "Are you sure you want to talk about this right now? Here?"

Sarah looked around. "No. I guess not. I just haven't been able to find you all day. I hoped we could chat about it in your office this morning."

"Yeah, got called out for a dumb meeting," Lester shrugged, "I'm grabbing lunch and picking some stuff up from my hotel. We can chat when I get back, right?"

Sarah looked over her shoulder. Otis was still standing at the window, glaring at her. If she turned around and went back inside now, he would no doubt intercept her, for who knows what. And she had left her purse locked up in her office, grabbing only some cash to buy lunch. She didn't have the keys to go to her car.

"Could I tag along? I could use a break from this place," Sarah said. "Please?"

"Sure, I guess," Lester said as they navigated the parking lot to his black SUV. As they pulled out of the parking lot, Sarah glanced back at the hospital and saw Otis hurrying away from the window. He probably imagined that Sarah and Lester were heading to their prior meeting spot behind the old annex of the building.

Sarah looked out the window of the SUV, watching the buildings and streets pass by. Finally, she worked up the nerve to start the conversation with Lester.

"About yesterday," Sarah started.

"Hold on," Lester cut her off as he swung the SUV into another parking lot, navigating into the drive through of a Burger King, "Let me just order real quick. Did you want something?"

"Umm," Sarah started, "I need to read the menu. I don't come here often."

"Alright, you read while I order," Lester said, pulling up to the microphone. Sarah's eyes scanned the unfamiliar menu as she sought out the healthiest options. Unfortunately, it looked like that wasn't a thing here.

"Welcome to BK where you rule, what can I get for you today?" a young voice squawked from the speaker near the car.

"Yeah, give me a triple Whopper and add bacon to it. Super size the Coke and fries. On the side, can I get a Carolina barbecue chicken sandwich, eight nuggets, and a slice of some of that Hershey's sundae pie? What do you want, Sarah?"

"Quite the appetite there," Sarah murmured before adding, "I'll just have the veggie burger, no fries or soda, though."

“And a veggie burger combo with a coke,” Lester said before receiving his total and driving up to the window. Sarah gave him a glare, and soon they pulled back onto the road towards Lester’s hotel.

As Lester drove, he stuffed his hand into one of the bags and pulled out a fistful of fries that he thoughtlessly shoved into his mouth. Sarah just shook her head and reluctantly took a sip from the Coke.

“Let’s talk upstairs,” Lester said as they pulled into a parking lot. With their Burger King orders in hand, the couple entered the hotel and quickly found Lester’s room on the second floor.

“Let’s eat first. I’m starving,” Lester said as he opened the door. Sarah followed him into his hotel room and wasn’t surprised to see the state of disarray it was in. The garbage and recycling bins were overflowing with garbage. The lights to the bathroom had been left on, along with the TV, now blaring an endless narration of the weather. Various items were strewn all over the bathroom counter. Both of the queen beds hadn’t been made, and there were empty and half-empty bags of Cheetos and other refuse on both beds.

“Lester....” Sarah started, “Why don’t you get the maids in here to clean this place up?”

“I don’t want them going through my shit,” Lester said, “Besides, I’ll be heading back to Chicago in a couple days - they can clean it then.”

“It’s just...how, how can you live like this?” Sarah asked.

Lester just shrugged. “It’s not that bad. We can’t all have our perfect little houses. Why do you think I always come over to your place?”

Sarah looked around at the room, crossing her arms in front of her considering the utter disorder. Lester sat down on the bed, unwrapping the greasy food and quickly devouring it. Sarah sighed and did the same, opting for the small chair next to a table where she cleared a space and then neatly unwrapped her veggie burger and immediately took a ravenous bite of it. As much as she hadn’t wanted them, the fries and Coke hit the spot.

Lester’s eyes were transfixed on the TV in front of him as he scarfed down his food. There was now some kind of video game tournament playing on the screen. Something to do with the initials DOTA, but Sarah wasn’t really paying close attention. She just eyed Lester as fresh grease ran down his chins. It was disgusting but impressive how he’d quickly finished the triple Whopper before moving onto the nuggets without her noticing. The wrappers for both were now discarded on the bed. Then, he started in on his other sandwich, taking swigs of his extra large Coke between his massive bites..

“Fuckers didn’t give me a fucking fork,” Lester complained when he opened the Hershey’s sundae pie. Sarah’s eyes went wide as Lester used his hands to shove it into his mouth. Sarah could barely get through half of her burger before her stomach felt full.

Lester wiped his hands on his pants and shuffled himself back to the bed to rest against the headboard, his fingers diving into one of the open bags of Cheetos already there,

“How are you still hungry?” Sarah asked. “I can’t even finish this.”

“I have immense energy reserves that I need to fill,” Lester said without taking his eyes off the screen in front of him.

“Energy for what?” Sarah shook her head. He was going to eat his way to an early heart attack.

“I think you know,” Lester said, turning away from the TV to look at her with that shit eating while he stuffed a handful of Cheetos into his mouth.

“You’re gross,” Sarah rolled her eyes, leaned back in her chair, and crossed her legs. She wanted to finally talk to him about what happened last night.

“We need to talk about what happened yesterday. In the basement,” Sarah said. Lester just shrugged and grabbed another handful of Cheetos. Orange dust had formed a light powdery layer on his shirt.

“What about it? The way you blew the janitor’s world?” Lester asked, turning his attention back to the TV.

Sarah cringed at his choice of wording but pressed on, “Yes. Specifically, I wanted to –”

“Did you enjoy it?” Lester asked.

“Lester, I don’t think –”

“It sure sounded like you enjoyed the hell out of it. With the way you were moaning and sucking on his cock like that. Otherwise, you probably deserve an Oscar. But what would you have done if someone other than the janitor followed you down there? I wonder...” he trailed off as he shoved another copious handful of Cheetos into his mouth.

Sarah honestly didn’t know how she would have reacted. If someone else at the hospital had stumbled upon her posing like that in her underwear. The idea was absurd. She knew she would freak out and get dressed. In fact the entire idea of being down there in the first place was completely ridiculous. She knew that. Logically it made sense. But what would she have done in reality?

You wouldn’t want to disappoint Lester. She had owed Lester one and knew he was watching. She probably would have done exactly what she did.

“I guess we’ll never know,” Sarah answered, “But I want to talk about you and the video you took. That you took of me...”

“Oh. That.” Lester said, grabbing the remote with his greasy hands and muting it, “I was wondering if you were gonna bring that up.”

“Lester....,” Sarah started, “You know how much damage a video like that could do, right? I get that, in the moment it can be hot but in reality it’s scary knowing that something like that is out there, that it exists. How damaging it could be. For me, for Otis and even the hospital. Please, Lester, I need you to delete it.”

Sarah stood up and put her hands on her hips, trying to recapture some of her lost confidence. She stepped between Lester and his view of the TV. Lester moved his head to the side to keep watching, but Sarah side-stepped into his view, insistently.

“I never said I wouldn’t delete it,” Lester shrugged, giving up on trying to view the TV. “I just thought, ya know, you might like to see it.”

“Lester, I was there,” Sarah inhaled deeply, “I lived it.”

“No, I mean, like, see yourself from the perspective of Dan or from my view. See how you perform from our eyes. See how the fantasy is fulfilled. That’s why I took it. So you could see how sexy and powerful you looked doing what you did.” Lester met her gaze and held it.

Sarah shivered at his intense stare, not knowing how to respond to his words. Just as she was about to say something, Lester spoke again.

“Come here. Look.” Lester pulled his hand out of the Cheeto bag and held up his phone. He thumbed it open and motioned for her to sit next to him. Hesitantly, Sarah cautiously edged up next to the bed where he was sitting.

“Don’t be shy.” Lester was being conciliatory, he moved the Cheeto bag and patted the bed. “Sit down. C’mere.”

Sarah sighed. She wiped Cheeto crumbs off the bedspread and shuffled onto it, scooting up next to Lester, “You’re still going to delete it after. Tell me.”

“I promise,” Lester said as he leaned towards her. Their shoulders brushed against each other, and Sarah was close enough to see the greasy fingerprints covering his phone’s screen. The phone was paused on a frozen image of she herself on her knees before Otis.

Lester tapped the screen, and the video began to play. Sarah, clad only in her sexy underwear locked eyes with the lowly janitor as Sarah passionately sucked his cock. Sarah, in the hotel room, felt her eyes go wide, seeing everything from this new angle. Seeing how slutty she looked. Seeing Otis’s new body language from his perspective, How dank and dirty that room had been.

“Opps, sorry, I had it on mute from a meeting before,” Lester said and thumbed a button on the side of the device.

Sucking sounds emanated from the phone, followed by an unmistakable, “Mmmhmmmmmm,” from her working lips.

Sarah watched in fascination and horror as the phone version of her was loving every second of sucking the older man's twitching cock.

"See how sexy you look? See?" Lester asked. Sarah didn't answer. She couldn't pry her eyes from the act she saw herself performing on the phone. Sarah felt the heat rising in her chest as she watched herself perform on the screen. Part of her brain registered that her breathing was growing shallow as her eyes fixated on the firm dick on the screen, the way it slid in and out of her mouth.

"See how sexy you look? Do you?" Lester repeated, whispering in her ear. When had his lips gotten so close to her? She could feel the heat from his breath running against her neck, causing a line of goosebumps to appear. Lester put the phone in Sarah's hand. She gripped it tightly as the video continued to play.

Lester's wet lips caressed her neck, and his fingertips kneaded into the upper thighs of her pants. Sarah clamped her thighs together, but Lester's fingers somehow found a way. First he wiggled them between her clamped thighs. She relented and her legs parted, allowing his hands free reign to touch her wherever he wanted.

"What are you watching?" Lester whispered as his kisses trailed down her neck. Her own head bobbed to the side, jutting her neck out ever so slightly to expectantly meet his lips. "Tell me what you see."

"Me," Sarah whispered, "It's me. I-I'm being... bad."

"Doing what?"

"Worshipping a cock," Sarah whispered.

"That's what you're good at. You know that. Whose cock is it? Is it Dan's?" Lester asked.

"You know it's not," Sarah said.

"Whose?"

"Otis," Sarah breathed, "The creepy janitor at the hospital."

"And you're on your knees, worshipping his cock." Lester tugged on her hips, pulled her down from a sitting position onto her back. Sarah almost lost her grip on the phone, but she righted herself in time, before she lost it. Lester eased her onto her side and slid in behind her.

A soft moan escaped Sarah's lips as she felt Lester's hard, hot cock press into her ass, between their respective pants. This hadn't been how she had planned this conversation to go. She really should put a stop to this. She really should....

Lester's tongue swirled on the back of her neck, making her mouth automatically droop open. She bit her bottom lip. "Lester...." Sarah moaned softly, "We should really get back to the...."

“Shh, just keep watching,” Lester said as his tongue continued swirling around one of her most sensitive nerve clusters. “Keep watching how your hips just want to grind on something. Something nice and hard.”

Lester punctuated his sentence with a thrust of his cock into her ass, holding it there so she had to feel how fully hard and long he was for her. Sarah gasped and her hips instinctively pushed back into Lester’s cock as a soft moan escaped her lips.

“Lester....” Sarah groaned, her hips rocking side to side against Lester’s pressing cock. As if sensing her attempts to disengage, his arm encircled her, his hand massaging her breast, hefting its weight.

“Uhhhhmmmm,” Sarah wanted to protest, but her body just responded to Lester’s touch, almost like it was conditioned to do so.

“Open your eyes,” Lester whispered, his speaking tongue no longer on the back of her neck, “Watch the video.”

Sarah hadn’t realized she’d shut her eyes to revel in Lester’s touch. She now opened them and looked at the phone in her hand. Otis was dragging his engorged cock all over her face. Sarah felt a heat in her abdomen as she watched the rough treatment from the cleaner. For someone so much further below her on the corporate ladder to degrade her like that with his bared cock. Fucckk.

“We don’t need these, do we?” Lester’s hand dropped from her breast and started to tug down her pants. Part of Sarah knew she shouldn’t allow this. Knew she should get back to work. But a louder part of her wondered why. Why go back to work at all? What was she working for, anyway? They had shunted her off into IT, her past contributions now meaningless. Besides, the person she answered to was right here....

Sarah lifted her hip off the bed, letting Lester pull her pants down to her feet. She kicked them off onto the floor as Lester shuffled awkwardly behind her, his large gut pressing into the small of her back.

“Ah, yeah I love this ass,” Lester roughly pawed and slapped her bubble butt cheeks before pushing his now freed cock against them. In his awkward movements, he had lowered his own pants and boxers. Sarah could feel his hot, hard, naked cock pressing into her ass cheeks, his rough tangle of public hair tickling her skin.

Lester’s hand gripped her slim hips, pulling her bubble butt back against his engorged cock as he thrust against her. Rubbing his cock all over her perfectly flawless ass.

“Fucking perfection,” Lester murmured behind her. Sarah’s body immediately responded to Lester, like it always did. She couldn’t help it. She knew things were complicated and it was smarter to just walk away, but her rationality was drowned out by the newfound fascination of watching herself performing a lewd act on Lester’s phone. Otis was slapping his bulging

cock against her cheeks. She hadn't realized how fucking horny and desperate she had looked in that moment. What would she have done if Otis had tried to fuck her?

Sarah shivered at the thought. At the same time, Lester's grubby hand pulled at her shirt, snaking under it to fondle her lacy bra-clad breasts. Her shirt kept rising on the back of his forearm as he roughly grabbed, squeezed, and massaged her breasts. Soft moans escaped Sarah's lips as she continued to be transfixed by the action of the video.

"You looked so fucking hot yesterday," Lester voice rumbled in her ear as he nibbled on her earlobe. He shifted behind her, his cock dragging down one of her ass cheeks, leaving a sticky trail of his freely seeping precum behind. Sarah's eyes fluttered closed again feeling Lester's cock press between the bottom of her ass cheeks. Lester's hips suddenly pushed forward, parting her skin, pressing between her upper thighs.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. Her body was warm and tense with anticipation. Lester's cock continued to rub against her skin until it pushed against the sensitive area at the outer lips of Sarah's vagina. Sarah dropped a hand down between her legs and felt Lester's bulbous cock head prodding her there. He pulled back and pushed forward again, grazing Sarah's sensitive skin. The tip of his gargantuan cock pressing into Sarah's palm.

He held still while Sarah's delicate fingers began massaging the broad head of his cock. She held it against her pussy, rubbing it back and forth. It felt amazing, and she wasn't surprised to feel how wet she already was. Lester just did that to her, for her.

"You looked so fucking hot, being my obedient little slut. I loved that you went down into that dirty basement and did exactly what I told you to do." Lester's fat tongue snaked out of his mouth and sloppily licked her ear, covering it.

Lester's hand continued to maul both of Sarah's breasts. His thumb got hooked in the fabric of her shirt, and he hastily pulled it up and over her head. It dawned on Sarah that she was now lying in Lester's hotel bed in just her lacy underwear. A weird thought popped into her head with an image of Princess Leia being fondled by that green wormy guy.

With her shirt free, Lester began mauling her harder. Tugging down the straps of her bra and licking all over her exposed shoulders. His hips started bucking, fucking her thighs while Sarah guided his cockhead against her pussy.

"What would you do with Otis if he was here right now, huh?" Sarah's eyes snapped open at Lester's softly uttered words. She looked at the phone and saw that the video had restarted. She was back on her knees on the screen, just beginning to take the older man's length into her mouth. Lester was so unpredictable, it was hard for her to know how to answer his question. For all she knew, Lester had arranged for Otis to be waiting for a signal or something from the bathroom, and then he would appear, cock out, expecting her to satisfy him. She had been avoiding him all day, she couldn't imagine what would happen if he were here.

“Would you do the same thing as yesterday? Like on the screen right now?” Lester’s hot breath was on her neck. She tore her eyes from the screen and turned her head, looking over her shoulder at Lester. This wasn’t a flattering angle for him. Laying like this, his chins pressed together made him look like a large earthworm. But the intense lust in his beady eyes made her knees weak and butterflies erupted in her stomach.

“I...” Sarah started, as a wicked idea formed in her mind. She let the phone drop to the bed and grabbed Lester’s hand that was groping her breasts. “I’d do whatever my Chicago boyfriend wanted.”

Then she curled all of his fingers into a fist but his index finger. Without breaking eye contact with Lester, she raised it to her mouth. Her lips parted, and her tongue stuck out slightly as she brought Lester’s finger into her mouth.

Sarah never broke eye contact with Dan’s obese roommate. Her mouth closed around his dirty finger and she moaned, imagining it was a cock. Not Lester’s, not Otis’, not even Dan’s. Just a random cock that had found its way into her mouth.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned at the sensation. Her taste buds ignited, registering the fine, stale Cheeto dust on Lester’s finger. It wasn’t a snack she particularly enjoyed, but in this moment...it was entirely Lester. So very, very Lester. Her tongue swirled around his finger, cleaning it, sucking off all remnants of Lester’s favored orange snack.

Lester let out a groan, watching Sarah fellate his finger. She kept staring at him, watching him delight under her touch. She pulled the finger out her mouth and uncurled his middle finger. She saw more orange dust on this one. Holding the two fingers together, she licked the length of them before taking both of them into her mouth.

“Mhmmmm,” Sarah moaned again. Lester pushed his fingers deeper into Sarah’s mouth, eliciting another primal moan. Lester began fucking Sarah’s mouth with his fingers, pulling them out and pushing them back in deeper, and deeper each time. Sarah finally broke eye contact, closing her eyes and revelling in the sensation of his digits pushing into her mouth. He kept thrusting them faster and faster, not letting Sarah clean the newly added finger properly. Denying her the satisfaction.

At the same time, Sarah’s hips began bucking back against Lester’s thrusting cock, her slit wet and ready for him. Lester’s body shifted behind her, and she knew it was coming. The angle of Lester’s shaft changed in the particular way she’d come to expect and she felt the meaty head of his cock pressing against her entrance. She wanted to take a breath and brace herself for what was about to happen, but she had lost control of the fingers in her mouth. Lester was pushing the fingertips all the way to the back of her throat before retracting them and then doing it all over again. It was like her body was just there for his pleasure, stuck between his two ends as he fucked her with his fingers.

Lester grunted and the head of his cock jugged forwardly, pushing open the folds of Sarah's pussy. "Uhhmmhmmmmmm," she moaned around his fingers as his fat cock began invading between her inviting pussy lips. Sarah could feel his well familiar cock, stretching her open like nothing else could do so well. Long gone were the thoughts of condoms or of even preventing Lester from being this close to her. She had probably fucked Lester more times these past few months than she had her own husband.

More of the extreme length of Lester's cock entered her slowly, like it was never ending. Sarah's body quivered as he continued to push himself firmly into her. His fat, hairy balls pressing against her soft thighs. Lester's other hand reached around her head and grabbed the phone on the bed.

The fingers in her mouth moved to the side, Sarah's head following as they kept pumping in and out of her mouth.

"Open your eyes," Lester breathed into her ear. Sarah did and saw the phone open in front of her again. Her past self on her knees before the old janitor as she vigorously sucked him off. Immediately Sarah pictured Lester's fingers as Otis' cock, "Mhmmhggmmhggmmmmmm."

Lester's hips pushed forward and he was fully embedded inside the young mother. "Ahhhmhmmmmmm," Sarah moaned as she took in a quick breath from around Lester's fingers. Her eyes were glued to the screen, watching herself put on a show for them.

Lester didn't waste any time. His hips began rocking back and forth as his oversized cock slid fluidly in and out of Sarah. The fat head of his cock pounding into her sensitive inner flesh. Sarah wanted to shut her eyes and revel in the sensations Lester's cock was giving her but she did as she was told and kept staring at the phone.

Her lips clamped around Lester's hairy knuckles as she sucked his fingers aggressively, picturing Otis's cock from last night. Any evidence of Cheeto dust on them was long since removed.

"Fuck, you're so tight," Lester grunted, his monster cock sliding out of her, slick with her juices before sliding right back in.

"Mmm-hmmmm," Sarah moaned around Lester's fingers. They fucked like that on their sides for what felt like forever. Lester inserted his fingers, pushing them deep into her mouth while his giant cock battered and plundered her pussy. Having his cock in her and his fingers fucking her mouth while watching the video of herself was quickly pushing Sarah past her point of no return. Her growing orgasm was quickly threatening to descend onto her and fry her consciousness.

"Mmmmmffffff," Sarah held onto the back of Lester's hand as his fingers pushed in and out of her wet and waiting mouth. Her eyes open, staring at the screen before her as Otis dragged his cock all over her face.

“Here comes my favorite part,” Lester grunted. He pulled his fingers from Sarah’s mouth, much to her disappointment, as he roughly gripped her slim hips, giving his cock extra leverage. “Keep watching.”

Lester kept lustily pounding Sarah’s pussy as she watched the events unfold before her on the screen. Her body was on fire, feeling the next level ecstasy of Lester’s fat thrusting cock sliding in and out of her. Tantalizingly touching her insides and setting every single one of her nerves on fire. She gripped his cock with the taut muscles in her pussy, enveloping him, not wanting to ever let him go. Not when she was so fucking close to cumming this phenomenally.

She wanted to clamp her eyes shut and focus on the burning sensation inside of her. But Lester had told her to keep watching. So she watched, even as her body was being dialled up for an explosive climax.

“Ohfuck,” Sarah moaned, watching the illicit scene play out on Lester’s phone screen. Otis was eagerly slapping his cock against her outstretched tongue. Her body gyrating on the dirty ground of the boiler room like a common whore. Her mind a fucked up cocktail of exhibitionism and voyeurism. Knowing Lester was watching, putting on a show for him. And now, seeing her in the act from Lester’s viewpoint. Seeing herself perform. It created a heavy cocktail of endorphins in her brain that she wanted to drink from forever. It was all too much.

Sarah’s body tensed at the same time Otis did on the screen. As the first rope of his cum splattered across her face on the video, Sarah could almost feel the warmth of it on her again. Her body shuddered and her pussy clamped down on Lester’s cock as she came from the fire he’d created inside her.

Her orgasm ripped through her body, rocking her to her very core. Despite Lester’s order’s Sarah closed her eyes, the image of Otis’s cock exploding seared into her memory. She held her breath as her entire body was enveloped in a warm embrace, as her intense orgasm radiated from her very core. Her hands knotted the bedsheets, and her legs went taut. It was like she could actually feel the ropes of cum landing on her face again. Her mind shifting from Lester’s perspective and her own from last night as the janitor fucked her face.

“Ohhhhhmmmmmygooddfuuucck,” Sarah moaned, her brain on fire from all the stimuli. This was something new, like pouring gasoline onto a raging fire. All of it touched her in a new way and shattered her to her core, her orgasm rocking her. Watching herself. Seeing herself. Seeing herself in such a fucked up situation with such a fucked up person.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh,” Sarah wailed as her climax crescendoed and another, larger one, out of nowhere, took over and crashed down onto her. Her pussy clamped down on Lester’s cock like an unyielding vise. He was hot and strong inside of her, and she could feel his heartbeat thrumming from inside her. Pulsating from his cock. Her body quivered, and her face went red as she held her breath, her eyes closed tightly as her climaxes exploded repeatedly inside of her.

“Jeeesus,” Sarah finally exhaled, her body slumping. Taut muscles relaxed for a second as her mind cleared. She released her lips’ grip on Lester’s cock. She had been holding him so tightly that he hadn’t been able to continue thrusting inside of her.

“Stay like that,” Lester grunted, pulling his cock free. Sarah felt empty, a pang of disappointment at his cock disappearing from her. She wished she could just feel it in her all the time. The mattress dipped behind her as Lester repositioned himself. From the corner of her eye, she saw the blobby outline of Lester’s body push itself off the bed and shimmy itself down towards her legs. Lester’s large stomach stuck out, his pasty white skin covered in hair, contrasting with her tanned and toned legs. His flabby chest was almost as imposing as her own considerable bust. He licked his lips and stared down at her, one hand on his cock as he ran it sideways against her leaking slit. He put one of his legs in between hers to give him better access to her pussy and then pushed himself forward with a satisfied grunt.

“Uhhh,” Sarah moaned, staring at her husband’s roommate. Her boss, as he mounted her. She lay on her side, her legs bent in a sitting position, with Lester kneeling up against her ass and thighs. Suddenly he jabbed his cock deep into her hard and fast without warning.

“Ughgghhhhhh,” Sarah grunted in surprise. A sharp intake of breath, her jaw hung open from the continued shock of his immense girth.

“I love doing that,” Lester chuckled, “Love seeing that look on your face. The aroused surprise. Love seeing those tits bounce as I fuck you.”

“Then don’t stop,” Sarah moaned, “Keep fucking me. Fuck me hard Lester. Make my...tits bounce for you.”

That ugly shit-eating grin appeared on Lester’s face and he started to rapidly pound his cock into her. Sarah gasped as Lester wasted no time fucking her frenetically with a driven energy in just the way she craved. Her body immediately responded to him. She pushed her butt back against him with each thrust. It felt like Lester was splitting her in two with his pumping hardness, and it felt so fucking good.

“Uh, Uh, mmmhmmmmmm,” Sarah moaned at each hard thrust. Her breasts were bouncing wildly, flailing away, Lester’s eyes devouring the sight of them. Feasting on them. The way he stared at her made it seem like she was the only thing in the world he wanted to look at. That intense mask of lust on his face, those eyes almost glowing with desire. Desire for her.

“Don’t stop fucking me Lester,” Sarah whined. She bit her lip and held onto the pillow beneath her head with one hand. The other needed to touch him. She touched his stomach, fingers running through the hair there as he thrust into her. Lester smacked her hand away. He gripped her wrist and held it against her thigh, not wanting anything to slow his thrusts.

Lester just gritted his teeth and kept pounding into her, his forehead glistening with sweat. In another life, seeing Lester’s grotesque body connected to hers like this would have been a nightmare. But now, strangely, Sarah felt herself strongly attracted to his form, to how he

looked when he moved like this. Logically, she knew it wasn't something she should desire, but she couldn't help herself. On a primal level, she knew that his form was associated with massive amounts of her pleasure.

"Now this is how to spend a fucking work day," Lester grunted, finger nails digging into her thigh flesh. "If only everyone at work knew that Sarah Williams was getting fucked on her lunch break."

The idea sent shivers of terror down her spine but her pussy clenched tightly around Lester's cock.

"Here," Lester said, one of his hands trailing up her body, "You need to clean these ones too."

Two of Lester's fingers pushed their way into her mouth. Just like the last ones, she tasted whatever he had been eating. Without so much as a thought of disobeying, Sarah lapped at them. Her tongue dragged across them, licking them clean as Lester pushed them into her mouth.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned around his fingers. Again her mind flashed to the video of Otis with his cock thrusting into her mouth.

"Good girl," Lester grunted between thrusts, "Lick'em clean. Get it all."

Lester's other hand roughly pulled down the cups of her bra, letting her bare breasts tumble out. He didn't bother undoing the clasps, just exposing her flopping breasts. He wasted no time roughly mauling them and tweaking each nipple. After playing with her breasts and nipples, his hand gripped her shoulder and pulled her towards him while he thrust into her,

"Ahhh-uuuhhhh," Sarah gasped around Lester's digits at the hard movement. Lester repeated it again and again. He pulled his fingers from her mouth, now glistening with her saliva and grabbed his phone again, sticking it in front of Sarah's face and making her watch the video of her sucking on Otis' cock.

Sarah just groaned softly as her eyes were glued to the video. Lester continued to ceaselessly slide his large, hot cock in and out of her. It was like she was watching porn while a massive dildo was fucking her. Except instead of a dildo it was Lester's living monster cock and the pornstar was her, acting like a wanton slut for some random older man.

"How do you like watching yourself?" Lester asked, with no break in his constant pace.

"Uh, ah, mmhmmmm, uhhh," Sarah just grunted, forcing her eyes to keep watching. Even though Lester was doing a thorough job of trying to distract her.

"Tell me," Lester smirked, "How do you like watching yourself perform for me? Sucking Otis' cock at my command? How wet does it make you, watching yourself act like such a slut. Tell me how you like it. Tell me."

"It's....." Sarah started, "Different."

“Different how? Say more.”

“Uhhh, it's almost like an out-of-body experience, mhmmm, but I know it's myself, it's me. I never, mhmmmm, knew I looked so....slutty. I keep, uhh, expecting, ah, Otis to pull out and try to.. Bend me over, to fff-fuck me, but I know that's not how the video ends.”

“Do you see how sexy you look doing it? Now you know why Dan likes to watch you. But the sexiest thing is watching you, knowing you're doing it because I told you to.”

“Oh god,” Sarah groaned, “Doing it...because you want me to.”

“No,” Lester corrected, thrusting forward sharply to make a point, “Because your boss commanded it. And you'll do whatever your boss demands, right?”

Fuck. Lester knew just how to talk to her to rile her up to a new level of sexual imagination. “Yes,” she breathed between thrusts, her face completely flushed, “Whatever my boss wants. Whatever you want, Lester.”

“I'm going to make you do the nastiest things you've ever done in your life,” Lester barked, “And you're going to love each and every one of them.”

“Whatever you want,” Sarah closed her eyes and focused on Lester's drilling cock, sliding in and out of her at a rapid clip. Even though she wasn't currently watching the video, it was still playing back in her mind, over and over. The desperate look on Otis's face as he stared down at her.....

“Remember that homeless guy? From that one night in Chicago? Maybe I should track him down and give you over to him.” Lester sneered, bending over and licking her skin by her neck. “And you'd love every second of it, wouldn't you?”

“Yessss,” Sarah moaned, imagining that rough-looking man standing in front of her in the boiler room while she serviced him too. The dirty things he'd say while he used her mouth. While he....fucked her. Her delicate hands hot against the boiler getting fucked from behind.

“Stoppp,” Sarah mewed, opening her eyes to look at Lester, “Take me from behind. Please.”

Lester just smirked and slowly, slid his oversized cock out of her. Sarah moaned as it slid out of her, eyes going wide at the sensation of his massiveness moving inside her. After it plopped out, her mind seemed to clear for a brief moment, taking in misshapen Lester's form. The sweat trickled down his neck and ran down his chest.

He slapped her thigh, and Sarah snapped out of her reverie. She turned her body towards the center of the bed, moving her hips to –

Rough hands grabbed her hips from behind and Lester shoved his cock into her all the way to the hilt, pulling her back towards him.

“UHFUUUUU,” Sarah screamed into the mattress. She hadn’t been ready. Her knees jerked forward, the sharp thrust pushing her off balance. Sarah’s chest fell to the mattress with a weird crunching sound.

Lester thrust again, not giving her time to push herself up. Her entire torso collapsed onto the bed while he held her hips up to meet his cock. Another forceful thrust followed by another strange crunching sound.

“Uhhh, mmhmm, ah, uh, uh, uh, uh, yes, yes, uh, please, Lester,” Sarah moaned, fingers splayed out, trying to grasp something, anything for leverage. Her fingers curled around the bedsheets, giving up on pushing herself up onto her hands, content to just take the aggressively pleasurable fucking from her fucked up lover.

“What’s your favorite part in the video? Getting blasted with his cum?” Lester said mockingly behind her.

“Uhhmmhmmm. All.....all of it...” Sarah moaned, “I fucking love all of it. Every single fucking second.”

“Heh,” Lester grunted and with a heavy breath pulled his cock all the way back until just the cockhead was inside of her and then slowly pushed it all the way back in. Sarah’s toes curled, and she let out a long plaintive whine.

“I bet Dan would love the video, too,” Lester chuckled, “He’d love jerking his wittle cock to it, don’t you think?”

“Yes,” Sarah admitted, “He’d love it.”

“Too bad he is never going to fucking see it.” Lester chortled, “It’s all mine. Just like you are.”

Lester picked up his pace and started fucking her with a renewed vigor. Sarah finally found her hands underneath herself and was able to push herself up off the bed. Now on all fours, she ground her palms and knees into the bed while Lester relentlessly fucked her from behind. His meaty hand grabbed the back of her neck and forced her head down as he used her neck for leverage in his fucking.

Sarah’s eyes lazily opened and saw a crushed bag of Cheetos below her on the bed. That was what had made the crunch sound earlier. Its contents were now exploded out all under her. Neither of them caring about the mess. Not wanting to stop. The maids would have to deal with it.

“Poor Dan,” Lester chuckled, “Probably would fucking die to watch this video. Probably jerked off right away when you told him about yesterday.”

Sarah just hung her head, focusing on Lester’s cock presently hitting her G-Spot and driving her well on her way to another orgasm. She knew it was close. So fucking close. She just had to focus on it, and she was going to explode again.

Lester chuckled menacingly behind her, his leg coming up next to her hip as he chose a new angle to fuck her from, “You didn’t fucking tell him did you?”

“No...,” Sarah started, “Not yet....I was –”

“Fuck him,” Lester grunted, squeezing one ass cheek hard enough that Sarah held back a shriek, “He can’t give you what you need. Not like I can. You know it.”

Sarah didn’t respond, clamping her eyes shut as she held onto the bed sheets. As his body persistently delivered the need he’d mentioned.

Lester’s hand on her neck snaked up to grab the hair at the base of her skull. The lustful mother knew what was coming and leaned her head back, offering him a place to clutch. He clenched his hand into a fist, roughly grabbing a handful of her hair, and he yanked her head up. Sarah winced and grinned at the familiar pain, Lester using her hair to pull her body back as he fucked her.

“Your boss asked you a question,” Lester commanded.

“NO,” Sarah screamed into the room, “He can’t. Not like you can. No one can. Not like you.”

“Not like your Chicago Husband can do it, huh?” Lester growled as he pumped more and more of his cock into her. His fat, hairy balls, slapping against her clit. He looked over at the mirror and saw the two of them in a side view; his quivering mass with one foot up on the bed, plunging into a writhing woman whose body was like a work of fine art.

“Fuck,” Sarah moaned, “Uhhmhm. Ah, I think....you’re just, uhh, my....Chicago Fiancee, uhhhh.” He’d done the fake proposal and all of that. And yes, she had talked up her husband’s ring to Mary, but there hadn’t technically been a ceremony or something that would –

WHAP

Sarah shrieked as Lester slapped her ass hard with his grimy open hand.

WHAP

He did it again, leaving a massive welt of a handprint on her left ass cheek.

“Don’t give me that smart ass shit,” Lester grunted.

Despite Lester’s strong grip on her hair, Sarah turned her head to look over her shoulder. Her eyes blazed with defiance. She looked back at Dan’s roommate. Her boss and the man who gave her more intense orgasms than she had ever experienced before.

Sarah didn’t know where the phone was, but she could hear Otis’ voice, “Stick out your tongue.”

“Y-you want to be my Chicago Husband?” Sarah said with a raw edge to her voice, “Then you’re going to have to fuh-fucking work for it.”

Sarah readjusted where her hands were placed, crushing a few Cheetos under her palms. She slammed her hips back firmly against Lester's cock, catching him off guard. Lester tried thrusting his cock into her but Sarah preemptively slammed her ass back against him before he could set the pace. Then slammed her ass back again, groaning at the feeling of Lester's cock hitting her the way she wanted. The way she needed.

Lester grabbed her hips with both hands, holding on while she fucked back against his cock. Each time she slammed back, her ass cheeks rippled, as did the fat stomach connected to her.

Sweat was pouring off of Lester, causing a squelching sound where their bodies connected. Sarah could feel her own sweat pooling on her lower back, right above her ass cheeks. Lester's chest was heaving with each breath. Despite his aggressive thrusts, the internal tank he'd claimed to have filled earlier seemed to be running out.

"Come on, big boy. Give me what I need. You want me to be all yours than you're going to have to show me what you got," Sarah's fingers spread out on the bed and she pushed her ass back further than before, trying to take more and more of Lester's cock inside of her.

A familiar fire was quickly igniting inside of her. She didn't care if Lester didn't like what she was doing. If she stopped she knew she'd lose this orgasm and that wasn't fucking happening. Not with this man.

"Fuck," Sarah grunted as she slammed back into Lester, "Fucking give it to me Lester!"

Otis' voice again from the phone, "Fuck I'm so close. Beg for it. Say my name and beg for it."

"Don't fucking stop. PLEASE. GOD. I NEED IT. I NEED YOUR COCK," Sarah moaned, each word ramping up the fire she felt inside. "Fuck I want to feel you fill me. Fuck Lester. Please fill me up. Fill me Lester. PLEASE."

Lester was breathing hoarsely and heavily behind her, unable or unwilling to respond to her. It didn't matter. She was so close. It was right there. Right there. "Right there. Right there. Lester. Lester. LESTER! FUCK! GIVE IT TO ME LESTER!"

The phone sounded more muffled than before but Sarah could still hear Otis say, "Ugh, fuck. 'I'm gonna cum, girl. Where do you want it? Where do you fucking want it?'"

Sarah's building orgasm started to ripple inside of her, bending her mind, about to explode.

"Agh. Fuck I'm gonna cum. Take it, Sarah," Lester breathily grunted weakly from behind the thrashing bride.

His words danced into her ear and seemed to pierce through her body, right towards her budding orgasm, setting it ablaze.

"Open wide," Otis said from the phone.

“OH FUCK,” Sarah screamed, nails digging into the mattress below. Lester’s cock felt like it was heating up inside of her. It expanded, and she felt it. The pulse of his cock as the first rope of cum exploded out of his shaft and drenched her waiting pussy.

Sarah’s pussy clenched down on his cock, milking it, refusing to let it go. Rope after hot, sticky rope exploded inside of her. The wall inside of her holding back her orgasm crumbled completely, and it washed over her body. Every inch of her felt a soothing warmth, and the neurons in her brain fired at a rapid speed as every nerve in her body seemed to alight all at once. Her toes curled and she thrust her ass back against him while she moaned, “JEESSUUSLEEEESSTERRRRR. FILL MEE.”

With the last of his energy Lester let out an animalistic roar as the last of his cum flooded her pussy. His fat stomach collapsed on top of her, and she felt the crushing weight of his frame pushing her down onto the bed. She heard that familiar crunching sound of the orange snack food somewhere distant as her body still rocked, coursing with pleasure. Her body was pinned to the bed under Lester’s massive frame, her eyes rolled back in her head as the last remaining strands of intoxicating pleasure rippled through her body.

“Holy shit,” Otis’ voice said from the nearby phone.

Soon, she was a heavy, sweating mess, breathing hard on the bed under the mass of Lester. She couldn’t seem to breathe. His weight was too much for her. Lester slid his cock out of her and rolled off onto the side. Sarah did the same, rolling onto her back the other way. The sound of the plastic bag under her ruffling as she did.

Trying to catch her breath, Sarah could feel Lester’s illicit cum begin to leak out of her well used pussy. She was too tired to care and well used to it by now.

“Here,” Lester grunted, holding out his phone to her.

“Just admiring the view. Fucking perfection. Say, let me get your number, and maybe we can meet up again,” Otis said in the recording.

Confused, she looked at him for an explanation.

“You wanted the video deleted,” Lester said wearily, he was still breathing hard from the way she had taken over and set an olympic pace at the end. “Do it.”

Sarah took the phone and looked at the video one last time. Then she pressed the delete button, erasing it from Lester’s phone. The next picture in the camera roll appeared, and Sarah recognized it. It was one of the dirty pictures Lester had sent her recently. She swiped right and saw more of them. A bemused smile played on her lips as she realized that Lester must take several pictures before selecting the best one to send her. She hadn’t realized he was so careful in choosing the best pictures of his cock for her. It was almost...sweet in a way.

“I told you, Dan was never going to see that video,” Lester chuckled, eyes closed.

Sarah just shook her head and tossed the phone back to him. "I guess not."

Pushing through exhaustion, Sarah raised herself up onto her elbows and surveyed the state of the bed. The sheets were crinkled up everywhere. Lester was a hot, sweaty mess lying like a beached whale on the bed. Cheetos and their gross, over processed dust was everywhere.

I fucked him on a bed of Cheetos....

"Maybe we should make our own video," Lester cracked an eye open and smiled at her, "Then we can do that while we watch ourselves."

Sarah stared at him. She had just deleted a video, and now he was talking about making another. Though, he hadn't put up a fight with her when he wanted to delete it.

"Maybe for my birthday," Lester said.

"Didn't you just have a birthday?" Sarah remembered his birthday request from a few months ago.

"Oh...yeah," Lester said, then quickly added, "Maybe an early present for the next one."

"You're ridiculous," Sarah shook her head and sat up completely, "Come on. You need to shower, and quickly. We need to get back to the office."

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Maria rolled her eyes as she tugged and tucked in the bed sheets. Another hooker?

She heard the wailing scream of a woman orgasming through the wall to the next room. A few seconds later, the shower started.

Maria's youngest daughter was almost through college, and then Maria could look for something else—something else to do with her life other than cleaning hotel rooms after these entitled people left her with their mess.

But what was a hooker doing here in the middle of the day? Usually, Maria only had to clean up after them in the mornings. She always felt bad for those women but also looked down on them for how they made their living. This woman next door probably made more than Maria did.

Maria finished tucking in the bed, the last thing she needed to do for this room. She put the pillows on and made sure everything looked as corporate demanded. Maria returned to her cart in the hallway and froze as she saw the couple exit the room.

A disgusting-looking middle-aged man who looked like the trolls her grandmother would describe in stories when she was but a girl. And a gorgeous blonde woman with piercing emerald eyes was dressed professionally, but her body looked made of sin. Maria clutched the cross at her neck and silently prayed for the young woman. The woman flashed Maria an embarrassed smile as she passed. The man had an amused look on his face.

Maria sighed and pushed her cart to the door they had just left. The small sign hanging on the door handle said 'Service Please.'

Maria held her breath and swiped her badge, opening the door. She tentatively stepped in, and her eyes went wide. Garbage everywhere: food, plastic, and orange crumbs all over the bed. Where had the couple had sex? Surely, they didn't have sex amongst all this garbage.

Maria adamantly shook her head and turned on her heel, leaving the room. She closed the door behind her and flipped the sign to 'Do Not Disturb.'

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Sarah peeked her head around the corner and saw Otis's cart parked outside one of the washrooms. She counted to five, and not seeing any movement, she quickly sped down the hallway, past the cart and washrooms, and rounded the next corner to the elevators.

She pushed the button, calling the elevator, and looked up at the digital display above it. The elevator car was a few levels up. Sarah's breath caught in her throat as the numbers slowly descended. She looked over her shoulder; the janitor's cart was still unmoving. She just prayed that Otis was a diligent worker who took his time doing his job so she wouldn't be discovered by him.

As the seconds ticked by, Sarah felt her nerves begin to fray at the potential confrontation with the man. Would he make a scene in front of her coworkers? Worse, would he try to maneuver her for a repeat performance? Or more? She had very little exposure to the man...well, maybe a lot of exposure, but she didn't know his personality or how he would behave.

Finally, the elevator dinged, and the doors opened. A handful of people got out before Sarah could step in and push herself against the back wall. A few others milled in behind her. All the while, Sarah was internally screaming for the doors to shut so the elevator could rise to her floor.

Over the sounds of talking coworkers, Sarah heard it. The door to the washroom opening and the sound of someone fiddling with the cart. Sarah tried to melt into the elevator wall and hide behind one of the other people. The cart's wheels squeaked as it grew closer.

Thankfully, the doors shut. Or they were about to. A hand stopped them, and Otis's form appeared. The rest of the people in the elevator moved to the side, allowing Otis's cart access.

He wheeled his cart into the elevator, scanning the crowd. His eyes settled on Sarah, who shifted uncomfortably in the corner.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat, terrified that Otis was about to make a scene. Her eyes stared at the digital display, and she finally breathed out a sigh of relief when it moved up a floor. But was this really what her days would be like going forward? Peeking around corners, timing things perfectly to avoid him? She'd need to find some way to get him to back down. Maybe Lester could help her with him.

She could feel Otis' eyes on her but he didn't say anything. She felt like a gazelle being watched by a lion. One who seemed to be biding his time, waiting for the right moment to pounce.

"Excuse me," a feminine voice snapped her out of her thoughts.

"Yes?" Sarah said, turning to the young nurse. She was a pretty brunette who looked like she had just graduated from high school.

"I just wanted to let you know," the young girl whispered. Her eyes darted down to Sarah's chest and then her pants. With a muted smile, she said, "I think you must have brushed up against something. There a're some orange stains on your blouse and pants."

Sarah looked down at herself. Orange Cheeto stains marked her breasts and pants where Lester had groped her. Thankfully, the girl didn't seem to recognize that the marks somewhat resembled fingers.

Sarah futilelyfutilly attempted to dust herself off, but the stains were embedded in her clothing, marring her professional image for the rest of the day.

"Thank you," Sarah whispered back. "I'm not sure where they came from."

The elevator stopped on Sarah's floor, and she darted out at the last moment. The doors shut behind her, and the digital display over it showed it changed floors. Sarah felt her adrenaline pumping at being in a confined space with Otis. She had expected him to say something. To try something. Maybe he would have if she had been alone in there. Still, for now, she was free of him.

She walked quickly, knowing that Otis wasn't around. Lester's office was vacant when she got into the IT department. He had waited in his car so they wouldn't be seen walking in together but told her he had some items to attend to. What those were, she had no idea.

When she reached the safety of her office, Sarah closed the blinds and locked the door. She sat down and sighed, closing her eyes, finally letting the stress and tension she had felt since returning to the hospital escape her.

When she opened her eyes, she first saw the still cracked picture frame with a family photo in it. A prominent crack in the glass running through Dan's face, obscuring him. She really needed to fix that but so far hadn't had the time or willingness to do so. There was always something else and so much had been happening lately.

With another sigh, she reached out and grabbed her cell phone. She couldn't put it off any longer. She needed to call Dan, so that she could....she didn't really know what she wanted to do. She needed to tell him about everything that happened. She knew he wasn't going to take it well. Admittedly she had done a lot of things she hadn't expected lately. Gone further than she ever intended.

She knew things were strained already, and this would only add to it. Despite what she told herself about her embracing and running with Dan's fantasies, she knew she had gone further than either of them had ever expected. Further, without his knowledge or consent. But at the same time, she felt like she had discovered something new, and she wanted to hold onto it. Continue exploring it. Needing to find out just who she was.

She dialed Dan's number, and within a couple of rings, he picked up.

"Hey," Dan said warily from the other end of the phone, "You okay honey?"

"Yeah, yeah, I'm fine," Sarah said. "I don't know. No? Maybe? Dan, things have... they've gotten a little out of hand here lately."

"What do you mean?" Dan asked. She heard a door shutting and other shuffling sounds on his end. "Sarah, what's going on? Are the girls okay?"

"They're fine," Sarah said. "It's not them, it's..."

"Lester," Dan breathed, "I knew he couldn't keep his hands to himself. Sarah, what happened? What did he do?"

"Dan...I....I don't know...I just...I can't..." Sarah should have gotten her thoughts straight before making this call. To figure out how she wanted to tell Dan everything that had happened. Was happening. To figure out the best way to tell him. Maybe figure out a way to get him turned on by it. Maybe that could work.

"I've been so lonely," Sarah shifted her voice, pushing past her unsteady nerves, morphing her voice into a low sultry sound, "I've been bad Dan. Real bad."

Silence from Dan's end of the phone. She knew her sexy voice would catch him off guard and hopefully turn the conversation in a better direction.

"What, uh, what did you do, Sarah?" Dan stuttered.

A smile teased at the corner of her lips. "I tried to be good, Dan. I did. But Lester...well, you know how he is. Being so close to him every day at work has been hard..."

Dan didn't respond. She could hear him breathing into the phone.

"And things have been getting real tough at work, and I needed a little distraction. Well...maybe a big distraction." Sarah purred into the phone.

She almost heard Dan gulp from the other end of the line, "Sarah, hun, it's only been a few days..."

"I know. I know. You're right, it's just..."

Dan exhaled. "Just what?"

“That Lester knows exactly how to get me going,” Sarah let it hang there, wondering if Dan would speak first.

“What did he do?”

“I think you mean, what didn’t he do?” Sarah said, “He took me in his office, Dan. And I went with him at lunch to his hotel room today.”

“Jesus Christ, Sarah,” Dan breathed into the phone. She had omitted one very intense encounter but had admitted to fucking Lester more than once.

“You know I still don’t trust him,” Dan’s voice had grown weary. “Sarah, you, we really shouldn’t be doing this anymore.”

“I know. But it’s hard to stop Dan,” Sarah said. “Really hard when I’m alone here.”

“I think he’s been fucking with us. With me,” Dan said, “This...this is too much, Sarah. You need to pull it back. He needs to be cut off. We need to take a breather from all of this.”

“I don’t know if I can,” Sarah deepened her sultry tone. Like always, Dan seemed on the fence, not wanting to surrender completely to his fantasy. She knew he just needed a little push, so she decided to drop a bomb on him.

“But Lester isn’t the only one I’ve been playing with.”

“What? Sarah, what on Earth are you talking about? Who are you talking about? What did you do?”

“Well, there’s this guy at work. A janitor, actually,” Sarah said, drawing out her explanation to torture her husband. “I’ve seen him staring at me, Dan. Always staring at me.”

“What happened?” Dan asked softly.

“Well, I was just doing some work things, and we ended up alone in the basement together....” she trailed off.

Dan didn’t respond, but she could feel the tension of his need from the other end of the phone.

“One thing kind of led to another,” Sarah breathed huskily, “But I ended up on my knees, covered in his cum, baby. I hope you aren’t mad.”

“Babe, are you for real?” Dan asked, “Did this really happen?”

“Yes,” Sarah said, “I told you, I’ve been a really, really bad girl, baby. Without you here, I’ve been going kind of crazy.”

“This is crazy, Sarah. It’s like you can’t even control yourself. You just let go.”

"I know. It is crazy, Dan," Sarah said. "I still can't believe what I've done. Just thinking about it makes my stomach do a flip. But at the same time...at the same time, it gets me going, really going. I wish you could have been here to watch me."

"I don't know. I think I would have shut it down, Sarah."

That wasn't what she expected. "What do you mean?"

"I feel like you're slipping. Slipping away from me, towards something bad. I mean, with a janitor from work? Sarah, who is this guy? Can you even trust him? I don't think we can even trust Lester and you're still fucking around with him. You're supposed to talk to me about this shit before you do anything. It feels like you're going off on your own and just cheating instead of us doing this together for each other."

Cheating? After all of this, he drops that on her? Yes, she had done some of this without his knowledge, but isn't that part of what he wanted? Wasn't the surprise what he found hot about all of this?

"Dan, I'm not cheating. I'm not. All of this is part of our fantasy. We even said last time that we'd continue things with Lester for now. So don't try to make me into the bad guy saying I'm still fucking around with him."

"But you are, I'm not there and you're still –"

Sarah sighed, "Okay. We should stop then. But what about your rent? Lester is still paying for it, well actually I'm paying for it with my body, aren't I?"

"That's not fair, Sarah."

"No, maybe it isn't, but that's the reality of things. So I'm doing my part to get us through, and I don't think it's fair that you make me feel guilty about it when you're not even here."

"The deal is rent for a date. I don't see how fucking Lester in his office and then in his hotel in just a couple of days counts towards that. Even if our rent just went up, it still doesn't make sense."

"That's not fair, Dan," Sarah said. All this time, she had been indulging in Dan's fantasy play. And now, she was beginning to explore new things. Things that she was just discovering she liked, he was lashing out at her and trying to put her in a corner right at the beginning of her journey.

"How is it not fair, Sarah?"

"Because! We do all this fantasy stuff, all this fantasy play, and it's always on me, centered around me. It was your fantasy to start with, but now when I find some parts about it that I like and want to explore, you push back, and suddenly it has to stop when you say."

"I'm not pushing back on anything. I'm pushing back on you doing these things without my knowledge. I can't protect you if I don't know what's happening, Sarah."

"I'm a big girl, Dan, I don't need a man's protection all the time."

"Lester is a manipulative fuck Sarah, I don't think you're seeing things clearly. You're not seeing him clearly."

"Oh my god," Sarah rolled her eyes, "Dan, I know you're still pissed about the hotel thing with Jesse. And I'm not going to let Lester off the hook for that, but he isn't some grand master mind here. He isn't some hacker. I've seen him at work. There's no way he did the things you put on him. Besides, he's had my back, and you know what? He even saved my job. Without him, we wouldn't have my income and we'd be really fucked. So yeah, maybe I have given him a little extra slack lately, but he's earned it."

"Yeah, okay, and what about this random janitor? Have you even thought through what he might do? What if he goes to HR? What if he tries something again? Who is going to be there to help you?"

Lester will she thought but knew saying that out loud wouldn't help her argument. "Like I said, I'm not some delicate flower, Dan. I can handle myself. You're not the only who's managed to build a career, okay?"

"But we never even talked about this janitor. I'm in the dark on the whole thing, just like I was when you got fucked in that hotel room by Lester and Jesse," Dan said.

"Fine, what do you want me to do? Text you every time I'm about to do something?" Sarah asked.

"N-no, uh, look, when it comes to the fantasy stuff, yes, I don't want to be left in the dark on it," Dan said. "That stuff, we need to talk about beforehand. Before you do anything with anyone else."

"That sounds really hot and spontaneous," Sarah said, shaking her head. Then she sighed, "But I get it. I get you not wanting to find out out of nowhere. Things just kind of happened. They weren't what I'd intended to do, but in the moment, they just sort of happened. I didn't plan on them, on any of it. I'm sorry. I'm sorry you're finding out on the phone."

Sarah felt like a weight had just been put on her shoulders. She thought back to the days when Dan still lived at home. Things were simpler. Things were easier with their family back then; neither of them was exposed to all of this. The stress and the excitement about all these new situations they found themselves in. She longed for those days but also wondered whether going back to that would put an end to these new wild experiences she was finally having. Would it kill that side of her while she was just discovering it?

"I get it," Dan said. "In the moment, things can just kind of happen, but Sarah, there have been so many of these moments lately. That's why I think we need to take a pause and figure all of

this out. Even with the whole rent thing, we should have time before the next date. “We need to talk through all of this.”

“Do you hate me?” Sarah asked, defeated.

“No, I don’t hate you. It’s complicated,” Dan said, “Not that it’s complicated like my love for you or anything like that. It’s just a fucked up situation. Like on the one hand, the whole janitor thing....the idea of it is hot and in any other situation it would turn me on to watch it. To be there with you. Even to just know it happened. But it’s all of these things together. All this unknown territory. The Lester stuff. Even knowing you are out there doing things without me knowing is kind of hot, but right now it’s just.....I don’t know. I’m worried and scared, and that’s not turning me on.”

“You really think Lester is pulling strings or something?” Sarah asked.

“I think so. I don’t have any proof, but I feel it in my gut,” Dan sighed.

“Dan, I’ve seen him at work. He can barely navigate our shared drive. I think he is more of a security person than someone who is a mastermind hacker. Sure he is an asshole and yes he liked to control things. And maybe even try to put you down at times, which weirdly turns me on, but I’m still not sure.”

“Well, I’m still going to keep looking into it, but don’t tell him, Sarah,” Dan said.

“I won’t,” Sarah paused for a second. “Dan, where do we go from here? With you in Chicago and me here. With the fantasy stuff?”

“I don’t know, Sarah. But I think we need to put a pause on it for now.”

“I don’t think Lester will like that,” Sarah said.

“Too bad. It’s just you and me in this marriage. He doesn’t get a say. If he wants us to play nice and we let him be a part of things, at least until I can prove he is involved, then he needs to play by our rules. And if it wasn’t for this whole rent thing, then I’d stop it all together.”

“You mean we’d stop it. Together. We’d make that choice, right?” Sarah challenged.

“Yeah, that’s what I meant,” Dan said.

Neither spoke for close to a minute, each of them wrapped up in their own thoughts.

“Look,” Dan said, “I don’t want to fight. We’ll talk through all of this like we always do, okay? We’ll figure it out together. I do want to hear more about it. Hear more about some of the things that have turned you on about it so we can explore them together.”

“I’d like that too,” Sarah said.

“I know we’re both at work....so I don’t want to get into it now and cut it short. We need to talk through this. But we’ll have that chat. For now, though, how are the girls?”

They talked for another few minutes about normal life things. The conversation almost seemed normal, but Sarah felt they were ignoring the elephant in the room hanging over the entire conversation. Eventually, Dan had to go because of a client call.

“I love you,” Dan said softly.

“I love you too, Dan. I can’t wait to see you and make sense of all this.” Sarah said.

“We’ll figure it out together, baby,” Dan responded.

After hanging up, Sarah found many emails waiting for her, while her thoughts drifted back to their conversation and Lester.

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Dan rested his head on the back of his office chair, resisting the urge to pinch the bridge of his nose. It had been a couple of hours since his call with Sarah, yet his mind constantly drifted back to her words.

That she had been pursuing her adventures both aroused and scared him. Before all of this started, he had fantasized about something like this. About Sarah going off on her own and being bad, only to slide into their bed later and seductively tell him all the details. But now....

He didn’t know how to feel. His dick was hard at the idea but he couldn’t help but feel a pit in his stomach. Was she really doing this on her own? Or was it because Lester was manipulating her, just like he manipulated everything else?

Sarah’s words rang in his ear, and he still didn’t have proof of Lester’s misdeeds. But his gut feeling should be enough, shouldn’t it? He still felt trapped by his bargain with Lester, exchanging time with his wife for help with the rent. It felt like he was losing control over his life, and he and Sarah were dancing to the tune of Lester’s machinations.

His wife was crossing lines he didn’t think she would normally. Not only had she played around at work - something she would never have been brave enough to do before. She had actually included a coworker, albeit a janitor, in it. That sent Dan’s whole mind on fire, not knowing who this person was or what Sarah had done with them, how it had all come together. What had they said to each other? How had Sarah looked at him?

He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, adjusting himself. He cursed his arousal and the entire situation his family found themselves in. He just wished they were together, experiencing these things together.

Now it felt like his fantasy was out of control. Before, he felt like he was out of control, unable to reign it in. Now it felt like it was running away without him, taking on a life of its own with Sarah along for the ride. She had clearly begun to adopt the fantasy as her own, and he had seen a wild side to his wife that he always knew was there. Alive, but restrained. Now? Now, he wasn’t sure what was going on.

He realized that he and Sarah had never actually finished their conversation about pausing the fantasy and stopping all of this. Had she let that conversation thread naturally wither? Or had Dan said the words and not entirely meant them?

He wasn't sure. It would be easy to blame her. But he knew part of him wanted this. Wanted more. But things still didn't sit right with him as they were. Not with Lester involved. Dan felt impotent, unable to extract Lester from their lives. How the hell had he managed to ingrain himself so far into the hospital to be able to be there with Sarah when Dan couldn't?

Dan felt like an outsider looking in on his own life as things spiralled out of control.

He shook his head and had his hands over his face as he sat up in his chair. Speaking of out of control, he eyed his inbox and the blistering amount of unread emails on the screen. He knew a similar amount awaited him on his cellphone from his side consulting business.

It was like everything was happening at once, conspiring to overwhelm him. Even his investigation into Lester was beginning to bear fruit, threatening to distract him entirely. He had finally uncovered a thread that might lead him to Lester's ex-girlfriend.

He just needed to....someone was shouting out on the office floor. Usually, things were quiet. Especially with the low staff levels, most of his colleagues were keeping their heads down.

Dan rose and opened his office door. Loud voices were coming from the other side of the office. Cautiously, Dan stepped out and walked to where the noise was coming from. He locked eyes with someone, and he stopped in his tracks, his blood going cold.

Jesse.

Why was Jesse back here? Was he trying to get his old job back? No. Dan could see it in his eyes and the dark expression on his face that this was something much more threatening. Something personal.

"There he is," Jesse motioned to the small crowd of nervous co-workers standing around him.

"What's going on?" Walt stepped forward, trying to cut in. He looked back and forth between Jesse and Dan, confused.

Jesse ignored the old man's question and marched right up to Dan, drawing the eyes of everyone in the office.

"You need to let her go," Jesse said with gritted teeth.

"Jesse," Dan said, holding his hands out, palms down placatingly. His eyes looked around at his coworkers, trying to show he was just as confused at Jesse's appearance here as they were.

"What are you doing here?"

"I know what you're doing, Dan. I didn't think you were such a bastard," Jesse said loud enough for everyone to hear him. Dan didn't like this. Didn't like Jesse's tone and making a

spectacle in front of everyone. Maybe it was the remaining tension from his call with Sarah, but Dan felt his hands form fists at his sides.

“Jesse,” Dan said through gritted teeth, trying to keep his voice calm, “Let’s go talk in my office.”

“No way,” Jesse said, looking around at everyone. “I’m not going anywhere with you. You’re a gaslighting, controlling bastard. Keeping your wife locked up when she wants to leave you. Making her fuck other men because of your sick fantasies. That’s done.”

Dan saw the confused expressions appear on his coworkers’ faces as they digested Jesse’s words. Dan felt a rising heat of anger in his stomach as those confused expressions turned into ones of horrified concern.

“I have no idea what he’s talking about,” Dan said, looking at his coworkers. “Jesse, are you off your meds or something? What are you doing here?”

“I told you. You need to let her go,” Jesse said, his hands coming up quickly and pushing Dan back. Murmurs spread through the assembled coworkers.

“Dan, Jesse. Let’s go talk in my office,” Walt said, trying to deescalate the situation.

“No fucking way,” Jesse murmured, “I’m not going. He needs to let his wife leave him so she can be with me like she wants. We’re in love.”

“What the fuck are you talking about? You’re delusional. Get out of here.” Dan squared his shoulders and stepped back to where he had been. His anger was boiling. First Lester’s manipulations and now Jesse here, talking about private matters in front of his coworkers. Dan had always been careful to keep his personal and work life separate and now this little shit was fucking it up in the worst way possible.

“You can’t keep her locked up and away from everyone anymore, Dan. She loves me. And I love her and will do anything for her. I knew for sure that night in the hotel room when I made love to her.” Jesse spat and pushed Dan again, trying to corner him. Where had this massive set of balls developed from? Jesse had never acted like this before.

“Jesse,” Dan said firmly. Anger seething. “Shut the fuck up, you need to leave.”

What the fuck was he doing here? This reeked of Lester. Everywhere he looked, Lester was there pulling this shit with him. When the fuck would he be free of all of this? Free of Lester. Dan clenched his fists, the nails digging into his palms.

“I’m not going anywhere until you let her go,” Jesse barked back, “The way she looked at me while I was inside of her. The way she touched me. She didn’t need to say anything, Dan. She loves me and –”

Dan's right fist connected with Jesse's eye socket. Jesse stumbled back, his jaw limp-looking. He looked confused, not understanding what had happened. His brain was not processing the sudden jolt of pain while he was talking.

Then his eyes fluttered, and his body slumped to the floor.

Dan winced at the pain in his knuckles and wrist. For a second, he worried he had killed Jesse, but thankfully, he saw him breathing. A few people quickly knelt beside Jesse to check on him.

"Dan!" Walt pleaded with a horrified expression, "What the hell is going on?"

Dan just stood there silently as he felt his life unravelling.

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The TV was on, but Sarah was only partially paying attention to it. Her mind kept going back to the events of the day. Between her call with Dan and her rendezvous with Lester in his hotel room. The two men in her life.

She shook her head disbelieving her last thought and took a long sip of her red wine. She looked at the TV, eyes unfocused as the conversation with Dan played back in her head. It still felt unresolved, like her and Dan were dancing around the different issues they had.

Dan brought up stopping this, all of this. This fantasy of theirs. Originally his but now hers as well, though it was intertwined now with other things Sarah hadn't realized she needed. The need to be seen, to be told what to do. To submit to someone. Those triggers had always been there but now it felt like they had been uncovered for the very first time, like a live wire just waiting for someone to touch them. Use them.

Could she really stop? Now, when was she just learning about this side of herself? Yes. She could. She could if that is what Dan and she decided. At least, that's what she told herself.

Was she really slipping like Dan had said? She downed the last gulp of wine and walked to the kitchen to refill her glass. Thankfully her daughters had gone down easy. They'd been asleep for around an hour now and Sarah was ready to relax.

As she refilled her glass, she decided she wasn't slipping. She was just experimenting. Experimenting with Dan's fantasies while embracing some of her own. She could stop. She could stop this when she wanted to. When did things get to that point?

But what was that point? Where was that line that she shouldn't cross? She didn't know. And she hadn't ever talked with Dan about it. Not really. Was it blowing a janitor in the basement of the hospital? Apparently not.

While she didn't think Dan was right about Lester being a master manipulator. The idea was appealing. If he was, then all of this wasn't her fault. She could absolve herself of what had happened. She wasn't slipping. At least, that is what she clung to. Deep down, she knew the truth if she was honest with herself. Knew that....

Sarah clicked a button on the remote to change the show. She needed to find something better to distract her. With a deep breath, she thumbed her phone and dialled Dan's number. They needed to talk again. To talk through everything. She needed to talk to him about what she was feeling and how all of this was impacting her. So they could find a path forward together, even if it meant stopping all of this. She didn't know how Lester would react, but Dan was the one who mattered. Right?

The call rang and rang until she heard his familiar voicemail message. This wasn't a conversation she wanted to have with an answering machine. Sarah hung up the phone and took another sip of wine before noticing an unread text. It was from Lester.

L: What are you wearing

Sarah rolled her eyes and put her phone on the couch beside her. For the next half an hour, she tried to focus on the trashy reality show on the screen. Her mind kept drifting back to the message from Lester then to the way the way he fucked her today. So deep, and hard while making her watch the video of herself sucking off Otis.

As a beautiful couple fought on screen, Sarah felt herself getting wet at the memory of that afternoon in the hotel room. All of that stimulation. At seeing herself from another's point of view. At being on display like that.

Sarah's mind was at war with itself. Trying to focus on the show while the other part of her. The darker part of her kept trying to pull her focus back to those memories and back to that phone with the unanswered text message. It felt like it was burning a hole in her subconscious, just waiting for a response from her.

Sarah moved her hand to grab her glass of wine off the table and was surprised to find her phone already in it. When had she grabbed it? Sarah slid her phone open as if on auto-pilot and stared at Lester's message.

L: What are you wearing

She vowed to herself that no matter what, she couldn't meet Lester. She wouldn't let him into her home. Not again. Though, with the girls gone, it wouldn't be as bad as last time. They could be as loud as they wanted, not needing to use the old futon in the basement. Lester could fuck her on her bed, maybe even tomorrow before work in the morning...No. No. No. She couldn't do that. Wouldn't do that. Was she slipping? No, Sarah was in control like she always had been. So, maybe she could just indulge herself – just a little bit.

S: Just some frumpy pajamas

Sarah felt a light sense of self-condemnation when responding to Lester. At the same time, a sharp thrill ran through her. Maybe it was just the idea of being bad, of doing the wrong thing that made her feel so wet...

L: I bet you make those frumpy pajamas sexy. Nothing can change how fucking hot you are.

Sarah's breath caught in her throat. As she tried to figure out a response. Denial? No, that would just open herself up to more flattery. Maybe something quick and then cut off the exchange.

S: Thank you. Heading to bed. See you at the hospital in the morning.

There. That was good. She made sure to include 'hospital' in the message so he wouldn't show up on her door when the sun rose.

Just then Sarah's phone rang. It was Lester. She put the phone face down on the couch and ignored the call. The phone went silent before ringing again shortly after. Sarah waited until this one went quiet too. The episode on the TV ended and another began playing.

Sarah stared at the screen, forcing herself to think of nothing else but the show. Fifteen minutes later, she sighed and grabbed her phone. A message from Lester waited for her.

L: Do you always ignore your boss's calls?

Sarah's thumb hovered over the screen. She knew it was just him playing a game. She knew, though, that she shouldn't ignore a call from her boss, even though it was Lester. There could be an emergency at the hospital. Something she was needed for.

But was that true anymore? Now that she was cast out of that role? What kind of emergency would require her any longer? She decided the best thing she could do was send a quick message back to him saying she was tired and was going to sleep.

She started typing out the message when her phone began to ring, and Lester's name appeared on it. Shit he must have seen her typing a reply. With some reluctance, Sarah swiped to answer the call.

"Hello?" Sarah said softly into the phone.

"Hey there, beautiful," Lester's lecherous voice whispered into her ear.

"You know," Sarah breathed, "That is not an appropriate way to speak to your subordinates."

"If you don't think that's appropriate, just wait until you hear the dirty shit I'm going to say to you when I come over," Lester chuckled.

"Don't," Sarah mustered the determination to say, "You can't come over tonight."

"Get those girls to bed. Tell them Uncle Lester needs some time alone with Mommy," Lester said. A shiver ran up Sarah's back at his words. Those dangerous, disgusting, and arousing words.

"Lester. Tonight isn't going to happen." Sarah said firmly.

"Oh? You got enough of me earlier, and now you're cutting me off?" Lester asked with a tone of mock hurt.

“Something like that.” Sarah wasn’t paying attention to the TV anymore. She was fully engrossed in the phone call.

“So,” Lester’s tone turned more jovial, “Tell me about these pajamas.”

Sarah chuckled softly to herself, “They aren’t sexy. Like I said. Just a pair of plain black pajamas. Pants go to my ankles, and the top goes down to my wrists.”

“How tight are they?” Lester whispered into the phone.

“Baggy,” Sarah said flatly.

“Come on, don’t be like that,” Lester grumbled.

“I’m about to go to bed. I’m tired. We’ll talk tomorrow,” Sarah steeled herself, knowing this was the right choice. Some time away from Lester might be good. It would let her get her head on straight again.

“You’re no fun. You must have been talking to Dan.” Lester said.

“What the hell did that mean?” Sarah immediately said. She could almost hear Lester smile at her outburst, finally making her break from her script.

“Oh, you know. Just how he makes you feel bad about doing things you enjoy. Like you’re making a mistake. Judging you. He doesn’t like not being able to control you. Possessive husband stuff,” Lester said nonchalantly.

“That’s not how he is at all,” Sarah said. “He’s my husband, and he cares about me. He wants to make sure I’m okay. We talked earlier, and we are good.”

“Oh? And how did he react today when you told him all the things we’ve been doing?” Lester asked. “Did you tell him how much you enjoyed moaning my name today? Screaming for me on my bed while watching yourself suck the janitor’s cock?”

“It’s honestly none of your business.” Sarah felt herself heating up as Lester recounted today’s events. She wondered what it would be like to watch a video of herself and Lester together while getting fucked.

“So you didn’t tell him, did you?” Lester challenged.

“Like I said, it’s none of your business. But he knows about all of it,” Sarah snapped back.

“Even about when I fucked you while your daughters slept upstairs?” Lester said seriously.

Sarah opened her mouth to respond, but no words came out. She had held back on telling Dan that, knowing he wouldn’t react well.

“It’s okay,” Lester said quietly. “We can have our secrets too.”

“You’re such a bastard sometimes, you know that?” Sarah said.

“I never said otherwise,” Lester chuckled. “Now are you going to show me those pajamas or what?”

“No, I’m going to bed, Lester. Goodnight. Don’t call me again,” Sarah said, and she hung up the phone. Lester immediately tried calling back, but she ignored it. Her phone rang again and Sarah set it face down on the couch. It rang several more times before going silent.

A few minutes later, she finally opened her phone again and found Lester’s message.

L: Just one pic, then I’ll let you go to bed. Show me those PJs.

Sarah rolled her eyes then held out the phone in front of her and snapped a quick pic and sent it to him.

L: I told you it was sexy. I can even see your nips through it.

Sarah looked down at herself and cursed. She wasn’t wearing a bra under her pajamas and totally forgot about that when she took the picture.

L: I’m so hard right now. Just looking at this pic. Take another one for me.

S: No

L: Please. You have me all worked up over here. It hurts.

Sarah chewed her lip, picturing Lester staring at his phone, looking at her, watching her—the same phone she had watched herself on earlier in the day. He had been fine with letting her delete the video, touching himself. Touching his....

L: Are you playing with yourself, too?

S: No, Lester I’m trying to go to bed. Stop texting me.

L: Fuck I got blue balls. I need something more to finish.

The image of Lester’s face painted with lust staring down at her face in the palm of his hand while he furiously stroked himself.

S: My face in that pic isn’t enough?

L: Are you thinking about me jerking off to your pic?

She was. The stupid show on the TV was just background noise to her now.

S: Obviously, that's all you keep texting me about

L: I wish I still had that video to use right now.

Sarah's thumb hovered over the keyboard, unsure how to answer his message. How should she respond to him? What did she want to happen? Did she really want him to stop so she could go to bed?

Before she could think up a response, Lester called her again. Without thinking she answered her, determined to tell him off one more time.

“Lester, I’m seriously leave me alone so I can go to bed –”

It hadn’t been a phone call.

Lester’s thick, veiny, juicy, hard cock was on her screen. His hairy knuckles gripped it, and he was stroking it. Up and down. Up and down. Sarah gulped. It had caught her off guard. She was too shocked to formulate a cohesive thought. Lester’s ugly face could be seen in the corner of the screen, past where his giant cock took up most of the screen.

“Please,” Lester’s hoarse voice said. Pleasure and desperation laced his words, “Don’t hang up. I need this. Let me keep looking at you. I’m so close.”

“No. Lester, I can’t....”

Sarah’s chest felt flush as she watched Lester pleasure himself, staring at her live while he did. Before all this had started, Sarah would have found this abhorrent. Some disgusting troll of a man jerking off to her, watching her over a video call. The ugly look on his face as he did so. But now, she couldn’t take her eyes off the screen. Horrified and fascinated by it. And its control over her.

Sarah didn’t hang up. She just watched. marvelled at Lester’s rough treatment of his cock. Her mouth began to water, and her thighs rubbed together. She should hang up. Dan wanted her to stay away from Lester.....but technically, she wasn’t with him. This was just her.....taking a work call.....

Sarah didn’t respond to Lester but let him keep watching. Let him pleasure himself to her. The sounds of Lester’s fist stroking his cock filled the room. Sarah eyes went wide as she saw a dribble of precum leak out of the tip of Lester’s cock.

“I need to go to bed...” Sarah trailed off.

Her eyes darted to her own picture in the corner of the screen, and she was surprised to find her mouth hanging open and her face painted with desire. This was only the second time she had seen herself so aroused. Just like she had been in the video with Otis.....

“Just say my name,” Lester groaned. “I want to hear you say my name.”

Sarah hesitated, her bare breasts rising and falling with her breath. Nipples brushing against the thin fabric of her pajama top.

“Lester,” she whispered, staring into the phone. Her hand found the remote and muted the TV.

“Again.”

“Lester,” Sarah said louder. She could hear the sex dripping off her voice.

“Fuck, you’re so sexy,” Lester grumbled as he beat his cock faster. Sarah's breath hitched in her throat.

“Tell me what you’re looking at,” Lester said again.

“You’re cock,” Sarah breathed.

“Show me those pajamas again,” Lester said.

Sarah breathed deep and extended her arm, letting Lester see her form, from her head down to her waist.

“I can see how hard your nipples are for me,” Lester grunted again. “Open up one button.”

“Lester...” Sarah questioned.

“Just one. Please. I need it,” Lester said.

Hearing him beg like that pushed buttons inside of her. Knowing how desperate he was for relief. Sarah bit her bottom lip softly and deftly undid the top button on her pajama top with one hand.

“Just for a second, I need to go,” Sarah said softly.

“Ugh, yeah,” Lester licked his lips, “That’s it. Show me that skin.”

Sarah hesitated before undoing another button. Part of her protested, knowing this wasn’t what she had wanted a few minutes ago. Knowing that it was part of a pattern that she was helplessly falling into.

Her fingers trembled on the third button before an overwhelming desire to expose herself for Lester drowned out any dissenting voices in her mind.

“That’s it,” Lester breathed. “Show 'em to me. I want to stroke to you. Come on, Sarah, give me what I want.”

Sarah undid the rest of the buttons on her top, letting the material hang limply from her shoulders. She stared into the phone, seeing Lester squeeze himself while looking at her. It was too fucking hot.

She teased Lester, playing with her open shirt. Slowly and deliberately, she finally pulled both sides of her shirt apart, letting Lester’s beady eyes feast on her naked chest.

“Jesus Christ,” Lester groaned, staring at her, “I want to gobble those up.”

“Its too bad you can’t,” Sarah breathed, “I think we need some time apart. Dan does too.”

“Fuck him,” Lester growled, “I think we need more time together. Me and my cock, connected to you. Fuck apart, I need to be inside you.”

Sarah shuddered at his words.

"If I can't touch 'em tonight, you need to." Lester commanded, "Play with them. I want to stroke to it."

It was such a bad idea. Up until now, she could consider herself just a participant in this. Half-heartedly invested in the call. But if she touched herself, well...she'd be performing Lester. Kind of like the performance she watched herself give earlier.

Tentatively, one of her hands came up to the breasts. Sarah moaned at her own touch, closing her eyes. Her fingertips danced around her sensitive skin before touching the sides of her nipples. She heard Lester groan in appreciation as her took her nipple between her finger and thumb and gently played with it.

"Mmmhmmmm," Sarah moaned at her own touch. She hadn't realized how on fire her body had been until she gave it the slightest bit of relief. Her legs shifted together, enjoying the subtle touch of her panties pressing against her sex.

"Fuck," Lester grunted, "My cock is so hard for you Sarah. So fucking hard it hurts."

Sarah's eyes fluttered open, looking at the bright screen in front of her. Lester's throbbing member was staring back at her. "Then we need to do something about that big boy."

"I want to watch you cum for me," Lester growled. "I want to explode while I watch your face when you cum."

"I thought you were the one who was supposed to cum? That's what this call is for." Sarah said slowly.

"When have I ever let that happen? I'm not that selfish. I always make sure you finish," Lester said, licking his lips again, "Because it's so much better when you do."

"What do you want me to do?" Sarah said breathlessly.

"Lay down on your side," Lester said.

Sarah slowly lowered herself down onto the couch, holding the phone in front of her. Her hand was still slowly, teasingly massaging her breasts, causing her bottom lip to hang open.

"Take your hand off your tit and lower it. Touch yourself," Lester said. Sarah's body responded to his words. It was heating up, and she was craving her release. She didn't need much convincing.

"I shouldn't," Sarah breathed, her eyes darting to Lester's face. From the angle with his cock taking up so much of the screen, all of his chins were pushed together making him look like an obese frog. He glared down at her, not saying anything, watching to see what she would do.

Sarah let go of her breast, and her hand slowly trailed down her stomach. Goosebumps appeared under her fingertips as her hand ran over her sensitive skin. She saw her hand

disappear off-camera. She doubted Lester would ask to see where she touched, wanting instead to see her face. She could have just played along, but as her fingertips grazed the waistband of her pants, the sensation was too hard to resist.

“Mom?” one of her daughters said from somewhere upstairs. Sarah’s eyes went wide, and she held her breath. The sound of light footsteps moved around, and then a door closed. She motioned for Lester to stay quiet.

The toilet flushed, and she heard the footsteps again. Thankfully, they didn’t come down the stairs. It sounded like one of the girls just had to use the washroom. Another door closed, and thankfully, Sarah didn’t hear any more footsteps.

Sarah’s hand disappeared beneath the fabric of her pajama pants. Slowly, savoring the sensations her fingers travelled further down until she found her clit and the lips of her pussy.

“Uhhmm,” Sarah moaned as her fingertips gently explored herself. She closed her eyes, focusing on the feelings of her fingers dancing over herself.

“Open your eyes,” Lester said over the sound of his hand jerking his cock off. She opened her eyes and saw him squeezing lotion into his palm before gripping his cock again and stroking it slowly. “I want to see your eyes staring at me.”

“Fuck. Lester,” Sarah moaned his name. Each syllable tasting delicious and forbidden on her tongue. She had never done this with Dan. Touching each themselves, getting each other off over a video call. After all the time he had spent in Chicago alone, they’d never done it. Yet here she was doing it with Lester, even though he was in the same town, less than two miles away.

Sarah stared into Lester’s beady eyes. His intense gaze and the mask of arousal on his face, spurred her on, moving her fingers faster over her clit. Maybe that was what had turned her on all this time. It wasn’t just that look both Dan and Lester got when they saw her in these situations. It wasn’t just the act of being watched. It was the desperate, hungry look of desire when she was exposing herself. Affecting someone on that level, prompting them to do something about it. Do something to her.

“That’s it, Sarah,” Lester nodded, “Keep doing that. Put on a show for me. Don’t fucking stop. I love watching you while you get off. So fucking sexy.”

“I love it that you’re watching,” Sarah purred. The words were out of her mouth faster than her brain could comprehend if she really meant them. But she did love being watched. And...and she loved being bad. Doing something taboo like this,...it just....felt so fucking good. Like eating the forbidden fruit. Doing something she wasn’t supposed to. Skinny dipping at night.

“I know,” Lester said with a gleam in his eyes. “Speaking of the show....what do you think of this one?” Lester slapped his cock against the camera and kept stroking it.

"It's....." Sarah tried and failed to find the right words to describe how she felt. She was mesmerized watching Lester's thick, meaty shaft on her screen. How hard it was for her. She knew how fucking good it could feel. She also felt pangs of disappointment that she had to settle for watching it over a screen. The size of her phone screen didn't do the real thing justice.

"It's fucking hot," Sarah finally breathed. "Seeing how hard you are for me. Stroking yourself while looking at me. Knowing how much you want me. It's wild."

"My cock only has eyes for you Sarah," Lester said, "I could watch you all day. But I'm starting to think that you'd enjoy anyone watching you like this. Stroking themselves to you."

"What do you mean?" Sarah said breathlessly.

"Watching you with Otis and seeing how you reacted watching yourself today. I think you'd get off on any guy stroking it for you. Hell, I bet half the guys at the hospital jerk off thinking about you," Lester said.

"I don't think so, that's a bit –"

"I know it. Close your eyes," Lester said. Sarah licked her lips and closed them.

"I want you to picture all the men you see at work. From the moment you walk in to the building until you leave. Think of all their faces and bodies."

"Okay." Sarah said as her mind started to run through all the men. From the families of patients to the doctors, nurses and other staff.

"Now picture yourself lying on your bed, with all these men standing around stroking themselves for you. All of them eager to see your naked body."

Sarah's breathing grew more erratic as she pictured it. Naked men standing around her. All of them staring at her with that intense, semi-crazed look while stroking their cocks. She knew it should scare her. Or she should find it comical. But at that moment, just the simple idea of it made her soaking wet.

Sarah's thighs clenched around her hand, her hips slowly pushing into it.

"Picture Otis there, right next to you, stroking his cock. Leering at you like he does."

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned as her fingers started working herself up faster than expected. The mental image Lester was painting for her was adding fuel to her already burning fire.

"I'm not there. And neither is your husband," Lester whispered, "And you don't stop do you?"

"No," Sarah whispered, "No, I don't."

"Because you love it, don't you? You love being exposed and for men to see you. To want you. To want to fuck you and bury themselves inside of you. You love the attention."

“Mhmmm fuck,” Sarah moaned, “I do. I love it. Fuck Lester. I never knew how much I fucking loved it until you. Until you pushed me to it.”

“We’re just getting started,” Lester said, furiously stroking his cock.

“But you know what I love more?” Sarah opened her eyes. Her expression darkened, and her eyes mirrored Lester’s—filled with lust.

“What?” Lester said.

“That big fucking cock of yours,” Sarah said, her voice dripping with sex. “The way it fills me. Fills me up so fucking good.”

“You like how deep I can get?” Lester snarled.

A call notification appeared on her screen, but Sarah quickly dismissed it. She didn’t even read who it was. She just didn’t want anything to take away from her impending release.

“God. Lester, you go so deep. So fucking deep. At first, I didn’t think it could actually fit inside me. You fill me completely,” Sarah moaned, her lips forming a small ‘O’ as the words escaped her lips. Her fingers started picking up in speed and intensity as she spoke.

“You gonna cum for me Sarah?” Lester asked.

“Soon,” Sarah breathed, “God Lester I love watching that cock of yours.”

“It loves you too,” Lester chuckled, “But you know what it really wants?”

“What?” Sarah breathed, desperate to know the answer.

“It was jealous of the video of you and Otis. It wants to make a new video with you.” Lester said.

“Oh fuck. Mhmmhmmmm,” Sarah bit her lip, her face blush. Breasts rising and falling alongside her shallow breaths. The idea of watching herself on video with Lester. Fucking him. Fucking him knowing she was being recorded. That moment could be seen by her in the future. Or Lester. Or even someone else. She licked her lips, her dark streak putting a hand on the steering wheel inside of her.

“Fuck. Thats such a bad, fucking hot idea Lester,” Sarah moaned. “Mhmmmmfffuck.”

A sinister smile spread across Lester’s fat face. “That’s it then. We’re going to do it. We’ll film ourselves. Me fucking you until you forget your own name, begging for my cum. Then you can watch it again anytime so you can touch it yourself. Got it?”

Sarah’s mouth went dry. Her brain screaming what a bad idea it was. The screams were just whimpers in her mind, her impending climax dosing them like a blanket over a smoldering fire. She just nodded to Lester, intensifying his lecherous smile.

“Yeah, Sarah. I’m going to record you. Film you. Capture every fucking second of you,” Lester’s hands beating off his cock, faster and faster. “I’m getting close, baby.”

“Uhhhhh cum for me. Cum for me Lester,” Sarah’s own hand frantically moving, touching herself, playing with her own sex. Exploring the depths of herself while always, always making sure her clit wasn’t neglected. “Mhmmmm, I’m close too Lester. So fucking close.”

“Then cum for me Sarah. Keep staring at my cock. I want you to see how much cum I have stored up for you.”

“Mhmmmfuck Lester,” Sarah moaned, eyes wide staring as Lester’s fist clenched around his cock, pumping it for all it was worth. “Cum for me baby, show me. Show me all of it. I want it, Lester. I want you’re cum. Give it to me. Give to me, baby.”

Lester smirked at her comments, “Fuck. It’s coming. Open your mouth and stick out your tongue. Show me where you want me to shoot it.”

Sarah’s body felt like it was on fire. Her thighs clenched around her hand, hips bucking against herself. She did her best to hold the phone steady with her other hand, but her back arched, and her heavy breasts swayed, making the phone shake. Her orgasm was about to descend onto her.

“Oh. Ahmmmm...Lester...Fuck. FUCK. LESTER,” Sarah moaned, closing her eyes as her climax started to rip through her.

“Open your eyes, Sarah! Look at my cock. Stick that tongue out,” Lester grunted, hunched over like a bridge troll.

“FUCK,” Sarah screamed as her body shuddered, “GIVE IT TO ME LESTER. SHOOT IT ALL OVER ME. I WANT IT EVERYWHERE.” Then she stuck her tongue out as her body began to convulse.

“UGHH,” Lester grunted. Sarah’s eyes went wide as she saw a geyser of cum blast out of Lester’s cock. She watched it shoot straight up into the air before gravity took hold and brought it back down, streaming over his cock’s shaft and encircled fist. Seeing that much, hot sticky cum made Sarah’s body shudder as her climax ripped through her, all her nerves bursting like fireworks. She clenched her legs around her hand and, through sheer force of will, kept her tongue out stretched, even though her body wanted to grit its teeth.

Rope after sticky rope of Lester’s overwhelming viscous cum shot out of his cock, Sarah’s eyes trained on it until her orgasm was too much. Her tongue disappeared into her mouth, and her eyes snapped shut as fields of stars exploded behind her eyelids, her body and mind rocking from her powerful orgasm. The mental image of all of Lester’s illicit cum shooting out of his cock was seered into her memory.

Finally, her orgasm began to wane. All the tight muscles in her body went limp, including the hand that was holding the phone. It clattered to the floor as Sarah turned on her side, catching her breath and letting her mind make its way back to her body.

It was a few minutes before Sarah remembered about the phone. Reluctantly, she rolled onto her side and reached around blindly on the floor until she grasped the device. Her mind and body were exhausted, and she could feel sleep ready to claim her.

She pulled the phone up to her face and saw Lester wiping his crotch down with Kleenex. Cleaning all the cum from himself. What a waste Sarah thought. All that cum just going into kleenex that would be thrown in the trash. She lightly chuckled internally to herself, her own thoughts surprising her.

“Lester...” Sarah said softly, “There’s no way I can stay awake. I’m going to fall asleep.”

“I gotta clean this shit up anyways,” Lester said, still cleaning off the massive amount of cum covering his crotch, “Go sleep. I’ll see you in the office tomorrow.”

“Okay,” Sarah said, her thumb hovering over the hang up button, “Goodnight.”

“Night,” Lester said absently, “I love you.”

“Love you too,” Sarah said automatically before hitting the red hang up button. Her frown deepened as she realized what she had said. Love you too? It was such a knee-jerk response. Probably conditioned into her by her relationship with Dan. She hadn’t actually meant to say that to Lester. She didn’t actually love him. Not like that...

Her phone clattered to the floor as she rolled back over. Her mind drifted to sleep as she thought about the last few minutes. Surely Lester hadn’t meant that he loved her. She wasn’t sure he actually knew what love was. And she....obviously didn’t mean that. Hopefully, he didn’t take that the wrong way. Still.....she had just said it, blurted it out like it had been natural.

Sarah forced herself to her feet and dragged herself up the stairs to her bedroom. That last orgasm had taken the wind out of her sails. She felt exhausted. As she climbed into bed, there was a strange form in the darkness. Sarah’s heart beat in her chest for a second, and then she realized what it was.

Her daughter, who called out to her earlier, must have gotten into her bed after using the bathroom. Sarah smiled and immediately felt guilty at her exchange with Lester. Sarah settled into her side of the bed, not wanting to disturb her child. And as much as she wanted to cuddle with her, she didn’t, not after what she had just done. She closed her eyes and let sleep take her.

The wild torrent of cum spewing out of his cock flashed back into her mind. Her dreamy brain focusing on it and seemingly playing with it. Her thoughts and dreams began to fuse as she drifted off. Thoughts of all of that cum. Cum that she loved and was disappointed she didn’t get that night. Thoughts of her and Lester making a video together....