

Happy Halloween! (Sadly this story does not contain Halloween elements).

Enjoy!

The sun had set hours ago, but Dan had needed to get out of the house. He'd been walking for almost an hour without any particular destination. He just needed fresh air, and his body needed to move. He couldn't sit still in that house anymore.

It was all just too much for his brain to process. He hadn't anticipated everything that had happened. The way Lester had simply and suddenly barged in and taken over, completely dominating Sarah and, in turn, him. He hadn't been at all prepared for that. He was aware that his previously meek roommate had a mean streak, but Dan had no indication that he was capable of something like what happened in the dining room. Or the bedroom. Or the rest of the house.

He couldn't believe just how far the sanctity of their home had been defiled.

Dan inhaled the cool night air as he paced through the park. His mind raced in a million different directions, but at least out here, away from it all, he could breathe.

His mind didn't retreat into that safe place inside of him like it did when he was confronted with Lester and Sarah together.

What the fuck am I going to do?

His family was teetering on the brink of financial ruin. Lester was their lifeline. But he and his help were poison. Sarah wouldn't go to her parents for help, and Dan's family wasn't in a position to help. It was Lester and his poison pill, or it was no one.

Sure, maybe they could move into their car or something equally dramatic, but Sarah would never go for that. It wasn't a real possibility. The only option he could see in front of him was swallowing Lester's poison pill and enduring the nasty side effects. The thought of swallowing briefly flashed him back to their dining room, with Sarah choking on Lester's thick cock.

Maybe they could do that for a while, live with Lester's help just until they found some stability and moved on. He'd been scrambling with work for months. Something would have to turn around soon, wouldn't it? Sarah would also need to start looking for work. They'd get back on their feet; they had to.

But what if they didn't?

Soft moans caught Dan's ears, and he found himself walking towards the sound. He came to a dark corner of the park, and lying on the ground were two younger people. One a man, the other a very attractive brunette. Both were in a state of undress, the man's hands in her pants and hers openly stroking his hard cock.

Dan froze in place, just like he did each time he watched Sarah and Lester together. His mind was slowly retreating back into his head.

"What the fuck, perv?" The girl shouted, covering herself up with one hand. Dan's mind reeled, and his consciousness lurched back to the forefront of his mind. He staggered back a step as the guy shuffled to his feet, scared, defensive and on the verge of anger.

“Sorry, I, uh,” Dan stammered, seeking to avoid an awkward fight. He turned and hurried away.
“Sorry.”

He marched briskly back to the better-lit part of the park, looking over his shoulder as he went. His heart hammered in his chest, and he felt himself getting out of breath. He didn’t stop until he found himself crossing his front lawn, eyeing his house’s door.

His heart didn’t slow as he opened the door and crossed over the threshold. He lay his back against the door, closing it, and let out a held breath. After a few moments, he got his bearings again and took in the quiet house. It was late, he didn’t know how late. He hadn’t brought his phone with him. His eyes took in the living room and the dining room, now back in their cleaned and orderly state. The cleaning he’d done seemed like a blur of lost time to him. But now looking at the two rooms, he couldn’t help but picture the chaotic bacchanal that occurred so recently.

Dan climbed the stairs. The girl’s door was shut, and both were already in bed. His eyes avoided the new opening in the wall. He’d begun to patch it, but the hole was too large for the repair kit he had on hand. When he reached the end of the hall, his heart started hammering again. Faint light shone into the hallway. Just like before, he approached his own bedroom door, excited and worried about what he would find on the other side.

Easing the door open, Sarah was sitting on the bed in her pajamas, looking at him.

“Where’d you go?” she asked in a quiet voice.

“For a walk,” Dan said, “To think.”

“The girls were worried. You just left without telling anyone where you were going.”

“I, I didn’t think about that,” Dan moved into the room, closing the door behind him. He moved to sit down across from Sarah, but paused, looking at the new chair Lester had purchased for him. He sighed with resignation and sat down in it, “I just had to get some fresh air and clear my head.”

Sarah crossed her arms. “What’s wrong?”

Dan chuckled under his breath, “Oh, you mean other than watching you and Lester defile our house? Nothing Sarah. Nothing is wrong. Everything is great.”

Arms still crossed, Sarah stood up, “What did you think was going to happen, Dan? That we were just going to have dinner, and he would leave? You knew what we were signing up for. You knew what this was.”

“Oh yeah, I just knew that he was going to take you at the dinner table and that you both would talk shit about me all night. That’s one hundred percent what I signed up for,” Dan shook with repressed rage.

“We only did those things because you like it. You react to it. Your face twisted in this deeply expressive way that I’ve never seen before. When Lester has me like that, I might say things that could be belittling to you. And you love it.” Sarah said.

“I don’t,” Dan fired back.

“Really? Is that why your dick was hard all night? I come around to embrace this fantasy of yours, and then you hate me for it. You’re like one of those conflicted internet commenters who jerk off to porn and then write an angry comment afterwards about how bad it was. You want to see it, to live it in

the moment, but now you're acting mad at me to avoid questioning yourself." Sarah threw her hands up in the air, exhausted.

Dan just shook his head, "No, I don't think you did it for me. You did it to please your lover."

"Please him?" Sarah chuckled, "Of course I want to please him. He's the one throwing us a lifeline and keeping our family afloat. If I have to lean into things a bit, so what? You both enjoy it. I can't believe I'm being made to feel like the bad guy here."

"You do more than just lean into it. You love it too. I see the way you look at him." Dan said, standing up and moving further away from her.

"What? Would you rather I don't find something in it to enjoy? You'd rather your wife sleep with Lester and be disgusted by every second of it? That sounds sick, Dan." Sarah said.

"That's not what I meant," Dan shook his head. He made an effort to keep his hands at his sides to maintain focus.

"Oh, what did you mean then? That you want me to like it, but not like it too much, or then I'm a slut? You men..." Sarah stammered, balling her fists.

"You're deflecting from the point," Dan replied.

"What's the point then, Dan? Did we take things too far? Maybe. Maybe not. But this is what we signed up for. At any time, you could have stepped in and stopped things." Sarah said.

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose, "You know how I get. Sometimes I can't..."

"Get it up?" Sarah said with an acidic tone.

"Can't think," Dan said hard, ignoring the barb, "I can't breathe. My brain doesn't work."

"You keep saying that, but to me it feels like you just want to shift all the responsibility off of you and onto me. So you can have your cake and eat it too," Sarah said.

"That's not it." Dan said, "No, I just hate this whole situation. It makes me feel..."

Dan struggled to find the right way to phrase his emotions. Before he could, Sarah said, "...like less of a man."

Dan winced and felt a pang in his heart. Sarah continued, "You're struggling with that. Between work, the weight of all our bills and then there's the way Lester takes command in the bedroom. You're feeling like less of a man. Not as important."

"That's not it. At all," Dan lied, "It's about respect."

Sarah chuckled, "So all of this is about you, but did you ever stop and think what I want out of this? I don't want Lester to come in and ask for permission before he kisses me. I want passion, I want to be taken, hard. Dominated. It's not just about what Lester or you want. I'm part of this, too."

"I think our boundaries are getting blurred. We should have talked about this before," Dan muttered.

"We did talk about things to an extent. I think you've just got buyer's remorse."

"I wish we could just pause this whole throuple thing," Dan said, "So I can figure it out."

“Dan...I love you. I do. But you always want to stop and think. Sometimes you just need to act. We can't pause things. We're in it now. If we pause things, how are we going to cover everything?”

“I don't know. Savings,” Dan said.

“We need that. There's not much left, but if things get any worse, we'll need it.”

“So that's it then? We just keep letting Lester use you, and I have to be okay with it?” Dan asked.

“I don't see it that way. Look at it as me using him. And I know it's all an adjustment. This whole throuple thing. I'm still wrapping my head around it.” Sarah said.

“It didn't seem like you took much time adjusting...” Dan said, cringing immediately as the words left his mouth.

Sarah shook her head, “You know what. I get it. This new situation —being unemployed again and everything else —is tough for you. But I lost my job too. It's tough for me too. But I'm figuring it out instead of playing the blame game. You want some fresh air and to clear your head? I think I need to clear my head, too.” Sarah said as she walked to the closet.

“What do you mean?” Dan said.

“I mean, we need some time apart. Both of us. We need to think. Everything's too... raw right now,” Sarah said.

“I don't want to leave the girls. I don't want to be away from them again,” Dan said.

“So what? You want me to go?” Sarah said.

“Maybe I can just sleep in the basement for a bit. We can be in our own spaces,” Dan said.

“I need some physical separation, Dan. We need distance to work things out for ourselves,” Sarah said.

Dan felt the heat rising in his chest, “So what? Where are you gonna go? Are you gonna drive to Chicago to be with him?”

Sarah scoffed, “I was thinking of staying at my parents, but try not to be so insecure.”

“Really? Your parents? They're going to ask you a million questions. You're probably going to regret it.” Dan said.

“Not as much as I'll regret staying here while we tear each other's heads off,” Sarah said. “It's not healthy, Dan.”

“None of this is healthy,” Dan shot back.

“See, this bickering solves nothing. The sniping,” Sarah said as she packed clothes in her carry-on, “I can't keep being the bad guy.”

Dan wanted to stop fighting. The guilt welled up in him, mixing with the bubbling anger. He knew he was casting stones harshly, but he was frustrated to the breaking point.

“Hey, stop,” Dan said, trying to hold Sarah.

“Don't touch me, not right now,” Sarah snapped, “I don't want that.”

“Maybe you should stay,” Dan said, thinking of Sarah running off to be with Lester.

“Bye, Dan. I’ll call the girls in the morning, tell them I love them,” Sarah said as she wheeled her suitcase out of the room. Dan sat on the edge of the bed listening as she went down the stairs. He kept listening, waiting for the sounds of her coming back up, for them to apologize to each other like they always did.

He kept waiting as he heard the door close, then the car’s engine came to life, and the car pulled out of the driveway. He kept waiting, certain she’d cool off and come back.

Sarah could hear her parents speaking in hushed, hurried voices down the hall. Sarah had just showered and was now getting ready for bed. Her old bedroom used to have posters of the Backstreet Boys and N’SYNC on the walls. Now the walls had been tastefully updated with a neutral cream hue. It had taken her a moment to adjust to the unannounced change.

There was a knock at the door, and her mom came in. She shut the door behind her. Sarah was always pleasantly taken aback by how beautiful her mother still looked. She hoped she would age just as gracefully as her mother seemed to be.

“Everything okay, Mom?” Sarah asked.

“Just your father being your father,” Renee said, coming to sit next to her on the bed, “To be honest, I get it. Sometimes we just need a break from them.”

“I’m starting to feel guilty about it,” Sarah said, looking down at her hands.

Renee held them, “And you don’t want to tell me anything else?”

“No, Mom, I don’t, it’s just—”

“I won’t pry. I’m sorry. I’m worried. I don’t want to get between you and Dan, but a mother will always worry about her daughter,” Renee said.

Sarah just nodded her head.

“I was thinking...” Renee started, “How about instead of wallowing around here with both of us under your Father’s eye, we get out of town for a bit. Maybe we take a mini girls’ trip. Just the two of us. We haven’t done that in, gods, I don’t know how long.”

“I’d like that,” Sarah said, smiling at her mom, “It would be a good mental reset. Just to get away for a couple of days sounds great. But I can’t really afford to at the moment, though.”

“Well, you two still have your apartment in Chicago, don’t you? We could just go into the city for a night or two. Catch a show. Have dinner. Have some fun. I’ll take care of the rest,” her mother said.

“We do...but...I don’t know...” Sarah began to think about the apartment. About Lester. Her legs shifted on the bed. “I’m not sure if Lester will be there or not. He might not like having us both crash there.”

“You pay rent just like he does,” Renee said, “You let me worry about Lester. I’ll handle him.”

Sarah squeezed her eyes shut and pushed out the stray thoughts that had wandered in. Her mom’s innocent words took on an entirely different meaning to her. Her mother “handling” Lester was something she didn’t want to consider.

Sarah opened her mouth to say something, but her mom held up a single finger, “It’s settled. Right?”

Sarah thought about Dan. Wondered what he would think about this plan. But this is what she and her mother needed. Some space. Sarah looked at her mom and nodded, "Okay."

Lester strolled through the hospital hallway with a giant shit eating grin on his face. Everything about the last encounter at Sarah's house had been note-perfect. Dan was completely edged out of the equation in his own home. Sarah bending to his every whim, shutting the door on Dan and professing her love for him as they fucked...

He couldn't have asked for a better execution of his plan. It was intoxicating to push them both like this. To see them continually cross the lines in the sand they had so valiantly tried setting up long ago. He smirked, thinking back to the Sarah Williams he'd first met. She wouldn't even recognize the woman she has become now.

His phone buzzed in his pocket. A message from Sarah asking whether he would be in Chicago or Middleton. He replied that he'd be wherever she'd be. As he tucked his phone in his pocket, it buzzed again.

He took it out, ready for a flirtatious exchange, but his eyes bulged. It was an alert from a security app installed on his computer in Chicago. Someone was trying to breach his firewall remotely.

"Not today," Lester sneered, opening another app for his smart plug and killing power to his computer. No power, no access.

Cronos, whoever he was, had some hacker lackeys who were getting very annoying. He'd have to put some more permanent measures in place to stop them.

He sent Sarah another message that read, 'Chicago,' before marching back to his office to pack his things. He was just making a courtesy appearance here anyway.

Marcus stared out the window at the cityscape before him, arms crossed behind his back, a wrist in each hand. He hated having incompetent people anywhere near him. "How are you just finding out about this now?"

He could feel Irving shifting uncomfortably behind him, "I, uh..."

Marcus rolled his eyes and turned to face the smaller man on the other side of his desk, "You know I don't pay you by the word. Spit it out, Irving."

"Right. Yeah. "Sorry," Irving sputtered. "Well, we weren't looking for it." When we bought our leaked files back, we tried to track down the seller, but he routed himself through a ton of different networks and protocols. We lost him when he pinged off a server in Bangladesh. It was actually quite impressive how he was able to..."

"The point," Marcus rapped his ringed finger on the wooden desk, "Get to it."

"Right, uh, yeah, so that was a dead end," Irving shifted his weight between each of his feet, looking anywhere else in the room besides Marcus' eyes. "So we started doing some homework, looking for other similar attacks. We almost missed this one, but I had a contact at a small, shitty consulting company called Swan Systems. Anyway, one of their clients in rural Illinois got hacked recently too, but this one was a ransomware demand."

“And?” Marcus said, his open hands signalled his impatience.

“And we found a connection,” Irving beamed, “I found that connection.”

“Jesus Christ, what is it? Do I need to pay you more to get to the point? What is the connection?” Marcus demanded.

“The guy working with that Jesse kid. The one working with Byron when everything went down. His wife works at the hospital. That can’t be a coincidence.”

“Get me everything you can on both of them,” Marcus said, “Anything else?”

“Yeah, just one more thing. My guy said that their team couldn’t get past the ransomware. It was impossible. But then the wife there brings in some mystery independent consultant that unlocked everything within a week and made Swan look like shit.”

“Find out who that was,” Marcus demanded.

Irving bent forward in a pathetic bow and retreated, scurrying out of the room.

“Are you sure you want to stay at the apartment?” Sarah asked as she neared Lester’s building, “We could always get a hotel or something. Make it a real girl’s trip.”

“Can you really afford that? With Dan losing his job, I’m not sure it’s the smartest thing to do. I plan on paying for the other expenses this trip, Sarah, because I know things are tough, but your dad and I didn’t get to where we are today by spending when we don’t have to,” her mother said sagely from the passenger seat.

Sarah suppressed an eye roll as she eased the car into the building’s parking lot. She’d heard this line of sage advice all her life. Her parents loved to tell her how to save and be successful in life. It couldn’t have anything to do with the fact that both of them had employers with great benefits and pensions, positions that conveniently no longer existed.

The job market her parents knew no longer existed, but they never took the time to acknowledge it.

“I’ll grab our bags from the back,” Sarah said, killing the ignition.

Her stomach was in knots the entire ride up the elevator. Her mother was humming something to herself. Sarah didn’t know what would happen when she walked through the apartment door. Would Lester already be there? Would he saunter up and kiss her? He’d done that before. And now that they were a ‘throuple’ it stood to reason that he might expect that. They hadn’t gone over any ground rules, such as how to act in front of others. Sarah would die inside if Lester kissed her in front of her mother.

Sarah breathed and tried to focus on something else. “So, have you thought more about what you want to do this weekend?”

The doors opened, and they stepped out. Her mother said, “I still don’t know. We need to get some food, for sure. It could be fun to go and have a couple of drinks somewhere. We can always do that Uber thing.”

“Drinks? Are you sure? We could visit a museum or something, maybe do some touristy stuff,” Sarah offered.

“Leave the tourist stuff for the tourists,” Renee chuckled as they wheeled their luggage down the hall. “How often do I get time alone with you like this? Time away from your father? I don’t want to stare at a bunch of musty pictures, I want to have fun, Sarah.”

“Fun? So you want to hit the clubs, Mom?” Sarah asked, laced with sarcasm.

“Who knows. Maybe. Do you think they have an ’80s night?” Renee asked.

Sarah stopped at the door to the apartment and put her key in the lock, “No. I don’t think they do.”

As she stepped into the apartment, she felt herself getting wet between her legs. She didn’t fully understand why, but she imagined it was some kind of fucked up automatic Pavlovian response. Her eyes darted to the hallway, half hoping and half dreading Lester’s appearance. As her mom rolled her suitcase in and closed the door behind them, Lester still hadn’t come out.

“Maybe we have the place to ourselves this weekend,” Renee said.

“Maybe. Or maybe Lester is just playing his video games. He’s pretty obsessive,” Sarah said.

“Well, whatever. Should I put my suitcase in Dan’s room or just leave it out here in the living area?” Renee asked.

Sarah took her mother’s suitcase, “I’ll bring it to the room. Why don’t you make us some coffee and get comfortable?”

Sarah wheeled both suitcases to Dan’s room, as her mind raced. She hadn’t thought all of this through. There was still a massive peephole on Dan’s wall that she couldn’t let her mother see. When she pushed open the door to Dan’s old room, she was surprised to see the peephole covered by a piece of art hanging on the wall.

Lester must be here, or at least in the city. They’d texted back and forth briefly. He knew she was coming with her mother. He’d taken the initiative to cover the hole and relieve Sarah of an awkward situation. She almost felt touched at his consideration.

Almost. He’d chosen a picture of a half-naked anime girl holding a massive sword. She was posed in a very sexually suggestive manner. Now, instead of a conversation about a peephole, she’d probably have to endure an awkward conversation about Dan’s taste in art.

Lester could be such a dick, but at least he was consistent.

When Sarah returned to the living room, she was surprised to find her mother engaged in an animated conversation with Lester, who had apparently just arrived home. As she approached, they both turned towards her. Lester’s predatory eyes took their time running over her body, and she suppressed a shudder. He shouldn’t be doing that, not in front of her mother.

“Hey Lester,” Sarah steeled her nerves, tamping down the urge to pull him to his bedroom, “Did you just get in?” She felt a heat bloom between her legs.

“Yeah, I had to do some running around,” Lester said, “Your mom and me were just talking about your girls’ weekend. Sounds like fun.”

“Lester told me about a bar we should go to called ‘Hummingbird’, it sounds like a lot of fun, and the drinks are cheap. Maybe we could go there after dinner tonight.” Renee beamed.

Sarah cocked her head, “What’s so fun about this place?”

Lester shrugged, "Dunno really. I've just heard about it. Seems to be one of the talked-about places in the city. Decent food, cheap drinks, good music."

"We'll see," Sarah said.

"You ladies want some company tonight?" Lester asked, looking at Renee. Sarah was about to shut that down, but Renee spoke first.

"Sorry, Lester. It's a girls' weekend. Just me and Sarah. We're going to spend some quality time together." Renee said. Relief washed over Sarah.

"Tsk. Too bad," Lester said, "Maybe tomorrow then? It's always been a fantasy of mine to have a beautiful blonde on each arm."

Renee lightly slapped Lester's arm. Too playful a gesture for Sarah's liking. "Stop that," Renee blushed. A crooked smile spread on Lester's face. Sarah's stomach turned.

"Alright," Sarah stepped forward, "Mom, did you make coffee?"

"No, not yet dear, I was about to when Lester walked in."

"Okay, I was thinking. Why don't we go for a walk and grab one? I could go for a pumpkin spice latte from Starbucks," Sarah said.

"Oh, I don't know, Sarah, we just got in," Renee started.

"What happened to us having a fun girls' weekend? We should go out. The apartment will be here when we get back and need to crash." Sarah said.

"Oh, you're right. Okay," Renee said, "Let's go. See you later, Lester."

"I'll be here," Lester chimed in, "I'll probably be in my room. Sarah, if you need anything. Anything at all, you know where to find me."

The statement sounded innocent enough, but Sarah knew what Lester was implying. He wanted her to visit him in his room later. How the hell was she going to do that without her mom catching on to them?

"I always told your Father we should try Indian food," Renee said as they stepped out of the Uber. Sarah shimmied across the seat and got out behind her mom.

"But he never wants to try anything new. It's always the same places. The same dishes. I don't know how that man can live like that. Don't you ever just want to have a taste of something new?" Renee said, her words coming out fast and furious.

Sarah shook her head. They'd had a couple of drinks with dinner, and her mom was having a good time. The Indian restaurant had been her mom's idea.

"Janet and her husband just love Indian food. There's that little spot on 10th, but your father won't ever go. I'm going to make him take me when we get back. He'll like that one chicken dish."

"Butter chicken," Sarah said, hooking her arm in her mother's and crossing the sidewalk to the entrance of Hummingbird's

The place looked dingy, like it had been a mainstay of the neighborhood for decades. Not some new and trendy place like Lester had alluded to. When they opened the door, the place was packed with throngs of people. They slid up to two open seats at the bar.

“What should we order?” Sarah asked, “Do you want another glass of wine?”

Before Renee could answer, a young male bartender came over, “What can I get you?”

“Two shots of whiskey,” Renee said with a big smile. Sarah turned and looked at her mother with wide eyes.

“What? We’re supposed to have fun. Come on, Sarah, don’t be all stuffy. Let loose a bit. That’s why we’re here, isn’t it? The boys always get to have fun, why shouldn’t we?”

Sarah shrugged and turned to the bartender, “Two shots of whiskey, I guess. And how about a couple of glasses of red? Do you have a Cab Sauv?”

“We only have a merlot,” the bartender said. Sarah nodded reluctantly. Shortly thereafter, the bartender returned with their drinks. Renee held up her shot glass to toast with Sarah, and they both downed them, nearly identical disgusted expressions following shortly afterwards.

They sat and talked, sipping their wine, when the bartender brought over two drinks and set them down in front of them.

“Excuse me,” Renee said, “We didn’t order these.”

The bartender winked at her, “Courtesy of an admirer across the bar.”

Sarah looked around but couldn’t see anyone looking in their direction. “What are they?”

“Dark and Stormies,” the bartender said. Before Sarah could ask what kind of alcohol was in them, the bartender left to serve another customer.

When she turned back to her mom, she’d already taken the drink in hand and was taking a long sip from it. “Oh, that’s good,” her mom said, “I didn’t think I’d like it, but it’s good. Who sent it?”

“I don’t know, I didn’t see anyone wave,” Sarah said.

“It’s exciting,” Renee said, turning to sip on her wine.

“What is?” Sarah asked, “The drink?”

“Just being out like this. And having someone buy me —us — a drink. I don’t remember the last time that happened. Or the last time I’ve just gone out for a drink like this with your father,” Renee said.

“Don’t get too excited. It’s probably some ugly guy trying to get us drunk,” Sarah said.

“Well, he can buy me all the drinks he’d like,” Renee laughed, “I’ll just drink them and make him leave with blue balls.”

“Mom,” Sarah said, “Who are you?”

“What? Come on, Sarah. Don’t be such a prude. It’s just a word. Balls.” Renee said again.

“Is this what it’s like when you drink?” Sarah asked.

“Oh please,” Renee said, “I’ve only had a couple. It’s just harmless fun. Don’t pretend like you never have fun like this.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Sarah asked.

“What was it like?” Renee asked, “That...adult theater. What happened in there, Sarah?”

“We are not talking about that again, Mom. We already talked about this. That conversation is over.” Sarah said.

Renee signalled to the bartender and asked for two more shots.

“Mom? What are you doing?” Sarah asked.

“Trying to get those lips of yours to loosen up. Come on, I’m buying,” Renee said.

“You’re getting out of control,” Sarah said.

“I’m not. We’ve only had a couple of drinks, Sarah. I told you, I wanted to let loose this weekend. Have some fun. I never get to have any fun anymore. Just give me this, okay?” Renee asked.

“Fine,” Sarah said and downed the shot the bartender placed in front of her. She went back to the shitty wine.

As they continued to talk and drink, Sarah couldn’t help but feel like something was off with her mom. She decided to ask a feeler question, “Is everything okay? With you and dad?”

“Don’t worry about us, Sarah. You have enough relationship things on your plate.”

“Come on. Girls’ weekend, remember? How are you guys doing?”

Renee drained the last of her wine and pushed the empty glass forward. She turned her attention to the dark and stormy in front of her before sighing, “Things are fine. A little boring and domestic, but fine. It’s just...the same thing. Day in and day out. I wish your dad would take more initiative.”

“What do you mean?” Sarah asked.

Renee cocked an eyebrow at her, “You know what I mean.”

“Ew. I don’t need to know that.” Sarah said, downing a large gulp and finishing her wine.

“You asked.” Renee chuckled.

“I sincerely wish I hadn’t,” Sarah spat. She grabbed her own dark and stormy to clean the fresh bile out of her mouth.

Another pair of drinks was placed in front of them, this time in two highball glasses.

“Your admirer again. He said you both look thirsty,” the bartender said before retreating. Again, Sarah scanned the crowd but couldn’t find anyone looking their way. She sipped the new drink, and it tasted good.

Her mom was happily sipping on the drink and had her phone out. Sarah instinctively reached into her purse, pulled out her phone, and saw a text from Lester.

L: How’s the drink?

Sarah scanned the crowd again. She didn’t see him anywhere.

S: Are you here?

L: Maybe.

S: I don't see you. Are you creeping in the shadows or something?

L: Maybe. Just watching two blondes out enjoying themselves.

S: Leave my mom alone.

L: Sure. It's not her I'm interested in anyway.

Sarah grinned and raised an eyebrow.

S: Oh? And who are you interested in?

L: A delicious mother who likes getting fucked in front of her pathetic husband.

S: You're bad. Dan wasn't happy afterwards.

L: Sure, he wasn't. But he didn't stop us. In the moment, he loved it. He just felt emasculated afterwards.

Sarah stared at his words. That was close to what she had said to Dan earlier. She didn't know how to respond.

L: You know it's true. But why are we talking about Dan? I'd rather talk about the sexy blonde at the bar.

S: Sexy? I'm wearing jeans and a t-shirt. That's not very sexy.

L: It's still your body underneath. You can put whatever you want on top, but that body still drips sex.

S: Careful. I don't want you to get worked up. Nothing will be happening tonight. Not with my mom in the apartment.

L: Who says we need the apartment?

Sarah bit her lip.

S: What are you thinking?

L: The stalls in the bathroom aren't too tight. We could both fit in there.

S: That's disgusting.

L: That's why you'll love it. You can keep pretending to be the nice little soccer mom but we both know just how dirty you like to be. Come on, it'll be perfect.

S: I'm not going to leave my mom. We can't.

L: What's going to happen? She'll have a couple of drinks alone? She'll be fine. She's a grown woman.

S: Knowing you, you'll keep me in there for over an hour. I can't do that.

L: I love that you aren't against the idea anymore. You're just trying to find an excuse. Your mom wants you to have fun this weekend, right? You should take advantage of that.

S: I'm not sure it's a good idea.

L: Maybe I'm texting the wrong blonde.

S: Stop that shit, Lester! It's not funny.

L: What? You don't think she likes me?

S: She's married to my father, Lester.

L: And you're married to Dan. I don't see your point.

S: I will strangle you in your sleep.

L: Not if I choke you with my cock first.

S: You are insatiable.

L: Big word for a drunk girl.

S: I'm not drunk. Not yet.

L: You're swaying as you text. I can see you remember?

S: Goodbye, Lester.

L: I'll meet you in there in five minutes. Don't be late.

Sarah sighed and shoved her phone back in her purse. She took another long sip of her latest drink.

"Dan?" Renee said.

"Hmm? What?" Sarah asked.

"Were you texting Dan? Is he upset about you coming on the trip?" Renee asked.

"No," Sarah said. "It wasn't Dan. He hasn't messaged me. I haven't told him we're in Chicago."

"Really? Then who were you texting with?" Renee asked.

"Nobody important," Sarah answered. She tried to push thoughts of Lester out of her mind. Of rendezvousing with him in some dirty public bathroom. The idea made her skin crawl, and she felt dampness between her legs. She shifted in her chair, her bra brushing uncomfortably against her stiffening nipples.

"Then why were you smiling so much?" Renee challenged. Sarah looked at her mom. The dark and stormy was gone from in front of her. Renee was swaying in her seat, clutching the empty highball glass.

"Just some funny GIFs and memes. A friend at work. It's nothing," Sarah said.

"Nothing? Like how nothing happened at your house the other day? When your father and I woke you, it looked like a tornado had been through there," Renee said, "I'm still wondering what you and Dan got up to."

"You promised not to ask about that this weekend," Sarah said.

"You're right," Renee said, miming a gesture to zip her lips, "I won't ask about your crazy sex life."

"Jesus. Mom," Sarah put her face in her hands, "You need to slow down on those drinks."

“You’re no fun, Sarah,” Renee said again.

Sarah levelled her gaze at her mom. Then deliberately moved it to the back of the bar in an exaggerated eye roll.

“I’m just saying, Sarah, that I...”

The rest of what her mother said trailed off as she spotted a familiar blob moving through the back of the bar. Lester looked entirely out of place in his ratty graphic t-shirt and basketball shorts. He garnered quite a few stares, even a couple of people gesturing over their shoulders and snickering with their friends.

Sarah knew how to have fun. More than her mother could ever know. She downed the rest of her drink and turned to her mom, cutting her off, “I need to go to the girls’ room.”

“Oh, I’ll come too,” Renee said.

“No. It’s okay. It’s busy in here. Hold our seats. I’ll be right back,” Sarah said, sliding off the barstool. As she did, the room spun, and she gripped the back of the chair to catch herself. She blinked and chuckled at how tipsy she was feeling. It was like all those drinks hit her at once.

Her mom said something again from behind her, but Sarah didn’t catch it. She pushed through the crowded bar, careful not to trip on her uneasy feet. She moved through the throngs of people with a giddy smile plastered on her face. Things began to register more slowly in her brain. She was sure someone had cupped a handful of her ass as she walked by, but it didn’t bother her.

She moved into the back of the seedy-looking bar. There was a dimly lit hallway here. Lester was nowhere to be found. She went down the corridor and around a corner, deeper into the building. She felt goosebumps spread onto her arms. She hadn’t realized how long the hallway was going to be.

She passed a door to the men’s washroom, then stopped in front of the one for women. She blinked, looking back down the hallway at the men’s bathroom. She wasn’t sure which one Lester would have gone into. Sarah pushed open the door to the women’s and stepped in. The washroom was empty. A single incandescent bulb flickered on the ceiling, threatening to go out.

It was absolutely disgusting in there. The tile floor looked like it’d never been cleaned, and grime seemed to cling to every surface. Sarah moved in, and the first stall had a big ‘Out of Order’ sign. The next was locked, but she didn’t think anyone was actually in it.

“Down here,” Lester’s grumbling voice said from the furthest stall. She walked towards it, back in the direction of the bar and the men’s washroom door. She tentatively pushed open the shabby door to the stall and stepped in.

“What took you so long?” Lester said. He was standing there, already naked, nothing left on his body except his long black socks. Her nose wrinkled at the fact that he’d taken his shoes off in here. But her eyes drank in the sight of him. The dark hair covered the fleshy mound of his body. His eager, sinister-looking face. The odd proportions she’d never seen on another human being. And his long, thick cock, already sprouting up through his dense pubic hair, to greet her.

She licked her lips without thinking and stepped into the stall, pulling the door closed behind her. Lester advanced on her immediately with that fucking shit eating grin plastered on his face. He waddled up to her like a toddler.

"I thought you weren't coming? What happened to that?" Lester grinned, pressing his naked cock against her jean-covered pussy, backing her up into the filthy stall door. She cringed as her hair pressed against it, wondering how long it had been since anyone had wiped this place down.

"I just remembered the incredible time you gave me at my house and couldn't resist," Sarah whispered, voice already struggling to contain her burning desire.

Lester chuckled, "That was a good night."

He started to tug on the bottom of her tucked-in white t-shirt as he ground his cock into her. Sarah gasped as her shirt was completely untucked. Lester slowly pulled the thin material up over her body.

"You fully submitting to me. Getting fucked on the dinner table in front of your husband. Him just sitting there like a pathetic cuck while I took his wife over and over again all night long. Lester's lips were on her neck. His thick tongue snaked out and explored her goosebump-covered skin.

"Shhh. Lester. Someone will hear you," Sarah moaned, her hands running through the wiry hair on Lester's chest.

"Who gives a shit?" Lester's tongue left a hot trail of saliva up her craned neck. His fat tongue swirled over her skin. "No one here knows you. Who cares if they know you're a little slut or that your husband is a cuck? Heh, you'll probably just have a line of guys wanting to take a crack at ya."

"Mhmm," Sarah let out a soft moan at the idea.

"But then," Lester continued, "You'd like that, wouldn't you. You'd like every guy in this bar lining up to take his turn with you after I'm finished."

"Maybe," Sarah softly moaned, biting her lip as Lester tugged her shirt up over her body. Exposing her lacy black bra to him. "Could you handle that? All those men having their turn with me?"

Lester's tongue left her skin, and she groaned in disappointment. His eyes ran over her now-exposed flesh, and a decidedly predatory glint filled his eyes. He licked his lips and finally met her gaze. She saw the hunger burning there and felt her panties soak through.

"As long as I have you first. I set the bar high. The question is, could you handle it?" Lester teased and ground his hard cock into the crotch of her jeans. Sarah bit her lip and closed her eyes, focusing on the feeling of his inflexible cock. "How far would you have gone in that theater if I wasn't there?"

Sarah shuddered and ground her pussy back against Lester's cock. Her breasts were rising and falling in quick succession. She knew the answer. She'd known it when her mother had asked her at the bar.

Sarah pushed Lester back a bit and reached down to fumble with the button and fly on her jeans. Lester chuckled and tossed her white t-shirt onto the filthy ground by the toilet. Sarah pushed her jeans down, revealing a black lace g-string.

"What's a respectable mother doing wearing that?" Lester chuckled.

"Just shut up and get back over here," Sarah snapped as she kicked off her shoes and stepped out of her jeans, leaving them in a pile on the floor. Lester didn't move. He just stood there, taking in the exposed sight of her. He had an evil grin on his face.

Lester stepped forward and grabbed her arm, spinning her to the side. Her hands braced against the wall, and Lester pressed his rock-hard cock against her perfect bubble butt. He didn't waste any time.

He pulled back and lined his cock up between her thighs and pushed forward, forcing his cock between her thighs and over her panty-covered pussy.

“Uh fuck you’re such a tease,” Sarah moaned, letting her head droop forward, until her forehead pressed against the wall side of the dingy stall. Her blonde locks fell to each side, framing her face. Lester’s hands were kneading her sensuous hips as he slowly pistoned his length in and out between her thighs.

“I’ll never get enough of this,” Lester grunted, his eyes locked on her ass.

“Good. It’s all yours, Lester,” Sarah moaned.

“Forever?” Lester chuckled.

“Fuck, I really hope so,” Sarah whined.

“I wonder what the third wheel would say to that,” Lester said.

“Uh fuck. Lester, please shut up about Dan. Just give it to me already.” Sarah mewled.

“Heh. Gladly,” Lester sneered. His simian hands left her hips and grabbed each side of her thin, little black g-string panties and pulled with determination. Sarah yelped in pain and heard the fabric rip as Lester tore the garment off her body.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah bit her bottom lip. She could feel herself already dripping down her thigh. She pushed her ass back, seeking Lester’s cock. It ran against her slit, its tip tingling her clit. She thrust back again, trying to make the connection.

Lester just sawed his expanding cock back and forth against her bare, dewy pussy lips, teasing her. Sarah opened her eyes, ready to throw back her head and complain to Lester. Her eyes caught something on the wall.

The drywall was covered in obscene drawings. There were a few spots where it read “For a good time call Jennifer at...”

But what caught Sarah’s eye most of all was an illustration of a spiralling yellow brick road drawn onto the wall. Its intricacy suggested it had taken a lot of work. She’d never imagined she would find a work of art like this in a women’s bathroom.

Just as she was gazing at the evocative landscape. Lester reared back, then pushed forward urgently. The vast head of his rigid cock pressed up against her soaked opening; his size prevented him from moving further. Sarah closed her eyes again, bracing herself against the wall. She felt something cold and metallic and wrapped her fingers around it. She was vaguely aware it was a handicap grab bar.

Without the will to wait any longer, Sarah pushed her curving hips back. A long, guttural groan escaped her lips as she eased the leaking head of Lester’s cock inside of her.

“Mhmmmmfuck I missed you,” Sarah moaned. She gripped the bar harder and pushed her perfect ass back. Lester stood still, letting Sarah do all the work. She didn’t mind at all. She took inch after tantalizing inch inside of her, her jaw dropping open in awe as she did.

“I missed you, too,” Lester spat from behind her.

“I wasn’t talking about you,” Sarah grinned.

Lester shifted himself behind her. Sarah used what little leverage she had to glance over her shoulder and saw that he'd put his foot up on the toilet seat and adjusted his angle to allow himself to plunge even deeper.

"Oh! Lester, shit," Sarah moaned as the angle of his cock made her insides dance, "That's nice. So fucking nice. Just like that, baby. Mmmmm."

"Have you followed the yellow brick road?" Lester asked, cock furiously thrusting into her. Her ass slammed back on his pressing thighs, and she could feel the sweat of sex already covering both of them. She didn't know how long she'd been in here. She wasn't sure how long they'd been fucking, but now everything else could wait.

"What?" Sarah said, not focused on the meaning of his words. She was too distracted by his amazing cock pistoning in and out of her like a freight train. She was about to hang her head and go back to mentally checking out when pain flared in her neck.

Lester's hand once again gripped her hair into a tight fist and pulled her head up, "Oh, fuck that hurts."

"You love it. Open your eyes," Lester demanded.

Sarah opened them. Her vision was blurry and unfocused for a few seconds. The drywall in front of her came into focus, along with the graffiti and lewd drawings, doubtless by some adolescent youth. Her eyes went back to the spiralling mural of the yellow brick road.

"You see it?" Lester asked, aggressively pumping his cock into her. He pulled his dripping pole all the way out of her and slammed it back in for good measure, making the horny wife shriek.

"Uh..yeah....yes...on the wall," Sarah moaned, ready to close her eyes and focus on the blissful sensations of their fucking.

"Follow it. Follow the road till the end," Lester said.

"What?" Sarah said, suddenly irritated with him. She just wanted to fuck.

"Do it," Lester said, somehow menacingly slowing this thrusts, "Or I'll stop fucking you."

"Ughhmhmmm. Don't stop. Please don't, Lester. I'll look," Sarah raised her head and opened her eyes. Lester pushed his entire cock back into her, then pulled it back out quickly. Then he slammed it all back in again. His cock felt so hot. So thick. So big. It filled her completely. She moaned, wanting to drop her head, but her eyes were lazily following the spiralling yellow brick road design on the wall. It spun around and around, covering a large chunk of the wall right in front of her. Its center ended directly above the bar she was gripping so tightly.

Her eyes went wide as saucers when she saw what awaited her in the middle of the spiral. A thick, dark cock was now jutting out of the wall.

"What the fuck?" Sarah gasped, her pussy involuntarily clenching around Lester's pulsating cock. He took a rasping breath and thrust hard into her, pushing her forward towards the wall. She gripped his cock with her pussy lips and pushed back with her ass, pushing her arms down on the bar for leverage. As she pushed back, her head dropped down until she was eye level with the large dark cock. A trickle of precum oozed out of the black organ, and a tress of her stretched down over her face and fell dancing across the broad shaft and head.

"You know what that is," Lester said, "It's a cock. Not a penis like Danny's."

"I know what the fuck it is, Lester," Sarah stammered, "But what the fuck is it doing here?" Her ass clapped back against the short man's pushing thighs.

Sarah heard the undeniable moan in her voice as she spoke. She couldn't take her eyes off the large, dark cock jutting out of the middle of the wall at her.

"Waiting for you," Lester said. "It's been sticking out of there for a while. Someone probably watched you head to the back and hoped that you'd come into this stall."

"You picked the stall," Sarah said, licking her lips.

"You share your husband's tendency of stating the obvious," Lester let go of Sarah's head and grabbed both of her hips. He dropped his foot from the toilet back to the dirty tile and pushed her forward. Sarah lurched, not expecting the force of Lester's effort. Her bare breasts smashed against the cold, nasty, drywall. The steel bar pressed hard into her hips. The lacy black bra hung uselessly from her shoulders. Lester's fully engorged cock was buried deep inside of her, pinning her against the bar.

The dark skinned cock jutting through the wall pressed into her flattened stomach. She could feel the man's oozing precum smear onto her skin. Sarah shuddered from head to toe. The cock in the wall pulled back off her and then thrust forward. The unseen man repeated the gesture, his cock head leaving a slimy trail on her skin before ramming back into her to leave another.

Lester hammered her from behind while the stranger probed her front. Sarah's face was pressed up against the wall, against the yellow brick road design. She breathed hard, feeling the different sensations of the two probing cocks. One deep inside her, the other desperately wanting to be.

"You gonna touch it?" Lester grunted into her ear from behind her. Before she could even think about it. The cock disappeared. She waited for it to ram back into her stomach, but it never did. Sarah looked down and watched as a black, weathered hand reached out from the large hole, fingers splayed, and a person she couldn't see touched her stomach.

Some stranger was touching her. While she was naked. While she was getting fucked. His calloused hands ran over her tight, flawless white skin. The arm bent awkwardly, and then the hand moved up, cupping one of her breasts. Sarah let out a sharp breath as this strange man, this man she didn't even know what he looked like, groped her. Groped her breasts with his one hunting hand, grabbing each of them, pinching her nipples, seemingly cherishing each and every touch.

She heard a groan from the other side of the wall and was sure the black man on the other side was stroking himself while he groped her. Sarah thrust her chest forward into the eager stranger's grasping hands.

Lester's cock slid frictionlessly in and out of her, hammering against her G-Spot. She wined, her lips pressing up against the dirty, drywall, stained with something unknown. The black hand on her breast was groping more urgently now, her tit fully in his hand.

"Oh fuck," Sarah's jaw dropped open, scrapping against the drywall.

"Oh fuck," she repeated.

"You getting close?" Lester wheezed as he barbarically pumped his cock into her at a rapid clip.

“Yes....fuck...its....don’t stop....close...so close....” Sarah panted, her body heating up as she built herself towards something epic.

“Well, don’t be so quiet,” Lester chuckled, “Let our friend know he’s doing a good job over there.”

“FUCK,” Sarah moaned loudly against the wall. Her hand dropped, and she put it on the back of the stranger’s hand, desperately urging him to fondle her harder. She was so close. He seemed to get the hint. The hand grabbed her breasts roughly, his calloused fingers teasing her nipples.

“Uhhoh fuck. Right there. Please. Please. Don’t....fuck....yes....yes.....YESSUUHHHMHMMMMMM,” Sarah wailed as her pussy constricted around Lester’s cock, holding the massive tool firmly in place. Lester still pushed into her and dragged his cock out before slamming it back in past her defenses. Lester forced his way between the clenched muscles of her inner walls. Her tightness welcomed the invasion; her body knew every inch of him. The unfamiliar hand on her breast tweaked a nipple, and Sarah screamed as her body exploded in a furious orgasm.

Her calves locked, and she went up on the balls of her feet as her world rocked. Her pristine ass jiggled against Lester’s jiggling fat and she clenched her jaw tight as every muscle in her body shuddered in heavenly bliss all at once. The hand on her breasts kept grabbing her, like a conductor at an orchestra guiding them all through a powerful crescendo.

“MhmmohhhGOD,” Sarah screamed into the drywall as the nerves in her body ignited. She clenched her eyes closed so tightly that her vision went completely black for a moment. Her brain swam, and she rocked back and forth, feeling her orgasm add to the alcoholic warmth coating her core.

Breathing hard, she came back to reality, her entire body tingling with heightened sensitivity. The arm groping her breast disappeared back through the wall, much to Sarah’s disappointment. It had somehow taken her lacy black bra with it.

But in the arm’s place, the thick, black cock reemerged as if looking for its reward for making her cum so hard. Sarah gazed down at it, licking her lips. Without a single conscious thought, she reached down and grabbed the thick shaft in one hand, caressing it. She closed her eyes and revelled in the feeling of it in her palm. It was so thick and powerful, and by extension, Sarah was powerful holding it. She gripped it tightly and slowly began stroking it. The cock thrust against her palm, as if it had a mind of its own. Sarah let a big dollop of saliva run out of her mouth, landing on her palm and partially covering the cock within it. She massaged her drool onto this stranger’s cock and began stroking him in earnest, watching with wide, fascinated eyes as he pushed back at her touch.

She stared at the point of contact between her white, creamy, flawless skin and the utter ebony blackness of this new cock. She was transfixed, watching the illicit difference in hue.

Sarah’s momentary reverie was broken by Lester’s hard cock pumping back into her and snapping her back to reality. Sarah groaned, reached out with her other hand, grasped the handicap rail and thrust her bubble back towards her skilled incel lover.

Sarah slammed her ass back against Lester while she stroked the black cock jutting from the hole. With one other hand gripping the rail for leverage, part of her brain registered how much thicker the man’s cock was than the safety bar. The bar’s steel color wasn’t as interesting a contrast against her white skin.

“MHMMMMHMMMMFUUUUCKK,” Sarah’s breathing was labored as she fucked and jerked. Each time she slammed back onto Lester’s cock, her hand would stroke the entire length of the man’s hard shaft.

They worked like that, all three together in a rhythm that extended for minutes. Sarah fucking Lester’s big fat cock. The horny young mother fucking herself back into it while she jerked off a stranger. Several times, she had to spit on the cock in her hand, tempting her to save herself the trouble and just take it into her mouth.

The stranger’s cock kept ramming through the dirty hole, desperate for her touch. Sarah couldn’t catch her breath. Lester’s cock slid in and out, touching deep inside of her, places no other man, not even Dan, had ever touched. Sarah wanted to whimper, to lie down on the dirty tile floor and just take his unbelievable cock while he dominated her.

Sarah’s eyes locked on the dark cock in her hand, watching more sticky precum ooze out of it, running over her hand and fingers. A stranger’s cum was on her. A stranger with an unknown face.

Sarah kept staring, mouth agape as a sheen of sweat covered her skin. It pooled off her forehead and dripped onto the floor. Lester was breathing hard behind her.

Then the bathroom door creaked open.

Renee had gotten impatient waiting for Sarah. Her daughter had to have been gone for over half an hour. Renee reveled in her buzz as she stumbled down the long, dark hallway at the back of the bar.

Where was her daughter? She still couldn’t be in the bathroom, could she? Renee pushed open the door to the women’s washroom and stepped inside, peering around at the dimly lit, unkempt room.

“Sarah? Are you still in here?” Renee’s head swam with that perfectly heady buzz, and she couldn’t suppress the smile on her face. Even though she wasn’t graceful on her feet, she felt like she had skillfully glided through the crowded bar to the back area.

She waited for a response, teetering on her feet. She couldn’t help but turn her nose up at the disgusting state of the bathroom. Why had this place been so highly rated again? The drinks were cheap, and the bartender definitely had a heavy pour. That probably went a long way in today’s economy.

There were some scuffling sounds from a far stall, but otherwise, it didn’t seem like anyone was in here. A surprise, given the number of young women in the front of the house. Sarah must have gotten held up somewhere back in the bar.

Before she headed back, all that alcohol had run through her, and she needed to pee. Renee found an open stall and stepped inside.

Sarah’s eyes went wide at her mother’s voice calling for her. She tightened her grip on the stranger’s cock, holding it still. The man didn’t seem to mind and kept pulling back and thrusting himself forward through it.

Her head spun, looking over her shoulder at Lester, only to find that condescending gaze already watching her. He looked amused by the situation, the complete opposite of the feeling Sarah felt in

She shouldn't be here. Shouldn't be part of this. Shouldn't be listening to them. It was supposed to be something private. But she felt a thrill run through her. A thrill she hadn't felt in years.

How long had it been since James had shown that kind of passion? Of just having to have her. For her to feel his raw need? She couldn't remember the last time. They'd settled into something of a routine. Nice, predictable. But their sex life was virtually nonexistent. The doctors said something about his low testosterone. But Renee still kept herself in shape, hoping to attract her husband. She'd almost convinced herself that that part of their lives was fine. Didn't need work. It changed with age.

But hearing the other women further down in the bathroom getting publicly pounded had shattered that notion. That need to be touched, to be held, to be fucked came roiling back to life. Renee backed herself against the stall door and let their animalistic sounds wash over her.

The women's soft, pleading, muffled moans. The wet slapping sounds of skin on skin connecting as they fucked. And...something else. Another wet noise. A slurping noise....

Was that why the moans sounded muffled? Was the woman also giving oral at the same time? Renee's head swam at the implication. But as she listened and closed her eyes, it was unmistakable. The woman was taking two cocks at once and loving every second of it.

Warmth crawled over Renee's skin, and her mouth went dry. She realized that her hands were running over the front of her shirt, grazing her nipples and the skin below them. It felt nice. She sucked in a breath and held everything still. Letting the sounds of the threesome wash over her as she continued to touch herself.

Dan had forgotten how hard grocery shopping with the girls could be. Whenever he'd gone out in Chicago, it had been fast and efficient. Just get what he needed and get out. The girls trailed behind and wandered off. They touched everything, grabbed snacks and chips, and rushed up to the cart, begging him to buy them.

What should have been a fast shopping trip took twice as long. But now he was in the checkout lane, loading their haul onto the conveyor. He eyed everything, noting the multiple new additions that hadn't been on his list. Of course, the girls had talked him into adding a chocolate bar each that were conveniently located in the checkout aisle.

The cashier rang up the total, and Dan tapped his card to the reader.

Declined.

The cashier gave him a look and, without a word, reset the transactions, letting Dan tap again.

Declined.

Dan sighed, "Let me try my other card."

He slid his visa out and held it to the reader.

Declined.

His cheeks flushed. He never carried cash anymore. Just his two cards.

The lady behind him in line was done loading her stuff and was waiting. Behind her, three more carts waited.

The girls had already opened their candy bars and were digging in. Dan's heart hammered in his chest as he looked between the declined message and the indifferent eyes of the cashier.

"I might, uh, need to remove some things here," Dan said, scanning the already bagged groceries. He felt the stares of the impatient customers behind him as he opened the bags and began prioritizing what was needed.

The girls protested when he set aside their must-have additions.

Ava grabbed the box of peanut butter cookies and shoved them back in the bag.

"You said we can get them!" Ava cried.

"Not today, Ava," Dan said through gritted teeth. The woman behind him crossed her arms and pretended not to be watching.

"But you said! Why does Sofia get her Doritos? It's not fair."

"We're not getting the Doritos either," Dan hushed.

"What!" Sofia protested, "I want them. Please Dad! Please. Mom would let us have them."

Dan ignored the girls' protests, even as they grew increasingly embarrassing in volume. He pushed everything non-essential to the side and set up everything they needed.

"Could you ring just these up?" He asked the cashier. She rolled her eyes, cancelled the transaction and rang everything up. The girls were still whining at him, and he was aware of the scene they were making. They were garnering looks from other aisles.

The cashier finished scanning everything, and the card reader lit up, waiting for him. With dampness in his underarms, Dan held his first card to the reader.

Declined.

He let out a curse that shut both of his daughters up. He held his second card up to the reader, holding his breath.

Accepted.

Dan let out his breath and quickly loaded his trimmed-down groceries into the cart. The girls still protested the entire way out of the store, drawing many eyes and parental judgment. Dan just blocked them out as he wheeled the cart out of the store into the cool night air and headed towards their car.

Lester had thankfully settled into a comfortable pace behind her. Sarah craved his deep, hard, relentless thrusts, but it wasn't what the situation called for right now. Sarah pulled her lips off the stranger's cock and greedily licked around his cockhead, tasting the salty, bitter precum from it.

She tilted forward, pressing the hard, thick shaft against her face. It was warm and felt so big against her, "Ughhmmhmm."

It felt so good against her skin. She wished she could see herself. To see what it looked like against her skin, next to her face. She knew the man on the other side of the wall was waiting. Sarah pushed forward until her face was next to the hole and stuck out her tongue, licking the base of the man's shaft. She twirled her tongue around it, eliciting a positive groan from the other side.

That made her smile. She kept stroking the end of his shaft, running her palm over it and the head of his cock as she slowly and methodically licked up his shaft. She made sure to lick all around his impressive girth, coating their stranger's tool in her saliva.

She still couldn't believe she was doing this without even knowing what the man looked like. Was he old? Young? Fat? Thin? She had no idea. It didn't matter. He was just a cock to her anyway.

Sarah licked up to the tip of his cock, swirling her tongue around the head. Flicking it over the sensitive area. Lester cock dragged up and down over her G-Spot, Sarah momentarily stopped her licks and just held onto the cock, getting lost in the sensations of Lester's manipulations.

Her hot air covered his cock as she slowly renewed her focus. She eyed the man's heavy balls and, without a second thought, dragged her tongue down to the base of the shaft again and headed towards them.

They weren't fully through the wall like his cock, but sitting just inside the cutout hole. But she could still get to them. The man almost jumped as her tongue flicked out and licked the flesh of his balls. Through the dense matting of pubic hair her tongue could still feel the goose-like flesh of his nutsack.

The man chuckled from the other side of the wall. To Sarah's dismay, he retracted his cock completely. Her second of disappointment was relieved as the man thrust his ball sack through the wide hole.

Sarah could only imagine what kind of position he was in on the other side, but happily dove in tongue first. His coarse pubic hair pressed against her as she rolled her face against this stranger's meat sack. Her tongue danced across him, teasing and licking. A little hair got stuck to her tongue, but she quickly pulled it off and dived back in.

"That's it," she heard a deep voice groan from the other side of the wall, "Lick 'em bitch."

Sarah's pussy clenched around Lester's cock at his words. It was one thing to touch a stranger, another to suck one she couldn't see. But it was something completely different for a stranger to talk to her in such a derogatory way. Dan never even talked down to her like that.

Dirty talk in the bedroom was something intimate, like what she had with Lester. It was like this man was jumping all the steps and just taking what he wanted from her. The thought made her clench herself on Lester's go again, basking in the feeling of his monster cock filling her.

As she squeezed Lester, he kept pushing forward. In and out. Over and over. She had trouble holding onto him. She was gushing between her legs.

Sarah's hot breathing was coming out ragged as she licked and worshipped the man's balls. She wanted to talk back. To say something to him. To chastise him for speaking down to her. To beg him to do it again. But she couldn't utter a word. Not when her mom was still in the bathroom, just a few stalls down.

She should have left by now, but Sarah hadn't heard her. Maybe she snuck out or Sarah was just too preoccupied with the two cocks to notice. It was fucked up that part of her liked the idea of being caught. For someone to discover who she really was.

The balls disappeared, and Sarah quickly moved to the side before her eye was impaled with the dark man's returning cock.

"Mhmmhmmmm," Sarah let out a soft moan that seemed to fill the washroom as she eagerly grabbed the mystery man's shaft again. His heartbeat pulsed in her palm from the thick vein running on the underside of his cock.

WHAP

Sarah yelped at the unexpected pain.

Her head spun to see the savage look on Lester's face. He grinned back at her, his ugly features and beady eyes. She still couldn't believe a man built like him could make her feel so fucking good.

He raised his hand again, and their eyes locked. She waited, bracing for the pain. As she tensed, Lester's hand hovered in the air. It was torture, waiting for it to fall. The cock in her had juttied in and out of her grip.

Lester smirked and started to lower his hand. As she relaxed and was about to turn back to the black man's cock...

WHAP

Sarah yelped again, falling forward towards the cock. It pressed against her face hard and moved into her hair. Lester had smacked the same spot twice, and tears formed at the corner of her eyes.

"Uhhmhmhmhm," Sarah groaned from the pain. She wanted to yell at Lester and pull him into a deep kiss, but didn't dare say a word. She just turned to glare at him with a mix of fury and wanton desire.

He gave her an evil smile. His entire flabby body was covered in sweat. Sarah could even see beads of it running down his chest. The fat man grabbed her hips with both hands and dug his fingers into her flesh.

He pulled his cock all the way out so just the tip was embedded inside of her, then swayed his hips back and forth, teasing her. Sarah pushed her ass back, seeking more of him, but he made sure his cock stayed where it was.

Sarah stared at him, pleading over her shoulder while the cock in her hand was desperate for attention. It thrust urgently through the hole, needing her.

Through the wall, the man said, "Yo, what the fuck? Put your mouth back on it.. Suck it bitch."

Lester just smirked at her. Sarah mouthed 'Please' to him.

His smirk widened, and Lester licked his lips and plunged his cock forward, pushing Sarah back up onto the balls of her toes. Her lips smacked against the side of the cock. Sensing her face, the man urgently began thrusting forward.

Lester pulled his length out to the tip and shoved it again to the hilt. Sarah's body quaked before him. He slammed into her again, hitting and passing her G-Spot.

Sarah's jaw dropped open, "Uhhhoohhhhhhhmmhmmmm —"

The head of black cock rushed past her moaning lips and engorged itself into her mouth. Sarah's eyes snapped open at the surprise assault before lazily closing just as her lips did around the thick shaft.

Lester pulled out and pumped another fresh stroke into her. Then another. Her fist couldn't keep up with the cock in her mouth's rapid pace as he fucked her mouth through the hole in the drywall.

"MMMhmmhmmMMHMMMMHmhmhmmhmm.

Mhmmhmm....Mhmmhmm...Mhmmhmm....Mhmmhmm," Sarah moaned in ecstasy around the thick cock in her mouth. She'd never felt so filled before. Lester's massive cock filled every inch of her pussy, and this stranger completely filled her oral cavity. She felt helpless. She felt powerful. She felt both men's desperate need to have her. And the power she held in the ability to make both of them cum.

The idea of both of them exploding into her at once filled her with a deep-seated desire that made her buck her hips back as Lester slammed into her. She felt her bubble butt ripple from the impact and moaned even louder onto the stranger's cock.

Over and over, Lester slammed into her while the stranger's cock invaded her mouth, fucking against her tongue. Sarah stroked the man's shaft, wishing desperately could use both hands to cover his entire length.

Lester cock pounded against her G-Spot, and Sarah's knees felt weak. Being spitroasted pushed her to her limits, and she felt the orgasm quickly stir inside of her. She held onto the feeling, feeding on all her perverse desires. She focused on it and how fucking full she felt with two cocks in her at once. At how much of a slut she was for letting them use her like this.

She thrust back on Lester's cock, squeezing him as hard as she could. His glorious cockhead speared her G-Spot and electrified each inch of nerves inside of her, igniting them in a tinder of lust.

"Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm," Sarah moans onto the black man's cock, "Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. MHNMMMMM."

Sarah gasped for breath, opening her mouth wide, pulling back a bit as she gulped the air down. Her stomach and pussy tightened as the wall inside of her holding back her orgasm shattered.

Sarah wailed around the cock in her mouth, fingers digging into it as the fireworks went off inside of her, exploding. Rapidly spread to each inch of her body. Her muscles contracted, she pushed onto the balls of her feet, and a warm flush washed over her skin, delicious pleasure seeping off her.

Sarah's eyes rolled back in her skull as her vision went white, and all she knew was orgasmic bliss.

Renee's jeans hung loosely over her knees. She was biting her lip to keep quiet. One hand was up her shirt, caressing her breasts as she leaned against the disgusting stall door. Her breath was short and raspy.

Her other hand was buried in the front of her soaked panties as she played with herself. Her finger tips were furiously working her clit as she listened to the woman moaning around the cock in her mouth and the slapping sounds of her being fucked.

Renee's eyes were closed tight as she pictured what it would feel like to be sandwiched and used by two men like that. Guilt permeated her being. Touching herself in public to a coupling that didn't involve James. Was this cheating? She didn't know. That was something she could deal with later.

Right now, all that mattered was the way her fingers were working her clit and the insane sounds of this unknown woman being double-teamed just a few feet away. She tried to picture it, how they

were positioned. Were they all on the floor? Was the man sitting on the toilet and the woman riding him? Each thought made her buck against her fingers harder.

Breaths came in fast and shallow. The door to the stall emitted a quiet squeal each time she butted up against it. The sounds didn't stop the couple, so she didn't worry.

They must know she was in there. Maybe they didn't care. Maybe it got them off more knowing she was there, listening. Did that make her a part of it? Was she part of this sexual experience, acting as the fourth person?

Her fingers moved rapidly, massaging her clit. She bit her lip, her other hand roughly grabbing at her breasts, thumb pressing against the nipple. Renee began panting, feeling herself getting more and more worked up.

Renee spread her legs further apart and slumped into the corner of the stall. Her skin was on fire, and her pulse quickened.

"Mhm," she let out a soft moan, wondering if the other men would hear her. Wondering if it would get them off, "Mhm. Mhmm."

Obscene thoughts swirled through her head. She knew it was wrong, but she couldn't stop herself. She was breathing hard when she heard the woman begin to tense up. The frantic slapping of flesh.

Renee inhaled hard, her hand grabbing her breasts hard, fingers dancing across her clit like lightning.

"Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. Mhm," the woman's sensual, muffled voice echoed in the bathroom. She was cumming. Renee's fingers touched and touched until her thigh clamped down around her hand, and she drew in a sharp breath.

The stall swayed on its side, and she clamped her eyes shut, thrusting her head back against the wall.

"Uhhmmmm," Renee groaned out loud, not caring, half hoping the trio would hear her. Everything felt lighter, and her body flushed with a strong, deep warmth that seemed to permeate through her entire being.

"Mhm. Mhm. Mhm. MHNMMMMM," the other woman moaned, competing with her.

She'd never felt so alive. That electric current ran through her body, from her toes, to her pussy, to her breasts and head and connected to something deeper and more primal out there in the world.

As she came down from her high, her fingers and panties were soaked and she struggled to breathe but basked in the warm afterglow of her orgasm.

Renee's head swam as she stumbled out of the public bathroom after having experienced one of the most powerful orgasms of her life. She couldn't remember the last time James had given her one that made her knees weak and made her feel lightheaded.

A lazy smile was a permanent fixture on her face as she straightened her clothes and made her way back down the dimly lit hallway. Ahead, a group of young men stood on both sides of the hallway, passing around a joint. A smoky haze clung to the hair around them. As they got closer, their bloodshot eyes shifted to her. Even with the drug's effect, she watched their eyes roam up and down her body.

They liked what they saw, despite the age difference. She made to move through the center of the hallway between them. Her thoughts drifted to the scene in the bathroom of the women taking on two men at once. There were more than two men here. And by the looks they were giving her, Renee could have any of them.

“Want a hit?” A man with bushy eyebrows and a patchy beard held the lit joint out towards her. It stunk as a thin line of smoke trailed up from it.

“No, thank you,” Renee said, inhaling the vapor, “I haven’t had a toke since a Guns N’ Roses concert in the early nineties.”

A wide, stupid smile spread into the man’s face, and he looked up at his friends, “Guns? Roses? Like what?”

The group broke into a low fit of chuckles. Renee took that as her cue and pushed back through the group and headed towards the bar. She needed another drink.

Hurried footsteps followed by the creak of the door told Sarah everything she needed to know. Her mom had heard her cum and shortly afterwards had left the bathroom. She didn’t know what that meant, but didn’t really care. Not right now.

Just seconds after coming down from her orgasm, Lester was back, thrusting relentlessly into Sarah, giving her no time to recuperate. The stranger’s cock still filled her mouth. She moaned and sucked on it, eager for him to finish.

“God, you’re such a good little slut. You just let yourself get fucked in the same room as your mother,” Lester chuckled, “I don’t even know who you are anymore.”

Sarah wanted to respond, but her mouth was full of black cock.

Lester pumped into her, still hurling insults her way, “Next time we’ll have to get the whole family involved to show them how far their Sarah has fallen.”

Sarah’s bubble butt slammed back onto him. Lester’s hands ran over her ass, squeezing it. They ran up and down her back, spreading the sticky sweat around. Lester was breathing hard. Sarah could hear it in his voice.

His big, hairy, heavy balls slapped against the top of her thighs.

“Is that what you want, Sarah? For your whole family to see you? To learn that you’re not a wife, not a daughter anymore, just my slut.”

“Mmm-hmmm, Mhmm,” Sarah moaned around the black cock.

Lester surged forward, slamming his cock into her.

“Here I cum, baby, take it,” Lester howled into the air. Sarah clenched her pussy around Lester’s cock as his balls slammed forward, hitting her. She lost her footing for a second, and the cock in her mouth slammed into the back of her throat, making her gag.

She pushed down her gag reflex and felt the head of the cock disappear into her throat. Lester’s cock pulsed inside of her, and she felt his shaft expand. A torrent of his hot, sticky cum blasted into her.

She squeezed her pussy around his cock, milking all of it out and into her. Blast, after blast of his baby-making batter spewed into her, filling every crevice inside of her.

Lester heaved as he emptied himself, hand planted on her ass. Sarah shuddered as she was filled to the brim with Lester's illicit cum. The cock in her mouth pushed forward. Sarah braced herself against the wall, trying to pull her head back. Slowly, the cock disappeared from her throat until she could take it safely in her mouth.

Lester groaned, and with a wet plop, he stepped back, and his cock fell out of her. He sat down on the toilet seat and breathed hard. Sweat dripped off him like he'd just come out of a sauna.

Without the support of Lester's cock holding her up, her knees felt weak. And Sarah still had a cock to handle. She dropped to her knees, skin pressing against the grimy tile.

With her full attention on the stranger's cock she got to work. She slurped his entire length into her mouth, pulling back to twirl her tongue around his cockhead. She pursed her lips and planted a kiss on his dark cockslit, tasting more of his precum.

She stuck her tongue out and licked the head of his cock. She purred, "Are you going to fill my mouth? I want it. Give it to me."

The man on the other side of the wall groaned at her words.

"Give it to me. Mhmm, I love this cock. I want to taste its cum. Give it to me. Give me your black cum. I want to taste a stranger tonight."

"You ever take a black cock before?" the man said from the other side of the wall.

"Mhmmmm, I've played with one...." Sarah moaned as she knelt before this stranger's cock jutting through the wall.

"But I've never had one inside me," Sarah said.

"I'm gonna fuck you," the man groaned, "Break you in real good."

"Maybe...." Sarah licked her lips and stroked the man's shaft against them.

"But not tonight, tonight I want this big black cock to explode in my mouth and fill me up. Mommy needs dessert. And I'm craving chocolate."

"Ugh fuck," the man grunted, lunging his cock forward with urgency, "You're a freak."

"You have no idea," Sarah chuckled and opened her mouth wide. Her tongue extended, and she ran it under the head of the cock, taking it into her mouth. Her tongue swept under his shaft as her mouth closed around him and she sucked him with everything she had. Both hands wrapped around his thick shaft. She twisted her wrists while running them both up and down the shaft, sucking and moaning around his cock.

It wasn't long before the man grunted, and his cock went still. The veins running up his powerful shaft pulsed, and Sarah felt a huge spray of cum blast the back of her throat. She swallowed it immediately as another load spewed into her mouth. She quickly swallowed it as more and more cum flooded into her.

A long, guttural groan escaped from the other side of the wall as his cock shook the last loads of cum into Sarah. She backed off his cock and licked her lips, staring at the huge, strange cock she'd just emptied.

Sarah slumped back on her knees as the cock retreated through the wall. She looked around at her scattered clothes lying on the dirty floor. Lester watched from the disgusting toilet seat, and she made a mental note to make him take a shower afterwards.

She was covered in sweat, grime and cum but felt fulfilled entirely. Guilt and disgust followed shortly afterwards. The man's black hand reached through the hole and tossed a piece of paper at her. Sarah read it. It was just a phone number.

She heard a sound from the other side of the wall, then a shuffling sound. An instant later, a much smaller cock of a different color stuck itself through the wall.

Sarah looked at Lester and shook her head, "I need to go find my mom."

On weak legs, Sarah swayed down the hallway, pushing past a group of hungry-eyed young men. She gulped as they stopped talking in unison, their eyes drinking in her body. Her cheeks heated up as they watched her. She felt Lester's illicit seed pouring into her panties.

She held her arms across her chest, trying to cover her stiff nipples. The man on the other side of the wall had taken her bra. It was mortifying to be completely braless out in public. The shapes of her naked breasts were only concealed by a thin layer of cotton.

She moved out of the dimly lit hallway, back to the packed main room of the bar. The music and loud conversations thrummed in her ears. The heat of the crowd washed over her. Sarah pushed through the throngs of bodies, pressing closely together. Her head swam as her buzz coursed through her.

Two people she didn't recognize had taken up residence at the bar where she and her mom had been. Sarah scanned the crowd, looking for her mother. She caught several men looking in her direction, trying to hold her gaze.

Her heart nearly jumped out of her chest when a large black man sipping on his drink smirked at her. Is that the man from the other side of the wall? There were other men of similar skin color also looking at her. Her head swam, wondering who it could have been. Were they watching her now? Did they know it was her on the other side of the wall?

She held her arms tighter across her chest and moved towards the front of the bar. A gorgeous blonde woman had her elbows on a high-top table with a glass of something in her hand. Two men stood opposite her, eyes clear with intent.

As Sarah got closer, she realized the gorgeous blonde was her mom. Sarah pushed through the crowd and slid up next to her mother. The men's eyes widened as they took in Sarah's form.

"Mom," Sarah said, sliding up next to her mom, "I've been looking everywhere for you."

Sarah smiled politely at the men and tried to keep her breasts covered. Judging by their downward cast gazes, she was doing a poor job of it.

“Sarah,” Her mother beamed, throwing an arm around her. She turned back to her new companions, “This is my daughter, Sarah. Isn’t she beautiful? I told you she was. She’s the one on the girls’ trip with me. Getting some time away from our husbands back home.”

Her mom swayed as she talked. The men smirked at her mother’s mental state and the clear lack of husbands.

“It was nice meeting you,” Sarah started to say before her mother turned to her.

“Where’d you go? I couldn’t find you. You weren’t in the bathroom,” Her mother said.

Sarah gulped but quickly recovered, “I got stuck in a conversation. One of Dan’s coworkers recognized me. Sorry.”

“Itss okay. All water under the bridge,” her mother’s smile flashed like she just said the funniest joke in the world.

“Mom, I think it’s time we call it a night and head back. What do you think?” Sarah asked. Her mother’s eyes were closed for several seconds before they lazily opened, and she said, “I need to go pee first.”

Sarah knew her mother had just been in the bathroom. Maybe it was the drinks, or an aging bladder or something else was going on. Sarah pulled out her phone and opened the Uber app.

“I’ll get an Uber for us,” Sarah said. The men across from the table protested, but Sarah ignored them. Her mother downed the last of her drink. Dark liquid accidentally poured out of the side of her mouth and ran down onto her shirt, threatening a permanent stain. Sarah made a mental note to wash it for her.

Her mother looked down at her ruined shirt and laughed before setting the glass down hard on the table and turning back towards the bathroom.

Lester stood in a dark corner watching the exchange between a floor full of moving bodies. Idiots and sycophants chatting and trying to score. They were all a waste of oxygen as far as he was concerned.

Especially the two men trying to talk to Renee and Sarah pathetically. He watched as Sarah took out her phone, and Renee turned and moved in his direction at the back of the bar. She swayed, and her eyelids looked heavy.

He watched Sarah, but she was engrossed in her phone as the two idiots tried to chat her up. His gaze shifted to Renee as she moved through the crowd.

Curious.

Lester pushed off the wall and moved on an intercept course with the older woman. Sarah was still on her phone. Renee passed by him without noticing. With a smirk plastered on his face, he reached out and cupped her ass in his hand. His cock stiffened at the forbidden contact.

Renee’s gait shifted, but she didn’t stop. Perhaps he should have grabbed her harder. With one glance back at Sarah, Lester pushed through the crowd, curiously following Renee. He stalked up right behind, having to slow his pace so he wouldn’t bump into her. He stayed close enough, hovering just behind her, that he could smell the scent of her lavender perfume. If she were to turn around, she’d see him there.

Excitement coursed through him at the dangerous game he was playing. Where was she going? He followed her back down the dimly lit hallways towards the bathrooms. He paused at the door to the men's room, watching Renee. She stumbled for a second as she turned towards the door to the women's bathroom.

Interesting. Where are you going? Bathroom? Or are you investigating what you heard?

As Renee pushed open the women's washroom door, Lester strode into the men's and quickly went into the furthest stall that shared a wall with the ladies' room. He closed the lock and squatted to peer through the hole in the wall.

Renee's feet moved before her brain could think. She held her breath as she pushed open the women's washroom door. Her skin crawled as she took in the dank sight of the bathroom again. Her stomach turned.

She looked at the stall where she experienced the most powerful orgasm she could remember. Her eyes shifted down the row of stalls to the far one. The door hung teasingly open. Whoever had been in there was gone. The threesome disbanded.

Renee's throat felt flushed as she took a tentative step towards the furthest stall. She pulled the door closed behind her, locking it. The smell of sex and sweat still lingered in the air all around her. She squatted to pee, eyes tracing the wild, obscene drawings on the wall. She'd never seen a bathroom so thoroughly defaced with graffiti.

Her eyes followed the spiralling yellow brick road and then...

A penis. A huge, throbbing, powerful penis was jutting through the wall. It's angry, veiny head pointing right at her expectantly. Her breath caught in her throat as she stared at it. Penis was not the right word. It felt too clinical.

This was something she'd only heard about in whispers with her girlfriends in their youth. This was a cock. A strong, fat, big cock.

Everything suddenly felt warm. Renee's heart threatened to beat out of her chest. Her legs wobbled as she stood to right herself. She couldn't take her eyes off it. It was wrong. This wasn't her husband's tool. This was some stranger. She felt drawn to it. Mesmerized by its size and girth, and the promises of what she could experience with it.

Renee reached out a shaking hand towards it. She needed to know what it felt like. A drip of precum oozed out of its slit and dribbled onto the floor. Her hand was less than an inch away when she clutched it back to her chest.

She continued to stare for a full minute before mentally willing herself out of the stall. She didn't bother to wash her hands. She couldn't stay in there. She was afraid of what she might do. She ran out of the bathroom to find her daughter and get out of there.