

[Insider] Toxic Attraction CH28 (Patreon)

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Content

Hey folks, it is that time again. I have been hidden away in the lab writing for you all. I've been busy and have gotten a lot done. In addition to the yet untitled undercover story that dropped earlier, I've put a lot of work into Toxic Attraction 28 and Neighborhood Encounters 4.

So right now on my list here's what's coming up

- Edit of Undercover
- Toxic Attraction Insider (this post!)
- Neighborhood Encounter 4 (next week!)
- A new short story poll coming up (with a special option put in my yours truly)
- The other new story I teased in my newsletter

Anyways, I appreciate you all and I'm looking forward to writing all of this for you.

Now with today's Insider release, as always this is the rough version straight off the press, full of typos and grammatical issues. These will all be cleaned up by the new edit later on this month.

That's enough from me, I know you guys prefer the other stuff I write so let's go to that. Hope you all have a good weekend reading and stroking.

Dan looked out the window of Walt's office as the sun sank below the sky line. It was late. Way later than he usually stayed at the office. But today had been a fucked up day. After Jesse's weird and embarrassing declaration to the office, claiming that Dan was abusing his wife and whoring her out to people, Dan had punched him straight in the face.

It had felt great for a few seconds. The satisfying connection of his fist meeting Jesse's eye. Even the pain in his knuckles and wrist felt therapeutic. The recoil of Jesse's head snapping back. He felt powerful, more powerful than he had felt since he had been forced to move to Chicago.

But then the gasps brought him back to reality. The audible gasps of surprise and for some reason fear from some of his coworkers. Several of the women took steps back, afraid they would be the next to be hit. That pissed Dan off. It didn't make sense for them to react that way. But still they did.

And then Jesse slumped to the floor like a rag doll. And suddenly people were between them. Some checking on their old coworker and others standing between him and Dan. It was like the entire place had turned on its head. Now people that he had worked side by side with

were suddenly looking at him in a new way. Like the things Jesse said could be true. And that punch had somehow been proof.

Dan knew that smarter play would have been to reign himself in and walk away from the situation. Or find some way to diffuse it. But it was like months of frustration had built up and the only place for it to go was into his fist.

Dan's shoulders slumped as he looked out the window. How the hell had he found himself here? His life wasn't supposed to be like this. Everything since the punch was a blur. His coworkers hadn't been able to wake Jesse up so an ambulance had been called. The EMTs took him away but Dan wasn't there for that.

Walt had insisted Dan wait in the boss's office, so that's where he was. Still waiting. Dan checked the time on his phone again. It was so fucking late. The girls had probably gone down almost an hour ago now yet Dan was still in the office.

Most of his coworkers had left for the night but Dan knew that Walt was convening an emergency meeting with HR and some other important people in the office. It wasn't good. He didn't know where things were going to go from here. And that terrified him.

He had barely been holding things together before this. But now things seem to be spiralling again.

His phone began to ring in his hand. He glanced at it, seeing Sarah's beautiful face on his display. How the hell was he going to tell her about this? This fucking mess. Maybe Dan should just get the hell out of the office. The police hadn't shown up yet but he didn't know if they would. Maybe that's why Walt was stalling so long.

Just as Dan was about to answer Sarah's phone call, Walt entered the office. Dan silenced his phone and braced himself for whatever the old man was going to say. The head woman from HR stepped in behind him and stayed near the door.

"Some day huh?" Walt said crossing the room and sitting down behind his desk. He looked older than usual. More frail. The last few months had taken their toll on him and today must have exacerbated things. Dan looked at the woman and turned back to Walt.

"Not how I envisioned my day going when I woke up," Dan said. Walt had a flat smile on his face and couldn't meet Dan's eye. The old man opened a drawer in his desk and took out a bottle of whiskey and two glasses. He poured both and offered one to Dan.

Without hesitating, Dan took the glass and sipped it. It was smooth and burned his throat. It was exactly what he needed.

"We need to talk about what happened," Walt said.

"Sure," Dan said, bracing himself.

"Where the hell did all of that come from?" Walt asked, "Did you know he was coming in?"

"I had no idea," Dan said, "I don't know what prompted it. He seem unhinged. It was scary."

Dan was trying, perhaps in vein, to position himself in a more favorable manor here. But the expression on Walt's face told him all he needed to know.

"It was certainly something," Walt said diplomatically, "Regardless, you shouldn't have struck him. He's just a kid Dan."

"No, Walt. He is an adult. An adult that made a choice to storm into his old employer's office and harrass one of its employees." Dan corrected. Fuck it, if he was being thrown under the bus he wasn't going to just sit there and take this shit.

Walt sighed, "I supposed your right. When you say it like that. But it doesn't change the fact that you hit someone in the workplace. We have a zero tolerance policy when it comes to workplace violence."

"Does that still apply when a crazy person barges into the workplace and threatens someone both verbally and physically?" Dan said loudly.

Walt held up his hands in a placating manner, "I know its a messy situation. Believe me, I don't want to be dealing with this either but here we are."

Dan sat back in his chair. He didn't want to stress Walt out but he also wasn't going to be painted as the villian here.

"Here we are," Dan repeated.

"Can I ask you something Dan?" Walt said. Dan braced for it. He knew this was coming.

"Sure," Dan replied.

"What was all that talk about your wife?" Walt asked, "Something about, well, private matters. Jesse made it sound quite worrying."

"I can assure you that there is nothing true to what Jesse was saying. Frankly I don't even know where it came from or why Jesse came here with it. My wife and I have a great relationship built on mutual trust and love. I don't know what the hell Jesse was on but it seems to have messed with his brain." Dan said flatly.

"Yes. Thats what I thought," Walt said with a look that said he was still unsure about Dan's response. The old man took a long sip of his whiskey. Great. Now the entire office, including his boss things he is some cuckold forcing his wife to do nasty shit against her will. How the hell was he going to recover from this? He already pictured the looks he would get in the office from now on.

"So whats happening here Walt? I know you were probably meeting with HR and others. Tell me whats going on." Dan said, not wanting to beat around the bush any longer.

"Its...delicate," Walt said, "As you know we are still in a precious place financially first and foremost. I recognize that you are quite central to several of our key accounts. But we also have to look at things objectively. Incidences like this in the workplace are difficult for staff to overcome. Its like a raw wound. We are going to hold a all hands meeting tomorrow to talk

about it and have managers individually talk with their team members to gauge how they feel.”

“That being said,” Walt continued, “We think its best if you keep a low profile for awhile while we work everything out. For the time being we are temporarily laying you off while we figure out the best way to approach the situation and everything gets back to normal.”

Lay off. Dan hated hearing those words.

“So you should go to your office and grab some of your personal items –”

Dan held up a hand, silencing his boss, “One question. From the last round of temporarily lay offs, how many people have you called back?”

Walt’s eyes flicked to the woman behind Dan before answering, “None.”

“And what timeline do you expect to settle things here before calling me back?” Dan asked.

“We don’t have a timeline yet,” the woman said from behind him. Dan didn’t even give her the courtesy of turning to look at her. “This is all still so raw, the team will need time to process and come to gripes with it. You have to understand most of these have never experienced violence like that. Our first priority is to ensure they have a safe working environment.”

“And what about me huh? What about my safe working enviornment? Whatever security you have in place failed to protect me from some deranged ex-employee coming in here,” Dan snapped back.

The woman didn’t respond. Walt rose and looked at him with a grim expression, “As I was saying Dan, lets go to your office. Grab some of your things in case its awhile before we can call you back.”

“One last thing,” Dan said not standing up, “Tell me how Jesse’s dad factors into all of this. He is your friend isn’t he? Have you already called him and told him about this?”

Walt didn’t meet his eye, “That is personal and none of your business. But of course I called him and told him that his son was hurt.”

“And what did he say? Did he tell you to fire me?” Dan asked.

“We’re not firing you,” the woman behind him stepped in, “This is a temporary lay off.”

“Sure,” Dan said rising to his feet, “I’ll go get my stuff.”

Without waiting for another word, Dan stepped past the woman and left Walt’s office. As he did, two large men who aparently had been waiting, stepped up to follow him. They didn’t have security in their office but the building did. Walt had probably called them up in the time Dan was sequestered in Walt’s office. <i>Great.</i>

The two men escorted Dan to his office where a empty banker box was waiting for him. He quickly filled it with all of the personal items he had before picking it up and carrying it out with him. There were other coworkers still here, he recognizes them from HR and some

department heads. They were all in one of the meeting rooms making it a point not to look up as he passed.

The two security guards escorted Dan into the elevator and out into the cold Chicago night. They stood by the door, watching as Dan walked up the sidewalk. He didn't stop walking until he came to the bus stop. He sat down, dropping the box on the bench next to him.

Dan opened his phone and dialled Sarah's number. It rang a few times before going to voicemail. He didn't want to text her. He needed to talk to her. Walt made it sound like a temporary thing but Dan knew better. What the fuck was he going to do now?

While he waited to the bus, he sent Sentient Securities a quick email letting them know he could increase his workload with them. Hopefully, that could help keep his family afloat.

The pale light from the laptop illuminated the rolls of Lester's short, fat body. He strongly disliked using the laptop. It was a poor imitation of his beast of a gaming PC back in his apartment. Sitting on the hotel bed was getting tiresome. He would much rather be back in his apartment gaming right now.

He scrolled through discord and saw that his Dungeons and Dragons buddies were all playing together on World of Warcraft. Lester sighed. Sometimes all this planning of scheming of his really took him away from what he should be doing.

The whole hospital ruse was a waste of time. Hearing all of these useless morons drone on and on about useless stuff made him want to burn the entire place to the ground. It was ridiculous. How anyone voluntarily signed up for a role like that for that pittance of a salary was beyond him.

He knew that he couldn't last much longer or he would have to commit seppuku on himself. Still, he could cause chaos on his way out the door. This was all because of Sarah Williams, his greatest conquest. She was well on her way to sliding down a new path of depravation that was even new to Lester. Normally Lester would find a target, whether a roommate or someone else and bend them to his will. Reaping all the benefits that came from the arrangement.

But Sarah was the first mother he had taken. Sure, Lester imagined he had made several of the women he had claimed mothers but Sarah was the first mother he had corrupted. It was intoxicating seeing her do the things he asked. The domination of her husband and the fraying of their marriage was just icing on the cake. Her sweet 'I love you' admission that had escaped her lips the last time was music to his ears. She was his now, mind, body and heart.

Still, was she worth all of this? Worth upending his life for? He could be gaming at his command centre, instead he was sitting on a hotel bed like some pathetic travelling salesman. He needed to wrap this up soon. There was just one more thread to sever and he could do so. Then he could be back in Chicago with Sarah warming his bed more often.

There were several unread message notifications next to one chat in particular. One of his old VIP clients, the rich guy that went by the name Cronos. Lester had been ignoring him lately.

The guy seemed to be obsessed with Sarah, even though he knew nothing about her. Just knowing that Lester was holding out on him seemed to drive the guy crazy.

Some of Lester's other clients were growing impatient too. It had been a long time since he had delivered any new content. Ever since Sarah came into the picture. He didn't want to share his trophy with them. Not yet, at least. He was still holding that card to himself.

Out of curiosity, he opened the message and scanned its contents. Cronos had left half a dozen messages growing more and more irate at Lester ignoring him. The last message caught Lester's eye.

Cronos: Fine. Ignore me all you want but you can't ignore cold hard cash. Here's what I'm offering.

The message was followed by a link that Lester didn't recognize. Lester frowned and clicked on it. A website opened up with a document on the screen. Lester began reading the Crono's lengthy proposal. His eyes widened as several notifications appeared on his screen from the software he had developed. The proprietary software Lester had created to protect himself online and prevent anyone from tracking or hacking him.

<i>Mother fucker.</i> Cronos had something embedded in that page to try to hack Lester's systems and track down his location. Just who the hell was this guy and how connected was he? Lester never got the impression he was particularly tech savvy. With the amount of money he threw Lester's way, he had probably hired someone to do this.

A bead of sweat trickled down Lester's forehead as he quickly countered their actions. Whoever had helped Cronos had been good, but Lester was better. He quickly shut the hack down, though he would have been faster in front of his command center. <i>Another reason to get back there.</i>

Lester opened discord back up and replied.

Darkspire: Nice try asshole.

Then he blocked Cronos. The money was great but compromising Lester's security wasn't going to happen. Lester would need to look further into just who it was behind the Cronos handle. They were much more dangerous than Lester had realized.

Lester spent the next hour, ensuring his hardware and network at the apartment were secure. He did the same locally with his laptop. The hotel Wi-Fi was a weak spot that someone could exploit to get to him. This wasn't ideal. He really needed to get back to Chicago. This mildly reminded him of that punk Jesse and the time he tried to strong arm Lester. He made a mental note to circle back and see what had happened with Jesse and whether he had taken the bait and gone to confront Dan.

After he was confident all of his defensive measures were secure, he switched gears.

He opened a browser to the dark web and checked on his order. The custom made blister packaging that mimicked Sarah's birth control pills were almost ready to ship out. He ordered extra to test them. The last thing he wanted was Sarah to accidentally take arsenic or something

besides the placebo pills. He didn't need another accident like with that other girl. Lester just needed her to take them for a short time so that her body would reset to its natural state, all the while he made sure she was full of his potent cum.

It shouldn't be much longer now before he had his hands on them. And he had everything he needed to switch them out. He had made a new copy of her updated house key. Working in such close proximity to her did have its benefits.

Lester sighed. She should be over here right now with her mouth around his cock but instead she was playing mother again. Lester was growing restless. He opened up a database on his computer and began scrolling through it.

One of his favorite things about all of this was the hunt. The planning ahead of time. Imagining how sweet his final victory would be. Sarah was already well on her way to becoming his personal slut but if he couldn't have her right now. He could still plan and think about the others.

The database was full of women. Women Lester had come across in real life or those he had discovered online. Inside were all the information he had gathered about them along with areas of potential exploit. He scanned his list, feeling his cock grow in his pants as his eyes scanned over the dozens of names and pictures.

Many of them would be too difficult to obtain. But he liked the challenge. Avenues of attack were limited but a few held promise. His eyes kept going back to two in particular. The first was a young woman in his apartment building named Emily. Poor, naive Emily. She lived with her boyfriend and the two of them kept their router with the factory default password. The couple had just gotten engaged, but it seemed like Emily had a secret. One she didn't want her fiancée finding out about. That kind of leverage was exactly what Lester wanted.

The other prey was someone, funnily enough, Dan had helped Lester track down. The wife of a business associate of his. Lester had overheard Dan's meeting with this guy from some marketing company. Lester scanned the file. Bill, was the man's name. But the most important thing about Bill was that his wife was drop dead sexy. Lester had downloaded the best pictures of her he could find online. He didn't know much more beyond what details their social accounts had but the couple lived in a suburb close to Chicago. His eyes roamed her picture and rested on the ample cleavage on display. She was in a bathing suit, at some pool party held at what he deduced was their house. She had very similar portions to Sarah. This Amber woman would be quite the delicious treat.

Lester closed the database. All of this was just a distraction. He knew he was getting off target. He needed to do something productive tonight to at least further his goals. He logged back onto the dark web and navigated to the shadow marketplace where he purchased the blister packaging and placebos and where he sold most of the content he created. There was one thing he had almost forgotten about.

He created a brief listing and uploaded the information on the encrypted data packets he had stolen from The Lincoln Group's network. While that company was some big multinational

and clearly into some shady stuff, they had plenty of competitors who would gladly pay for their information.

Sarah rechecked the Find My app on her phone. Dan's uber was just around the corner. It felt like a twisted deja vue of the last time he came home after getting laid off. When he had called and given her the news, her stomach twisted. They were set back again to this same shitty situation.

If only she had gotten that CEO position at the hospital. It would have afforded them some much needed breathing room. Now her position was even more precarious than before, with the entire administration at the hospital different than it had been. She'd barely be able to cover the mortgage payments alone.

Lester taking care of Dan's portion of the rent had been like a fuel injection to their savings account. But without Dan's income, the financial cushion they had since this arrangement began was all but wiped out. He would need to find another job quickly. Sarah didn't hold out much hope. All the news talked about these days was how tight the job market was and Dan had been tirelessly trying to find one for months now. At least he had his side income. She was proud that he had managed to build that up for himself. Maybe that was the way forward for them.

The uber pulled into the driveway and Sarah braced herself for a difficult conversation. Not only did they need to figure out a plan for income but there was the elephant in the room from their last conversation. About her escapades with Lester. But now might not be the right time.

Thankfully the girls were in school. When Sarah had told Lester she needed the day off, he didn't hesitate. After she told him about Dan's position, he approved her request immediately. It had been a long time since she had felt so supported by a superior at the hospital. It was still strange that it was Lester in that role but more and more she appreciated that it was.

Sarah watched through the blinds as Dan stepped out of the uber carrying just a backpack. The rest of his possessions were still at the apartment. While they figured out their next move, it made sense for the time being to keep up the arrangement, giving them a base of operations in the city. At least, that was the rationale she told herself.

When Dan stepped through the door, Sarah was in his arms. They both held each other for over a minute, without saying a word. Finally, Dan shut the front door behind him, "I missed you. So much. Just having you in my arms...it just makes things easier."

"I know," Sarah said, "The past couple months have been tough. Well are still tough. But I am glad you're home. I wish it was under better circumstances but the girls are going to be so happy when we pick them up from school."

"I can't wait to see them. I know things are going to be tight from now on but we should have a nice dinner tonight. Together. As a family," Dan said.

"I'd love that. I'll figure something out for dinner. But right now I just want to know how you're feeling? About everything that happened at work," Sarah said.

"Fuck. I don't know," Dan muttered, "I'm still processing it all. I didn't expect Jesse to come in like that. Sarah it was so embarrassing hearing him talk about all that stuff so loudly in front of everyone. Its like everyone in the office thinks I'm so controlling guy who gets off on whoring you out. I could see it in their eyes. And that I'm violent. Even Walt's eyes. I don't know how I even come back from that. Even if I get another job in Chicago it could follow me around for years."

"It's bad. Right now it seems like the world is ending but it will eventually fade and all of this will be just a sour memory. I won't follow you around as much as your worried about," Sarah lead him to the couch and they sat down. She rubbed his shoulders, "We will get through this like we always do."

"Will we?" Dan looked at her, frustration evident on his face, "We do everything right. We're good people. We follow the law and do what we are supposed to but we keep getting fucked over."

"I know. Sometimes it takes work to get where we want to be. There will always be set backs but thats life. I mean, neither of us predicted that this particular setback would happen. It's not like we could have planned for Jesse to just show up at you're work throwing around crazy theories." Sarah said.

"No, but I should have seen it coming," Dan said, "After everything that happened at the hotel. I didn't know how delusional Jesse was."

"I probably should have told you this earlier but Jesse kept requesting to follow me on Instagram. He even tried to connect with me on LinkedIn. I just ignored his requests at the time. I didn't think much of it," Sarah confessed.

"You had no way of knowing he'd react like this." Dan said, "I wonder if Lester had something to do with it."

"Dan," Sarah started, "I know you think Lester is behind a lot of things but I don't think he could make Jesse delusional. He isn't a master hacker or a master psychologist. The kid might just be messed up in the head."

"Maybe," Dan said, "My gut still tells me something isn't right about all of this. I just haven't figured it out yet."

"And normally I would say, you should trust your gut. But honey, the past few months have been so hard. So much has happened. I don't know if either of us have properly processed any of it. We just keep facing crisis after crisis. Do you think its possible, and I know you might not want to hear this, but do you think its possible that your subconsciously conflating Lester with all the problems we're facing? Like making connections that aren't there?"

From the little Dan had shared about his investigation into Lester, it didn't seem like he had uncovered anything nefarious."

"I don't know. I honestly don't," Dan said.

"Let's just think about it for a second. We are having income troubles. Lester stepped in to help, obviously he is well off. So there is some envy there – from both of us. When I faced a crisis at work, I know you wanted to help solve it for me. But then Lester did, which I'm sure didn't make you feel great. And then there is all the sex stuff that has happened. All of our boundaries were pushed and even though I know you enjoyed most of it I'm sure part of you feels insecure about things too. Almost like it was too much. Too much all at once. I can totally see how you would want Lester to be the bad guy here."

Dan just sighed, "When you say it like that, it makes sense. And it makes me seem crazy."

Dan groaned and pinched the bridge of his nose before running his hands over his face, "I don't want to change the subject. I don't. I want to talk about work and what we are going to do next. What I am going to do next. But what are we doing with Lester? He's your boss now for god's sake. It's getting too messy. And I feel like he has this control over you, making you do things so out of the ordinary –"

Sarah cut her husband off, "Dan. I think you know me better than that. No one controls me."

She gave him a teasing smile and rested a hand on her thigh, "Lester may be my boss on paper but it really doesn't feel like that. And he doesn't force me to do things. If I had to describe it, it's more that he presents me with situations and I choose to embrace them. There has always been a part of me that really got off on the taboo. On being bad. You know about this. We dove into this together when you first moved into the apartment. But it's like I'm discovering a new side to myself."

"What does that mean? I mean, it's exciting and hot to hear you talk like that but I just feel like I'm not part of it. Not part of this discovering you are experiencing. Believe me, it sounds hot as hell. But you're always doing this with Lester. I'm not part of it. But I should be. We're the ones that are married. It should be you and I exploring this together. Not you and Lester."

He was right. He was so right. At the same time, she knew the truth. That Dan wouldn't push her into these new experiences like Lester would. Dan could get so caught up with his own problems and focus on them while Lester seemed to be entirely focused on her. She knew it wasn't a fair comparison.

"You're right," Sarah said, "We should be doing this together. It should be me and you. And I want that Dan. I really do. It always turns me on seeing your face twist with jealousy and arousal when you see me in these situations. I've missed that."

"What about Lester?" Dan asked, "I want this too. To explore these things with you. Hell, it's probably a great distraction to all the shit happening right now. But I feel like he's an unwanted passenger to all of this."

"He's an asshole," Sarah said, "But at least we know him and how he operates. He could be someone safe that we experiment with. I like that he isn't connected to us in any way. And he has kept his mouth shut about all of this. At least we can trust that."

"Maybe. But does he always have to be involved? Can't we try some things with out him?" Dan asked.

"Yes, of course. And we should too," Sarah said, an idea forming in her mind. A great way to distract Dan while also fullfilling one of his fantasies. "We should try things without him. We should use Lester when we want to. Maybe to help push us out of our comfort zones."

"Can I ask you something?" Dan said.

Sarah nodded and held his gaze, "Anything."

"Last time we talked. You said...I can't remember exactly what you said but I got the impression that you get off when Lester doesn't treat me right. Like some of the shit he says or does that are disrespectful. Is that a thing? Do you like that?"

Now it was time for Sarah to put her hands in her face. "God you must think I'm a horrible wife," Sarah said into her palms. She lowered them to look at Dan and see his reaction. He was leaning in, just slightly. His breathing was growing shallow. Did that admission turn him on too? "I don't know why but yes it does. Maybe its the whole beauty and the beast fantasy I have but maybe its another layer to it. Like the beast taking the princess from the prince. Winning. Flipping the narrative and story on its head. I don't know why Dan. I know its wrong. I know its not proper and is the antithesis of how a married couple should act but there is just something about it that does turn me on. Does that make me a horrible wife?"

"No...I don't know," Dan said, "I know that no matter what you're still my wife and that you love me. But in the heat of the moment, just the possibility of that not being the case. That somehow you would prefer Lester to me...it makes my blood boil. But that blood also pumps to my dick and I get hard from it. Maybe you're right and my mind if fucked up and conflating things. Maybe its my own insecurity about money and sex that make me hate Lester. But there is a part of me that really gets off on seeing you act like that."

"Act like what?" Sarah said, feeling her own body beginning to heat up at the discussion. "Give me an example."

"All of it. From that first time he saw you and you didn't stop. To the time you went into his room to go get him and bring him out to watch us. Just seeing you act like that. To now when I see you moan his name or event when he talks shit to me. And when you agree with him while he is inside of you. It pisses me off so much but I can't help but get turned on by it. Maybe you're right. Maybe we are both messed up in the head."

"At least we're messed up together," Sarah smiled at him.

"The worst...the worst one was that time in the apartment on the couch when you said you loved him while you were having sex. Those little tender moments. Thats when I felt like an outsider looking in. Like I was watching myself lose you in that moment. I don't know why but sometimes I rub one out to the memory of that moment. And everytime I do, I just feel so ashamed after. Like such a piece of shit for getting off to it. It makes me feel like more of a loser and I hate Lester so fucking much after that."

Dan's head hung low as the words escaped his lips. His shoulders slumped. He sat there waiting for her response. She knew that whatever she said would impact him deeply and potentially change the course of their relationship. He was admitting something that embarrassed him, scared him. Something that he hadn't fully processed. Thoughts and responses ran through her head. The best possible way to support him in this moment. Ultimately she settled on one options.

Sarah ran her hands from Dan's thigh to his crotch, feeling his already hard cock. He had gotten hard just admitting this to her. He looked up at her and she smiled back, "Want to go upstairs?"

The diamond stud earring shone briefly in the moonlight. Otis quickly scooped it up off the floor and put it in his pocket. He went into another cubicle and emptied the waste basket into the bin on his cart. He took a few seconds to scan the contents of the desk looking for anything of value that wouldn't be missed. *Nothing.*

Otis wasn't an idiot. He knew better than to go on a spree snatching up things off these uptight asshole's desks. One person missing an ear ring would go unnoticed. A bunch of people complaining about missing things would be a pattern. And Otis didn't want that kind of heat. Not again. Not when this job was easy and had so many other perks.

He took a swig of the beer can hidden propped up in the bin on his cart. There was one good thing about all these people who just sat behind desks all day. They didn't have many cameras on their floors. No, unlike the rest of the hospital these folks thought they were above being monitored. Or they didn't want their misbehaviours on any kind of record. That was alright with Otis. It let him drink freely on the nights he was cleaning up here.

He pushed his cart down the hallway, beer in hand as he went into the big office. This one used to be that hot piece of ass Sarah Williams but now it was some old crone who worked in HR. Otis still remembered cleaning up that broken desk and the body sweat stains on the window. That Sarah women acted all prim and proper but Otis knew for sure that she was one of the nasty ones. The ones who liked getting down and dirty in the filth. Filth like him.

Otis made his way around the desk, carefully appraising its contents. That old crone was just the kind of person who would lay a trap for Otis so he didn't snatch anything up. Movement in the parking lot below caught his eye. A car was pulling into a spot. That wasn't that odd. The hospital still had an overnight staff but shift change was hours ago.

Otis adjusted his cock in his pants when he saw whose car it was. Two figures got out and began making their way to the hospital.

"Are you sure about this?" Dan asked, walking across the parking lot next to Sarah.

"Getting cold feet? I thought this was a fantasy of yours?" Sarah raised an eye brow at her husband, a teasing smile on her face. Dan had been back in Middleton for a couple of days

and Sarah had been very giving with her attention. And now she was apparently determined to make one of Dan's longest standing fantasies come true. Sex in the hospital.

"It's just dangerous. Now that we're here. It's getting real," He could feel his heart beating in his chest as they grew closer to the door.

"There won't be anyone in the IT department until morning. The entire floor will be empty. The only people in the building are the doctors and nurses on shift and maybe a handful of others." Sarah waved him off as they entered the back atrium of the hospital.

"Stil....if you want to us to stop. We can. We can turn around and go pick up the kids and head home," Sarah teased.

Dan stayed silent for a few moments as they walked towards the employee elevators. This is what he had wanted. To reinsert himself into all of this craziness so that Sarah wasn't alone. To support her but also to keep her safe. They would do these things together from now on. To explore this together and find out where their line was. He had to be here. He didn't want to cede any more of his relationship to Lester. It still fucked with his head but this is what they decided to do as a couple.

Besides. This had been a fantasy of his. Having sex at work. Whether is was his office or her workplace, just taking that risk and doing it. It had always lingered in that back of his head. And just like os many other things, Lester had done it before him. Multiple times now. He couldn't back down. His pride wouldn't let him.

"Let's keep going," Dan said, pressing the button to call the elevator.

The doors opened immediately and Sarah stepped inside, "Good boy." Dan followed her in and they rode the elevator up to Sarah's new floor. He needed to take control. To assert himself like Lester did. To play that role. The role that Sarah responded to so strongly.

When the doors opened to Sarah's floor, Dan was the first to step out. The floor was surprisingly dark. He looked left and then right, realizing he wasn't sure which way to go. Sarah took his hand and lead him left down the hallway, "This way."

He let Sarah guide him down the hallway. She had been right, there was no one around. The overheight lights snapped on as they walked down the hallway. He remembered Sarah having pitched the idea for motion sensored lights at night time to save energy and money for the hospital. It had been a huge cost-saving success.

"Here we are," Sarah smiled back at Dan as she pulled open a door. Dan followed her through. It took a few seconds but the interior lights turned on as they walked further into the room. Rows of empty cubicles greeted them. Against the far wall was a bay of windows. Anyone outside would notice the lights. Would a nurse or doctor taking a smoke break find it odd that the floor was lit up? They probably wouldn't care.

Sarah led Dan to one of the few offices tucked away beyond the cubicles, "In here big boy."

The sign on the door read 'Sarah Williams.' Dan was proud of seeing her name there but couldn't help but feel a pang of guilt. He too used to have his name on an office door. Both

times it was taken away from him. In that moment he felt jealous of his wife and then an immense sense of guilt at that notion. It was dumb.

Sarah pulled him into the room and flipped on the lights. This office was a lot smaller than her old one. His sense of jealousy now felt even more idiotic. His wife had been through so much recently at work but was still keeping her head high. It was no wonder she found a new way to blow off steam.

“Close the door,” Sarah said as she moved to the window looking out at the cubicles she slowly closed the blinds while staring at Dan with that fiery intensity she was known for. Without hesitating, Dan shut the door and immediately crossed the room, pulling Sarah into an embrace. His lips met hers and she felt her melt into the kiss. He couldn’t help himself. He needed to have her.

The past few days at home had been great. Each night when the girls had gone to sleep, Sarah and Dan had messed around in their bed. But now they were somewhere new and this was Dan’s chance to supplant Lester in her eyes.

Thier tongues intertwined and Sarah moaned into his mouth. Dan’s hands roamed Sarah’s body, grabbing a handful of her supple ass through her dress pants. Without hesitating his hands found the bottom of her blouse and starting to move over her bare skin underneath.

Sarah’s hands a vice grip on his collar and wasn’t letting go. She held him in place as she kissed him, pulling his body against hers. They fumbled their way back towards her desk, their lips never leaving each others.

“Mhmmm,” Sarah moaned into Dan’s mouth. She could feel how hard he was for her through his pants. She didn’t want to wait any longer. Her hands were on his belt surprising Dan. Sarah expertly undid it and in one fluid motion pulled it entirely out of the pant’s loops tossing it to the floor.

“I can’t believe we’re really doing this,” Dan groaned as Sarah bit his bottom lip and tugged back on it. He didn’t waste any time. He roughly tugged at her black blouse pulling it up over her head, breaking their kiss. He dropped it onto the floor and his eyes went wide, staring at Sarah’s heaving breasts clad only in a white lacy bra. His body reacted before his brain did, her mouth diving down to kiss and lick the white exposed flesh of her breasts. Sarah moaned and arched her back, her fingers fiddling with the button on his pants.

Dan held onto Sarah’s back, pulling her breasts to his face. His pants fell to his ankles and he awkwardly kicked off his shoes and stepped out of them. Sarah had one hand on the back of his head, the other reaching down and stroking his hard dick through his boxer briefs.

“Fuck take these pants off,” Sarah moaned. Both of their hands went to her dress pants. Sarah undid the clasp and Dan pulled them off her body. He paused and looked down at his wife, clad only in her white lacy bra and panties leaning against her desk. Her chest was heaving with her shallow breaths, her face flush with lust. He was going to fuck his wife at work and take back an experience from Lester.

A grin spread on his face, “I have an idea.”

He took Sarah's hand and pulled her off the desk.

"Dan, what?" Sarah asked, clearly surprised by his actions. He pulled her across the room to the door. "Dan stop. What are you doing?"

He looked back at her and grinned, "Let's go fuck on Lester's desk."

"Oh, you're bad," Sarah said with a glint of excitement in her eyes. This was exactly the kind of thing Lester would probably do. Dan wanted to up the ante with Sarah and push those boundaries.

Dan opened the door and the LED light right outside the office turned on at their movement. Dan steeled himself and walked out into the empty office in just his briefs and pulled his almost naked wife out into the light. He felt her grip tighten on his hand. It was probably one thing to mess around at work behind closed doors, but being in her underwear where normally anyone could see was entirely different.

He had spotted Lester's name on the office next to Sarah's earlier. Another light turned on as he moved to it. Dan grasped the handle and opened the door. He flicked the light switch on the wall, illuminating a messy office. Dan shook his head, not surprised in the least. Papers were piled on a table against the wall, along with an assortment of other trash. How the hell could someone live like this? The hospital staff should say something. Even the couch and table by the window looked messy. Dan adjusted the dimmer on the switch, setting the light low.

The door clicked behind him and Sarah stood there, in just her bra and panties looking like she was ready to pounce on him. This wasn't the Sarah from the past few nights. Her eyes were intense and she looked like she was dripping with sex. Being at the hospital like this had unlocked something in her and Dan needed to embrace it.

"Get over here," Dan moved behind Lester's desk and cleared a space for them. Sarah didn't move. She looked hard at him and then slowly bent over at the waist, until Dan had an exceptional look at the tops of her breasts hanging for him. She slid her fingers into her white, high waisted panties and lowered them down her flawless thighs before gravity took them and brought them to the floor. Dan marvelled at her shaved pussy and how perfect it looked. His wife stood back up and sauntered over to him behind the desk.

As she walked, the lights outside the office went out. Sarah didn't seem to notice, still walking towards him with purpose. Dan almost didn't recognize her. That lust filled gaze almost looked like someone else.

She went up onto her tippy toes and kissed him hard, her tongue snaking into his mouth before pulling back and biting his lip again. His wife gave him a wicked grin and turned away from him, planting her elbows on the desk and pushing her ass back out, inviting him in. It swayed back and forth, mesmerizing Dan. He quickly snapped out of his stupor and pulled down his briefs, his hard dick flopping out.

"I'm ready for you," Sarah whispered as he stepped up behind her. He lined his dick up with her pussy and was amazed to find it already soaking wet. The past few days, he had to engage in a lot of foreplay to get her to this point.

Before he could react, Sarah reached down between her legs and grabbed his dick. She pulled him forward by it and put the head of his cock right at her entrance, parting her lips. Sarah groaned, letting go of his cock and pushed her ass back onto him, taking him part way inside of her.

"Uhhhh," Sarah moaned, both elbows back on the desk. She hung her head, her blonde locked falling all over Lester's messy desk. Dan gripped her hips and pushed forward until he was fully inside of her. Sarah's pussy gripped him tightly. Sarah's ass rocked forward and then slammed back against Dan, setting the tempo. He was surprised how fast and hard his wife was fucking him. He widened his stance and planted his feet, thrusting forward, trying to keep up with her.

Sarah fucked him relentlessly like that for several minutes. She was thrusting back so hard and fast that he almost lost balance a couple of times. All he could do was hold onto her hips and try to keep up with her. But even as he struggled to maintain the same rhythm, her pussy never stopped clenching his cock. It felt good. Too good. Dan could already feel himself getting to that point of no return. But he didn't want to cum before Sarah.

"Are you close?" Dan asked, "Are you going to cum for me baby?"

"Fuck don't stop Dan," Sarah whined against the desk, "I'm almost there."

"Fuck me too," Dan growled.

"Don't. Not yet. Just a bit more," Sarah moaned. Dan hoped she was right because he didn't know how much longer he could hold himself back. As Dan gritted his teeth and contemplated how the hell he was going to stop himself from cumming when one of the automatic lights out in the cubicle farm turned on.

"Shhh," Dan hushed to Sarah. She looked back at him, confusion in her eyes. She followed his gaze and saw the light streaming in between the blinds in the window. Another light came on, this one closer.

<i>Fuck</i> Dan thought. It wasn't just a one off. Someone was out there. Another closer light came to life again, followed by another.

"Did you lock the door?" Sarah whispered. Her body was rigid and her pussy was still torturingly tight around his dick. She had been the last one in.

"No, did you?" Dan whispered back.

Without looking away from the window, Sarah shook her head. Dan's heart beat loudly in his chest as the light right outside Lester's office kicked on. Could whoever was out there hear his heartbeat? Was it that loud? It felt like it was.

<i>Fuck. Fuck Fuck</i> Dan thought. All their clothes besides their underwear as in the other room. Either that person goes in there and sees it or they come in here and see them like this.

Maybe, just maybe they would bypass these office all together. It could just be someone getting some light night work done or maybe..

The handle to the door turned.

Light shone into the office as the door opened, momentarily blinding Sarah and Dan. The silhouette of a figure stood in the doorway.

"My, my, my, what do we have here?" A man's voice said. The figure stepped into the room, pulling some kind of cart behind them. "I went down into the boiler room first. Then I figured I'd check up here."

Dan felt like he was frozen in place. It took him a few seconds to compose himself before saying, "Who the fuck are you? What do you want?"

"Otis," the older man said, tapping a name tag on his dirty coveralls. Dan's eyes finally adjusting to the light. "And I'm just here for the show. And maybe to replay a favor to that sweet wife of yours."

"I don't know what you're talking about but you need to leave," Dan said. As the words left his lips, he felt Sarah's pussy clench his dick tighter and she slowly pushed her ass back against him.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah moaned, her eyes still locked onto the intruder. A shit eating grin spread across the old man's face, crow's feet wrinkles spreading around his eyes. He stuck his arm into what Dan could now see was a large garbage bin. He pulled out a beer and cracked it open before taking a drink.

"That's right," Otis said stepping closer, "Put on a show for me girl. We both know you love it."

Sarah looked over her shoulder at Dan with a pleading look in her face. Her mouth hung agape and Dan saw the desperate look in her eyes. Her pussy clenched around his cock again.

"Hey. Hey!" Otis barked, "Look at me. I wanna watch you cum."

Dan watched as Sarah turned back to the janitor and met his gaze. The man smiled wickedly and stroked his beer can. Dan had no idea what to do. In one swift moment this man had entered the room and their entire scenario had been flipped on its head. Sarah was clearly responding to his presence. Dan wanted the guy to leave but he was torn. Torn between embracing this side of his wife or trying to reel themselves back in and get control of the situation.

"Sneaking around at work. Tsk," the janitor knocked his fist against the center of his chest and let out a loud burp. "I've been watching your wife. Waiting for her to sneak away and try something like this. I'm glad I was on the night shift. I woulda hated to miss it."

Dan opened his mouth to say something but what the hell was he supposed to say to that? Stop stalking my wife? Stop watching us? Sarah was going wild slamming into Dan. He could feel his balls tighten and knew it wouldn't be long before they both came. Both cumming to this fucked up situation. It wasn't like it had been with Lester so long ago when they had

wanted him to watch them have sex. Dan didn't know this guy, even though part of him was thrilled seeing Sarah on display for a rough looking guy like this.

"Fuck, just watching you has me all hard," Otis chuckled and started to stroke himself through his coveralls. Sarah's pussy clenched around his cock again.

"Fuck, Sarah?" Dan asked. He needed to make sure she was okay with what was happening, to make sure that —

"UHHHHMHMMMMM," Sarah's pussy clenched down hard around his cock and he felt her body spasm. She dropped her head onto the desk, her arms splaying out knocking papers and a generic clock onto the floor.

"Uhhhhhh. Ahhhhhh," Sarah moaned as she came.

"There it is," Otis grinned, stroking his growing cock through his coveralls.

"Fffffff," Sarah grunted as her body shuddered. Her torso collapsed onto the desk, "Uhmhhhmm."

"Oh fuck," Dan grunted, "I'm gonna cum too."

Despite seeming exhausted, Sarah quickly pulled herself off of Dan and turned around. Their plan had been for him to cum in her mouth. She didn't want to walk through the hospital full of cum. She made it seem like that was an unpleasant experience, something she had already done before.

Before Sarah could lower herself to her knees, Dan came. His cum shot out onto the floor as Sarah grasped for his cock. Dan grunted and shot another load onto the floor. Sarah stared down at his twitching cock as the last bit of cum dribble out. Dan sat back into Lester's chair and tried to catch his breath.

"Okay Otis," Sarah said, "Show's over."

Otis grinned at Dan, "Sure looks like it. But I just got here. Have a beer with me and I'll leave."

He pulled three more cans out of his garbage can. He set two on the desk for Dan and Sarah before cracking the third open for himself.

"Garbage beer?" Sarah asked.

Otis just shrugged, "No one's gonna check my garbage for beer."

Sarah straightened, even though she was still half naked, "You shouldn't be drinking on the job."

"And you shouldn't be fucking around but here we are," Otis chuckled and downed a bunch of his beer. Sarah looked back warily at Dan. She wasn't sure how to proceed. This guy had something on her now. Sure, so did Sarah but Dan bet janitor jobs were a dime a dozen. She handed Dan the beer before cracking her own open. Dan took a sip and grimaced. It was warm.

“Alright,” Dan started, “We’ve all had our fun, now I think we should –”

“I’m feeling over dressed,” Otis said. He reached up and grabbed the coveralls zipper by his neck and started lowering it. His bare chest began being exposed and then his stomach. Soon enough the older man had lowered it just above his crotch. He was clearly naked underneath.

“Otis, what are you doing?” Sarah asked. Otis just shrugged and pulled down the top of the coveralls and lowered them down past his waist. His long, hard cock sprang out and the wiry man got naked. Dan felt disgusting looking at the grey and white public hair. He looked up at Sarah and saw that she was still looking at the man. She held the beer can in her fist but hadn’t drunk it. Her breasts were rising and falling like they had earlier. Almost in anticipation.

“Just making sure everybody’s comfortable,” Otis replied.

“Comfortable?” Sarah challenged. She finally took a sip of the beer and found it equally disgusting.

“Ya’ll are naked,” Otis gestured towards them, “Seems right that I was too.”

“Otis,” Dan said, not drinking his beer. “We’re gone here.”

“Oh?” Otis said stepping further towards them, his lecherous gaze not leaving Sarah, “I think we’re just getting started.”

Dan watched as the naked older man stepped towards his wife. She held her ground, not wanting to back down from his challenge. It took Dan a second to realize that Sarah was probably still thinking of herself as the hospital administration or at least of herself in her current role. She wouldn’t be pushed around by someone in a more subordinate role.

“Otis,” Sarah said coolly as the man circled to her side. Sarah turned to face him, her bubble butt pressing against the side of Lester’s desk. “You should leave.”

“Not before I pay my debts,” Otis bent and put his beer can on the ground and wiped his lips with the back of his hand. His hard cock jutting at Sarah. Before either Dan or Sarah could react, the wiry older man quickly crossed the distance to Dan’s wife.

Sarah went to step back by instinct but her naked bubble butt was already pressed against Lester’s desk. Dan gripped his beer as Otis with his dangling cock pushed up against Sarah, his weathered hands roughly grabbed her thighs and he hefted her up onto the table with strength Dan didn’t realize the older man had.

Sarah gasped. Dan got to his feet to intervene but Otis quickly dropped to his knees between Sarah’s legs. His head dove forward. Dan couldn’t see what was happening from his angle but he knew.

“Uhhmmmm,” a guttural moan escaped Sarah’s lips. She braced her hands against the desk as her head tilted back. The old man’s tongue was inside Dan’s young wife. Dan wasn’t ready for this. This hadn’t been what tonight’s plans were. He felt the familiar out of body sensation that he had felt before.

<i>Fuck</i> Dan thought as he watched Sarah's back arch and another soft moan escape her lips. He felt like he was frozen in place again. He was stronger than this now though. He couldn't just like some stranger walk in here and do this to his wife.

Dan willed his body to move. He stepped forward and watched, as if in slow motion as Sarah's hand went to the back of the man's head. Half a second passed and Sarah wasn't trying to push him off. Her fingers ran into his thin greying hair. Her fingers actually arched as she gripped his head and pulled him in closer.

"Oh fuck," Sarah said breathlessly. Her beautiful blonde locks fell down her back as her hips pushed forward to meet Otis's probing tongue. She hadn't expected him to be any good at doing this. She hadn't thought about him this way at all. After all that time she had tried to avoid him, she hadn't expected anything like this to happen.

Her mind was on fire as Otis's weathered tongue twirled inside of her. Part of her wanted to glance at Dan and see his reaction but all she could do was focus on this feeling. Otis' tongue felt huge inside of her, just like Lester's. But he was lapping at places she'd never been touched by a tongue before. Lester's tongue was fat and thick but Otis' seemed longer and skinner.

One of Otis' wrinkled hands reached up and grabbed a handful of Sarah's ass cheek. She moaned at the rough treatment. His fingers kneaded her ass and Sarah shuddered, imagining all the dirt under his fingernails.

<i>Fuck, was this what he meant by paying his debts?</i> How the old man knew Sarah was in the hospital was still a mystery to her. It was surreal that he was on his knees between her legs on Lester's desk. Sarah looked down and watched Otis lapping at her pussy. He twirled his tongue like a twister inside of her, not giving her a second to catch her breath.

The office was filled with wet slurping sounds. Dan watched on and a light turned off somewhere out in the cubicle farm. It was only then that he realized that that janitor's cart was propping the door open. Anyone could walk in and hear that noise. See his wife.

Otis brought his thumb up to her clit and started gently massaging it while his tongue continued to dart in and out of her. Fucking her with his tongue. Sarah adjusted herself on the desk, her shoulder pushing Lester's monitor to the side.

Sarah glanced at Dan who was standing there with his mouth agape. Sarah flashed him one of her trademark sexy smiles. He had the same look on his face that she was so used to seeing. That mix of lust, jealous and hint of confusion. She knew he was enjoying this, even though he had just cum all over the floor.

Otis' thumb circled around her clit, forcing Sarah's eyes to flutter closed. Her breasts heaved on her chest as Otis' tongue swirled inside of her. She couldn't believe she was here, with this man. The man she had been avoiding ever since their illicit encounter in the basement. And that he was making her feel so fucking good.

"Mhmmmm," Sarah mewed as she felt it. The embers deep inside of her being stoked by Otis' tongue. If he kept this up she was going to cum.

“Sarah?” Dan said, “Are you good?”

“Uh. More, ah then good. Fuck baby he’s going to make me cum if he keeps this up,” Sarah moaned.

Dan felt his cock stiffen at her words. He was still hard as a rock, even though he was impotently standing there just watching. He didn’t know what to do. Finally he took a step. He moved to the door, pushing the cart fully into the room and shutting the door. This time he made sure it was locked. At least making sure no one else could see this was something.

He turned back and watched the scene before him. Sarah arching her back on the desk as this older janitor knelt between her legs, feasting on her pussy. His wife’s hips were thrusting back onto the man’s face and he recognized her motion. She was going to cum.

“Ah fuck,” Sarah’s hand grabbed the back of Otis’ greasy head. She was so close. So fucking close. “Don’t stop Otis,” Sarah moaned, the taste of his name tasted bitter on her tongue but that only added fuel to the fire burning inside of her.

“Ummhmmmm,” Sarah moaned loudly. Otis continued to loudly lap at Sarah’s pussy while his thumb expertly manipulated her clit. “Nnnghhhh,” Sarah moaned as she threw her head back. Dan had never heard her back that sound before.

“Oh fuck,” Sarah’s thighs clenched around Otis’ head. Despite the pressure, Otis didn’t stop. His head kept nodding forward as his tongue twisted inside of Sarah. All the muscles in Sarah’s body went tight all at once as she came. Warmth exploded from her abomination and rapidly spread all across her body. Her eyes rolled back in her head, her lashes flickering rapidly, her jaw hung open. One of her legs kicked out on their own, her muscles taunt.

Sarah tried to catch her breath, her breasts rapidly rising and falling. She was just beginning to come down from her orgasms, which Otis clearly recognized. There was a big slurp sound and Otis took his thumb off her clit.

“Fuck I knew you’d taste sweet,” Otis said from between her legs before resuming.

“Uhh, ahhh, ohhhh,” Sarah squealed as Otis’ tongue slurped up her slit and began licking her clit. He flicked his tongue over and over against it while two fingers went into her pussy. He immediately began dragging them over her sensitive G-Spot. His other hand shot up and began to rough maul her breasts through her bra.

“Uhhghhhh,” Sarah moaned involuntarily, her body hunching over on its own at Otis’ manipulations. His mouth closed over her clit and he began sucking on it while his tongue somehow continue to flick back and forth across it. His fingers were fast and hard inside of her, trying to push her to cum again. The hand on her breasts, pulled at one of the cups, freeing one breasts from their confines. He grabbed onto her naked flesh and roughly pinched her nipple.

Dan watched as Otis played his wife like an instrument. The foreign guttural sounds coming from her throat was like erotic music. Except Dan didn’t know the tune. He was transfixed all

over again, watching the sordid display in front of him. He just stood there, his cock twitching as he watched.

“Mhmmhmmffuuu,” Sarah grunted, her hips softly rocking on the desk against Otis’ face. Otis’ head continued to bob up and down as he lapped at Sarah’s clit. Licking it hard, sucking on it. His pumping up and down as his fingers rammed into Sarah over and over again, finger tips pressing hard against her G-Spot while his other hand mauled her breasts. His expert manipulations were too much for Sarah to handle.

“Holy fuck. Holy Fuck. Fuck. Shit, Oh god. God. Oh my fuck, I’m gonna. I’m gonna,” Sarah said through clenched teeth before her body lurched once again. Fireworks exploded inside of her setting her nerves on fire. Her brain felt like it was melting as it was inundated with sensory overload from her body. Sarah clenched her thighs around Otis’ head again as another orgasm rocked her body.

Otis didn’t stop. Not when Sarah’s thighs were crushing his head like a tomatoe. Not when her pussy was forced so hard into his face that it blocked his nostrils. The man just kept digging his fingers inside of Dan’s wife and licked and sucked on her clit, trying to draw out every second of her orgasm.

Dan was taken aback that Otis didn’t stop. Not even once. The guy didn’t even come up for a breath.

“Ohhh, mhmmm, ohh yess,” Sarah said breathlessly. Somehow a glint of sweat was running down her back already. Her eyes were closed as she reveled in her post orgasmic bliss. “Fuck that was intense,” Sarah murmured to no one in particular.

A wet sploch sound filled the office. Sarah gasped as Otis withdrew his fingers from her. Sarah’s juices coated his hand and dripped to the floor. The hand on her breasts dropped to one thigh, the other hand snaked up and grabbed the other. In one quick, fluid motion Otis pulled her legs apart and pushed himself to his feet between them.

“Wha? Otis..” Sarah said in a momentary daze. She tried to clench her thighs but Otis held them. He was stronger than he looked. Dan watched on as Otis bent forward and thrust.

“Argghhhhuummmhmmmm,” Sarah grunted in surprise as Otis’s impaled himself inside of her. His cock buried completely to the hilt, hairy balls slapping against her underside. Sarah opened her mouth to say something but Otis kissed her, his tongue pushing against hers. He held the back of her head while his other hand hugged her back, smashing her breasts against his chest.

“Mhmm! Mhmm!” Sarah tried to say through the kiss. Her arms flailed against the man. Dan stepped forward at the same time that Otis’ ass dipped back as he pulled part of his cock free before thrusting back into Sarah who was still propped up on the desk. He did it again. Then again.

“Buddy what the fuck,” Dan quickly crossed the distance to pull this old man off Sarah as he rapidly thrust into her.

“Mhmmmmhmmmmmmmmmm,” a noise came from Sarah’s throat making Dan pause just a few feet away. Her hands gripped Otis’ biceps. She turned her head to the side and was returning the kiss. The sounds of their lips smacking against each other and their tongue battling filled Dan’s eardrums. Dan’s eyes went wide as Sarah’s legs wrapped around Otis’ hips locking him in place. Her ass squirmed on the desk as she tried to thrust back against Otis’s cock.

The older man stood there making out with Dan’s wife while her humped away, thrusting his bare cock in and out of her. In and out. He wasn’t wearing a condom. Dan hadn’t thought to bring one since the plan had been to finish in Sarah’s mouth. Not that he usually bought condoms anyways since he was fixed.

But now some fucking random janitor was fucking Sarah raw and unprotected.

That thought hadn’t even occurred to Sarah. All her brain could comprehend was how fucking good the cock inside of her felt. She tasted the stale beer on Otis’ tongue and somehow found that it excited her. Her brain wasn’t thinking straight. All that registered was how different the cock felt inside of her. It curved different than Dan’s or Lester’s and just fit so fucking well inside of her.

“Mhmmmmgoooo,” Sarah moaned as Otis’ tongue twirled around in her mouth. Her tongue did the same, taste buds running over his as they swapped saliva. Otis broke the kiss first with a self satisfied smile on his face. His potmarked face grunted as he continued to thrust into Sarah.

Her jaw hung limp, looking at him in astonishment, her eyes still not believing what was happening.

The hand on her back fumbled but finally undid the clasp on her white lacy bra. He peeled the garment off of her, releasing her naked breasts. He stared down at her naked flesh in triumph as he pounded away at the young mother.

“I knew I’d get inside of you sooner or later,” Otis grunted “But I didn’t know you’d be so fucking tight. Jesus Christ.”

“So fucking tight,” Otis muttered looking at Sarah’s angelic face, “Feels like I’m fucking a virgin.”

“I’m not virgin,” Sarah breathed heavily. Otis just smirked and looked over his shoulder at Dan, who stood rooted in place a few feet away.

“He likes to watch,” Sarah teased, catching Dan’s eye.

“No gay stuff,” Otis said to Dan, “I’m just gonna borrow your wife for awhile.”

Sarah stared at Dan, waiting for a reaction. Dan was about to say something but Otis grabbed her by the chin and turned her face towards him. He kissed her again, his tongue diving back in to dance with hers. Sarah moaned into the kiss and just like that Dan, was standing there alone. An outsider watching the scene unfold in front of him.

Otis grunted and with his cock still fully inside, picked Sarah up and walked her over to a wall. This old man was way stronger than Dan or Sarah had been able to tell. Otis slammed Sarah into the wall as he thrust into her.

His cock pistoning in and out of her as he held her pinned to the wall. Sarah's hips bucked back against him, trying to match his frantic pacing. Otis' hands never left Sarah's legs as he held in her place. Her ankles locked behind his old, saggy ass.

Dan just gawked at the site before him. The contrast between his perfect, young wife with her flawless skin and this old laborer whose skin looked like the leather of a worn out baseball glove. Yet he was inside his wife, making her moan. His wife and the janitor.

"Mhmmhmm," Sarah moaned around Otis' tongue. Tasting it. Sucking it. It spun in her mouth before Sarah battled it back, pushing her own tongue into his. This tongue slide against and around each other, trying desperately to get more and more of each other. They kissed hard. Lips smacking, teeth colliding as their heads moved, both trying to kiss the other harder.

Otis pounded Sarah into the wall. A generic picture on the wall shook as Otis slammed into Sarah. If there was anyone in the office next door, they would no doubt hear the constant pounding.

"Oh fuck. God. Fuck," Sarah moaned breaking the kiss. She was breathing hard, trying to catch her breath. Otis' tongue wasn't done. Descending to her neck, licking along its length, twirling across sensitive areas. Sarah's hips bucked against the thrust, slamming herself against him. She pushed her bubble butt off the wall to meet each of his thrusts.

Otis' leg shaked unsteadily for a second before he repositioned himself. Sarah was bucking herself down against his cock like a women possessed.

"Ugh. Fuck that felt good," Otis snarled into her chest. Sarah squeezed her pussy around his cock again making the older man groan as he pulled out of her and pushed back in.

Otis thrust into Sarah hard, stopping her hips. His fingers gripped the bottom of her thighs and he slowly pulled her off the wall and spun her around. With her legs still wrapped around his waist, Otis walked Sarah past Dan to Lester's couch by the window. He unceremoniously dropped her back onto the couch and knelt between her legs. He held each one his armpits and thrust back into Sarah, his large cock spreading her open.

"God," Sarah moaned her head lolled to the side to look at her husband. Dan still stood where he had been, staring at them. Otis followed her eyes.

"Go sit in the chair, I don't like you hovering over there," Otis grunted. Dan snapped out of his trance and moved towards the chair. Suddenly he felt completely exposed and uncomfortable being naked in front of this random stranger. He didn't sit. Not yet. He wanted to but he also didn't want to just follow this guys directions. It was already bad enough he was fucking Sarah in front of him.

"Stop looking at him," Otis barked to Sarah, "Look at me."

Sarah did. She focused on the man's face. The intense gaze in his eyes. The way she could feel his heart beat through the veins in his cock inside of her. How the hell had she gotten here? She was on her back, legs spread for yet another ugly man and she was enjoying every fucking second of it.

Her hips bounce off the couch to meet Otis' thrusts. His eyes seemed to glaze over as he stared down at Sarah's perky bouncing breasts that jiggled with each thrust.

"I knew you'd be a good fuck but Jesus Christ this is something else." Otis breathed, "You're body..."

"Just shut up and fuck me," Sarah said sternly. She reached down and grabbed onto the man's biceps, becoing him to come down fully on top of her. Otis shot Dan a grin, "Sorry bud, but I'm gonna ruin her for ya."

He spread her legs and laid down on top of Sarah. She wrapped her legs around him, taking him even deeper then before. Giving him complete access to her, "Uh. Ah. Uh. Uh. Uh. Uh."

"Squeeze me like that again," Otis grunted. Sarah's pussy clenched around him like she was milking his cock. "Fuck. Feels so fucking good. I knew you'd be a hot fuck."

"Oh yeah?" Sarah said in more sluty voice than she intended, "Whys that?"

"You're the sexiest woman in this fucking place," Otis spat. "And all you stuck up women are the same. Once you get the right cock in you, you light up like a Christmas tree."

"Thats so charming," Sarah said sarcastically, "You should really just keep your mouth shut. Everyone would be better off."

"Heh whatever you say princess, as long as you keep yours open," Otis stuck the two fingers he had fucked Sarah with into her mouth. He slide them in and out like he was face fucking her. Sarah gagged as the fingers hit the back of ther throat but she quickly closed her lips around his fingers and began sucking them.

"Mhmmm," Sarah moaned, her tongue running down the underside of his fingers. Dan watched as her cheeks moved in and out as she sucked on them. Her moans filled the room. Dan knew Sarah had a fantasy of being taken by two men at once. It hadn't happened with Jesse and Lester in the hotel room but it had been close. He knew that one of those men should be him.

This could be his chance to step into that role in her fantasy. He could walk up and stick his cock right in front of her face and make it all come true. But he didn't move. He didn't want to....interrupt. God what a stupid thought.

As Dan's mind reeled, the two naked bodies slapped against each other on the couch in front of him. Sarah was still squeezing her pussy around Otis' cock eliciting satisfied grunts from the wiry man. Sarah continued to suck and tongue Otis' fingers as they plunged in and out of her mouth. A small part of her brain knew how fucked up it was that she was doing this. Licking and sucking a janitor's fingers while he was supposed to be working but the taboo nature of

it just continued to stoke the fire building in her stomach. A fire that she soon hoped would utterly consume her.

Otis pulled his fingers back out and set his fists onto the couch as he drove himself into Sarah. Sarah wasn't done though. She needed more. Her tongue snaked out of her mouth and clicked his wrist, one of her hands holding it still as she licked it. Otis shuddered and a satisfied smile spread across her lips.

Sarah turned her head and began licking the weathered skin of Otis' chest. Her tongue danced across his skin, swirling through the small grey hairs dotting it. It was like she couldn't get enough and needed to taste him. Her wet tongue sent shivers across Otis' body, like his chest was directly connected to his cock.

Otis dropped his entire weight onto Sarah, his arms diving beneath her to pull her ass up. He dipped his hips in low and his cock shot up, dragging over Sarah' G-Spot. She moaned into his chest but never stopped licking it. Dan watched as with each lick Sarah seemed to work herself up into a frenzy. Her hips rapidly rising off the couch to meet his thrusts.

"Cum for me again girl. I wanna feel that pussy explode around my cock," Otis barked.

Sarah didn't say anything but Otis' words seemed to set off a fire inside of her. She thrust back against him like crazy as he pounded her pussy.

"Urrnnhnnn," Sarah's tongue stuck out of her mouth, against Otis' chest. His hands grabbed both of her ass cheeks holding her in place as his cock pounded against her G-Spot.

"You like that?" Otis grunted.

"Mmm-hmmmm, uhmmm," Sarah agreed, tongue still connected to his skin. She couldn't find the words. Otis was rapidly pushing her towards another orgasm and that's all her brain wanted to focus on. But each time he spoke, his words were like a fuel injector, ramping her up to a point where she could blow.

"Cum on my cock, give it to me," Otis grunted into her ear. "Fucking give it to me Mrs. Williams."

"Arrhhhh," a guttural moan escaped Sarah's throat as she clenched her teeth. The fire burning in her stomach erupted against drenching her entire body in orgasmic bliss.

"AHFUCK," Sarah screamed as her back arched off the couch, bare breasts pushing into Otis' chest. It felt like a bomb had gone off inside of her, bathing her in nothing but pure pleasure. Her body rocked from her orgasm and her legs held Otis in place like a vice.

Dan shuddered as he watched Sarah orgasm and writhe underneath the ugly janitor. He still couldn't believe what he was watching. How was this his life?

Without thinking, Sarah reached up and grabbed the back of Otis' head and pulled him down for a sloppy kiss. Otis never stopped thrusting, even though Sarah's pussy almost made a fist around his cock. The odd couple kept thrusting against each other as they sloppily kissed one

another. Dan watched their tongue sliding in and out of each other's mouth and his cock twitched and cum dribbled out on the chair.

Otis' thrusts slowed and he focused on kissing Sarah. It was fucked up for Dan to watch. His mind broke seeing Sarah kiss this guy. All the dues and dates he had paid before he had even attempted to kiss Sarah for the first time and now this random guy already had his tongue buried down her throat. A lowly fucking janitor like Otis making out with someone who used to be second only to the CEO. Not to mention the mother of Dan's children.

Otis broke the kiss and pulled back up to his kneeling position, "Turn over."

Sarah unwrapped her legs from Otis's ass and turned herself over onto her knees. She shot Dan a quick glance before Otis roughly grabbed her hips. He lined his cock up with her slit and said, "You know how much I look at this ass? Wanting to bend you over and just fuck you in a hallway?"

"I've caught you watching me," Sarah said, out of breath.

"Only some of the time," Otis chuckled, "Fuck what a perfect ass."

He continued to slit the head of his cock up and down her slit. Sarah pushed her ass back, looking for connection. Otis looked over at Dan, "I dunno why the fuck you'd ever wanna share her like this but I appreciate it."

Sarah whined as she kept pushing her ass back, desperately searching for Otis' cock. Otis gave Dan a toothy grin and raised his eyebrows a couple times. He held onto the shaft of his cock and lined it up with Sarah's pussy. She pushed back and the cockhead started to disappear inside. Otis held the rest of his cock in place and set one foot down on the floor next to the couch.

"Mrs. Williams?" Otis said, still holding his cock at bay as Sarah whimpered, her pussy looking for it.

"Yes?" Sarah said softly, turning over her shoulder to look at him. She was on her hands and knees, ready to be taken by the janitor.

"I'm about to breed you in front of your stupid husband," Otis snarled and thrust his entire length into Sarah. She wasn't ready for it. Her body lurched forward, losing her position on the couch. Her arms jerked, bending. Her face hit the leather couch but Otis was holding her hips up in the air.

The words snapped Dan back to reality. Was this what this asshole wanted to do? He knew that he couldn't. Sarah had taken precautions. But still, that primal desire of this man to claim Sarah in that way....Dan's cock throbbed.

He wasted no time and started to mercilessly pound his cock into Sarah's wet entrance. Sarah screamed in ecstasy, "OHHFUCKMEYESJESUS."

Otis' weathered hands tightly gripped Sarah's hips as he pistoned his cock in and out of her. Sarah's entire body was rocking back and forth on the couch with each thrust from Otis. Sarah

couldn't control the moans escaping her lips, "Uhh, ahh, fuuuu, goddd, my, fuck, uh, ah, ah, yes. Yes."

Finally Sarah pushed herself up onto her hands, giving her more leverage to thrust back onto Otis' cock. He let go of her hips with one hand and grabbed one of her hanging breasts, roughly pawing it.

"Eiee," Sarah squealed as he roughly pinched her nipple. He did it again and again. Otis' leg on the floor went back up onto the couch, planted firmly next to her hip. He let go of her hip and breast, both hands gripping her shoulders and pulling her body back onto his cock. He roughly pulled her back each time he thrust forward, making sure she took all of his cock. His heavy, saggy balls slapped against her clit.

"OH FUCK," Sarah screamed. Otis bunched up her beautiful blonde mane into a fist and yanked back on it as he fucked her. He was fucking her fast and rough. Rougher than Dan ever remembered fucking her. And she was loving every fucking second of it.

"You like that? Like my cock in ya?" Otis demanded.

"YESSSS-SS," Sarah moaned, her face a mix of pain and pleasure as Otis continued pulling her hair.

"Uhhuh, then fucking scream it. Tell us how much you're lovin my cock," Otis spat onto the floor.

"ITFEELS SO FUCKING GOOD," Sarah whined, her bare breasts rocking freely as Otis fucked her into oblivion, "YOUR COCK..."

"SO GOOD. SO FUCKING GOOD," Sarah screamed. Even with the door shut, Dan was worried someone was going to hear her, "YOUR COCK FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD."

"Say my name Mrs. Willias. Say it," Otis grunted.

"OTIS," Sarah whined, thrusting her ass back hard against the wiry, older man. Her perfect ass clapping back with each thrust.

"FUCKING MOAN IT FOR ME," Otis bellowed.

"OTIS," Sarah moaned loudly, "OTIS. OTIS. FUCK YES OTIS. OTIS. GIVE IT ME OTIS."

"Heh," Otis shot Dan a dark look and chuckled. He pulled Sarah's hair back even further until her fingers were barely touching the leather couch. He licked up her spine and swirled his tongue at the base of her neck, "I didn't hear ya moaning like this with your husband before."

Sarah just gritted her teeth. Otis let go of her hair and her blonde locks fell down over her face.

"I SAID, I DIDN'T HEAR YOU MOANING LIKE THIS BEFORE," Otis barked.

"No," Sarah panted, "No. not like this."

Otis chuckled again to himself, "I thought not."

“Hubby don’t fuck you like I do, does he,” Otis asked.

“No,” Sarah moaned, “No. No he doesn’t.”

“I bet you wouldn’t have even cum with him if I hadn’t walked in when I did,” Otis grunted, thrusting his cock hard into Sarah. She yelped and had to reposition her hands on the couch.

Sarah looked at Dan and he couldn’t read the expression on her face. Guilt maybe, mixed with animalistic lust. He barely recognized her.

“But you’re gonna cum again for me aren’t you?” Otis said.

Sarah didn’t break eye contact with Dan, “As long as you don’t stop fucking me like that I will.”

“Squeeze me like you did before,” Otis groaned. Sarah’s pussy clenched around his cock, making it harder for Otis to slam into her so quickly. The older man groaned in ecstasy as her pussy enveloped him.

Otis pulled his cock almost all the way out and slowly pushed it all the way back in to the hilt.

“Unhhnnnnmhmhmmmmhmmmm,” a throaty moan rattled from Sarah’s throat. Otis did it again, giving Sarah long, slow strokes. Sarah dropped her head and another moan escaped her lips, “Gmmhmmmm.”

“Fuck yeah. Feels good don’t it?” Otis said, “Fuck you feel so fucking tight. Like your milking my cock.”

“Ffffucck,” Sarah moaned, her fingers splayed out onto the couch. Her wedding ring visible in the low light.

“Cum for me again baby,” Otis said, “Cum the way you couldn’t with your husband. Show him what its like when a real man fills you.”

“Ah fuckkk,” Sarah moaned as her hips started rocking back faster than Otis wanted.

“Oh you like that shit huh? You like hearing how much better I am than your husband?” Otis said. Sarah didn’t respond but she kept thrusting back on his cock. Otis stopped thrusting forward all together and just knelt there.

“Slam that ass back onto me,” Otis said. Sarah picked up her pace. Otis stayed still as Sarah fucked back on his cock. She was going crazy, her body thrusting back onto his thick cock, over and over. Her perfect ass rippled each time she fully embedded herself on his cock.

“That it. Slam that ass back onto my cock. Cum on it like you’ve never cum with your husband. For christ’s sake he’s just sitting there taking all of this,” Otis howled.

Dan felt like he was having an out of body experience. Like he was watching someone else get shit talked like this. He knew he should react, to say something. Respond somehow. To save face with Sarah and not be put down in front of her like this. But it was like he was a passenger, along for the ride. Just watching as the scene unfolded in front of him.

“Shit, I’m gonna be dragging you down into the basement everyday and fucking you down there from now on you hear?” Otis’ thrusts started growing more frenzied. He held both of Sarah’s wrists down with one hand. The other cupped her face, “You hear me?”

“YYes,” Sarah moaned.

“I’m gonna bend you over and fuck the shit of you whenever I want down there.” Otis grunted.

“Fuck. Do it. Do it. God. Please...,” Sarah seemed to beg. Otis held Sarah’s face and planted another kiss on her lips. Dan could hear her moan at the forceful kiss, her head tilting to give Otis’ tongue better access to her mouth.

Otis broke the kiss, a string of saliva connecting their lips. Both of them were breathing hard, working themselves up to the inevitable. The hand cupping Sarah’s face lowered to her neck. Otis gave it a squeeze. Sarah felt her airway constrict slightly and her hips began thrashing wildly up at Otis’s cock.

“Try to get up,” Otis said, “Move your arms. Force me off.”

Sarah raised her hip to try to dislodge him. She pushed her hands up against his but they stayed rooted in place. Sarah tried to lift her head but Otis’ other hand kept her pinned to the couch.

Otis leaned in and whispered in her ear. Dan leaned in trying to hear what he said but couldn’t make it out.

“You can’t stop me. I can do whatever I want with you. You might act strong during the day but at night you’re mine to do whatever the fuck I want with. And your husband can’t do a thing about it,” Otis whispered. Sarah felt out of control. Her pussy was clenching Otis’ cock in response to his words, her hips bucking to meet his cock. Being taken like this. Held like this. Fuck, it was so hot.

“Just my little plaything,” Otis whispered and licked the side of her face as he squeezed around her neck. Sarah managed to wiggle one arm free of Otis’ grasp. She grabbed the back of his head and pulled him down for another kiss.

The couch was rocked, slightly shifting on the floor as Otis pounded into Sarah’s pussy. Their kiss broke, both of them panting hard. Otis let go of her wrist and neck. He rests his forehead on hers and they just stared into each other’s eyes. Her hands went to his back and bicep bracing herself against him.

Dan knew that if he didn’t intervene this cretin was going to cum inside his wife. That notion filled him with excitement and jealousy. The plan had been for that not to happen to tonight. Sarah hadn’t wanted that, that’s why Dan had pulled out earlier. But now it seemed like that plan was completely out the window.

He still felt embarrassed by his nakedness but he balled his hands into fists, letting his nails dig into his palms. He finally mustered the willpower to force himself to his feet, feeling wholly out of place watching the coupling taking place just a few feet from him. Otis noticed the

motion and looked up at Dan with a smile. Then he leaned back down and whispered something into Sarah's ear that Dan couldn't hear.

"Fuck, I'm close. I'm going to nut inside of you," Otis whispered. Sarah turned her head and kissed his neck, her tongue venturing out and licking his flesh. It tasted dirty and sweaty but it sent a thrill through her body.

"Otis." Dan said shakily, "You need to pull out. You can't cum in her."

"I'm going to breed you," Otis whispered, "Breed you right here in front of your husband while he stands there with his dick in his hand."

"Mhmmm. Fuck," Sarah whispered back dazed. She was planting slow kisses in the side of his face, "Do it. Give it to me. I want it. I want to feel you. Please. I'm gonna..."

The couch creaked as Otis kept slamming into Sarah relentlessly. Her hips were flying off the couch to meet his thrusts. Both of their bodies were slick with sweat, mixing together. Her pussy was holding his cock tightly as his cock slid in and out of her like a piston. His old, hairy balls slapping against her asshole and ass cheeks.

"Otis!" Dan stepped forward and put a hand on Otis' shoulder. He grimaced as his palm was greased in the older man's sweat. "Pull out or –"

The words got stuck in his throat. Sarah's legs wrapped around Otis' ass somehow pulling him deeper into her. His ankles locked together. She wasn't going to let him go.

Part of Sarah knew Dan was standing there. His words registered with part of her brain but they were drowned out by the insatiable need to cum again. Cum again with this dirty man between her legs.

"Oh fuck," Otis whispered to her, "I'm gonna cum. Fuck I'm going to fill you up."

"Mmmhmmffuuck," Sarah moaned. His words struck her body like lightning, electricity coursing through her veins lighting her on fire. The ball of fire in her stomach was engulfed in the feeling, magnifying in anticipation. His sweet, sweet whispers striking a primal, cord deep inside of her. Sarah screamed, "MHMMFUCK, GG-GIVE IT TO ME. FILL ME. FUCK I WANT IT. FILL ME. OTIS. OTIS. FUCK. BREED ME YOU BASTARD."

Otis grunted and his cock twitched inside of her. She felt his balls heave against her asshole. His thick shaft swelled inside of her. She held her breath as her orgasm teetered on the brink. The first hot, shot of cum blasted into her, drenching her insides. That first rope pushed Sarah over the edge and her orgasm exploded inside of her body. All the muscles in her body went taut, her legs locking Otis further into place – her body not wanting to let a single drop of the man's illicit seed go to waste.

"OHHMYGODOTIS," Sarah screamed at the top of her lungs, her nails digging into Otis' flesh. Her body rocked as thick, sticky rope after rope of Otis's cum drenched her insides, flowing into her, nestling into every little crevice. She felt completely soaked as his sperm mixed with her own juices in some fucked up chemistry experiment. Her body shuddered, her mind on fire as the only thing she could focus on was the feeling of his cum completely filling her to

the bim. Her nerves lit up all over her body as the power of her orgasm washed over her, overriding all logic and sense. Sarah's eyes fluttered back into her skull as the orgasm tore through her.

Otis grunted hard. Dan watched the unholy scene in front of him as Sarah had just taken this guy's load. Otis' ass cheeks clenched again before relaxing as he collapsed ontop of the mother of Dan's children. Dan stood there, naked his hand still on Otis' shoulder. He pulled it back and didn't know what to do. It felt like many of the earlier times Lester had fucked his wife.

Otis and Sarah laid there, a sweating mess of tangeled body parts. Both breathing hard, trying to catch their breaths. Sarah opened her eyes first and looked up at Dan. She gave him a weak smile when she saw his conflicted expression. She reached out her hand and grasped his, trying to give her husband a sense of reassurance that everything was going to be okay.

Dan took a deep breath, her touch calming him down. It would be okay, this was just a strange bump on their journey that they would get through together –

Otis sighed and turned Sarah's head towards him and planted a wet, sloppy kiss on her lips. Dan saw his tongue snake into her mouth and then hers doing the same to Otis. Her fingers went limp in his hand but he still held on.

After a couple of minutes a shit eating grin spread on Otis's face and he pushed himself up off the couch. His cock made an audible slurp as he pulled it from Sarah's pussy. Dan's eyes widened like saucers when he saw the viscous dollop of cum pour out of his wife and onto Lester's leather couch.

Sarah seemed to come back to reality and she sat up, blinking and putting her face in her hands.

"Dan," Sarah said, "Can you get me my clothes?"

Dan gathered up Sarah's clothes and gave them back to her. Otis grabbed his beer can off the floor and finished it before crushing the can and throwing it in the garbage bin.

"Jesus christ girl," Otis said shaking his head, "I knew you'd be a hot fuck but I had no fucking idea. I should really take you up to my cousin Burt's hunting camp this summer for some real fun."

Dan glanced at Sarah as they crossed the hospital's atrium towards the back parking lot. She had a strange look on her face.

"What's wrong?" Dan asked.

Sarah gave him a flat smile, "Nothing."

"Come on. I know things got a little crazier than we wanted. But you can talk to me," Dan said.

Sarah sighed and looked at him, "I'm leaking."

"Leaking?" Dan said before it dawned on him, "Oh."

"Yeah. I think these panties are ruined," Sarah said. Dan, for the first time noticed his wife's awkward gait.

"I'm sure you can get the stains out," Dan started.

Sarah gave him a pointed look, "I'm just going to throw them out. Unless you want to look at a nice yellow stain on their crotch the next time we're about to have sex."

"Uhh, no you're right. Throw them out," Dan said.

"I don't really want to put them in the same washing machine as the rest of our clothes," Sarah moved to the back door and pushed it open. The cold night air rushing over them, pulling them back to reality.

They hadn't stuck around long after the deed was done. Sarah got dressed and Otis had asked for a kiss goodbye which she hadn't given him. The older man sat in Lester's chair and drank another beer before he started to clean up the office. He'd said something about always cleaning up after a party or he'd get in trouble.

It irked Dan knowing, that this guy probably crept around Sarah's office at night. He must. That's probably how he knew that Dan was Sarah's husband. He'd seen the broken picture on her desk.

"Breed me, you bastard?" Dan chuckled and shook his head.

"Just...don't, okay?" Sarah said opening the passenger door of their car. "I still can't believe we did that. With him. Of all people. This is going to make my life so much more complicated."

"Ugh, I hate this song," Sarah reached over to the car's radio and switched the channel. She sat back in the passenger seat and looked at Dan, "Penny for your thoughts."

Her husband was driving but she could tell his mind was elsewhere. He looked over at her and sighed, "I still don't think this is a good idea."

"Come on, it'll be fun," Sarah said. It had been several days since their encounter with Otis in the hospital. Despite the man's claims during sex, he had yet to successfully drag Sarah down to the basement and fuck her. She had been able to avoid putting herself in any compromising positions. She had worried that when Lester wasn't in the office for a few days, Otis would have tried something but she had been able to handle him.

"We just need to grab some of my things from the apartment. We don't need to make this into a whole thing," Dan said. Since Dan didn't need to be in Chicago for work anymore, he was planning on spending most of his time at their home in Middleton. There were still clients he'd need to take care of but there was a real possibility that they could let go of the apartment all together.

"Look," Sarah said, "My parents have watched the kids so often for us this past year. We at least owe them a night out on the town. Besides, when they brought it up, how was I going to say no?"

"I know. I get it and I agree. It's just....I'm not loving Chicago lately. I just want to grab my shit and get home. Not hang around and play tourist with your parents." Dan said.

"Dan, just give them this one thing, okay? We owe them that much," Sarah said.

Dan grunted in the affirmative but she knew he still didn't like this. "What about Lester?" Dan asked. Sarah hadn't heard from Dan's roommate but she assumed he was back in the apartment. He had been working remotely for the past few days. It was either the apartment, his hotel room or some other area Sarah wasn't aware of. Aside from work topics, he hadn't tried to contact her. She felt like he was giving her the cold shoulder.

But if he was in Chicago, she would see him soon and she would know for sure.

"What about him?" Sarah said watching as a car passed them, "My parents have their hotel room. They might want to see where you've been living but I'm sure we can distract them with something else in the city."

"It still feels weird," Dan muttered.

A ringing came through the car's speakers. Sarah glanced at Dan's phone affixed to the dash and saw the name '*Martin - Sentient Securities*'.

"Sorry," Dan said to her before pressing the button on the wheel to answer the call.

"Hey Martin, how's it going?" Dan said.

"Hey Dan. All good here. Listen, I'm going to cut to the chase. I apologize that this is last minute but we're hoping you can fly in tomorrow. I know it's a Saturday but we've hit a snag and need to move this project along before our funding review comes up. With all the government cuts lately we need to get this across the finish line."

Sarah's heart sank as she knew what Dan was about to say. He gave her an apologetic look and looked deflated.

"I'll be on the first flight out," Dan said with fake enthusiasm.

Irving clutched the green folder tightly as he walked down the hallway. All he wanted to do was turn around and go back to his desk and hope no one noticed he existed. But he had been given a special assignment and had to go see the boss. Well, his boss's boss.

He tightened his grip on the green folder and walked up to the pretty woman sitting at the desk outside the boss' office.

"Is he in?" Irving said trying not to stare at the woman. He'd seen her before, from afar. She had piercing blue eyes and smelled really good.

"He's busy at the moment," she gave him a polite smile, politely dismissing him.

Irving wanted to turn and go back to his cubicle. Having a woman this beautiful even look at him made him want to jump out of his skin. But if the boss found out that Irving had an update and didn't say anything right away...

Irving shuttered at the thought. There were some dates worse than being fired.

"I need to update Marcus on something. It's urgent. He told me to come right to him with it the second I got anything. I have to go in there," Irving blathered.

"Okay," the woman looked back at her computer, "Go on in."

Irving approached the dark oak doors, placing a hand on them. He breathed, steadying himself and pushed them open.

The head of this division of the Lincoln Group, Marcus Direst looked up at him with an unpleasant expression.

"Irving," he said, "What is it?"

Irving stood rooted in place, surprised that Marcus remembered his name.

"I, uh, you put me onto that assignment. Do you remember? To monitor the data breach from a couple months ago? Well, it appears that —"

"Spit it out already," Marcus said, "What did you find?"

"Someone, uh, put up files for sale on the dark web. On one of those shady auction sites. One of the ones we've used in the past. The listing says the files are ours and based on what we can see, we think they are legit. It's probably connected to the breach."

Marcus reached out and picked up the phone on his desk. He dialed a number and stared daggers at Irving, "Buy the files. Find out who this seller is. We're going to nail them. Tell your boss to bring the whole team in on this."